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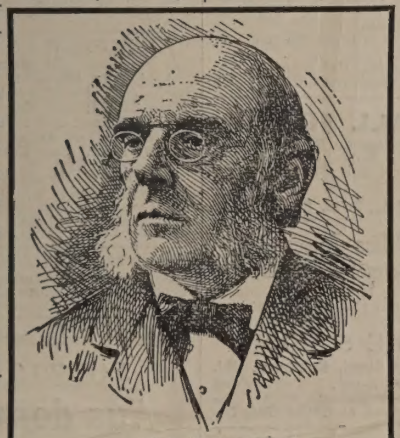

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ERRATA.

Page 15, col. iii., line 24 from bottim. Transpose "akneu" and "aknen."

Page 120, col. iii., lines 20-18 from bottom. Read: "animal physiology, Malpighi observed the capillaries, and Hales and Hunter," etc.

Page 131, col. i., lines 24, 25. Read: "from great distances to the surface."

Page 132, col i., line 34. For "manto" read "mauto." Col. iii., line 33 from bottom. For "on" read "ou."

Page 181, col. iii., line 16 from bottom. For "Lord Minto" read "Lord Strathcona."

Page 189, col. i., line 26. For "D. Van Nostrand Co." read "John Wiley & Sons."

Page 377, col. iii., line 21 from bottom. For "private" read "public."

Page 425, col. iii., line 30. For "rest" read "most."

Page 472, col. iii., lines 9, 10 from bottom. For "Taylor" read "Fillmore."

Page 490, col. iii., line 26. For "Touson de Jerrail" read "Ponson du Terrail."

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903.

The Week.

In directing the Attorney-General to proceed vigorously in the postal cases the President declares unmistakably for publicity. He is against the Postmaster-General's theory that, for the sake of Mr. McKinley, these "old, unhappy, far-off things" should be let alone. The letter to Attorney-General Knox will not rank among Mr. Roosevelt's great state papers—usually he more than makes up for tardiness by vigor; but the letter as it is will get a careful reading in the Post-Office Department. When Perry Heath reads of the "prosecution of guilty men, whether in the service or not," he will find a suggestiveness in the phrase which fully atones for any lack of epigrammatic form. The lachrymose Payne, too, will admit that the order to go over his head arouses thoughts too deep for tears. On all hands it is matter of rejoicing that the President, who seemed caught for a time by Mr. Payne's blundering casuistry, has finally declined to enmesh himself in the sophistry that both virtue and official wrongdoing died with Mr. McKinley.

President Roosevelt has made an unequivocal declaration of purpose in his appointment of Charles Jerome Bonaparte and Conrad Holmes as special counsel for the prosecution of the postal frauds. Both men have a national reputation as lawyers and as public-spirited citizens. Neither could have undertaken such a task except on the understanding that the rascals are to be hunted down without fear or favor. The President's own character was a guarantee that the work should be thoroughly done; his often-expressed scorn of the craven and weakling was a promise that, however his subordinates might hesitate or tremble as the trail of corruption led to the doors of men high in Republican counsels, he at least would not blench, even if jumping on Perry Heath and his Congressional backers were more painful than the ordeal of hot ploughshares. But now the President has made his implicit promise explicit. The selection of Mr. Holmes, a distinguished Democrat, is not only a proper step in itself, but is a clever political move. It will disarm partisans, for if any man under suspicion now escapes the clutch of the law, most people will believe him either innocent, or else too shrewd to have crossed the boundary between indiscretion and actual guilt.

From the President's direction that the postal investigations must all be "finished up before fall," the inference will, of course, be drawn that he wishes to forestall a Congressional inquiry. It is a question, however, whether the matter can be safely hurried up. In such a diversified and intricate system of corruption as has been little by little establishing itself in the Post-Office Department, there are necessarily parts which it will take a long time to explore. One step leads to another. Evidence turns up unexpectedly. It is not possible to fix a day by which the last nook and cranny can be confidently said to have had the light flashed into it. Besides, it does not seem probable that Congress will or should keep its hands off, in any event. The House is still the grand inquest of the nation. It is especially its business to look into the waste of the people's money. And we are not likely to get the full story of the political intrigues and entanglements which lie behind the looting of the Post-Office until some of the principals make a clean breast of it before a Congressional committee.

Ex-Postmaster-General Smith's second attempt to explain away the Tulloch charges does not seem to us more successful than his first. No one ever accused him of personal dishonesty. What he was charged with was winking at "irregularities" (polite for violations of law), and with having a dull sense of official propriety. This last letter of his is alone enough to convict him on either count. He has his formal "Exhibit A," "Exhibit B," and so forth, but the really glaring exhibit is his innocent statement that he had an estimable friend whom he would have been "a brute" not to help, and that he proceeded to do it by putting her on the Government payroll. That is to say, he used public office as a means of discharging private obligations. To have done that, and then to be capable of boasting of it, gives us the measure of Mr. Smith's official scrupulousness. He was, in this respect, in the same boat with Beavers and Machen. They, too, regarded appointments to office as their personal perquisites.

"Never," says the Nashville *American*, "since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, has the negro question been so conspicuously in the public eye." This is the literal truth. The newspapers North and South are witnesses to it. It is a national question now full upon the whole nation. "What is to be done?" asks the *American;* and its answer is: "Either repeal the Fifteenth Amendment, or disfranchise the negro in every Southern State." Yet we are told that we must "let the South alone!" Mr. E. M. Shepard goes to address a Southern audience, and tells it that he has no sympathy with Northern men who doubt the South's ability or willingness to be just to the negro. At the very moment, the leading organs of public opinion at the South make no concealment of their purpose to strip the colored man of every political right. Of course, they say they will do it "for the negro's own good." No tyrant or oppressor ever failed to use that plea. It is just as valid for robbing our foreign-born citizens of the suffrage. If a dictator comes along some day and suppresses popular institutions in the South, he will do it for the good of his victims, and will tell the Southern editors that their ballot is only a bauble of which it is a real kindness to deprive them.

The aspect of the negro question to which Northern newspapers are just now giving most attention is the peonage cases. The revelation of a systematic new slavery has aroused consciences which seemed dormant in the presence of merely political wrongs. A cursory inspection of the more important newspapers of the North and West will show with how keen an interest the details of the peonage barbarities are followed, and how closely the trials of the guilty slave-drivers are watched. Several special correspondents have been sent to Montgomery to report the cases on trial before Judge Jones. One of them, writing to the Chicago *Chronicle*, quotes "a distinguished citizen of Montgomery" as saying:

> "There is one phase of this unfortunate affair which causes me more sorrow than any other. Where is the aroused public indignation which ought to follow such disclosures? What is the matter with the press of the State, with the priesthood and with the enlightened men and women of this district? Why do they withhold their condemnation of this great crime? Their silence is a serious handicap to the Federal officials who are seeking to bring to justice the men who are guilty of peonage. It encourages another class to stand out in direct opposition to the law, and circulate perverted and lying stories about the motives which control the acts of the Federal officers."

The plea of guilty in the chief of the peonage cases at Montgomery was a striking testimony to the completeness of the proof which the Federal prosecuting officers had amassed. It was the ringleader of the whole nefarious business who was caught. This man Pace, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment by a righteous judge, himself a Southerner—Judge Jones—has been a sort of combination of feudal baron and wholesale slave-driver in the county which was the scene of his operations. A large landowner, with many plantations and mills requiring labor, he has

been the most arrogant and cruel of the men who have practically enslaved helpless negroes. It has been the boast of these new slave-owners that the proclamation of emancipation and the Thirteenth Amendment did not "go" in their counties. Absolute masters of the local politicians and the minor courts, they have until now been able to snap their fingers at the law. But the long arm of the nation has seized them at last. Pace is out on bail, pending an appeal to the Circuit Court; but the moral value of his conviction must count tremendously. It is a blow between the eyes for the very Front de Bœuf of the peonage iniquity.

Mr. Hay's circular in behalf of the persecuted Rumanian Jews is undoubtedly the precedent followed by the President when he agrees to forward to the Czar a memorial on the Kishenev massacres. Temperamentally, Mr. Roosevelt would be inclined to associate himself with the American Hebrews who plead for their oppressed co-religionists in Russia, and it is proper, perhaps, to regard his action as personal rather than official. The Russian Government would relieve an otherwise awkward situation by taking that view of the case. The President joins in pious wishes that the Czar will deal justly with his Jewish subjects. With the cause everybody must sympathize; the expediency of the action itself is, however, open to doubt. Mr. Hay's more formal overtures in behalf of the Rumanian Jews accomplished nothing beyond expressing our national concern in the matter. Moral criticism of the internal policy of a foreign Power not only transcends the scope of diplomacy, but possibly of common sense also. Conceivably, a happy island, whose disinterestedness was beyond question, might assume gracefully the superior rôle of moral censor. Mr. Roosevelt's dispatch, however, will have to be dated, not from New Atlantis, but from about the latitude of Wilmington, Delaware.

The struggle among the Iowa Democrats, which culminated in the State Convention on June 24 in a refusal, by a vote of 464 to 353, to reaffirm the Kansas City platform, is not a new one. In the 1901 convention a majority report of the Committee on Resolutions presented a platform which ignored the silver question. This was met on the floor by a minority report, and, after a bitter debate, the convention inserted a plank declaring, "We hereby reaffirm the principles of the Democratic national platform adopted at Kansas City, July 5, 1900, and, without surrendering our convictions or abating our loyalty to our national policies, we believe this campaign to be particularly one that should be confined to State issues." The vote by which this plank was inserted was 669 to 550. Last week's vote against reaffirmation shows that the majority has veered to the other side, and doubtless marks the beginning of an even more rapid decline of Bryanism in Iowa. No reference whatever is made in the platform to the former national platforms, and the slate is accordingly wiped clean, ready for a new record.

It has become somewhat the fashion to look to Iowa for party leadership in questions relating to the tariff, and for this reason the tariff plank of the Democratic platform is interesting. It is brief but very much to the point. It says: "As the most alarming features of our present conditions are the evils which come from the Trusts, we call for the removal of the tariff from all Trust-made goods, and demand that all tariff schedules be adjusted with a view to tariff for revenue only." Nothing could be more simple than this, or cut more directly to the root. The platform refers briefly to the postal scandals, and in a tone which is at once temperate and firm. An investigation by a Congressional committee is called for; but whether this demand will become a leading feature of the campaign in Iowa and other States depends, of course, upon the vigor of the housecleaning now going on at Washington and in the various post-offices throughout the country.

There is a strong presumption of truth in the report from Washington that Speaker Cannon is going to set his face like a flint against currency legislation next winter. "Uncle Joe" has never shone in financial reform. He was born too early. The silver and greenback microbes got too firm a foothold in his system ever to be completely expelled. In the important measures looking to the establishment of the gold standard, Congressman Cannon has played but a minor rôle. The really alert and aggressive men like Fowler and Hill and McCall got little but sneers and objections from him. It is clear, therefore, that his sympathies and inclinations would be against even that moderate legislation which convinced currency reformers have, with the approval of the President, urged the Republican majority to enact at the coming session of Congress. It is a bold thing for the Speaker to challenge the announced policy of the President and powerful Senators of his own party, but that is apparently what Mr. Cannon has done. At the same time, we suspect that the Speaker takes this position only as a part of his campaign of resistance to a presumptuous Senate. A group of complacent Senators, headed by Mr. Aldrich, have undertaken the task of preparing a currency bill. It never occurred to them to consult the House. But Mr. Cannon sharply reminds them that they reckon ill who leave him out. He has before expressed his deep disgust at the stand-and-deliver methods of the Senate, as confronting the House. The signs are that he means to reassert the ancient dignity and privileges of the Representatives.

The Missouri legislative investigation daily furnishes more information in regard to the ways of great corporations. Lieut.-Gov. Lee's statement, supplementary to his testimony of last week, dwells upon their naturally friendly disposition, and the gratitude with which they reward those who have been kind to them. These Trusts are not unfeeling monsters, after all. They feel keenly that almost every man's hand is against them, and it is really touching to see how they respond to little kindnesses. Here is the Tobacco Trust, for instance. It was little enough that Mr. Lee did. He merely "wrote the obituaries of some of them, and boosted others when they got promotions," yet these little seeds of kindness sprouted into fifteen fifty-dollar bills for his campaign fund. This payment was far above the scale of the obituary writers' union, but it may not be altogether easy to write prose elegies on a Trust promoter. The rate is but little higher, at least, than that paid by the Sugar Trust for Mr. Lee's pamphlets. The exact nature of the Lieutenant-Governor's "boosting" is not disclosed, but we are assured that the Trusts' helping hand in return was "simply an act of friendship on their part and nothing more."

The slight extension of municipal ownership which Mayor Low now favors in connection with the Staten Island ferries is evidently a step to which he has come reluctantly. It is taken only after the failure of other proposed solutions of that particular transit problem. The railroad and trolley companies involved could not come to an agreement, and the city authorities therefore pass on to the alternative of municipal purchase and control of the Staten Island terminals and the ferryboats running to them. Even so, however, it will be observed that no proposal of operation by the city is positively made. A lease to some operating company is seemingly contemplated. This illustrates the caution with which the Mayor feels bound to approach the whole question of public ownership and management of business which can be better done in private hands. He might well hesitate to embark upon any such enlargement of the public service in view of the Post-Office revelations, which have given the advocates of the "ownership and control of public utilities by the people" a knockdown blow. Be it remembered that the Post-Office has long been their chief boast and argument. As-

sert that a great public business cannot be dispatched honestly and efficiently by the municipality or the State direct? Why, look at the postal business! There you have a very model of the kind of thing we mean. If we only had the telegraph and the telephone and the railroads "nationalized" in the same way, and the cities in immediate control of gas and electric lighting and street-car operation, this would be a country of the blessed.

In view of the recent warm discussions over the bank position, the prices of stocks, and the allied problem of "undigested securities," returns of the national banking system as a whole are peculiarly interesting. Five times a year the Comptroller of the Currency calls for these returns from all the 4,900 national banks at once. The result is a comprehensive picture of the state of the country's cash holdings and credit fund; for although the report does not cover the direct operations of the State banks, the trust companies, or the savings and insurance institutions, it is recognized nevertheless as a fairly correct exponent of the movement in them all. The past three months, and in large measure the past year, have been commonly described as a period of liquidation—notably on the Stock Exchange. Yet the first thing that strikes the eye in the Comptroller's figures, just compiled from returns under the June 9 call, is the fact that loans of the national banks have increased $11,828,000 over April 9, and no less than $193,186,000 since the report of last July. Deposit liabilities have increased $102,117,000 during the year, while cash reserves have not only not increased in an equal ratio, but are smaller by $17,409,000 than in the middle of 1902. It will naturally be asked, why should the loan account have increased at this portentous rate—the expansion over last year is fully 6 per cent.—if liquidation was general on the markets? The answer is, that trade at large has been rather more active even than a year ago; that high prices prevalent in many industries have required a larger use of capital to conduct them; that the various syndicates have continued, until very recently, to borrow extensively for their undertakings, and, finally, that our banks have had to take up a mass of loans previously placed in Europe. When this series of operations is considered, and with it the fact that cash reserves of the banking system as a whole have decreased in the period, it should be easy to understand why forced liquidation followed the line of least resistance—namely, Stock Exchange securities. Possibly, too, these figures may enlighten people who have cheerfully assumed that, once the "shake-up" in stocks was reasonably complete, renewal of last year's wild speculation might be looked for.

Mr. Wyndham's surrender to the Irish appears to be complete. The minimum rate of land purchase has been abolished, so that landlords and tenants may make such bargains as they choose, while the Government bonus has been largely increased. Though a fairer arrangement than that which fixed an arbitrary minimum price for farm lands, this is a costly way of maintaining the principle of special inducements for sale under the act, and it may somewhat reduce the number of sales. Under the original arrangement there was a kind of moral obligation upon a landlord to sell to any tenant who offered the legal price. Now, such a transaction becomes more or less a matter of bargaining on either side. The bill as amended is fairer, but on the whole weaker. Too great hopes have been pinned to it in the first instance, and the present radical modification makes the new Land Bill appear more than ever simply a payment on account—not the liquidation of England's debit balance to Ireland. The compromise, or rather surrender, should serve its immediate purpose of holding the Irish Nationalists to their wavering allegiance. It also emphasizes the fact that Mr. Balfour is in the hands of those who cannot honestly be called his friends.

Austria and Russia alone participated in the reception of Peter I. at Belgrade. Both these nations have condemned the assassination, and both accept its results. As guardians of Servia they refuse to break off relations, quite as parents will sit in the prisoners' box with a guilty son. That is the real significance of the solemnity at Belgrade. The Powers which have refused to recognize the *de facto* King have inflicted a rather empty diplomatic slight upon him. They are really—whether formally or not—represented by the Russian and Austrian Ministers, who would in an emergency act for any or all of the absent envoys. It is needless to add that a joint withdrawal of the Ministers would never have been considered in the case of a first-rate Power, no matter how blood-stained its new dynasty might have been. The hesitant and, on the whole, futile rebuke now administered to Servia is evidence of the inevitable bankruptcy of diplomacy before any issue of pure morals.

When Mr. Chamberlain declares that England is "on the eve of a great controversy," he must mean a contest at the polls, with his scheme of preferential tariffs as the main issue. In a letter to a constituent he speaks of it as the coming "big fight." This makes it clear that the present Cabinet does not expect to go on for long. The "open mind" cannot be left so wide open that all manner of antagonistic opinions find lodgement in it. Even the Duke of Devonshire, Government leader in the House of Lords, admitted the other day that the position of the Ministry, rent by such sharp divisions, was "difficult." Yet he maintained that it was not wholly "impossible." Why could not good men agree to disagree? Above all, why should any Minister resign? On that subject the Duke was fairly plaintive. Was Mr. Chamberlain bound to quit office because the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have none of his new-fangled notions? Should Mr. Balfour resign simply because he couldn't make up his mind either way? Come to think of it, why should anybody ever resign? The Premier's speech which saved the awkward situation for the time being was, no doubt, adroit with the cleverness of a man who had a nominal party majority behind him that did not want to be turned out of power. But it was, after all, only dangerous balancing on a tight rope. He is certain to fall one side or the other. In fact, that grieved protectionist, Mr. Chaplin, asserts that Mr. Balfour has already fallen. "You say you have no settled conviction; that you will inquire and keep an open mind; yet you begin by striking off the only duty that looks our way." But Mr Chaplin is quite too blunt and crude for these new-fashioned Parliamentary refinements. He should have done as Mr. Chamberlain did—denounced the repeal of the grain tax, but voted for it just the same.

On the reballoting in the Reichstag elections the Socialists have increased their total seats to 81, nearly twice their strength in the last Reichstag. The reduction in the Centre and Conservative delegations—about one-quarter in either instance—increases the probability that the Government will be hard put to it to make up a majority. It is even likely that the Chancellor, taking a leaf from the French and Italian book, may attempt to gain support from the Socialists, who very nearly hold the balance of power. The spectacle of the Clericals and Socialists pulling together would be odd enough; but before this politics has made stranger benchfellows. A minor result is the reappearance of the Radicals, who failed to win a seat on the first balloting. With 36 members, in three groups, they will be able to continue their valuable work of presenting genuine Liberal ideals to a body generally given over to petty politics. The able leader, Dr. Richter, has been returned by a handsome majority, and Dr. Barth has gained his election. Generally speaking, the time seems favorable to an alliance between the Radicals and Socialists. Nothing can be predicted of the new Reichstag until the Social Democrats have determined on a policy—to accept a bribe from the Government, or to continue the work of opposition.

THE LYNCHING MADNESS.

Bishop Butler once speculated on the possibility of a whole people going mad. That the general brain may suffer a lesion resulting in what looks like popular insanity, indeed, is arguable with a good deal of force. The early stages of lunacy in the form of "fads" and "crazes" often manifest themselves in whole communities; and, as we are unhappily seeing just now in the outbreak of barbarous lynchings, East and West, North and South, the thing sometimes mounts to acute mania.

An alienist might easily detect in the bearing and actions of the frenzied mobs many of the symptoms of dementia. There is the wild obsession, the insensate fury, the cries, the howls, the "fixed idea," the rage knowing no bounds. It is a point at which the psychology of the crowd most strikingly reflects the mental condition of the individual maniac. But the madness of the mob is worse than that of the single man, because it is infectious. One crazy band bent on murder incites another to bloody-mindedness. In these days of quick communication, impulses pass swiftly from one section of the land to another. It is like the inmates of adjoining padded cells in Bloomingdale stirring each other up by the example of shrieking and foaming at the mouth. A mob at the South bellows, and presently another in Belleville, Ill., takes up the hoarse cry. Thence the mania passes on to Indianapolis, only to break out later with redoubled fury and with every refinement of cruelty at Wilmington. We almost seem to be beholding the fancy of Butler come true, and an entire nation losing its reason.

This conception of the passion for lynching as a vast wave of madness, inundating people by the thousand, is one, it seems to us, which is fitted to heighten our sense of public peril as we confront the startling phenomenon. Where it will declare itself next, no man can tell. It is the instant and urgent duty of all sane men, and of every community not yet bedlamized, to gather up all the resources we possess against this threatening evil, which has already become a stinging national disgrace. For there is method in this madness. It takes its origin, as everybody can see, in the notion that there is one class of men beyond the pale of the law. Mind, we say class of *men*, not class of crimes. Not all bestial outrages or ferocious murders are punished by mob law and with every circumstance of atrocity, as was the horrible crime by the more horrible lynching in Delaware. The trembling brute who was burned to death spoke the simple truth when he told his tormentors that he would not have been dealt with in that savage fashion had he not been a negro. Not all monsters of depravity are black; yet where do we hear of the red fury of the mob turning so upon white fiends? No, the idea is abroad that "niggers" may be hunted like wild beasts. Beginning by attempting to de-citizenize them, we have passed on to considering them de-humanized. We deny them the inalienable rights of every human being under our laws. For the white criminal the orderly processes of the law, the court, the sentence, the noose; but for his fellow in crime—that is all he is—the colored man, there is nothing but the howling of the mob and the leaping flame.

This is the first and great warning which the lynching mania speaks to every man who will hear. Class prejudice is at the bottom of these ferocities. In Bessarabia it is the Jew who is the outlaw, and who may with impunity be massacred because he belongs to a hated class; in America it is the negro for whom the most sacred guarantees of the law simply do not exist. Discrimination against a man because of his race or color shows us, in the insensate mob at Wilmington, into what wild animals it turns human beings when it does its perfect work. And we have not the slightest security that such class prejudice, erected into the controlling passion of the mob, will stop with any particular race or color. Any day it may suddenly be declared, and adopted in practice, that other classes of men, other races, other colors, are fit only for lynching. When once you depart from the principle that all men as such have fundamental and equal rights, or from the duty of doing justice even upon the vilest under the strict forms of the law, you cannot tell to what fearful and bloody consequences you may be driven.

That is really the alarming aspect of this invasion of old communities by the lynching habit. It threatens to burst the social bond itself, and make us all cave-men again, every one taking justice into his own hand. "Rough justice" lynching has been called by its apologists. We perceive the roughness, but not the justice. Society exists at all only because individuals agree to put their private griefs into the hands of the ministers of the law; and every attempt by individuals or by mobs—be they "mobs of gentlemen"—to wreak vengeance on their own account, is a stab at the life of our society. How deep our shame as a nation should be at these awful barbarities, no one perhaps can fully perceive who does not read the foreign newspapers. The story of our lawless ways is telegraphed to them in all its ghastliness. Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen have been thinking of Americans at their breakfast tables just as we were thinking a few weeks ago of the murderous Russians at Kishenev. The stain has come upon our country's name at the very moment when we were loudest in protesting against the atrocities of others.

What violence can do as a remedy for violence, we see in the secondary rioting in Wilmington, with the threats of disturbance in other parts of Delaware. The Governor seems to have taken the novel view that if the mob were only given its head, and whites and blacks allowed to fly at each other's throats for a time, everything would soon settle down into a beatific calm. It was reserved for Richmond to teach the real stern lesson to mob rule. The application of martial law with an iron hand, open orders to the troops to shoot the first rioter that showed his head—that was the way they did it in Virgania, and it is the only way to deal with murderous lawlessness, as the history of government has shown, before and since Napoleon's "whiff of grapeshot." The moment that a public official dallies with men who set the laws and courts at defiance—worst of all, cowers before them and allows them to sway the action of the sworn guardians of order—that moment does he endanger the whole fabric of government. As for the riotous negroes of Wilmington, what moral had the white mob taught them but the one they drew—namely, that the way to secure their rights was not to appeal to the authorities, but to arm themselves and strike terror into every heart?

NEW PHASES OF THE LABOR CONTROVERSY.

Ever since free labor replaced the work of slaves, the relation of employer and employed has been essentially unchanged. The master asks: "What wages must I give?" The man's one inquiry is: "What wages can I get?" In the give and take involved in the answers to those two questions, we have in a nutshell the history of the labor movement. It changes in its manifestations from time to time; it is affected by alterations of law and of public sentiment; it is influenced by the development of political institutions; but, at bottom, it is always the same. Behind all trades-unions lie the factors which ultimately determine the rate of wages and the lot of the workingman. No organization, no rhetoric, no jugglery can conceal the fact that laborers can be paid only for efficient production, and only as much as their employers are able to give them without being ruined themselves.

Nevertheless, the varying phases of the controversy are perennially interesting. The real question is, in the last analysis, one and simple, but it presents itself in many complex guises. Just at present, for example, we are witnessing a marked shifting of the scene and stress of the age-long trouble between capital and labor. The striking and novel feature to-day is the combination of employers to withstand the onset of combined unions. It is not wholly new. Several years ago the employing print-

ers of this city banded together in such an organization for their common defence. Every one knows how the master-builders of Chicago were compelled to stand together as one man to resist the impossible demands of the building trades. The point is that the movement is now greatly expanded, and promises to become universal. We hear of it in Pittsburgh, in Charleston, as well as in New York. It is extending to many industries. It is distinctly the latest aspect of a very old quarrel.

In its presence labor leaders have displayed much uneasiness, not to say indignation. This idea of combining was really wicked—when it was a combination against, not by, themselves. They even applied to District Attorney Jerome to proceed against their employers for conspiracy! But he quietly reminded them that they were the last persons on earth to talk about illegal combinations. In reality, they had no reason to be surprised at this final resort of the employing builders. The union game was to combine all the building trades into one, and then to pick off the separate builders in detail. It was certain, however, that the process would not be allowed to run a long course. The employers have at least as much acuteness as the workmen. To deal with a massed body of unions, they simply devised the counter-union of contractors. It was an inevitable return blow. It does not, as we have said, alter the fundamental nature of the everlasting wage dispute. Indeed, it only brings it out more clearly by restoring something like equality between the two parties. As the individual employer used to confront the individual workingman, so now the united employers face the combined unions. And the questions to be asked and answered are the familiar ones: "How much can we get?" "How much can we afford to pay?"

The instructive thing is that none of the changes in the recent organization of either capital or labor have, in fact, proved to be the panacea that they were hailed to be in advance. Labor unions are stronger than ever, more "federated" than ever; yet they have only called out a stronger force on the other side. The deadlock is just as complete as if it were one man striking against a single master. The most powerful unions have simply learned the old lesson—that there is a point at which their excessive demands necessarily break down, since there is a point at which the owner would rather see his business go to wreck than to have the control of it taken out of his hands, or to submit to a wage scale which would wreck it anyhow. Nor does the cure-all of the Trust appear, on the other hand, to any better advantage. It was a part of the current nonsense about Trusts, two or three years ago, that they were to solve permanently the labor problem. We now see that they have rather inflamed it. In the first place, labor leaders have been quick to take the hint, and to form a Trust of their own; in the second place, the huge and top-heavy combinations of capital, with a sensitive stock market attachment, have been peculiarly vulnerable as they have been especially timid, have invited attack in a thousand ways unknown before, and have helped to make the last state of the labor movement worse than the first.

Both sides ought to learn something from this recent experience. The unions should perceive that organization cannot take the place of character. Their blackmailing agents have dealt organized labor a fearful blow. Until it abolishes these arbitrary and corrupt walking delegates, it cannot expect to enjoy the respect of good citizens. Nor can the corporations which prefer illicit relations with labor manipulators hope to fare any better. It is well understood that there are some such in this city. They find it easier to have a regular scale of blackmail, which they pay the walking delegate, than to insist upon open contracts, lived up to on both sides to the letter. Like the corporations which pay bribe money or fright money to Tammany, they would rather be bled secretly than fight in the light of day. They are as corrupt at heart, and as dangerous in operation, as any walking delegate or Tammany collector that ever took their money. There is no final peace to be had in the business or manufacturing world—no "peace without a worm in it," in Cromwell's phrase—which does not rest upon honesty, fair dealing, and the looking of all the facts, economic and moral, squarely in the face.

PRIMARY REFORM.

Massachusetts, which has always been a leader in election reforms, has just adopted a direct-nominations law. It is to go into operation in Boston immediately, and to be applied to other cities of the State when accepted by the local authorities. The new statute provides that party primaries shall be held at a common date fixed by law, and at the same hours and places in the various districts. The regular election officers or inspectors are to attend, and everything, from the printing of the ballots to the counting and preserving of the vote, is as official as on election day. Each candidate for a party nomination must obtain blank nomination papers from the secretary of his organization, and, in order to be placed as a candidate on the official ballot, must secure a limited number of signatures—five for a ward candidate, and five for each ward where the district involved is greater than this unit.

On primary day the elector announces the party in whose nominations he chooses to participate, retires to a booth after the ticket has been handed him, votes in secret, and deposits his ballot under the official supervision of representatives of both parties. For the first year there will be no enrolment, but a record is to be kept, showing which party the voter selected, and thereafter he may not participate in a primary of any other party without first having his previous enrolment annulled. This is a process requiring ninety days' delay. Manipulation across party lines is thus effectually checked.

Another feature of the new law, and one which might well be applied to our own system, provides for municipal parties, and permits them to participate as such in the official primary. In general, the law provides that to be recognized as a party an organization must poll a certain per cent. of the vote for Governor, but exception is specifically made in favor of organizations of citizens taking part only in municipal affairs. An enrolment in one of the national parties does not prevent an elector from voting in the primary of one of these municipal organizations. It should be noted, of course, that this latter provision is not as confusing in Massachusetts as it might be in New York, for the reason that in Massachusetts the idea of separating national and State from municipal elections has been carried to its logical conclusion, the municipal elections being held, some in December, and some in the spring, instead of at the time of the general election in November. The movement which has resulted in the passage of this law in Massachusetts has been thoroughly non-partisan in its nature. Leaders of both of the two great parties have given it their support. The new statute bears evidence of having been carefully drawn. Especially in its provisions to prevent corrupt combinations between the baser elements of both parties, there are evidences that the experience of other States has been carefully studied.

One striking feature of the movement for direct primaries is the rapidity with which it is spreading. Many of the Southern States have long observed the principle, though the element of official regulation, which is basic in the systems adopted by the Northern States, has been for the most part lacking in the South. We are chiefly concerned, however, with the progress which has been made in States where political conditions more nearly resemble our own. Of these, Minnesota, Maryland, New Jersey, and now Massachusetts have adopted the system with various modifications. Wisconsin has considered it, and would be using it to-day, but for the dissatisfaction of Gov. La Follette with the details of a bill passed in 1902, which he vetoed. This year he had no chance to pass on a primary bill, though this was one of the chief issues of his campaign, the Senate

effectively blocking all attempt to change the convention plan now existing in Wisconsin. There are indications, also, that Michigan will soon join the ranks of States having the direct primary.

No two States have adopted exactly the same system, but the statutes are similar in that they provide for official supervision of the primary, and direct voting for the candidate without the intervention of delegates or conventions. In New Jersey this direct voting is confined to candidates within the smallest political unit, and an attempt has been made to preserve the conventions for the larger nominations, electing delegates only by the direct plan. Other variations relate to the matter of eligibility of electors to vote in the primary. In Minnesota, which was the pioneer State in adopting the direct primary, its most obvious defect was early discovered. The thugs of both parties joined together in Minneapolis and took "Doc" Ames from the gutter to nominate him for Mayor. To forestall similar evils, the Minnesota law has been amended so that, when challenged, an elector may be barred from the primary if it can be shown that he is not an adherent of the party whose ballot he has selected.

In Maryland, on the other hand, the election officers are required to state to the voter that participation in the primary does not bind him to support the candidate named. If the Massachusetts law is an expression of the latest tendency in this matter, it will be seen that it inclines to hold the voter more and more strongly in his choice when made. This applies to the primary, not to the election. Any obligation to vote at the election for the candidate of the party in whose primary he participated must ever lie, of course, solely between the elector and his conscience. With the secret ballot no coercion could be successful, even if foolishly attempted.

It is unnecessary to point out that the increasing strength of this movement in other States must profoundly affect the minds of our own citizens, especially in New York city, where both parties are suffering intensely from boss rule. Some of the best features of the system which is so rapidly growing in popularity, we have possessed in this State since 1898. Our primary is under official supervision, and no other State has an enrolment system equal in efficiency to ours. But our primary unit, nominally the election district, is in fact the Assembly district, and our nominations are far from being made by the people. For many years New York led in the matter of primary reform. Some advance steps must soon be taken unless we are to lag behind.

"AMERICANIZATION" OF WESTERN CANADA.

The Western States show some nervousness over the recent large emigration to the Canadian Northwest. It is probable that the number of farmers moving across the border this year will be greater than last, despite the fact that the newspapers of the Middle West are giving much space to warnings against seductive tales about the new farming region. They call attention to the long, cold winters, and to the restriction on crop diversity by reason of the brief summers. They lay stress upon the differences in government. Nevertheless, well-to-do and prosperous farmers are selling their prairie lands and are going with their families into the comparatively unbroken territory of Alberta and Assiniboia.

A part of this emigration is traceable to generous advertising in the country weeklies throughout the West. It is placed by the Canadian Government. In practically every little "home paper" between the Mississippi River and the Rockies are displayed the flattering statements of what is offered to farmers who will journey to the Northwest. These announcements, with other advertising matter, have changed the Western farmer's conception of the Canadian Northwest, which he formerly looked upon as akin to Siberia. As a result, the movement to the new section has grown remarkably. In 1896 only thirty-six people were listed by the Canadian Government as having come from this country. In 1900, despite the good crops in the West, the number was 5,791; in 1901, 18,000, and last year it rose to 37,000. The immigration to the same region from the provinces of eastern Canada, from Continental Europe, and the United Kingdom was last year over 39,000. It is estimated that 50,000 English will this year seek homes in the new lands, and perhaps as many Americans.

Upon such figures as these, Western statisticians build theories of the "Americanization" of Canada. They foresee a revolution of sentiment among the Canadian population, by reason of the working of this leaven of farmers from the States, which will in the near future bring about annexation, or the establishment of a new republic. They forget, however, the rapid and increasing introduction, beside the people from this nation, of many more from other countries, and that the whole trend of the influences among which the new comers are to be placed is fully as likely to "Canadaize" the recent settlers as vice versa. While the interests of western Canada are somewhat separate from those of the eastern provinces, and its development is still in the embryonic state, the strength of the British sentiment is none the less notable. The population of the Northwest Provinces before the rush of immigration began in 1901 was 413,898, of which 246,892 was of British origin, with nine-tenths of the remainder European. It will take a long time for immigration from this country to catch up with such a lead.

Few realize the immensity of the cultivable lands lying north of the boundary. Col. G. E. Church has estimated the area available for wheat raising in the Canadian Northwest at 400,000 square miles, or four times that on which wheat is grown in the United States. Only one per cent. of this area is under cultivation. Manitoba and North Dakota began wheat-raising about the same time; yet while Manitoba had in 1901 2,212,000 acres, ten contiguous counties of North Dakota had 2,894,000 acres. It is said that one county of North Dakota had last year more land in wheat than all of Manitoba. Of course, these comparisons will soon lose their point if the present rate of immigration from our own West continues, for there will be opened a vast area of now unbroken plain.

At present, Canada's transcontinental trade passes south of Lake Winnipeg, and therefore within sixty-five miles of the United States border. This leaves the transportation lines in a very unfavorable position strategically. There is under consideration, however, the Trans-Canada Railway from Quebec to Port Simpson, passing north of Lake Winnipeg and but a hundred miles south of the southern extension of Hudson Bay. This road would tap the northern wheat lands, and would shorten the distance between Europe and Japan by 700 miles. If it be true that Canada's trade movement is at present tending to bring her into closer relations to the United States than to England, the projected road would probably have a counterbalancing effect, through its direct connection with the English business world. With over three million acres homesteaded last year, and railway land sales of three million acres more, the settlement of the yet unoccupied stretches will be a matter of but a short time.

Whatever our Western States think of this movement, it is an active factor in the development of the North American continent, and will remain so as long as the policy of keeping the new country before the public is maintained by the Canadian Government, by railways and land companies. The immigration which has followed their campaign shows no sign of diminution. While, for commercial purposes, population in the Canadian West is not so valuable to us as population in the American West, it should not be considered that an imaginary boundary line can bar the currents of trade. A populous Canadian West is better for us than an uninhabited wild. It can scarcely be maintained that Canada's development is accompanied by any neglect of our own opportunities so long as a moving army of something like 400,000 homeseekers is occupying the unsettled portions of

our own West. Some may be spared to "Americanize" the grassy plains of Canada, and yet leave us a surplus for our own upbuilding.

LIBRARY GIFTS IN 1902-1903.

At the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Library Association, held last week at Niagara Falls, the customary report on gifts and bequests from June 1, 1902, to May 31, 1903, was presented by Mr. J. L. Harrison of the Providence Athenæum. From his statistical tables, which will be published in the *Library Journal*, many interesting inferences may be drawn by those who believe that library development is a rough index of the culture of a community. Naturally, the figures emphasize Mr. Carnegie's peculiar eminence as a giver of libraries. The year has seen 158 Carnegie libraries added to a list which has probably passed one thousand and increases with almost daily rapidity. In other words, Mr. Carnegie, in the year ending last May, provided three library buildings for every one furnished at the public expense or by private beneficence. Or, if one chooses to regard Mr. Carnegie's gifts from the point of view of expense, he has given during the year $6,679,000, out of total library gifts (excluding, however, 96,247 volumes) of $10,306,407. In fine, Mr. Carnegie contributes two-thirds of the money and three-quarters of the buildings.

Little new is to be said about this broadcast sowing of public libraries. The results are unquestionably mixed, and until one can be assured that there is a skilful librarian in each building and an enlightened board of directors in control, there will be reason to doubt if the educational value of these institutions justifies the expense. Yet the future will probably bear out not only Mr. Carnegie's liberality, but his faith in the value of the reading habit. For, in the long run, local boards will see the absurdity of buying dozens or scores of each worthless novel, and will cease to rival the excellent agencies which render this service at a reasonable cost.

The fear sometimes expressed that Mr. Carnegie's lavishness would discourage other givers and leave him with a monopoly of the library business, does not seem warranted by Mr. Harrison's figures. Public interest is measured not in dollars, but in gifts, large or small. Mr. Harrison enumerates all money gifts of $500 or over, and all gifts of not less than 250 books. By this rating, Massachusetts, with a total of eighty-five gifts to libraries, leads all the other States. Her five Carnegie libraries, to cost $65,000, form only a small fraction of gifts from other sources, amounting to more than $300,000; while it should be noted that Massachusetts is notably liberal in the expending of public funds for such purposes, and very rich in library endowments of long standing. Gifts of 18,591 books, a figure only surpassed by New York's 25,944, are a significant sign of the intimate interest that citizens of Massachusetts take in their libraries.

Pennsylvania leans heavily upon Mr. Carnegie, as is not unnatural. His gifts for the year amount to $3,105,000, of which nearly a half is for the enlargement of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. Other gifts are only a little more than $517,000. Only in the Middle West does the Carnegie habit tend to harden into an exclusive formula. Ohio (17), Indiana (14), Michigan (12), Wisconsin (13), Iowa (18) easily lead all the other States in their readiness to accept Mr. Carnegie's offer of library buildings. These are States which, as far as the gifts of the past year show, have a retarded library development. In every case, gifts from other quarters are but a small fraction of the Carnegie funds for buildings. But of these States, too, it should be said that they lack initiative rather than enterprise. Mr. Carnegie doubtless counts it an especial triumph for his propaganda when he loads scores of libraries upon the public funds in States that have naturally little interest in library matters. New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, and Virginia have not drawn upon Mr. Carnegie, nor, except Rhode Island, have they received noteworthy gifts.

Measured on this scale, our own State makes a very creditable showing for the year. Mr. Carnegie, after his great gift of branch libraries in this city, has been in desuetude, with a mere nine buildings at a total cost of $139,000, while the list of gifts from other sources comes to $679,835 in money and 25,944 in books. This would probably entitle New York to second place after Massachusetts, whose primacy is proved quite as clearly in eighty-five gifts, against sixty-five for the Empire State, as in figures of dollars and cents.

These statistics of private gifts have a peculiar significance. They not only mean that a community is willing to support libraries, but they are also the indication of a public that aids in the proper management and use of libraries. That bureaucratized Washington should leave its library concerns to Congress and Mr. Carnegie is not surprising; that whole ranges of States in the South and West show only a handful of gifts to libraries, is evidence that besides public libraries many communities need training in the use of the facilities which, under the Carnegie dispensation, seem to come so easily. On this matter Mr. Churton Collins says some sensible things in the current *Nineteenth Century:*

"If philanthropists—I submit it with all respect—instead of continuing to assist in scattering these libraries broadcast over the country, would substitute some provision for rendering those already existing really efficient and beneficial, they would supply a want more urgent than their multiplication. And it is not difficult to specify what is needed; it has just been indicated—provision for enabling readers to know how profitably to avail themselves of the treasures placed at their disposal; provision for an adequate regular supply of the best books in leading subjects of study, and for securing the services of properly trained and properly qualified librarians."

That Mr. Carnegie realizes this truth is shown in his gift to Western Reserve University for a library training school.

MAZZINI REDIVIVUS.

FLORENCE, May 26, 1903.

Just a quarter of a century after Mazzini's death, his little book on 'The Duties of Man' has been introduced into the public schools of Italy by the present Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Nasi. Many attempts had been made (by Bertani first) to induce successive ministers to allow the work to circulate among the schools; but the fear of priestly clamor and the fact that the apostle of United Italy, though in homage to the principle of popular sovreignty he bowed to the plébiscites, and abstained from any attempt to transform monarchy into a republic by violent means, yet adhered to his convictions that the republic is the ideal government, prevented any minister hitherto from acceding to what was at one time a general desire on the part of liberals. The editorial committee for Mazzini's works, however, has in the course of twenty years published thirteen editions, reducing the price of the pamphlet to one halfpenny. The present minister has thought it necessary to slightly curtail or omit the paragraphs that exalt the republic, and to substitute for the author's dedication to workingmen (for whom the book was originally written, commencing in 1844, and reproduced in the *Roma del Popolo* 1871-2) a preface which affirms that the slight omissions do not alter the nature of the work. This affirmation is difficult to accept, because Mazzini believed that human progress could not be fully attained unless governments result from the free election of the people. A few notes summing up Italian liberties secured under the monarchial régime since Mazzini's death would have sufficed.

The omissions may find explanation at least in the violent attacks on the book's introduction into the schools made on all hands—by monarchists and republicans, but most especially by clericals and Socialists. The republicans, of course, object to the omissions, but also to the *Doveri* as "too theological," as "too dogmatic," "too mystical." They seem to forget that the schools are already inundated with Catholic, often Jesuitical, catechisms, and in certain schools text-books are used which excite openly to the abolition of Italian unity and to the restoration of the temporal power. The objections of the Catholics to the *Doveri* need not be enumerated. They are at least intelligible and logical; but the fury, the venom, the calumnious libels of the Socialists surpass all measure, and leave one with the impression that they are not so sure of their present influence and future triumph as they seemed to be some time since. Mazzini, who from 1833

affirmed that all political reformation which had not for its object the amelioration of the social condition of the masses was worthless, who foresaw in coöperation, in association, in the union of labor and capital, the real levers for the emancipation of the working classes from the position of salaried laborers—this long before coöperative societies or trade unions had assumed form and shape—is accused of always having been the "declared enemy of the proletary class." His religion, it is said, his God, his economical doctrines all tend to the maintenance of the classes against the masses, of the *borghesia*, of property individual and absolute. Further, because he was a believer in God, he is denounced as a bitter and implacable despiser and enemy of "the contemporary scientific movement—eminently positivist and naturalistic." Space does not allow quotations. Certain it is that this authorization of the 'Duties' in the schools has raised such a torrent of polemics as no other publication has given rise to since public schools have existed. And this is beneficial. Dr. Napoleone Colajanni, member of Parliament, republican, with advanced social views, first-class polemist, editor of the *Rivista Popolare*, has summed up the whole question in a pamphlet entitled 'Priests and Socialists against Mazzini,' with a delightful "tak it among ye" impartially. He not only gives a fair exposition of Mazzini's social doctrines, showing how from the first he opposed the economists of "supply and demand," the "buy in the cheapest, sell in the dearest market" school, and that he, long before Marx or Bakunin expounded their special theories, came nearer to a really practical collectivism than any of them have yet done.

Meantime the second volume of Mazzini's Correspondence is on the eve of publication. It is wholly devoted to the years 1835-6, after the failure of the Savoy expedition. Those years were assuredly the very saddest of his life, years of desertion by his followers and friends, of separation from the only woman (Giuditta Bellerio Sidoli) that he loved wholly, solely, as a true and noble man could love—a separation rendered doubly bitter by the fact that its object (her reunion with her children left in the custody of her father-in-law, a devout adherent of the Duke of Modena) was not attained. Worse still, all these material trials were deepened by the tempest of doubt which was gradually gathering in his soul, lest, after all, the idea of Italy reborn was only a chimæra of his imagination and not a "providential design" at all. His New Year's letter home indicates his state of heart: "This is the first day of 1835; am I to formulate wishes for you? What would be the use of my auguries? Some one came into my room this morning wishing me 'A happy New Year!' 'My dear,' I answered, 'let me wish you nothing for fear that the roof should crumble on your head. Neither will I wish anything for you; only I say with even more fervor than usual that I love you, that I have always loved you, that I shall love you to the end. In these words are all my New Year's greetings, as in them lies my whole existence. Happy I can never be, whatever direction men and things may take, but happy in the peace and happiness of others—that I yet can be!"

On the 10th of January Mazzini has removed to Berne with Giovanni Ruffini, but hopes soon to return "to his mountains and his rocks," where the cold that his mother so fears has no terrors for him—she has brought him up too hardily for him "to swaddle himself in flannel now; besides, in Switzerland they have fires, which in Genoa are unknown." The Federal Directory which remained in charge as long as the Diet was not sitting, "is not badly disposed, but allows itself to be too much influenced by the French Ambassador, M. de Rumigny." Mazzini and the Italian exiles in general had ceased, of course, to hope for any help from Louis Philippe and his *juste milieu* Ministers, who had banished all exiles from France; but they were not yet aware of the deliberate determination of the entire French Government to compel Switzerland also to banish all from her territory. They hoped for a little peace as long as they kept quiet and did not interfere with Swiss affairs; but their hopes were shortlived. As long as Mazzini was in Switzerland, Louis Philippe had no rest. Austria was no less importunate, Metternich threatening to "withdraw her ambassador," and alleging, but this was natural, that Mazzini's persistence in remaining so near to Italy had no other object than to prepare the Italians for a crusade against that "foreign intruder." He has written for the French *Revue Républicaine* an article on "The European Initiative," which he tells his mother she will not be able to read, as the review is not allowed to circulate in Piedmont.

"For a year past I have expressed my opinion that the mission of France is finished. France has done much for Europe, and one people cannot do everything. It is well that this is so, or it would necessarily become a 'tyrant people.' But of this change the French will not admit the truth: their pride increases in the same measure as its foundations diminish. If you could read their newspapers! Whenever France itself is the subject, they do not refrain from speaking of things as they are—lamenting, cursing the apathy, inertia, and immorality everywhere prevalent. But as soon as another nation is the subject, then only to France must it look for salvation; the progress of all other nations depends on that of France alone."

He keeps himself up to date in English politics, though he hopes nothing from the English Government for oppressed nationalities. Great hopes arise on the death of the Austrian Emperor Francis I. (March 2, 1835). Mazzini hopes for nothing, "seeing that Austrian policy is centred in Metternich, and though the young successor hates him, he must adhere to his policy, as any attempt at conciliation would be interpreted as a sign of weakness and lead to immediate revolt, already attempted in Transylvania." Meanwhile Metternich threatens to "exterminate Berne." Mazzini and Giovanni Ruffini go to Grenchen, telling only his mother of the flitting, and, when arrived there, taking up the "thread of his discourse" on books and European politics, as though the removal had been voluntary, just from one house to another. Meanwhile, search is being made for him everywhere, and he has to remain hidden so as to leave the French police with their conviction that, if he is not at Belleville, near Paris, he is certainly in the vicinity. He hardly ventures to go out for a breath of fresh air during the stifling summer months late at night, and that rarely. "The Powers demand that the Swiss Diet reintroduce the old laws fettering the press, and that they abolish the right of asylum." Bombelles, the Austrian Ambassador, has quitted Berne, declaring that he will not return until Mazzini is expelled. "And nothing will persuade them that at Berne I am not!"

The cholera invades Italy—Piedmont, then Genoa—and he hears that it is making ravages in Rome, where his Giuditta is still. He is tortured with anxiety, and prays his mother to keep him exactly informed. She tells him of the extraordinary exertions of his father, the courage that he infuses into his brother physicians; how with five of these he had visited the Hospital of Carinano, and, having obtained permission from the Governor of Genoa to use his own judgment, unfettered by the prescriptions in vogue, which forbade the physicians to touch the patients for fear of infection, he had treated them as he believed best, felt their pulses, passed his hands over their persons, and pronounced that two were suffering from nervous fever, other three from inflammation, none attacked with Asiatic cholera. Thus he infused courage among the families who hitherto had fled, leaving their sick untended and uncared for. The mother of the Ruffinis bears witness to his courage and success. The son is "proud and glad, but not surprised." But the real cholera ravaged Genoa throughout 1835-6, and Dr. Mazzini continued his unostentatious and successful crusade.

These letters, as the 'New Memorials and Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle' do for her much-maligned husband, show what manner of man was Mazzini's father, and leave one with a sad sense of the injustice of fate and biographers, and special remorses for one's own share in the misjudgment of a man who lived out his whole life for others—his son's career forming his sole ambition. This cut short forever in 1830, he worked as professor at the university until 1844, then continued his profession as physician far too long for his strength, so as to maintain his son in exile, and died in 1848 without ever again beholding him or even living to see his ideas triumph, for a time at least, at Rome in 1849. One other mistake these letters correct. In the *Nation* of February 24, 1898, deceived by Cagnacci's mistake in confounding the many aliases of Mazzini, I referred to a drama entitled "Alessandro Medici" as written by Mazzini and much praised by the Ruffinis. The author was, instead, Antonio Ghiglione, an erratic and not very reputable exile, who committed certain acts of indelicacy which have been attributed to Mazzini by outsiders. Of this drama Mazzini speaks highly in his letters home, and we hear of one later entitled "Anna."

Mazzini is disgusted with Fieschi's attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe, as with all similar attempts. "If the birth of a republic depends on the death of an individual, what is a republic worth?" He foresees that it will strengthen the king's arbitrary power, and in fact the law restricting the press and public meetings was the chief result, with renewed persecution of the exiles. He visits the island of St. Pierre, on the Lake of Bienne, where once Rousseau took refuge. "The room in which he lived is bare, squalid, with two or three straw chairs—a room such as Chatterton died in. Genius allied to poverty produced a strange impression upon me,

though I did not manifest what I felt to my Swiss companions. I did not expect to be impressed, for, though I look upon Rousseau as a powerful writer, I do not sympathize with him wholly as I do with Byron and one other [probably Schiller]." At Rome there has been a perquisition in Giuditta's apartment, it being believed that a certain person "was travelling in Italy."

Mazzini gives a charming description of the Swiss family with whom he lives:

"One of the articles of our politico-religious creed is the abolition of domestic service, the regeneration of the class of so-called servants—a class which, like all enslaved people, like the Jews and other classes which the present organization of society deprives of human rights, has of necessity become bad, selfish, without affection for, nay hostile to, the class of masters. If you want to regenerate an individual, emancipate him; make him your equal, give him consciousness of himself. Here we are served at table by the daughters of the house; they clean our rooms and light our fires; but we live on terms of equality, and we are loved as well as served."

For an entire year the exiles were left in peace at Grenchen; then, their refuge discovered, the French police got up a story that a meeting of refugees was to be held there to concert an invasion of the Badenese territory. The baths were invaded by 200 Swiss gendarmes. The house was searched, but of course neither visitors, nor arms, nor compromising papers were found; but the authorities of Soleure, under orders from the ambassadors, arrested Mazzini and Ruffini and took them to the prison of Soleure, where the inhabitants raised such a clamor that they were forced to release them. But, for fear of damaging their kind hosts, the exiles resolved on leaving their refuge, were welcomed by a Protestant pastor at Langenau; from this place (which we find on no map) Mazzini writes to his mother on June 2, making light of the trouble, which was indeed a grievous one. Then follow a number of letters without any address. Meanwhile the Swiss Government, to satisfy the "ambassadors," violates the right of the press, arrests all the directors, writers, printers, and compositors. One hope remains, that they may be received as citizens of the Canton of Soleure, and the birth certificates are asked for and forwarded. "Now for the first time," writes Mazzini, "I know when I was born." His letters are more cheerful than usual, but the iron had entered his soul. The Ruffinis could not stand the close confinement; moreover, they had long shown their total disbelief in any further sacrifice.. "Italy was unredeemable save by providence or fate." The Canton of Soleure was prevented by the Diet from granting them citizenship. Then followed six months more of literal hiding. They cannot even give their address, save orally to one faithful friend in a far-off canton, who receives and sends letters to and from Genoa. Mazzini's hour of Gethsemane had come—an hour, or rather days and weeks, of black despair, which really brought him to the border of insanity, though he revealed his state to no human being. Then, yielding more to the Ruffinis than to his own desire, he accepted the offer of the English Ambassador to procure them passports and a safe conduct through France, and in January arrived homeless and almost friendless on the hospitable, but "gloomy, sunless, musicless" shores of England.

J. W. M.

TITIAN'S SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.

ROME, June, 1903.

Few paintings have been so universally known and admired as Titian's so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" of the Borghese Gallery in Rome. For four centuries the world has admired this marvellous canvas, captivated by the exquisite harmony of its colors, the beauty of its figures, its delicate flesh tints, its wonderful coördination of light and shade, the freshness of its spring landscape. But the world has paid its tribute of admiration without knowing the subject of the design. True, it has borne various titles at various epochs—the first that we know, "Beauty Adorned and Unadorned"; then, "Heavenly and Earthly Love," "Artless and Sated Love," "Innocence and Experience," and finally that by which it is commonly known to-day, "Sacred and Profane Love." But certainly not one of these titles answers to the truth, not one of the allegories succeeds in explaining the composition of the Borghese masterpiece. What is, then, its subject?

Let us try by careful study to answer the question, asking those two female figures their meaning, examining the expression of their faces, seeking light from the symbols and attributes which accompany them. The nude figure at the right has the semblance of a Venus. All art critics, from those of the seventeenth century, who saw in her the embodiment of Beauty, to Lübke and Cavalcaselle, who believed her that of Love, all have considered her a Venus. And if her beauty, if the splendor of her nude form, do not express this conception, it is certainly shown by the little censer, the Cytherean symbol, which she raises with her left hand, and by the presence of her little son, Cupid. Furthermore, the whole picture breathes love; all seems to form a crown for the Goddess of Love, from the butterflies which beat their wings and pursue one another in the air, to the amorous peasants who embrace in the distance, the rabbits which crouch close to one another, the springtime, and the bewitching hour when the sun casts his last rays upon the earth.

Venus is certainly in the act of speaking. Turned toward the other woman so as to show her profile, she enforces her words with her uplifted arm, and, looking fixedly at her companion, seems to wish to persuade her. The other, seated upon the opposite edge of the fountain, looks instead before her into space, like one who thinks and hesitates. Evidently she does not hear with pleasure the words of Venus, toward whom she does not turn her face as would be natural. Rather she turns from her. Is she another goddess of Olympus? No. If we seek her in the statues, bas-reliefs, pictures, in the mythological literature of the Greeks and Romans, we shall find no goddess so richly attired, none carrying under her right arm a box, basket, jewel-casket, or whatever it may be, and in the left hand a small green branch. These attributes of the woman are unmistakable. Her principal characteristics are beauty, youth, and splendid attire. It is easy with the assistance of so many and so rare indications to recognize Medea. Richly attired and with a little branch in her hand, seated in a balcony with Eros near, she is to be seen in vase No. 2,413 of the Museum of Naples. Richly attired, we see her again in vase No. 377 of the Caputi collection at Ruvo, where she is also in company with Cupid, a basket in her left hand. The same figure recurs in many other vases, among them that of the British Museum reproduced in Roscher's well-known 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Mythology,' and that of the Lateran bas-relief No. 278, *Sala* IV, where Medea is in the act of opening the box of magic charms. In literature, too, Medea is represented with the Greek φωριαμός or the Roman *arca*, and with the potent little branch in her hand, the branch "immortale virens," as Valerius Flaccus says.

Now if, as seems to us certain, the three principal figures of the picture are Medea, Cupid, and Venus, what myth does Titian wish to immortalize upon canvas? Any dictionary of mythology will give it. It forms one of the best-known episodes of the 'Argonautica' of Valerius Flaccus and of the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid. Venus appears to Medea and urges her to follow Jason and save him. Medea at first indignantly repels the proposition, which offends in her at once the virgin, the daughter and the queen. The seductive arguments of the Goddess of Love, however, lead her to forget father and country and duty, supplanting all with a burning love for Jason, who will die unless aided by her magic charms. She decides to follow Venus: "Te ducente sequor." But before setting out, not content with her poisons—"nec notis stabat contenta venenis"—she girds her belt, and takes the portentous, never-fading herbs, then goes to overtake Jason in the wood near by. This, briefly told, is the myth which has so numerous illustrations in Greek and Roman literature, and it was from literature rather than from art, we must believe, that Titian received the inspiration for the Borghese picture, in which he seems to have wished above all to illustrate the famous words of Medea, when, after a fiery struggle between duty and love, she decides to follow Jason and exclaims:

"Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor."

Documents contemporary with the picture, which would indicate its subject, are as yet unknown; but that the subject should be sought in mythology, given the spirit of the profane pictures of Titian and of his contemporaries, seems to us beyond doubt.

But perhaps there is some authentic document which will offer further proof that this myth which we have cited is the subject of our canvas. In an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (February 4, 1902) it is stated that an edition of the 'Argonautica' of Valerius Flaccus exists, printed in Paris in 1550, which reproduces as its frontispiece the Borghese picture with the inscription, "Venus Persuading Medea to Fly with Jason." Certainly, the editor might most appropriately have chosen Titian's picture as an illustration, since the love of Medea and Jason is one of the principal episodes of the poem. But does this edition really exist? Researches which I have made myself in several of the most important libraries of Germany, such as those of Heidelberg, Strassburg, and Mu-

nich, in which are to be found almost all the editions of the 'Argonautica,' have proved fruitless, as have also my researches in the leading libraries of Italy and the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. Furthermore, no bibliography mentions an edition of Valerius Flaccus printed in Paris in 1550. In the other editions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which I have examined, no engraving of our picture appears. From this I would conclude, not that the citation is false, but that it is inaccurate.

In 1895, Wickhoff, in an article upon Giorgione, speaking incidentally of the 'Argonautica' which inspired Zorzi da Castelfranco with one of his pictures, states that the account of Venus and Medea contained in Book vii. suggested to Titian the theme for the Borghese canvas. Wickhoff, who does not stop to demonstrate his assertion, is followed in his new interpretation by both Lionel Cust and Claude Phillips. Again, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (February 25) published an article upon the same canvas in support of its earlier assertions, always arguing from the reproduction of the picture in the edition of the 'Argonautica' of 1550, with its explanatory inscription.

Among the reproductions in the "Masterpieces of Painting" executed by Callway of Munich, our picture is also to be found, and I have observed with surprise that it does not bear the usual title, "Sacred and Profane Love," but "Ueberredung zur Liebe." In brief notes, printed inside the cover, the critic remarks that, after four hundred years, the subject of this masterpiece is not understood, but he goes on to say that in the nude woman must be recognized Dame Venus herself ("Frau Venus selber"), "who speaks in a seductive manner to the haughty woman, whose pride quickly disappears as the goddess aproaches her"; and he concludes, "It might be possible to give the work the title, 'Incitement to Love.'" The German critic, therefore, without thinking of the myth, but merely from observation, has recognized Venus in the nude woman, and, what is more important, Venus who, with seductive words, incites her companion to love. This is an indirect proof, but it goes to confirm our interpretation.

Other questions now suggest themselves, of which one is most important: For whom was this myth of Medea painted? Unfortunately, no documents are known which can aid us in replying, and the only thread of evidence which can lead us to the discovery of Titian's patron in the present case is the coat of arms painted upon the fountain. I have been fortunate enough to find it in a manuscript volume of heraldry, reproduced exactly, under the name of the Aurelio family. Nothing else is stated in the manuscript, not even the city to which this family belonged. But from researches which I have just now commenced, I hope that the name will give us some light. The noble family "Aurelio" originated in Aquileja, passed to Padua, and from there went on to Rialto, where its principal branch became extinct in 1207 with Giovanni Aurelio, *provveditore dei riti*. However, in the orders of Venetian citizens we find one noble and prominent personage, Nicolò Aurelio, who in 1523 was Grand Chancellor of Venice. It would be useless now to hazard speculations, but I hope that a continuation of these researches will lead later to the discovery of the name of the patron who ordered Titian's famous picture, and of its date, and will enable us to discover the vagaries by which it arrived in the gallery in Rome. For the present, we must be content to restore its true title to the famous masterpiece, to which four centuries have paid profound admiration, although ignorant of its subject, "Venus Persuading Medea to Follow Jason."

UMBERTO GNOLI.

Notes.

Paul Elder & Co. (lately Elder & Shepard), San Francisco, have in preparation 'The Voice of the Scholar, and Other Addresses,' by President Jordan of Leland Stanford Junior University; 'Poems of Ralph E. Gibbs,' a memorial volume edited by Prof. Charles Mills Gayley; and 'Antigone,' an account of this play's performance at Stanford, with illustrations.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish 'Poe's Best Tales' and 'Poe's Best Poems and Essays' in two volumes, edited by Sherwin Cody.

A new popular edition of Thackeray in twenty-five volumes is announced by Harper & Bros., with the familiar illustrations.

Macmillan Co. will publish in the autumn 'Select Statutes and Other Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1861-1898,' edited by Prof. William MacDonald.

'Studies in Human Nature,' by Prof. Élie Metchnikoff, will be immediately brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with an introduction by Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell.

The Oxford University Press (New York: H. Frowde) will issue at once 'Sacred Sites of the Gospels,' by Dr. W. Sanday, canon of Christ Church, with special illustrations, maps, and plans.

J. F. Taylor & Co.'s "Library Edition" of Charles Kingsley's Novels and Poems proceeds with 'Alton Locke' in two volumes, containing Thomas Hughes's long prefatory memoir. So the "Fireside Dickens" of Chapman & Hall (New York: H. Frowde) adds 'Barnaby Rudge,' the Christmas Books and 'Child's History of England' to that series, with the elder illustrations. Mr. John Lane's pocket Trollope arrives at 'Framley Parsonage'—plain and modest volumes in a fair type. Of like description is his George Eliot's 'Silas Marner.'

Mr. Newnes's attractive Caxton thin-paper editions—the paper a shade too thin and transparent in the present instance—take in Evelyn's Diary, and the 800 pages bulk only about three-quarters of an inch in thickness.

The "Centenary Edition" of Emerson's writings has for its third volume the 'Essays: Second Series,' originally published in 1844, when Dr. Hedge ventured to prophesy that they would "carry far into coming time their lofty cheer." The likelihood of their doing so is greater now than then. The notes in this volume are as interesting and important as in the two preceding. The introductory note to "Experience" relates that baffling essay to "one of the critical epochs of Mr. Emerson's life," when "the old and the new were contending within him" and "he was severely tried." The impression given of Emerson's moral agitation is a novel one, but, unfortunately, no date is mentioned. What some have suspected is confirmed by a note, quoting Emerson's journal, which assures us that George Ripley and Brook Farm were intended where we read (p. 101), "I knew an amiable and accomplished person who undertook a practical reform, yet I was never able to find in him the enterprise of love he took in hand." We have a good example of Emerson's sincerity where, using in East Lexington some pages from an earlier sermon, he said, "I do not now believe what I have just read." Yet in one sense he was "a two-faced man," as the sculptors French and Morse, modelling his face, discovered; one side presenting the philosopher, the other the friendly and domestic man.

Accounts of events of more than local importance prepared with thorough local knowledge are always pleasing and valuable. Among the best of recent books of this class is to be reckoned Mr. Frank H. Severance's 'Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier' (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.), which has now reached a second edition. The author's undertaking—"to illustrate," by a series of monographs, "certain typical and well-defined periods in the history of the Niagara region"—is excellently performed. "The Cross-Bearers," "With Bolton at Fort Niagara," "Underground Trails" (the crossing of the border by fugitive slaves), "Niagara and the Poets," are among the more important titles. The scholarship, accuracy, and local knowledge shown in the treatment of these events described give the book more than a parochial interest. Of no slight value as contributions to history are the account of the early Jesuits' visits to this region, to which fathers of the Huron Mission came as early as 1626, and the story of Fort Niagara during the Revolution, when it was the headquarters of the Tory and Seneca operations against the New York frontier.

Franklin College was opened at Lancaster in 1787, in the interest of the German settlers of Pennsylvania, the educational opportunities of whose children had been very poor. Its obligations to its patrons of English blood (prominent among whom were Franklin, Morris, Rush, Mifflin, and MacKean) were repaid later by its becoming an interpreter of German thought and learning, and a medium whereby these came into contact with American life. This was especially the function of Marshall College, which was founded at Mercersburg in 1836; the two were united at Lancaster in 1853. Though not among our larger institutions, Franklin and Marshall is something more than the chief school of the (German) Reformed Church. It has always stood for the traditions of culture and for conservatism in college life, with a marked preference for "the humanities" above the sciences. It has a highly logical course in metaphysics, and the requirements for its post-graduate degrees are unusually severe. Located in an interior town, away from the larger expenses and excitements of great centres, it has aimed to maintain unworldly standards of plain living and high thinking. While smaller concerns are calling themselves universities, it has been content with its own sphere, as preparatory to that of the (ideal) university. These facts should impart more than local interest to the 'History' of this college, compiled by Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs, and published at Lancaster by the Alumni Association. It is a

sizable octavo, unpretentiously written and liberally illustrated.

Miss Somerville and Miss Martin of Ross, the authors of the 'Experiences of an Irish R. M.,' achieved an instant success even with readers whose notions of Irish life are derived from an hour's stay in Cork harbor or at most a trip to Killarney. Their latest volume, 'All on the Irish Shore' (Longmans), is in the same vein: a series of amusing and absolutely faithful sketches of Ireland as she is, with her continual "soft" weather, her slovenliness, her salmon-fishing and fox-hunting, her atmosphere of petty sessions and horse-dealing—all the elements that lend a charm to life in the south and west of Ireland, where one meets the most complete ignorance of the indoor arts, the most perfect absorption in and mastery of life out of doors. These writers practise an admirable parsimony of dialect, using it only for occasional ornament—a method that we commend to the New England "salt-water sketch" school. The tragedy that underlies so much of Irish life is still (in spite of Mr. Moore's last volume) an unworked vein, but the everyday country life of the remoter counties of Ireland could hardly be chronicled with more humor or greater sureness of touch than in these sketches.

The Hakluyt Society, by its latest publication, 'The Portuguese Expedition to Abyssinia in 1541-1543' (Series II., vol. x), has revived a long-forgotten but most heroic episode in African history. To a Portuguese fleet anchored off Massowa in 1541 came tidings from "Prester John" that "his kingdoms had been for fourteen years occupied by the Moors, and that the main of his people were in captivity," and beseeching aid. A council was held of the captains and "fidalgos," and "they agreed that it would be to the service of God and his Highness to send them help in their great necessity." Four hundred men under the command of Christopher da Gama, son of the great navigator, marched into the interior, and, after varied fortunes and the loss of the greater part of their number, including their leader, finally drove out the Moors. Thanks to their prowess, Abyssinia remained Christian. Two narratives by members of the expedition are given, the longest and most trustworthy being that of Miguel de Castanhoso. The other is by a monk, D. João Bermudez, who claimed to be the patriarch or head of the Abyssinian Church. In both are numerous instances of the credulity and exaggeration which characterized those who wrote of strange lands at that time. They both relate that the Apostle St. James rode "on a white horse in front of the army, armed with all arms, and carrying himself proudly, . . . and wrought great destruction" among their enemies. When Da Gama's head was cut off and fell to the ground, "a fountain of running water gushed out, which had never been seen before; its water, through the goodness and power of God, gives sight to the blind, and cures those ill of other diseases." The translator and editor of the narratives, which now appear for the first time in full in English, is Mr. R. S. Whiteway. An introduction, also by him, furnishes much information in regard to the history of Abyssinia. A map and a very complete bibliography, containing some 500 titles, of works concerning Abyssinia—by Mr. Coulsby of the British Museum, and Hon. Secretary of the Society—add to the value of the work.

The fore matter of the 'Switzerland' in "Macmillan's Guides" testifies to the superior character of the work. The editor aims to convey, in a few brief, but not dry sections, a notion of the country and its people, and to furnish a motive for taking an interest in both. This is followed by the ordinary hints to travellers, with a survey of baths and springs, of glaciers, and glacial origins, and of avalanches. Next comes a list of hotels, with an indication of those frequented by English and Americans, and of charges. After these hundred pages the routes for tourists; with maps made in Switzerland whose "quality is certainly unsurpassed" in rival guide-books —a not unworthy claim. "Switzerland" is also liberally interpreted so as to warrant inclusion of neighbor lands physically allied to it—*e. g.*, the lake country of northern Italy.

The Saxon Switzerland is treated in the latest issue of Velhagen & Klasing's "Land und Leute" series (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), in the original title, 'Dresden und die Sächsische Schweiz.' The extraordinary natural features of this mountainous region are beautifully displayed in half-tones, along with equally fine views of the Saxon capital, of Meissen, and other places within the scope of the work. There are two indexes.

We had occasion, a few months ago, to mention in these columns a Dano-Norwegian Etymological Dictionary now in course of publication in Christiania, and to call attention at the same time to the very serious lack of a Danish or Dano-Norwegian dictionary that should be to that public what the Standard or the Century Dictionary is to the American. The standard or rather only dictionary of the Danish language was, up to the present time, Molbech's 'Ordbog,' which in 1859 appeared in its second edition, and for many years has been out of print. Molbech's old publishers, the Gyldendalske Boghandel in Copenhagen, are now sending out a new 'Danish Dictionary for the People,' which, within a rather limited compass (about 800 large two-column octavo pages), purports to give all the Danish words occurring in regular present-day speech and writing, as well as the more common words of foreign origin, while foreign words of exclusively technical use are to be omitted. Of each word the origin and derivation are given, as far as possible. The first two parts (pp. 1-64), carrying the Dictionary to the middle of the letter B, have appeared and permit a judgment of the manner in which the work is being done. The completeness seems, so far, to be very satisfactory, the etymologies up to date, although perhaps too strongly influenced by the above-mentioned etymological dictionary; but the strictness of the definitions leaves much to be desired. We quote as an example the definition of the Danish word for *oar:* "A long pole, one end of which is flat, and which is used to row with." This lack of precision is particularly prominent in the zoölogical and botanical names—*e. g.*, the definition of the Danish word for English *auk:* "A kind of sea-fowl." This, to be sure, is an extreme case of unsatisfactory statement, but not in a single instance is the exact scientific name given. The authors of the dictionary are Messrs. B. T. Dahl and H. Hammer.

The first number of the new quarterly *Modern Philology* (The University of Chicago Press) sets a difficult standard for its successors. Philology in the severer sense is represented in such papers as Mr. Henry Bradley's "The Intrusive Nasal in Nightingale," in Dr. Ford's "Old Spanish Etymologies," and in Dr. Hempl's account of Hickes's bedevilment of the Anglo-Saxon Runic Poem; but most of the articles are devoted to what laymen call literary history. Notable are Professor Kittredge's discovery of a source for Chaucer's Prologue to the "Legende of Good Women" in certain poems of Eustace Deschamps, and Professor Emerson's identification of the "text" (in the Decretals) which states that "hunters ben not holy men." To the drama fall three papers, all valuable—"Some Features of the Supernatural as Represented in Plays of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James," by Professor Schelling; "The Mediæval Drama," by Prof. Brander Matthews, and "The Influence of Theatrical Conditions upon Shakspere," by Prof. E. E. Hall—a lucid and entertaining paper.

Though the connection between the structure of kites and geographical research is remote, many besides the students of the problem of aerial locomotion will welcome Dr. Alexander G. Bell's paper on this subject to which the June number of the *National Geographic Magazine* is devoted. It was originally a communication made at a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, and is intended simply to call attention to the importance of the tetrahedral principle in kite construction. From experiments carried on during the past four years he is convinced that "tetrahedral kites combine in a marked degree the qualities of strength, lightness, and steady flight." The paper is illustrated by about a hundred diagrams and photographs with explanatory notes by Dr. Bell. It is announced that, at Mr. William Ziegler's invitation, the National Geographic Society will direct the scientific work of the north-polar expedition equipped at his expense which has just sailed for Franz-Josef Land, where it is to winter. The chief of scientific staff and second in command is William J. Peters, one of the Alaska explorers of the United States Geological Survey. His principal lines of research will be the determination of gravity, observations of the tides, the magnetic elements, aurora, the height, drift, and velocity of clouds, and the sea depth. The commanding officer of the *America* is Anthony Fiala, of Brooklyn.

The principal contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number four, are a study of the Alpine glacial conditions from the beginning of the ice age to the present time, the geologic changes of the southwestern Baltic coast region and its settlement by prehistoric man, and some notes on the industries of the Yap islanders. Among these is the catching of flying fish by torchlight. The fishing lasts for 100 days, during which the men are forbidden all intercourse with women; they refrain from certain kinds of food, and can neither cross a brook nor climb a hill.

Germany, as usual, occupies the most space in the current Consular Reports. The continued vigorous increase of her transportation facilities, notwithstanding the business depression of the past two years,

her fuel briquette industry, which is assuming great proportions, and her system of primary commercial education are among the subjects treated. The seriousness with which the education of clerks is regarded is illustrated by the rule in force in one school, "Apprentices are absolutely forbidden to attend dances or to take dancing lessons." The new tariff of Persia, which went into operation on February 14, is given, and there is a short description of the Corinthian Canal, completed in 1893. From its poor location it is practically a failure. With walls 260 feet high and a width of only eighty feet, it is like a huge airshaft, and foreign vessels at least do not dare to encounter the mighty gusts of wind which rush through it. Our Consul-General at Montreal contributes a long list of American investments in Canada in the four months preceding last April.

—With nothing sensational in its table of contents, the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June will be found one of the most impressive numbers of this unique periodical. Here one can feel the very pulse of the great educational machine, whether in the tables showing "What it costs to run Harvard University," with the several apportionments for ten years, or in the exhibition of the working of the elective system, as deduced from the programme of studies of 448 members of the class of 1901, or in the numerous evidences of material and spiritual growth—the new lecture hall, the projected concert hall and Emerson Hall, the projected fireproof stadium. Here, too, will be found the whole law of hoods and gowns; the beginnings of new customs, like the picnic of the graduating class or the various festivities contrived for class reunions at Commencement. Among the statistics we select, from those relating to the class of 1901, already referred to, the following—that, of 372 who took the A.B. degree with all the requirements, 254 took no physics, 250 no mathematics, 247 no Greek, 215 no chemistry, 178 no Latin, 147 no fine arts, 140 no philosophy, 137 neither Greek nor Latin, 87 neither Latin nor mathematics, 29 no science of any kind, 8 neither physics nor chemistry, 60 neither botany, zoölogy, mineralogy, nor hygiene. Radcliffe announces the first deaths among its women graduates, of whom the entire 415 were intact up to December, 1901—a remarkable vitality. We might go on without exhausting the subject. Even the dry records of the Corporation, with item after item of benefaction to the living and memorial to the dead, we have found affecting reading.

—The July *Century* presents the first instalment of a really important addition to the correspondence of Sir Walter Scott. In 1806 he became acquainted with Mary Ann Watts Hughes, the grandmother of Thomas Hughes, and a year or two later began with her a correspondence which continued until 1831. The editor of the letters, Horace G. Hutchinson, assumes that the correspondence went on without interruption from 1813 to 1821, and that the letters covering these seven years were not preserved. The first letter after this break contains a reiteration of the famous denial of his authorship of the Waverley novels, and Mr. Hutchinson surmises that we owe to her suspicion of the real situation the preservation of all his letters from that date to the end. An interesting sketch of Mrs. Hughes is contributed by her only living grandson, William Hastings Hughes, of Milton, Mass. The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley gives occasion for a careful sketch of the life of the founder of Methodism from the pen of Prof. C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University. The present discussion of "race suicide" is sharply recalled by contrast when we are reminded that Wesley's gentle mother was the twenty-fifth child of Dr. Annesley, and that she herself was the mother of nineteen children. Professor Winchester suggests that it would be truer to say that Methodism had its origin in Susanna Wesley's nursery than in the University of Oxford, as is often said. To her domestic regularity, at any rate, her son owned his order and precision, his gift of organization and mastery of details. Wesley's appeal to the middle and lower classes, rather than to the aristocracy, the writer attributes to "the sure instinct of the philanthropist." Professor Winchester's paper is divided, the second half to appear in August. Dr. William Hayes Ward writes of the great archæological discovery in the code of Hammurabi, the founder of Babylon, "the most important document for the history of civilization that has been discovered in many years."

—Alfred Hodder's 'A Fight for the City' (Macmillan) is mainly devoted to Mr. Jerome and the campaign of two years ago, in which he played so prominent a part. The matters discussed have been gone over and over again in the political columns of the newspapers, but they look somewhat differently as discussed in this volume. One interesting point which Mr. Hodder brings out (and it is one which is always in danger of being forgotten) is, that while Mr. Jerome's outspoken campaign probably pulled the ticket through—he was the "star" speaker, at any rate, and the vote polled for him showed what a hold he had on the masses—his outspokenness caused the greatest terror in his own camp; had the managers dared, he would probably have been muzzled. What they dreaded was that the campaign should be made "personal"; what they wanted discussed was "issues." Now, as Mr. Hodder remarks, there are no political issues between Tammany and the community. Tammany is a sort of tyranny by which an organization of thieves, pimps, blackmailers, and other criminals, with a strong ruffian at their head, manage public affairs for their own private profit, under democratic forms; and a campaign against it is not a political campaign, in any proper sense of the word, but more like a pursuit of criminals, caught red-handed, by a sheriff with a posse comitatus. We want their trail pointed out that we may run them down, not arguments showing the advantages of honesty and law and order over crime and oppression and blackmail. Such abuses as we have to extirpate now—the revolting pictures of them given here would have been incredible a generation ago—cut so deep that nothing short of the means of attack employed by Mr. Jerome are of any avail. Why, then, do our solid men always dread them, and cry "Hush, hush" whenever they are resorted to? No doubt because our solid men are implicated in the guilt which is to be unearthed. They have had favors, they have had exemptions, they have profited by Tammany, while the poor and friendless have been ground to the earth. When Jerome begins to speak they all begin to quake. In Tweed's time and in Croker's time their quaking, their desire for "issues" and dread of personalities, was a sign that we were on the right track.

—In his 'Shakspere and the Rival Poet' (John Lane), Mr. Arthur Acheson of Chicago has added one more to the innumerable attempts which have been made to pluck out the heart of the mystery which Shakspere has enshrined in his sonnets. In so far as Mr. Acheson's work represents a reaction from Mr. Sidney Lee's interpretation of these famous poems (as almost wholly conventional exercises in a metrical form which was the fashion of the day), many readers will be in sympathy with him; but one cannot help being somewhat startled in the discussion of so thorny a subject to come across the following statement: "In the twentieth and twenty-first sonnets I have found a clue which not only leads to a full identification of Chapman as the 'rival poet,' but gives us also a settled date for those two sonnets which enables us to work out dates for the production of the whole of the remainder of the series and, incidentally, for several of the plays." The suggestion that Chapman was "the rival poet" of course originated with Professor Minto; but the clue here in question turns out to be the poem by Chapman called "The Amorous Zodiac," and it is against this poem, according to Mr. Acheson, that Shakspere vents his sarcasm in the twenty-first sonnet. As a matter of fact, the poem would come very well within the scope of Shakspere's criticism (which, after all, strikes us as not very seriously meant), but so would many another of the Elizabethan time, when surely no one poet had the monopoly of comparing his mistress with "all things rare that heaven's air in this huge rondure hems." The general language of Shakspere's sonnet would, indeed, seem to accord better with a poem of less exact and definite structure than the "Amorous Zodiac," with its elaboration of one distinct though far-fetched image. There are things in the book a good deal more extravagant than this, but in the main the value of it depends on the theory of the connection between these two poems. For our own part, we should feel no hesitation in rejecting that theory.

—By a singular omission, no biography of Isabella d'Este has appeared until now, when Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady) publishes a life of this celebrated princess in two volumes (Dutton). It will be remembered that the same author has written an excellent book on Beatrice d'Este, the sister of Isabella and Duchess of Milan in the days of Lodovico Moro. These sisters share with Elizabeth Gonzaga and Vittoria Colonna the fame of having been the most unusual and attractive princesses whom Italy could boast during the heyday of the Renaissance. Of the four, Isabella d'Este was the most successful in the eye of the world, and also in her own right by virtue of gifts and training the most brilliant. For many years during the first half of the sixteenth century she was the ruling power at Mantua, through the influence which she possessed over her husband and her son. Thus placed at the head of an important court, she enjoyed a remarkable opportunity to show her taste in literature and art,

Guarino had been her tutor, and Ariosto sang her praises. Mantegna lived at her court, and she made her Studio of the Grotta the home of a collection which was hardly to be equalled in Italy or Europe. The personal qualities of Isabella d'Este were also admirable if judged by the standards of the Renaissance. Amid much profligacy she lived without reproach, and displayed a genuine capacity for the domestic affections. Like other rulers of the period, she acclaimed the winning cause without much thought of former allies, but such was the way of the world in the days of Machiavelli. As Mrs. Ady says: "She would have risked her life for the sake of advancing the interests of her husband and children or brothers, but she did not hesitate to ask Cæsar Borgia for the statues of which he had robbed her brother-in-law, and danced merrily at the ball given by Louis XII. while her old friend and kinsman Duke Lodovico languished in the dungeons of Loches." When this reservation regarding her political cold-bloodedness has been made, the biographer can praise Isabelle d'Este with a clear conscience. Lorenzo the Magnificent did not play his rôle more perfectly or with greater sincerity. Her learning was very considerable, and the degree of her interest in the various branches of art may be inferred from her correspondence. She devoted forty letters to a painting by Giovanni Bellini, and fifty-three to one by Perugino. She was generous and considerate. That she did not have a taste for devotion like Rénée of Ferrara is true, but she was the offspring of a pagan movement. Concerning the present biography we need only say that it confirms the favorable judgments which were formed of Mrs. Ady's earlier book on Beatrice d'Este. It is learned and graceful. When Luzio and Renier produce their long-promised life of their favorite Duchess, it may be more elaborate, but we doubt whether it will be more sprightly or more discriminating.

—Mr. Morris K. Jesup, in his latest report as President of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, gives a summary of the work accomplished during the year by the different departments of that institution and by the various exploring expeditions under its control. The department of vertebrate palæontology has maintained five expeditions in the field, which have contributed some notable additions to its collections. Among them are a complete skeleton of an upper miocene three-toed horse, a skull and jaws of the horned dinosaur *Triceratops*, and three complete skeletons of a rare cretaceous reptile, *Champsosaurus*. The most important accession of invertebrate animals is a collection of cœlenterates, consisting of about two hundred specimens of West Indian corals, actinians, and alcyonarians, collected by Dr. Duerden in Jamaica. The collection of fishes has received from the Hon. George M. Bowers specimens of a new genus and species of fish, *Mistichthys luzonensis*, from the Philippine Islands, the smallest known vertebrate. During the year the department of anthropology has installed several collections not previously exhibited, notably the Hyde collections from the ancient cliff-houses, burial caves, and ruined pueblos of Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico. This department has maintained expeditions in several parts of the United States and in British Columbia, Mexico, Central America, Siberia, and China. Messrs. Bogoras and Jochelson have finished their researches on behalf of the Jesup North Pacific expedition in northeastern Siberia, and the aim of the expedition to collect full information concerning all the tribes of the North Pacific coast has in the main been accomplished. The whole district from Columbia River in America westward to the Lena in Siberia has been covered, and the study of the material gathered reveals a closer relationship between the peoples of northeastern Asia and northwestern America than has hitherto been supposed. A comparison of the customs and traditions of certain tribes indicates that in culture at least they must be regarded as one. Dr. Hrdlička of the Hyde expedition has obtained anthropometric data and many photographs relating to twenty-one tribes in the southwestern Territories and in northern Mexico, and has secured several skulls and skeletons from this region, including the first Yaqui skulls known. The explorations of Mr. Saville of the Mexican expedition, in the State of Oaxaca, throw much light on the burial customs of the ancient Zapotecans. This expedition has also secured some rare specimens of gold, copper, and jadeite, and the Duke of Loubat has contributed a valuable collection of gems from Oaxaca.

SAYCE'S RELIGIONS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

The Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylon. By A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Assyriology, Oxford. (The Gifford Lectures Delivered in Aberdeen.) Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Pp. vi., 509.

Professor Sayce is full to bubbling over with suggestions of every description, which he pours forth in print in an incessant series of volumes. As a natural result, it is generally easy to pick his work to pieces and point out innumerable major and minor mistakes, disagreements, and impossibilities. On this account, also, his works are rarely to be recommended to the beginner or the person unfamiliar with the subject, who is likely to be misled by such fascinating speculations, so stated that they seem to him, as they do for the time certainly to Professor Sayce, as altogether proved. It must be said, on the other hand, that many of Professor Sayce's suggestions are of great value, and that he has done most useful pioneer work in many fields.

In this volume he wanders in fields which are particularly dear to him, as affording the better opportunity for bold hypothesis —the borderlands of history. The first half of the volume, dealing with the religion of ancient Egypt, is more sober, and, we are inclined to think, more valuable than the second half. Through the whole ten chapters in which the religion of ancient Egypt is discussed runs the hypothesis of the Asiatic origin of the Pharaonic Egyptians. He believes that the Egypt of history is the result of an invasion of the Nile Valley by a Semitic population from Asia, which, after a long struggle, recollections of which survive in the Horus myths and in various folk-tales, succeeded in overwhelming and imposing itself upon the native African population, which latter, however, continued to the last to form the backbone of Egypt. The conflicting practices and beliefs of the Egyptian religion he traces back in general to the two different populations which were thus united. The tendency to fetish and animal worship comes from the native African population, who are akin in this regard to the negroes of Central Africa. The Asiatic Semites, on the other hand, held that man was created in the image of God, and they therefore represented the gods in human form. The combination of these two ideas produced the peculiar composite creatures with the body of a man and the head of a hawk, jackal, etc., so characteristic of the Egyptian representations of the gods. The divine nature of kings, as incarnations of the god himself, so distinctive a feature of Egyptian religious and political life, are derived from the Asiatic invaders; and the Babylonian inscriptions in which Sargon of Akkad, Naram Sin, and others give themselves the title of god, are cited in proof of this. The practice of mummification, in contrast with the earlier use revealed by the excavations at Negada, where the bodies were buried without mummification, and secondary burial was practised, are likewise ascribed to the influence of the Asiatic invaders.

Now, in point of fact, Semitic burials, as we know them, from both Babylonian and Palestinian exploration, are like the primitive burials in Egypt and do not in the least resemble the later Egyptian use, where the bodies were mummified; and long after mummification had become the general practice in Egypt, the Semitic inhabitants of Babylonia and Palestine buried their dead, frequently at least, in a fragmentary condition, skulls and other bones being tumbled together helter-skelter in almost any sort of receptacle. So, also, in the matter of the deification of sovereigns, while it is true that some of the Semitic sovereigns of Babylonia were deified, yet this can scarcely be maintained to be a Semitic practice. The indications are rather that it was due to foreign influences. With the full dominance of Semites in Babylonia it seems to have passed away; and in other Semitic countries no trace of its existence has hitherto been discovered. In these two cases Professor Sayce seems to have been carried away by the charm of his own theory, so that he has neglected carefully to consider the facts at present available; and in general we think that this is true of the whole of his theory of the Asiatic origin of the Egyptian civilization, which plays so important a part in the volume. It is undoubtedly true, and he has made it abundantly plain, that the Egyptian religion was very composite, and, from the philosophic standpoint, an incoherent and illogical combination of a considerable number of divergent beliefs and practices. He has traced in the religious development the rise and fall of the influence of various nomes; and the final result, if the religion at any period can be called a finality, contains elements drawn from many different cults, places, and periods. His treatment of the evidence of these diversities of origin is full of suggestiveness, even though we do not accept his main theory as proved.

If we were to single out any one chapter of this section as more interesting than an-

other, it would perhaps be that on the popular religion of Egypt.

"In a crater-like hollow of the mountain cliff of Shêkh Herîdî there are two domed tombs, dedicated not to a Christian or a Mohammedan saint, but to a snake and his female mate. Shêkh Herîdî, in fact, is a serpent, and the place he inhabits is holy ground. Pilgrimages are made annually to it, and the festival of the 'Shêkh,' which takes place in the month that follows Ramadan, is attended by crowds of sailors and other devout believers, who encamp for days together in the neighborhood of the shrine."

But Shêkh Herîdî is really the lineal descendant of a serpent which has been worshipped in this same neighborhood since the prehistoric days of Egypt. A bronze serpent with the head of Zeus Serapis has been found near the same place, and the nome itself was called Du-Hefi, "the mountain of the snake." Elsewhere, sacred trees are found under which are set by the fellahin to-day offerings of bread and water, the most famous of these trees being a special object of veneration to the Christians, who, after the manner of religious inheritance common everywhere, represent it as the tree under whose branches the holy family rested during their sojourn in Egypt.

Professor Sayce classes the Egyptian as one among the few inventive races of mankind, to whom we owe "the chief moulds into which religious thought has since been thrown," the doctrine of a Trinity, the incarnation of the Deity through a Virgin birth, the principle of emanation out of which the gnostic systems grew, and much of the psychology and eschatology of the Christian religion. But while claiming so great a debt of Christianity to the Egyptian religion or religions for the suggestion of its doctrines, he most emphatically differentiates developed and completed Christianity from the religion which gave to it these crude suggestions.

The second half of the volume deals with the religion of the Babylonians. Fourteen years ago, Professor Sayce delivered a course of lectures for the Hibbert trustees on this same topic, which was a pioneer work. Referring to that volume, he says: "My lectures were necessarily provisional and preliminary only, and I had to content myself with erecting a scaffold on which others might build. The time had not yet come for writing a systematic description of Babylonian religion, and of the phases through which it passed during the long centuries of its existence." And to-day he feels that the conditions are much the same. The evidence is still scanty and imperfect, and our knowledge of the religious beliefs of Babylonia and Assyria at best only piecemeal. In the interval between these two courses of lectures several works have appeared, dealing with the religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians, notably the handbook of Professor Jastrow, a conservative and careful investigation of the data now at hand. It is to be regretted that Professor Sayce did not make more use of such works as this latter, instead of forming brilliant theories to which he appears to endeavor to fit the facts.

As in his treatment of the Egyptian religion, the main theory which runs through these lectures is that of two conflicting elements, an earlier Sumerian faith, which is Shamanistic, a belief in spirits, ghosts, and demons, and a later religion, superimposed upon this and affected by it, of a higher order, the belief in gods and goddesses; the goddesses of this later Babylonian religion, however, being nothing more than the female spirits of the Sumerian faith. En-lil of Nippur, the lord of the spirits, is the characteristic god of the Sumerian period. But our author is compelled to recognize a striking divergence between the religious ideas which he believes to have emanated from Nippur, and those which emanated from the equally Sumerian Eridu, where the god Ea was worshipped. The different character of this latter worship he attributes to the fact that at some early period the Sumerian religion of Eridu must have been dominated by a non-Sumerian people. The names of the gods of Eridu are all, according to him, Sumerian; but the attributes not being those which he conceives of as Sumerian, he assumes this non-Sumerian influence. This is perhaps a fair specimen of the method which he pursues in general. Another specimen of his rash theories lies in his treatment of the influence of the cults of the two neighboring cities of Eridu and Ur. Eridu, according to him, lies on the alluvial ground among the marshes, and was the ancient port of Babylonia, while the neighboring Ur lay on the edge of the Arabian plateau. On this difference in position he bases a theory with regard to the difference of the religious influences emanating from the two cities. In point of fact, he has precisely reversed their positions. Ur lies on the alluvial soil close to the Euphrates, Eridu some miles to the westward on the very edge of the Arabian plateau.

In this part of the volume, as in the first part, Professor Sayce lays much stress on the points of resemblance between Egyptian and Babylonian beliefs and cults, which he thinks are evidence of the Semitic and even Babylonian origin of the race which built up, by its conquest of Egypt, the Pharaonic civilization. It seems to us that the greater part of those resemblances certainly are due to the natural development of similar primal conceptions, which are to be found not only in Babylonia and Egypt, but practically everywhere throughout the world. The trinities of the Babylonians and Egyptians may be paralleled by the trinities of the Indian religions, and all three are due not to borrowing somewhat similar ideas, but to thought development from common ideas. In one essential point Sayce notes a striking difference between the religions of Babylonia and Egypt. Egyptian religious thought deals very largely with the world beyond the grave. In contrast with this, the Babylonian religion limited itself practically to the present life. "The world beyond the grave was a place of unspeakable dreariness. The Babylonian was punished in this world for his sins and shortcomings." The magical element which seems to have been, to judge from the incantations and religious texts that have come down to us, so prominent in the Babylonian religion, Sayce ascribes to the influence of the Sumerian element. A study of Hebrew literature shows practically the same conceptions prevalent among the people of Palestine, and it may be said that, underlying any religion, there is a similar element—the survival of that animism according to which primitive man interprets the world, attributing to animate and inanimate objects and to the powers of nature spiritual existences comparable to the spiritual existence which he feels in himself.

Had the remarkable legislative code of Hammurabi been discovered before these lectures were delivered, doubtless Sayce would have amplified his discussion of Babylonian morality and legislation. That code makes it clear that practical morality embodied in legislation formed an essential part of the old Babylonian religion, precisely as it did of the Hebrew; it is one of the most striking of the many striking points of resemblance yet discovered between Babylonian and Israelite cults and practices.

THE SAGA OF KING HORN.

King Horn: A Middle English Romance. Edited by Joseph Hall. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1901.

King Horn, Floriz and Blancheflur, The Assumption of Our Lady. Re-edited by George H. McKnight. (E. E. T. S. Original Series, 14.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1866 (re-edited 1901).

The Story of Horn and Rimenhild. By William Henry Schofield. (Publications of the Modern Language Society of America, vol. xviii., pp. 1-83). Baltimore. 1903.

It would be easy to fill this column with the titles of recent monographs devoted to the story of King Horn, a romance so interesting in itself, offering so many general problems and extant in so many versions, that the attention which has been given to it cannot be regarded as excessive. Nearly all the English legendary stories—"Havelok," "Bevis of Hampton," "Guy of Warwick," even "Hereward the Wake"—have been transmitted through French or Latin redactions, and have unquestionably suffered in the process. Horn has passed for the single legend of pre-Conquest origin which has come down in a right English tradition. It has been extraordinarily prolific and long lived. In the twelfth century it was taken up by an Anglo-Norman jongleur, Mestre Thomas, who did it at length in the assonantal form of a *chanson de geste.* The shortest and apparently purest form of the story is that of the thirteenth century, "Geste of King Horn." Another English version, "Horn Childe," much modified and not uninfluenced by the French redaction, was recited early in the fourteenth century, and mentioned among the "romans of prys" parodied in "Sir Thopas." The climactical scene of "Horn Childe" was passed down in ballads which were still sung when Motherwell was collecting his minstrelsy. Harking backward, the French romance of the twelfth century was, towards the end of the fourteenth, done over into a prose romance entitled "Ponthus et Sidoine," which became very popular and was translated twice into English and twice into German, one of which last versions led a chapbook life as late as the second half of the eighteenth century, and was in the sixteenth century turned back into an Icelandic narrative poem or *rímur.* As Dr. Schofield maintains, with much plausibility, that the legend was originally of Scandinavian growth, the life history thus briefly traced constitutes an extraordinary and probably unique example of boxing the legendary compass.

The legend itself belongs to a familiar series of exile and return stories. King

Murry of Suddenne is slain by the Saracens, and his youthful son Horn set afloat with his fellows in a frail boat. Good chance brings them to Westnesse, where the King receives them hospitably and has them trained as knights. The princess Rimenhild falls deeply in love with Horn, who in beauty and accomplishments far outshines the rest. He refuses her not wholly discreet advances until he shall have won his knighthood. This degree granted, the proof of his valor comes with a descent of Saracens. Horn's victory is clouded by the treachery of his companion Fikenhild, who whispers slanderously of the innocent affair with the princess. Rimenhild, when she knows Horn is to be exiled, gives him a talismanic ring, and the lovers swear to be true to each other for a seven years' term.

Horn's exile is passed in Ireland, under a *nom de guerre*. Again he slays Saracen invaders, among them the murderer of his father, and refuses courteously the hand of the King's daughter and the succession. Meanwhile the Princess Rimenhild is being forced into an unwelcome marriage with King Modi of Reynis. Her messenger finds Horn in Ireland, and calls him to the rescue, but is himself drowned on the return voyage. Horn, landing in Westnesse, gains access to the wedding-feast disguised as a begging palmer, demands drink of Rimenhild, and slips her ring into the cup, bidding her pledge Horn. Recognition follows, and the discomfiture of King Modi, who was "made all bloody." But Horn refuses to marry his princess until he has redeemed his kingdom of Suddenne from the Saracens, and very foolishly he leaves her in the care of the traitor Fikenhild.

To reconquer Suddenne is an easy task. Horn's mother is found in hiding, and the people acclaim their Christian king. But Fikenhild has meanwhile immured Rimenhild in a sea-girt castle. Warned of his betrothed's peril through a dream, Horn sails back, enters the castle with his comitatus disguised as minstrels, slays Fikenhild, weds Rimenhild, gives his faithful friend Athulf the lovelorn daughter of the Irish King, and rules his two island kingdoms in God's law until death ends his wedded bliss.

Beyond noting that the intermittent Saracens are Danes, the story English, and dating probably from the tenth-century Danish invasions, little headway had been made in determining the origin or the geography of the legend. Mr. Hall and Dr. McKnight treat the matter gingerly, locating the story in South England; and Mr. Hall, for no apparent reason, opines that the legend was originally Celtic. Dr. Schofield's illuminating article appears to settle this matter once for all. He finds that Horn's kingdom of Suddenne is the Isle of Man. Westnesse is, of course, the west coast of England. On this theory, all of Horn's otherwise impossible voyages become reasonable. The argument is rather circumstantial than direct, for all these names were vaguely and variously employed. Since the story is Manx, it must date from the Viking occupation of that island. Several of the names, proper and geographical, betray this Norse derivation, and the legend, which may have a kernel of historical fact, is analogous to the "Gunnlaugssaga" and the "Laxdoela saga." It follows, then, that there must have been a lost English version (say of the eleventh century), which—through an intermediate French redaction (lost), Professor Schofield thinks—gave us the most primitive form extant—the "Geste of King Horn," and was variously modified in the French Romance and in the later English version.

For a Scandinavian origin and the Isle of Man the evidence seems conclusive. At other points, while admiring the fertility and suggestiveness of Dr. Schofield's method, one is tempted to take issue with him. Is there, for example, sufficient reason for supposing that the "Geste of King Horn" is a translation of a lost French version? Professor Morsbach has proved the point to his own satisfaction, in an article published in the 'Festschrift für Wendelin Foerster' (Halle: Max Niemeyer, 1902). But the argument comes to saying that a handful of the Anglo-Saxon (or Norse?) names in "King Horn" are in Gallicized form. This seems a very slender peg upon which to hang any weighty conclusion. "The Geste of King Horn" was composed not earlier than the middle of the thirteenth century. By this time numbers of Anglo-Saxon names had gone by the board. Suddene, Ailmar, Ailbrus were, in the thirteenth century, quite as fanciful as Tintagel, Gawain, Bedivere to-day. The anonymous poet of the "Geste of King Horn" naturally used the names that were familiar to himself and his hearers in preference to the obsolete, if purer, names that lay before him in some older text. We see precisely this process in the Harleian MS. of the "Geste," which adopts two forms—Allof (for Murry) and Godmod (for Cutberd), from the French romance, with no other indication of contamination from that source. Accordingly, while there may have been one or many lost French versions of King Horn, to create one merely to account for the Gallic coloring of the proper names is to explain a very simple matter over-elaborately. The French coloring was in the air in which the "Geste of King Horn" grew.

Of the always perplexing version "Horn Childe," Dr. Schofield disposes very prettily by showing that there is contamination with an historical tradition of a Danish inroad into Northumberland, possibly that described in the saga of Olaf Tryggvason. King Hatheolf of the romance is identified with Eadulf Earl of Northumbria from 966. Even the apparently legendary Malkan, slayer of Hatheolf, appears to be Malcolm, King of Scots, and it seems probable that the whole beginning of "Horn Childe" is based upon an older poem concerning Eadulf, now lost. In any case, it is clearly demonstrated that "Horn Childe" need not be considered in elucidating the more primitive forms of the Saga. Schofield's study suggests, what has already been inferred from the style and metre of the "Geste," that there must have existed a number of early middle-English romances, upon native themes, far superior in quality to those later versions which have come down to us.

The consideration of Dr. Schofield's generally triumphant hypothesis has left us little space for the editions of Hall and McKnight. But the preliminary discussion will have shown that the text is valuable enough to justify a minute editorial care which in a less important romance would be sheer pedantry. The mere existence of two editions covering so nearly the same ground shows the need of a philological clearing house. Dr. McKnight should not have toiled over his new edition of Lumby while Mr. Hall was doing the same work much better. And, contrariwise, there should have been some way for Mr. Hall to lend the plates of his parallel texts to the Early English Texts Society. A comparison of the two editions is everywhere in favor of Hall. He prints the three texts parallel, numbering each separately. McKnight, to save space, prints the Harleian MS. at the foot of the page, and keeps the numbering even, text by text, by reckoning all the lines in whichever version found. For example, McKnight's line 401 in all three texts is actually l. 383 of the London text, 392 of the Oxford, and 381 of the Cambridge. This makes it almost impossible to use McKnight with any earlier edition unless first the texts be severally renumbered with the pen. Hall punctuates only the best MS. (C.), printing O and L diplomatically. McKnight punctuates and recapitalizes all three, which brings in a host of minor infidelities to his originals and inconsistencies with himself. McKnight's critical apparatus is neither well nor ill done. Hall's is virtually definitive, and his lists of parallel phrases and formulas from other romances, in the notes, are fuller than any previous collection and worthy of all praise. Both editors deserve commendation for printing all three MSS. To construct a critical text from such material as is at hand for "King Horn" is a mere seminary exercise. On the score of accuracy the advantage is ever with Hall. No one who has himself experienced the treachery of the eye and of the types will wish to dwell upon McKnight's manifold minor transgressions, of which a few material corrections will conclude this notice. Both editors stick to routine business and have nothing original to say on the question of the legend. Hall's book is an admirable piece of patient scholarship, almost incredibly accurate in details, and indispensable to all who deal with the earliest English version of "King Horn," or, for that matter, with the later romance of "Horn Childe," of which a reprint is appended. To be corrected in McKnight are (Harleian MS. 2253, by his own line numbering), l. 320, *he* read *heo;* l. 352, *aknęu* read *aknen;* l. 1544 *seide* read *ferde;* 1591, *harpeirs* read *harperis*. On the other hand, Hall's readings of MS. O. ll. 60, 61, seem very doubtful. The present writer's independent collations of the Laud MS. bear out McKnight's *atteth* (but perhaps *all ethe* is the true reading) and *dethe*. Hall, exceptionally, seems to be amending somewhat desperately a hopelessly corrupt couplet.

The Heart of John Wesley's Journal. With an Introduction by Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., and an Appreciation of the Journal by Augustine Birrell, K.C. Edited by Percy Livingstone Parker. Fleming H. Revell Co.

In his old age Wesley expressed regret that he had not insisted on a Methodist dress as simple as that of the Quakers; mean, too, in its material. It is as if the publishers of these extracts from his journal had taken a hint from that expression, so mean is the appearance of their book. But we soon forget this when we have set

out to read. The introduction by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, now dead, is brief but to the point. It compares Wesley's journal with Fox's and with Newman's 'Apologia.' It calls attention to the fact that Wesley's reformation, unlike Luther's, was essentially a working-class movement; his itinerary, extending to 225,000 miles, mostly on horseback, being deliberately intended to avoid the extremes of wealth and poverty. A better introduction is Mr. Birrell's, already familiar to his habitual readers, but here reproduced on well-considered grounds. But there are some exaggerations. We are told that for many years 8,000 miles was the extent of Wesley's travel, and that he frequently preached 5,000 times in a year. But Overton, a careful biographer, gives the total number of his sermons as 40,000, a yearly average of but 740, and Wesley himself, in his successive birthday jubilations, never sets his miles of annual travel above 6,000, fixing the minimum at 3,500. With the roads as they were then, this was enough in all conscience. There is no doubt as regards Mr. Birrell's final opinion, that we can learn better what manner of man Wesley was from his journal than anywhere else. There is some doubt that, from the same source, we can best learn the character of Wesley's time. He lived the intensive life. He did not see widely beyond the horizon of his personal work, and in much that he saw he had no part, and consequently made no report of it.

Only those who know Wesley's journal in its entirety can judge justly as to whether what we have here is indeed the heart of it, as Mr. Parker's title claims. We do not seem to get much more of striking interest than in Tyerman's biography, the fullest and the best of the many written until now. But we get this and that striking incident more wound about with circumstance than in the biographies, and better for this difference. Some things are minimized which bulked large in Wesley's life: his theological conflict with Whitefield; his relations with his termagant wife; his lack of judgment generally where women were concerned. The journal began in 1735 and ended in 1790. In the early parts we have a full account of his miserable failure in Georgia, and clandestine leave. It was certainly to court suspicion of personal motives for him to refuse the sacrament to the woman who had just refused to him her hand in marriage. Returning to England, he came into port just as Whitefield was setting sail for Georgia, where he did himself even less credit than Wesley. Shortly Wesley came under the influence of Peter Böhler, the Moravian, and was convinced that he had never been converted, and later that he had the necessary experience. As to the non-conversion there is a foot note undated, "I am not sure of this." Böhler's advice to Wesley, "Preach faith as if you believed it, and then you will believe it," is not very different from Keble's advice to Arnold—that he should preach the doctrine of the Trinity, though not believing it, if haply he might reach a better mind.

In 1738 Wesley renewed certain former resolutions. The first was, "To use absolute openness and unreserve with all I should converse with." Resolves in general are remarkable for their frangibility; but this one was well kept—so well that we find ourselves wondering that such fearless candor did not mean a broken head for Wesley at least once a week. The second resolution makes it easier to understand how he could make the first. It was, "To labor after continual seriousness, not willingly indulging myself in any the least levity of behavior, or in laughter; no, not for a moment." It marked one defect of Wesley's quality that the keeping of this resolution was not difficult. There was no laughter in him, no humor. Had there been, his journal would not have contained many things it does; for the things reported would not have happened. He would not have rallied every fellow-traveller immediately on the condition of his soul, his danger of eternal fire. His lack of humor went deep, nourishing the roots of his belief in special providence. A spark of humor here and there would have saved him from the presumption that the order of the universe was controlled by God with exact reference to his comfort or convenience. Egotism is oftener lack of humor than it is anything else, and Wesley's egotism was immense, flattering him that the rain or sun, when he was preaching, was adjusted to his wishes by divine interposition, and that his organs of digestion were subject to miraculous regulation by the hand of God.

This supreme self-confidence made for that fearlessness with which he encountered mobs and opposition of all kinds. There must have been something exceedingly impressive in a manner by which so many base fellows were abashed, and so many hostile inclinations converted into friendly services. The remarkable thing about the mobs is that each went to pieces like a house of cards. If much of this effect must be conceded to the calm dignity of Wesley's presence, much more must go to the account of his exaggeration of the elements of danger involved in the opposition to his preaching. If we read Mr. Birrell's sober statement with a sense of collapse, we are convinced of its substantial truth as we go through the book. "Wesley," he says, "was occasionally hustled, and once or twice pelted with mud or stones, but at no time were his sufferings at the hands of the mob to be compared with the indignities it was long the fashion to heap upon the heads of parliamentary candidates." What does impress Mr. Birrell, and what will impress every reader of the journal, is the horrible condition of Newgate and other jails, and the brutalities of the judges, magistrates, and the criminal code. Another strong impression is that of Wesley's powers of endurance. His perils by land and water are insignificant compared with the long strain of travel and preaching in all sorts of weather, the travel over the worst imaginable roads, the preaching often done at five o'clock in the morning, showing the kind of courage which Napoleon admired. So great was Wesley's tendency to exaggerate everything personal to himself that one would gladly have some surer standard of the crowds attendant on his preaching than his reckoning, to which twenty or thirty thousand was not an unusual mark. Breakfasting with Whitefield, October 28, 1765, he finds him "an old, old man, though he has hardly seen fifty years, while I, who am now in my sixty-third year, find no disorder, no decay, no difference from what I was at five and twenty." Nine years later there is a similar boast. He has none of the infirmities of age, and has lost some of those of his youth. "The chief means are: (1) My constantly rising at four, for about fifty years; (2) my generally preaching at five in the morning—one of the most healthy exercises in the world; ((3) my never travelling less, by sea or land, than four thousand five hundred miles a year"—an increase of one thousand on an earlier estimate.

There are many items that refresh our previous knowledge of the man: his original distaste for field preaching; his mother's dealings with her children, which taught them to "cry softly"; literary and personal judgments, as of Luther and Laurence Sterne; his taste in sculpture, which preferred above all distinctly the worst thing in Westminster Abbey; his first reading of some book on the slave-trade, "published by an honest Quaker"; his delight in the seizures and convulsions of women under the stress of his preaching. It is one of the paradoxes of early Methodism that these seizures resulted from the more restrained preaching of Wesley as they did not from the more emotional preaching of Whitefield; and that, while the latter suspected them, the former clung to them. In regard to the entry of February 12, 1772, it should be noted that it was of the slave-trade, and not of slavery, as commonly quoted, that he writes as "that execrable sum of all villanies."

A History of American Political Theories. By C. Edward Merriam. Macmillan Co. 1903.

The system of government established after allegiance to Great Britain was thrown off by this country was a novel experiment. There may have been parallels in antiquity, but in 1788 there was in the Old World no democratic nation. Yet the Revolution and the Constitution had both to be justified, and political theories were brought out and adapted to existing conditions. As the conditions changed, partly from the growth of the sentiment that caused the suffrage to be extended, partly from the problem of slavery and the convulsion that ended it, these theories required modification, and the history of the changes that have taken place deserves, as Mr. Merriam says, more attention than it has received. His essay in this direction is pleasantly written, and gives a clear view of the arguments employed by our prominent statesmen. It is substantially accurate in its presentation of the leading theories. We incline to the opinion, however, that the subject has received more attention than Mr. Merriam supposes, and that it has received and deserves attention of a somewhat different character from that which he has given it.

For, in spite of the fact that the experiment was new, no new theories were involved. The conceptions of social contract, of natural right, of sovereignty—these are the raw material, not only of our political theories, but of political theory the world over. They have been examined by numberless profound scholars and philosophers whose contributions cannot be ignored. But, on consulting the bibliography annexed to this work, we do not find the name of a single foreign author. Examining the text, we find Mr. Bryce referred to once, merely as the author of the 'American Commonwealth'; yet Mr. Bryce, in

his recently published 'Studies,' deals directly with many of the developments here discussed, and deals with them in a way so admirably succinct and conclusive that it ought to have ended discussion. This is notably true of the concept of sovereignty; the difficulties surrounding which, as Mr Bryce says, are largely factitious, and spring from the attempts made to answer questions essentially different by the same terms. These difficulties have figured so prominently in our debates as to make Mr. Bryce's illuminating criticism invaluable, and it is unfortunate that it should be ignored.

Mr. Merriam, we should add, refers to Locke's influence; and in three or four concluding pages we find brief mention of some dozen or more writers as sources of inspiration of American political theory. No attempt is made to trace this influence, except in occasional allusions. On the other hand, the views of many comparatively insignificant persons are set forth, apparently on the principle that, as they are Americans, their political theories must be American political theories. This method necessarily results in vagueness, as when we read that the public is ready for measures whereby the general welfare may be advanced, "regardless of whether individuals as such are benefited thereby or not." The process of advancing general welfare without benefiting any one deserves a more minute description if it is in favor with the public; but perhaps we should be told, as in the case of natural rights and the social contract, that "the precise condition of public opinion is not easy to estimate."

The course of political theory in this country has been largely determined by politics. When British rule became irksome, it was necessary to find reasons for throwing it off, and the doctrine of political equality or natural right, and of government as founded on consent or agreement, as worked out by Locke and his school, were ready for use. They were asserted in the Declaration and embodied in the Bills of Rights. Presently, to the disgust of the Federalists, they were asserted by the common people in the demand for universal suffrage. Then they were reasserted by the Abolitionists and repudiated by the slave-owners, as inconsistent with their "peculiar institution." The latter maintained that men were not equal, and that there was no truth in the contract theory of government, and hence no binding force in the Constitution. The North conquered in the civil war, and forced the people of the South to accept the Constitution, thus violating the contract theory in defending it. Hence the metaphysical theory of the Nation came into vogue, and is now generally taught in our schools. While we are engaged in subjugating other peoples, despotic principles are indispensable. Were we to be overcome by another power, we should perhaps return to the belief that men have a natural right to freedom.

It is instructive to see that the requirements of empire have brought our professors of political science fairly over to Calhoun's theory. He maintained that men were not born free; they must be fitted for liberty. The negro race was inferior, and must be governed by the white race. This was a benevolent proceeding on the part of the whites; they were not to exploit the negro, but to be his guardian. In his anxiety to defend "the standpoint of modern political science" (*i. e.*, that men have no natural right to liberty) from being identified with the slave-owners' theory, Mr. Merriam goes too far. He says that, according to this theory, the negro was deprived of all rights whatever. But only a few pages before, he shows that the Southerners were careful to explain that the negro was protected in his rights by law, and that he was deprived of political rights only because he was not fit to exercise them. The two "standpoints" are essentially one, and it is a waste of sophistry to try to distinguish them. As Lincoln said, "It is the same old serpent"; the principle that certain men, or certain races of men, are good enough to govern others without their consent, is the principle of despotism.

The exposition of Calhoun's theory is perhaps the best part of this book, and Calhoun was one of the closest political reasoners that the world has produced. John Adams's views are also carefully brought out; those of Jefferson less adequately, although it is well to remind us that they were not derived from French sources to the extent commonly assumed. We are surprised to find no reference made to the growth of the party system as affecting political theory. What has so greatly influenced practice must be reflected in the principles by which practice is justified. In general, however, the work is successful as a description of the attitudes taken from time to time by our statesmen; indeed, considering its brevity, it deserves much praise in this regard.

As a critical work, however, we must pronounce it superficial. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between the theory which employs the concepts of natural right and the equality of men as persons, and that which denies this equality, and resorts to the concept of the "State" as a person exalted over human beings. The former theory is based not only on moral but also on religious foundations. Nature, said Chrysostom, is God; as men are equal in the sight of God, so are they in their essential rights by nature. The "State of Nature" is, of course, an historical fiction, and there was never an actual social compact; but men have always felt that there must be a moral basis for government which the "State" does not furnish. Above states and governments they recognize God and Nature; and to these concepts they will always appeal when their highest welfare is threatened by human authority. Unless this is clearly perceived, we cannot adequately comprehend the course of political theory—American, or other—in the past, nor forecast its future.

The Sources of Plutarch's Life of Cicero. (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Series in Philology and Literature. Vol. VIII., No. 2.) By Alfred Gudeman. Published for the University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

An investigation into the sources of a comparatively unimportant piece of ancient literature would not ordinarily demand much attention in these columns, but the case before us involves the question of method in philological research in a way which deserves more than a mere passing notice. Dr. Gudeman begins with some very true and pertinent remarks about the defects of source investigations in the past, and then lays down a very reasonable method of procedure for such investigations: first, find out the various sources of information available at the time when your text was written, and, by a process of elimination, clear your list of all sources which, for whatever reason, your author could not have consulted. "It will then be, in many cases, comparatively easy to decide to what extent he probably utilized the authorities still remaining, provided, of course, that their character, purpose and scope are satisfactorily ascertainable." Dr. Gudeman then asserts the practical unanimity of previous scholars in the opinion that Plutarch made use of various works of Cicero himself, of Sallust's 'Catiline,' and of Tiro's 'De Vita Ciceronis' and 'De Jocis Ciceronis,' and follows this assertion with an absolute denial that Plutarch consulted for his biography any single one of the works in question. On the positive side, he argues at length, and with great apparent confidence, for the lost life by Suetonius as one of Plutarch's principal sources.

Now when we remember the many coincidences which naturally suggest indebtedness to the works above mentioned, it will be seen at once that the validity of the eliminating process would be of great importance in any case, and all the more so when the source finally fixed upon with so much confidence has not come down to us, and so cannot be submitted to any searching tests. Let us notice, then, a few of the main points in Dr. Gudeman's procedure:

"We may first take up the 'Letters of Cicero.' Now the mere presumption that Plutarch had been acquainted with this unique and inexhaustible thesaurus of historical and autobiographical information at once puts us on the horns of a dilemma: if he was, he must either have read the entire correspondence (which, as may be observed in passing, was probably double the size of our extant collection), and then have culled from it, like a modern Drumann, what appeared relevant to his purpose, or else he did not consult any part of it at first hand."

Now this rigid *all* or *none* alternative exists only in the writer's misguided imagination. When the horns of a dilemma are thus wide apart, with plenty of safe standing ground between them, we refuse to be placed peremptorily upon the one or the other. Plutarch *may* have done what many another man *has* done since—consulted the letters at first hand to some extent, and based statements of supposed fact upon them, without ransacking the whole collection. Dr. Gudeman's assertions that he had not the leisure to read the whole, and that he could not have had the disposition to do so, are alike incapable of substantiation and very unscientific props to insert beneath any important conclusion in a work of literary research. Similarly unscientific is the discovery of "*positive* evidence that the biographer never read the correspondence of Cicero" in the fact that reference to his correspondence with Trebatius, in chapter 37 of the biography, does not tally correctly with the letters of Cicero to Trebatius which are still extant. Now the obvious comment is, that the writer is guilty of the fallacy of drawing a universal conclusion from narrowly limited premises; but even the narrow conclusion to which he

might seem to be entitled would not be unassailable, for Cicero was a man of many moods, often at variance with himself in different letters, and the assumption that Plutarch's allusion is to some letter not now in existence, gratuitous though Dr. Gudeman may fairly declare it, is still possibly true. Elimination must demonstrably eliminate if it is to be a fit tool for scientific investigation.

As to Cicero's 'Brutus,' generally regarded as one of the sources of the biography, "Plutarch cannot have read a line of this work, so glaring are the contradictions." Now most human beings, including many of those who write books, both ancient and modern, are not afflicted with such uncompromising impossibilities. They *can* read one line of a work, or *ten* lines of it, occasionally *all* of it, and still fall into contradictions in the use of it, more or less glaring, according to the point of view of the critic. As Dr. Gudeman here and there admits the carelessness of Plutarch in other matters, perhaps he goes too far in excluding carelessness or some other human weakness as making possible the apparent use of material from one source together with other material from a second source out of harmony with the first.

We might go on almost indefinitely with these rigid "cannots," if it were worth while. It is sufficient to say that due regard for sound philological method will soften well nigh every one of them into a "probably did not," or something equally distant from the realm of convincing demonstration. Many careful readers will agree that Dr. Gudeman's conclusions are *probably* true; but it is equally certain that many competent scholars will still regard it as exceedingly likely that Plutarch made more or less direct use of a number of the sources impugned. Nor on the positive side can it be said that the arguments adduced are such as to *compel* a reasonable man's assent to the lost life by Suetonius as an important source. It may easily have been so, and that is all. The scholar who shall take our feet out of the miry clay and set us upon the solid ground in respect to these problems must be able to recognize and eschew all ungrounded assumptions, unnecessary dilemmas, and logical non-sequiturs. The modern lack of care for logic, and lack of training in it, are hopelessly vitiating much of the philological work of the present day, as they are the work of the specialist in many other lines of investigation. Dr. Gudeman is one of the best read among our younger generation of classicists, and has done some extremely valuable work—his monumental edition of the 'Dialogus' of Tacitus, for instance. We may reasonably look to him for great services to the cause of the classics in the years to come; but his evident delight in proving that the opinions of previous scholars will not bear the test of "an unprejudiced examination" must not be allowed to betray him into a neglect of the rigid application of logic and common sense to his own processes. And we have already indicated that he does not stand alone in his exposure to that danger.

Clara Schumann. Von Berthold Litzmann. Band I. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

No woman of the nineteenth century occupied a more prominent position in the musical world than Clara Schumann, *née* Wieck; in the realm of instrumental music she ranks, indeed, above all other women. Her compositions have never been surpassed, if equalled, by any one of her sex, and as a pianist she was, even before her marriage, ranked with Thalberg and other idols of that time; some, indeed, put her on a level, as a player, with Liszt and Chopin. On such grounds alone she would be entitled to a biography; but there are weightier claims still. For five years she was the betrothed, and for sixteen years the wife, of Robert Schumann; wherefore all that concerns her during these twenty-one years reflects new light on the life of that great composer. The biographer in this case was in luck. He undertook his task at the request of the relatives, who placed at his disposal much unpublished material. Robert's letters had been printed before, but Clara's had not, and she was an extremely interesting letter-writer, even as a young girl. More important, even, than these letters is a series of manuscript diaries in no fewer than forty-seven quarto volumes, covering the years 1827 to 1896. This diary, to be sure, was begun by her father for her, and up to 1838 it mirrors his opinions rather than hers; but that does not make it any the less valuable. With such aids, Herr Litzmann could hardly have failed to write an interesting biography. This first volume covers the years 1819 to 1840; how many more there are to be, we are not informed.

Friedrich Wieck, Clara's father, was an eminent piano-teacher, whose fame attracted, among others, young Robert Schumann. He soon found the daughter more interesting than the father, and the two confessed their love to each other, never doubting that it would be approved by her father. But they were most wofully mistaken. Wieck had predestined his daughter from her babyhood for an artist; to her he sacrificed his time and means; she had proved very talented, and had begun a brilliant and quite profitable career as concert pianist at the age of ten. To have her suddenly snatched away from him and converted into a *Hausfrau* was a very bitter thought to him—in fact, an intolerable thought. It has been known for a long time that he strenuously opposed the marriage, but the details of this struggle are here for the first time made public. Wieck went to almost incredible extremes. At first he pretended that Schumann's poverty was his chief ground of opposition; when Schumann proved that his income was equal to that of hundreds of the most esteemed families in Leipzig, Wieck feigned various other excuses, resorting to the vilest slanders, such as accusing him of being a common drunkard. Nay, he began to hate and persecute his own daughter, who loved him, but loved Schumann more; and when she gave concerts, he would send communications to the music stores of the towns where she was to appear, denouncing her as "a shameless girl, demoralized by a scoundrel." Indeed, his demeanor was almost that of a madman. His stubbornness inflicted cruel tortures on the lovers; but luckily, so far as Clara's artistic career was concerned, his denunciations aided rather than hindered her, as no one could help sympathizing with the talented, brave, pure, noble, persecuted girl; and the courts finally decided against the malicious father, in favor of the lovers.

Herr Litzmann, though a man of letters and not a musician, has also succeeded in giving a vivid impression of Clara's art and her experiences with artists. She met nearly all the famous masters of her time and played with some of them—Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn. Spohr and even Spontini praised her, and Paganini was enthusiastic over her playing when she was quite a young girl. At first she played chiefly piano music of the Paganini type—brilliant, showy; but later, especially under the influence of Schumann, she became a genuine artist interpreter. She was one of the first to play Beethoven well; the first to introduce the romantic school into Vienna. For a long time, however, she did not dare to play the novel pieces of her beloved Robert, except to her friends. Even Liszt failed to conquer the public with this music, which is now popular everywhere. But of all the services Clara Schumann has rendered the world, the greatest is that she inspired the best of Schumann's songs and some of the best of his pianoforte pieces—the F sharp minor sonata, the Fantasia, the Novelettes, the Kinderscenen, etc. Of this fact there is abundant evidence in the pages of this volume.

History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River, etc. By H. M. Chittenden, Captain Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York: Francis P. Harper.

Trans-Mississippi history during the last century was shaped if not controlled by the Missouri River. Jefferson's order in 1803 to Capt. Lewis was: Go to the end of it and you will find something flowing westward. Not only was the great river such a wilderness clue, but it brought to light a happier hunting-ground for fur than the world had known. For forty years thereafter to go up the Missouri was the highway to fortune. Again, it became from first to last our warpath against Indians. It was every inch such in conflicts with Mormons and Mexicans. Nor in the civil war was its strategic value small. Throughout its valley, where combined Creoles and Canadians were first in the field, those Latin races longest held out against Teutonic Yankees from the East. In the rush to gold Meccas nothing helped the overlanders so universally and so effectively as the watercourse near whose ultimate springs the *spolia opima*, the supreme placer, Alder Gulch, was unearthed. No water, fresh or salt, was so perilous. Though a steamer had entered its mouth in 1819, it was forty years before such a craft had forced a passage to its uppermost navigable point (2,644 miles). The census of its wrecks falls but five below three hundred; and had every white man's grave along its course been plainly marked, the voyager would never be out of sight of pathetic reminders of futile contests with a whirligig at all times vengeful to intruders.

Each stage in life along the Missouri has followed as a surprise on the heels of the one before it—hunters supplanting the Indian, and overlanders the hunters. Boats displaced canoes, steamers boats, and railroads steamers. Through all stages the river, bestriding half a continent like a colossus, has been the nerve on which war, peace, emigration, and settlement have moved with all their equipage. The book

before us is such a monograph of vicissitudes in the life of this unique monster as could not have been made had not the author (an army engineer) done expert work along it from end to end and come to love it with all its faults, so that he writes that "few scenes in nature appeal so strongly to the eye of an artist" (p. 84). The bird that we nurse is the bird that we love. But aware that no historian has ever rivalled Plutarch the biographer, Capt. Chittenden has enlivened his science with a charming human and personal interest, added to his own. His alternative title is "Life and Adventures of Joseph La Barge, Pioneer Navigator and Indian Trader, for Fifty Years Identified with the Commerce of the Missouri Valley." Indeed, half the book was written as dictated at the fireside by this navigational Nestor (1815-99), who alone from among his French contemporaries had escaped with eye undimmed to describe a body of time, its form and pressure, which none would willingly let die.

No reader can forget the frank notices, more or less critical, of celebrities, domestic and foreign, who for a generation begged standing-room beside the pilot, "whose accumulated tales of many years were to the last as new to the tenderfoot as if told for the first time" (p. 131). In hundreds of Carnegie libraries the dwellers in as many towns will in these volumes, romantic as 'Robinson Crusoe,' feel a special pleasure, while learning the true story and site of mythical historic landmarks near their own local habitations. How much the twin authors tell us which we are sorry not to have known sooner, is more than enough for a note-writer to hint at. One detail in the chapter on boats and boating before steamboats may be mentioned. Though bullboats may be treated elsewhere, we believe bulltubs are not. This aboriginal invention—a single hide stretched over a basket, shaped like half an egg-shell, and as buoyant—was used by squaws for bearing freight, and on occasion a single passenger, with the skin gathered water-tight about his neck. It was towed by a string of skin held between the teeth of a swimmer. Irving was carried over deep waters in a bulltub—as the present writer was informed by Henry L. Ellsworth, the Indian Commissioner under whose charge the tour of the prairies was in part carried out, and knowing whom was an open-sesame into Sunnyside.

Taming our continental leviathan was long a pet project of Congress with a lavish outlay of millions, and only in 1902 given up as a Lilliputian struggle with Brobdingnag. Simultaneous, however, with this confession that the Big Muddy was not made to be penned up, came a Congressional movement to let it loose, based on conviction that its oozy immensities, if they had free course in irrigation, would be glorified, turning the American desert into a garden. Its channel is twice as long as the Mississippi above the confluence, and its source-altitude well-nigh three times as great. Caught, caged, and distributed by methods easily practicable, it would be transformed into a Western Nile, repeating the Egyptian miracle when the earth brought forth by handfuls, and men gathered corn as the sand of the sea.

Method of the Recitation. By C. and F. McMurry. Macmillan.

The aim of the modern study of pedagogy is, we take it, to discover and define universal principles of method in learning; and in so far as these principles can be established and, we may add, put in practice, a "science of education" may be said to exist. The aim of Messrs McMurry is to lay down certain rules for the guidance of teachers in primary schools with "illustrated lessons." The authors lay stress on the truth first enforced by Socrates and later emphasized by Pestalozzi, that "logical notions are the goal of all instruction," and they devote one chapter to an explanation of the difference between individual and general notions. Five formal steps are indicated as essential for the acquirement of knowledge: they are preparation, presentation, comparison, generalization, and application. These formal steps "indicate the order of the movement of the mind." The criticism passed on the ordinary text-book, which is essentially deductive, is doubtless just; the five steps mentioned above are expressly inductive, and one can hardly imagine that an intelligent teacher does not apply them to some extent, whether consciously or not. The writers of this little guide regularly refer to women rather than men as teachers, implying either that the feminine mind especially needs this discipline in method, or that all primary work is in the hands of women.

The inductive method cannot well be illustrated to any extent in the limits of an ordinary text-book, though the attempt has been made of late years, notably in Latin. The insistence on and illustration of its advantages in these pages will be of service to primary teachers, who will, of course, be on their guard against supposing that either the inductive or deductive method can be used exclusively. A born teacher needs none of these hints and "steps" and illustrations in order to get in touch with and inspire a class, but all are not born teachers, and the volume may be commended for clearness and suggestiveness. In the chapter entitled "Lesson Plans" we find Longfellow's "Excelsior" presented as a lesson plan for children of thirteen. But will it bring about that "increased love of literature" which is laid down as the teacher's aim in dwelling on this poem? Surely a child of thirteen should be provided with stronger meat than "Excelsior," which it may well have acquired five years earlier. It would be an insult to the intelligence of a child of that age to ask it the questions which are suggested: "Was the young man joyous or sad?"; "Was he attractive or unattractive in appearance?"; "Did he stop?"—and so on.

Tennyson's "Revenge" and "Ode on the Duke of Wellington" are more truly "literature" than is "Excelsior," while fully as many moral lessons may be drawn from them as from the fate of Longfellow's "beautiful young man." When we are told that "the teaching of 'Excelsior' would probably occupy not less than three or four recitation periods," we can only wonder what is the level of poetry that engages the minds of classes still younger; and when we read that the "Pupil's Aim" is "to learn what became of a young man who attempted to climb the Alps," we can at least imagine ways in which at any age three or four recitation periods might be better employed. But it is always unfair to measure the value of this sort of pedagogy by its own illustrations. The science of education is in its infancy, and we welcome any attempt to support its tottering steps with rules and hints and methods and the rest, always reserving our opinion that the intelligent, well-informed man or woman will dispense with such aids, and that on the unintelligent and ill-informed such excellent and logical advice will be thrown away.

The Great Marquess. By John Willcock. Scribners.

The whole tone of this biography of Archibald Campbell, eighth Earl and first Marquess of Argyll (1607?-1661), is controversial, and, oddly enough, a hint of this fact is given in the title, despite the apparent innocence of the latter. The same epithet, "Great," has been applied to Montrose, who was a contemporary and rival of Argyll. Mr. Willcock is no friend of Montrose, although he is willing to allow that the Cavalier possessed traits which superficially are more attractive than those of Argyll. In his final parallel he likens them to the sons of Isaac.

"Montrose recalls the attractive qualities of Esau, while in Argyll we see much of the moral and spiritual strength of Jacob. In Montrose we have impulsiveness and chivalry, combined with a certain levity in forsaking one cause and embracing another, and a brilliancy of heroic achievement which suddenly died down and left behind it no lasting benefit or even result, while there were in Argyll a strong susceptibility to religious impressions, a keen shrewdness of judgment, and a tenacity of purpose which remind us of Rebecca's favorite son. Our instinctive feelings led us to receive into our hearts the one type of character, while our maturer judgments approve the other as greater and more worthy."

Mr. Willcock disclaims all idea of attempting to write a panegyric of Argyll, but observes, "We think that we have set down an array of facts which will render it difficult for the detractor of the great Marquess of Argyll to resume his hateful work."

The main charges against Argyll can be briefly summarized. He has frequently been accused, alike by those who sympathize with the extreme Royalists and the extreme Covenanters, of having been a selfish and cold-blooded politician, a hypocrite in matters of religion, and a coward on the field of battle. During the struggle between Charles I. and Parliament, Argyll was in many ways the most important man in Scotland, but, after the regicide, he followed the unpopular policy of joining Charles II. without becoming an ardent Royalist. As the result of falling between both groups of extremists, he was soon in the awkward position of being a party by himself, and after the Restoration he was beheaded for complicity with the Government of Cromwell. "He fell," says Gardiner, "unaided and unregretted, because a base intrigue for the maintenance of his own influence had taken the place of manful championship of his nation's cause."

Mr. Willcock's Life of Argyll, which owes its existence to a suggestion from Mr. C. H. Firth, is learned with all the learning of the Scottish antiquary, and undoubtedly

deserves to be styled a work of merit even when judged by historical rather than antiquarian standards. At the same time it seems to us unduly biassed in Argyll's favor, especially where it is a question of the latter's personal courage and of his relations toward the Commonwealth in 1653-54. Mr. Willcock does, indeed, awaken some sympathy for the ex-Covenanter, by describing his difficulties after the battle of Worcester, but we find it impossible to accept an estimate of Argyll which leaves him in possession of the leading virtues, both cardinal and theological. Regarding his powers of mind, there is less ground of disagreement, and here we cannot quarrel with Mr. Willcock's judgment:

"Even his enemies themselves are constrained to bear witness to the astonishing intellectual gifts which he possessed, and which enabled him to guide and control the politics of Scotland for so many years, and to make a deep impression upon English political life during the period when the two nations were united in offering resistance to the arbitrary Government of Charles I., and in breaking down the military power by which he would fain have maintained it."

Silverware and Jewelry. By H. Wilson. D. Appleton & Co.

The second volume of Mr. Lethaby's series of technical handbooks has appeared. We have already noticed that on 'Bookbinding and the Care of Books,' prepared by Douglas Cockerell, with drawings by Noel Rooke. The present one shows diagrams and other illustrations seeming to be by the author, except as they are photographic. We must repeat here of this series what was said in our former notice, that it is difficult to imagine a more carefully laid plan or to hope for better prospects of perfect success in carrying it out. The books are sure to be of remarkable, perhaps of unexampled, value to those who wish to know how the decorative arts are practised in reality. This is exemplified by Mr. Wilson's Chapter X., which is devoted to "Silver Solder and Enamelling Solder," with some words about solders for large work; and the chapter that follows has for its heading "Soldering, Use of Borax, The Blowpipe, Soldering Lamps." Herein the beginner is advised to make his own solder, and a good recipe for it is printed in full, while three cuts of half a page each and one full-page illustration are inserted in the text. So with Chapter XI., which deals with the process of soldering; three illustrations of the width of the page are inserted in three of its five pages, leaving not much text. Brevity has been not so much "consulted" as used instinctively. Toward the close of the book there is a very brief chapter on "Coloring, Darkening, and Oxydizing Silver and Gold," and another on "Gilding," and here, perhaps, brevity has been carried too far. There are difficulties which arise in coloring metals; a process not very simple except in one or two of its forms. (We are not thinking now of alloys applied to the surface by incrustation and the like, but of the mere coloring of the metal.) The two pages given to this rather large subject are necessarily inadequate. So with gilding; two and a half pages allow of only definitions, so to speak; one might expect to get as much information from a modern encyclopædia. Meantime, as there was no room for fuller treatment, the student is to consider himself under orders to weigh, to learn thoroughly, that which can be learned thoroughly by the aid of so simple a handbook as this, and leave the rest to a later stage of his development; unless, indeed, he is prepared to try experiments patiently, using such brief advice as is given here and going a little farther on his own account. The illustrations are extremely well drawn, vigorous, and intelligible in that effective broad-line, clear black-and-white way which some of the best English draughtsmen affect, and which Mr. Lethaby himself has used, or at least encouraged, in that very noble book which he and the late Harold Swainson made in 1894 as a record of the church of Santa Sophia, and again of the first handbook in this series.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Acton, Lord. The Cambridge History. Vol. VII.: The United States. Macmillan.
Albalat, Antoine. Le Travail du Style. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.
Annual Register for the Year 1902. Longmans.
Antrim, Minna H. The Wisdom of the Foolish and the Folly of the Wise. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Archives of the State of New Jersey. Edited by William Nelson. First Series; Vol. XXII. Marriage Records, 1665-1800. Paterson, N. J.
Atherton, Gertrude. Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand. Macmillan. 50c.
Bax, Belfort. The Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists. Macmillan. $2.
Begley, Walter. Biblia Cabalistica. London: David Nutt. 10s. 6d.
Bell, Lilian. The Dowager Countess and the American Girl. Harpers.
Belloc, H. Caliban's Guide to Letters. London: Duckworth & Co.
Berenson, Bernhard. The Drawings of Florentine Painters. 2 vols., crown. E. P. Dutton & Co. £15 15s.
Buell, Augustus C. Sir William Johnson. Appleton. $1.00.
Campbell, J. R. City Temple Sermons. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.
Carus, Paul. Fundamental Problems. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $1.50.
Carus, Paul. Karma. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 75c.
Carus, Paul. The Surd of Metaphysics. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $1.25.
Caulkins, Frances Mainwaring. The Stone Records of Groton. Edited by Emily S. Gilman. Norwich (Conn.): The Free Academy Press.
Chamberlain, J. F. How We Are Fed. (Home and World Series.) Macmillan. 40c.
Chase, Eliza B. In Quest of the Quaint. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $1.50.
Cox, Leland Dolph. Stolen from a Duchy's Throne. Washington: The Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.
Cumulative Index of Periodicals. Fourth Annual Volume. Cleveland (O.): The Cumulative Index Co.
Elliott, C. G. Practical Farm Drainage. John Wiley & Sons. $1.
Ely, Richard T. Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society. (The Citizens' Library.) Macmillan.
Ford, Simeon. A Few Remarks. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Franklin and Marshall College. Catalogue of Officers and Students, 1787-1903. Lancaster (Pa.): Franklin and Marshall College Alumni Association.
Froude, James Anthony. My Relations with Carlyle. Scribners.
Fuller, Margaret. Love Letters of 1845-1846. With introduction by Julia Ward Howe. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Hapgood, Hutchins. The Autobiography of a Thief. Fox, Duffield & Co.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch. Appleton. $1.25.
Hart, Albert Bushnell, and Stevens, Elizabeth. The Romance of the Civil War. (Source-Readers in American History, No. 4.) Macmillan. 60c.
Hassall, Arthur. The History of France. Macmillan. 40c.
Hauvette, Henri. Luigi Alamanni (1495-1556). Sa Vie et son Œuvre. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie.
Heine, Heinrich. Die Harzreise. Edited by Leigh R. Gregor. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hichens, Robert. Felix. F. A. Stokes & Co. $1.50.
Hickman, W. A. The Sacrifice of the Shannon. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Hopkins, J. C. The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, 1902. Toronto: The Annual Review Pub. Co.
Jackson, F. Hamilton. Intarsia and Marquetry. (Handbooks for the Designer and Craftsman.) Scribners. $2.00 net.
Jackson, Wilfrid S. Nine Points of the Law. John Lane.
Kavana, Rose M., and Beatty, Arthur. Composition and Rhetoric Based on Literary Models. Rand, McNally & Co.
Lang, Andrew. Social Origins; and Atkinson, J. J. Primal Law. 1 vol. Longmans & Co.
Lane, C. H. Rabbits, Cats and Cavies. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
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Lewis, Alfred Henry. Peggy O'Neal. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Ludwig, Otto. Zwischen Himmel und Erde. Edited by E. S. Meyer. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Lyon, Mrs. Doré. Prudence Pratt. Geo. V. Blackburne Co.
Meyer, Henry B. Railway Legislation in the United States. (The Citizen's Library.) Macmillan.
Overton, Gwendolen. Anne Carmel. The Macmillan Co.
Pangborn, Frederick W. The Silent Maid. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Pennell, W. W. The Buckeye Doctor. The Grafton Press. $1.50.
Pyle, Howard. Rejected of Men. Harpers.
Rawnsley, H. D. Lake Country Sketches. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons.
Ruge, Sophus. Dresden und die Sächsische Schweiz. (Land und Leute. Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Shakespeare, William. Hamlet. Edited by L. A. Sherman. Macmillan. 25c.
Shakespeare, William. The Merchant of Venice. Edited by Thomas Marc Parrott. Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.
Sichel, Gerard, and Woodhouse, S. C. The Oogley Oo. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 50c.
Sidgwick, A. Æschylus Persæ. Oxford (Eng.); The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Stokes, Howard Kemble. The Finances and Administration of Providence. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Thackeray, William Makepeace. The Great Hoggarty Diamond, etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold. London: J. M. Dent & Co.
Tirebuck, William Edwards. 'Twixt God and Mammon. Appleton.
Trent, William P. A History of American Literature—1607-1865. Appleton.
Vera. One for Many. Translated by Henry Britoff. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 50 cents.
"Vigilans sed Aequus." German Ambitions. Putnams.
Vos, B. J. Essentials of German. Henry Holt & Co. 80c.
Williams, Samuel G. The History of Ancient Education. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. $1.12.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1903.

The Week.

The reason for the fresh outbreak of savagery in an American city displayed on Sunday in Evansville, Ind., was simply resentment at failure to lynch a negro who three days before killed a policeman, but who was spirited away in time to save him from lawless hanging or even burning. No white woman figures in this case as in the Wilmington shame. The excuse of the "one crime," therefore, fails again, as it has failed innumerable times, to account for white atrocity. But matters have come to such a pass that lynch law must prevail whatever a negro's crime, and no matter how many additional lives must be sacrificed. The Evansville company of the Indiana militia, together with some 200 deputy sheriffs, struck a blow for law and order on Monday night which should have far-reaching effects. In defence of sixteen negro prisoners they fired upon a mob of several thousand of their townspeople, with the result that they killed six rioters and onlookers, and wounded twenty-one others, four fatally. As four of the soldiers were also wounded, it is evident that the firing was done in self-defence. But the troops were well within their rights as defenders of common order. The city had been practically in possession of the mob for three days, the Mayor's demands for peace and order had been defied, and it was a question whether the authorities or the mob should rule.

Mr. Booker Washington has for some time suffered from a certain amount of suspicion on the part of other leaders of his race. Some of them, like Professor Du Bois, have thought him too cold towards the higher education of the negro. Others, like Mr. Thomas Fortune, have considered him lukewarm in the matter of negro political rights. Such misunderstandings of a strong and self-centred man who moves on steadily in his one chosen and successful field of work, are natural; but Mr. Washington did much to dissipate them by his speech before the Afro-American Council at Louisville on Thursday. He powerfully struck the note of equality before the law for all men, white or black. In that alone, he contended, lies safety for either. The whole fabric of our Government is imperilled when you once permit any class or color to be discriminated against. This is simply the President's doctrine of "a square deal" for the negro. Treat him like a man. Deal with him as you do with any other citizen. If you pass laws to restrict the suffrage by educational or property qualifications, make them absolutely impartial, and not the hollow shams they are in Alabama, for instance, where every illiterate white rapscallion is allowed to vote, while thousands of educated and well-to-do negroes are robbed of the ballot.

The peonage abuses in Alabama were so open and atrocious that the punishment of guilty individuals has followed promptly upon the revelation of their crimes. So far, none of these new slave-drivers has made any defence before the Federal courts. But the remedy for slavery by legal subterfuge lies not with the courts, but with the people. In Alabama, for ten years past, there has been no white man brave enough to speak out against the trade in negroes. The present agitation and the exemplary punishment of notorious offenders will be of only temporary avail unless the people of Alabama are aroused to jealousy for their personal rights. For though the indifference which has till now prevailed is an expression of race prejudice, at bottom the rights of all citizens of Alabama are at stake. No people which allows the rights of any class of the community to be persistently overriden is long a free people. In Philadelphia, as Mr. Lincoln Steffens shows strikingly in *McClure's Magazine*, a wealthy and intelligent community is reduced to political impotence because it has permitted the baser politicians to work their will with the election laws. In Alabama are seen the more horrible results of allowing ignorant and vicious persons to become masters not only of the negro's vote and work, but of his life and limb. It is not enough in either case to imprison a few law-breakers; the community must assert itself in such fashion that the attempt to become possessed of a citizen's vote or his person shall be odious. Condemnation from the citizens of Alabama is more necessary in this peonage matter than the sentence of the Federal courts; and that rebuke should be both audible and explicit.

One grudging word is frequently uttered by Southern newspapers in their references to the peonage cases. Admitting the cruelties, the illegalities, the disgrace, they yet say that "politics" has been allowed to color the prosecution of the guilty men. This they variously denounce as "despicable," "intolerable," etc. Now if widespread interest in an event of national importance means "politics," all we have to say is that it is wholly unavoidable. Americans are built that way. They cannot help being concerned at what is going on in their own country; and if political evils require a political remedy, they cast about to find it. But is the South itself so innocent of the wiles of politicians in all the inflamed state of feeling about the negro? When the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, for example, affirms that the "act of madness of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt" in inviting Booker Washington to lunch has "incited to mob rule," is it speaking words of truth and soberness, or echoing the language of Southern politicians? Their ways are well understood. Their chief aim is to maintain themselves in office by "keeping the South solid." The method of doing it is to harp on the prejudice against the negro. When the Republican Presidents used to appoint unworthy negroes to office, the cry was, "There, you see what they will do if we do not all stand together." When Mr. Roosevelt selected educated colored men of high character, the alarm was raised, "This means social equality." Politics for politics, the South knows how to inject the race question into it more skilfully and constantly than the North.

One plank in the Iowa platform will be read with great attention at the South. It is that opposing "all legislation designed to accomplish the disfranchisement of citizens upon lines of race, color, or station in life." There is added a condemnation of measures "adopted by the Democratic party in certain States of the Union to accomplish that end." Following the similar deliverance of the Ohio Republicans, this serves fair notice of the rise of a new political issue. The South is not going to be "let alone" in its discrimination against one great class of citizens of the United States. If the Federal courts do not interfere to pronounce the disfranchising statutes null and void, Congress will have to intervene, and the Republican party will be compelled to take up and complete its historic work in behalf of the negro.

The State of Georgia has honorably refused to distribute school funds according to the tax receipts from the blacks and whites respectively. The resolution to that effect, which was overwhelmingly voted down in the Legislature, had a kind of specious, arithmetical attractiveness. But the legislators of Georgia were prompt to see that the principle of racial school budgets was wholly un-American, and that its application in other cases than the negroes, would leave uneducated the classes that most need school training. It is only fair to add that the other Southern

States have in this matter followed a straight course. In several instances it has been attempted to make the negroes bear the whole cost of their own schooling; but invariably such bills have been defeated. The South generally reserves its sophisms and grandfather clauses for political use. Georgia has certainly not suffered any of the imagined horrors which are the only apology for discriminating legislation in other States. These would do well to study in Georgia the superiority of counsels of fairness over promptings of prejudice or panic.

What can Gov. Taft be thinking of to put into his first message by the new cable another plea for tariff revision? Did he imagine that the Republican party had girdled the earth in forty minutes in order to be told again of its standing injustice to the Filipinos? Gov. Taft cannot have heard the news from Iowa, or even from his own Ohio. Otherwise, he would have known that all his party, from the President down, are "stand-patters" whom the mere mention of tariff reduction throws into convulsions. Is their peace of mind thus to be rudely disturbed by way of Manila? If these maladroit references to the sacred white elephant of the tariff do not cease, Republicans will leave off praising Gov. Taft's services. It is all very fine to represent your country worthily, but what the Republican party expects of every man is to swear that the sun would not shine or the grass grow but for protection, and, as the Scriptures say, "having done all to stand"—pat!

A reform of the rural free-delivery service, as announced by the Post-Office Department, should work a great improvement. But the obliteration of district lines will not suffice. Congressmen can plead as earnestly and pull as many wires to secure a free-delivery service lying but partly in their districts as if their constituents were to receive the benefit of the whole of it. The question is: Will the postal authorities conduct this service, and open up new routes, utterly regardless of the effect on the personal fortunes of favored Congressmen? It is easy to promise this when Congress is not in session and while the communication of Representatives with the Department is chiefly by letter, but how will it be when they come back, besiege the Postmaster-General, and explain to him that their entire political careers turn on his consenting to break his rules? We do not wish to be pessimistic, but this is what he must prepare himself for. And we greatly fear that, in the language of the reporters, he will be "visibly affected" by the tales which he will hear. The free rural delivery and the rest of the postal service will stand a chance of being put on a real business basis when the Department is placed under the charge of some man who will decline to make it the nursery of political fortunes and careers, Congressional or otherwise.

Secretary Root's order to investigate the connection of Congressman Littauer with army glove contracts is so prompt that some friends of the statesman from Gloversville are already talking about the statute of limitations. They also plead the imperious demands of war, which made it necessary to get work done quickly. It would, indeed, have been cruel to send ungloved soldiers to dare the rigors of a Cuban or a Philippine climate. Under the circumstances, criticism of Congressman Littauer's services to the Government in its hour of peril is unpatriotic. It is hinted that Senator Proctor's interest in marble headstones for dead soldiers may also come under review. Surely it is a fitting time to inquire into the basis of the popular belief that Senator Proctor cares not who makes the wars of a country, if only he may furnish headstones for the soldiers. In a few days, when this matter is open to the light, we may again hear the trumpet call of patriotism. Since the admirers of Perry Heath, Machen, and Beavers have already pointed with pride to the statute of limitations and the inexorable needs of war as the twin glories of our republic, we may amend Dr. Johnson, and declare that patriotism with the statute of limitations is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

The question of separate or joint Statehood for Oklahoma and Indian Territory is being debated as hotly in those localities as if they had power to settle it for themselves. The failure of Congress at the last session to confer Statehood on any of the territories has, it seems, made a live issue in Oklahoma of the question, "What are we to ask for next time?" On this question the two political parties have already taken sides. The Republican policy demands immediate Statehood, which practically means separate Statehood, since it is not proposed to admit Indian Territory before the five civilized tribes sever their tribal relations. The Republicans protest against "holding back one Territory until another is ready for Statehood, perhaps as a part of the former." The "single Staters," most of whom are Democrats, also declare that they want Statehood as soon as possible, but they do not believe in making Oklahoma and the Indian country "the two Rhode Islands of the West." As to Indian Territory, the sentiment there, so far as expressed, appears to be chiefly in favor of joint Statehood, which would give her a share in Oklahoma's prosperity. It does not seem in the least likely that all this argument will bring about anything approaching unanimity among the people of the Territories; and Congress, viewing the dissensions, will doubtless do what it would probably do in any case, and treat the whole question exactly as it pleases.

Judge Kirkpatrick's order that the receiver of the Asphalt Trust proceed against the promoters of that bankrupt concern, to recover exorbitant profits taken out by them at its organization, contains possibilities of considerable interest. The complaint is of an act not very unfamiliar in our recent industrial finance—the purchase of a company's stock at one figure, and the selling of that stock to a Trust at a very much larger figure; the sellers being also the organizers of the Trust. Thus, in the case of the United Asphalt, one of the constituent companies, the receiver charges that the difference between what Messrs. Barber, Elkins, and Greene paid for the stock and what they received for it from the Asphalt Trust, was $2,941,000. They bought this stock, he alleges, between the time when they organized the Trust and the time when they made the Trust acquire the United Asphalt. Similar allegations are made regarding other properties acquired. Shares in one smaller company were bought by the "insiders" at 48½ per share, and sold to the Trust for 100. The particular interest of this suit lies in the question whether the allegations can be proved in court. That such practices existed in the most flagrant form, with the Asphalt "promotion" as with a hundred others, nobody well informed on financial doings questions for a moment. But, naturally, legal proof is not so easily obtainable. Probably the defence will rest, as it usually does in cases of this nature, on a contention that the stock was bought in ignorance of a plan to absorb it into the Trust, or that the shares of the Trust, received in exchange for the stock of the subsidiary company, were not really worth the figure on which the estimate of promoters' profits is based. Every one knows the twists and turns of which a defendant financier in court, with skilful counsel, is capable. We have had some inkling of it in the preliminary fencing of the Shipyard case. The organizers of this Trust lost not a moment, after the company's collapse, in posing as public benefactors who had really lost money in promoting schemes of public utility.

Some praise is heard for the arbitration agreement concluded between the George A. Fuller Construction Company and the representatives of the building unions in this city; but it seems to be based not only upon ignorance of the real attitude of this company towards unionism, but also upon a superficial analysis of the actual contract. Nothing would seem fairer than an arbitration

board composed of two representatives of either party and a disinterested umpire; but is the plan sincerely proposed? How have this company and its employees contrived to keep the peace in the past, when other less fortunate contractors have been constantly embroiled with their workmen? Does the proposal for arbitration really indicate a change of attitude on the part of this company towards such walking delegates as Samuel J. Parks? All who understand the building situation in New York would like to hear these questions satisfactorily answered before hailing the Fuller corporation as pioneers of industrial conciliation.

But assuming for the moment that the agreement looks only towards peace with honor, it is burdened with two very doubtful stipulations. The construction company agrees to employ only members of the contracting unions, which reciprocally agree to keep the Fuller company supplied with labor in a way to give it an advantage over other builders. Such an agreement cannot remain long in force. It would be absurd, on the one hand, to suppose that the present federation of the building trades is permanent, or, on the other, that it will give the Fuller company the preference when it becomes more advantageous to work for other employers. Furthermore, the company apparently puts itself at the mercy of the unions in the matter of members of the arbitration board. At any time the representatives of the company may find themselves conferring with a brace of notoriously corrupt walking delegates. From this and other considerations it appears that the arbitration plan was made to be published, not to be used. Peace is really to be maintained by less public methods which other employers have declared to be intolerable. A wholesome settlement of the building-trades imbroglio will sooner be reached through President Eidlitz's policy of quiet resistance to the impossible demands and questionable practices of the union, than through a hasty treaty which says one thing and means another.

Monday was a busy day for Sam Parks—he of the thousand strikes. He got the housesmiths to pass resolutions censuring President Neidig, his recent opponent at the ballot-box, and to vote $5,000 for his own defence in the blackmail cases. Besides this, he opportunely managed to have the books "lost" which contained evidence as to his alleged blackmailing transactions, meanwhile persuading the Board of Building Trades to vote against the arbitration proposals of the recent conference between employers and unions. This latter action is purely advisory and will probably be disregarded by the unions. Before Mr. Parks is enrolled among the distinguished exponents of the strenuous life, it should be remembered that he is merely dying game. Even the baser beasts when cornered—like Parks between the law and the unions—will give a fairly lion-like exhibition of teeth and claws. His recent activities can bear only that color even to his friends and admirers.

According to all accounts, Tammany Hall is in great distress over the discovery that its leader, Charles F. Murphy, has not been released from responsibility for the dock-lease scandals by the statute of limitations. During most of the agitation over the revelations of the conduct of the old Dock Board, Murphy's friends have gone about perfectly contented. For everything which transpired prior to July 1, 1901, the statute of limitations already had run. From that time on, "Charlie" was ill and did not participate in the acts of the Board. The fact that his friends and relatives continued to prosper was not perhaps legally significant. But now it appears that "Charlie" did not remain invalided quite long enough. He very foolishly recovered somewhere along in December, and fell to signing leases, the legal responsibility for which has not yet been wiped out by the statute. No wonder Tammany is dismayed. Its leaders took no stock, probably, in Murphy's early bravado about desiring a public examination; but the statute of limitations was something which they could understand and appreciate. That, they felt, they might tie to with enthusiasm.

The enormous growth of our Canadian exports, estimated at $125,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, will tempt devotees of the balance of trade theory to undue transports. They will argue something like this: Exports to Canada, $125,000,000, imports from Canada $55,000,000—Uncle Sam's credit in his trousers pocket $70,000,000. To our readers it may seem superfluous to say that Uncle Sam would have more reason to gloat over Canada trade if his credit balance were smaller. Our mills have lacked their wheat; in a great building period we should have had their lumber without paying too dearly for it; most of their natural products would have been readily convertible into profits in our hands, and there is nothing to say of that $70,000,000 trade balance except that it is uncomfortably large. Of course the increase of our exports by $12,000,000 is matter of rejoicing. It shows that a natural trade will leap over artificial obstructions, and it is an indication of what the trade across our northern border might be if a reciprocity should come about. Under such a happy dispensation, exports would undoubtedly greatly increase, but the real advantage to us would lie in the liberation of a stream of Canadian exports to the south, to be profitably employed in our great industries.

Openmindedness as a substitute for political convictions is faring ill in England. Already the protectionists have complained that Mr. Balfour, while making up his mind, deprived them of the only duty they had—the war tax on grain; and now some twoscore Conservatives, including the most influential members of the party, serve notice upon Mr. Balfour that he may carry the inquiring spirit as far as he will, but if he is to retain their votes, he must come out on the free-trade side. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach rather grimly suggested that these free-trade Unionists are really serving the Government as friends when they prevent the Ministry from misleading the voters. Thus day by day the Ministerial situation becomes more ludicrously impossible. Here is Mr. Balfour professing openmindedness while his Colonial Secretary is preaching protection and his Chancellor of the Exchequer is as sturdy for free trade. Balfour hesitates and says, "We shall see"; Chamberlain winks and says, "He'll come round"; the free-trade Unionists solemnly warn the country not to believe anything the Premier or Mr. Chamberlain may say on the matter of tariffs. Here is tolerance indeed, but it is the tolerance of reciprocal disrespect. Mr. Balfour has been gradually drifting into Mr. Chamberlain's views and language. He would stand morally in a stronger position if he would proclaim Joseph as his prophet. Certainly the stage of inquiry has passed when Unionists holding the balance of power are dictating what conclusion the inquirers must reach.

An extraordinary slip was made by Mr. Balfour when he denied that Sir Robert Peel ever had to face the questions of colonial and international trade as does the present Premier. For this a grandson of Peel sharply calls Mr. Balfour to task in the *Spectator*. Veiling his personal attack under the sarcastic pretence that it is only rebuking those "whose duty it is to inform him [Mr. Balfour] upon this important subject," he shows by plentiful citation, giving chapter and page, that his grandfather had, in fact, been compelled to deal with the very problems of the present. Preferential trade with the colonies is no new thing. It was the established system, was tried and found wanting, and was deliberately abolished by Peel in his act repealing the corn laws. Similarly did he reject retaliation against foreign nations. "I am not disposed," he said, "to withhold from ourselves the benefits of reduction of duties in order to force other nations to act in a reciprocal manner" (Life of Cobden, ii., p. 240). Thus it appears that Mr. Balfour's latest novelties are merely old fallacies.

"IDEAS" VS. CONVICTIONS.

Thomas Moore once heard some one maintain that "the word idea is the feminine of idiot." The derivation is given a new plausibility by the latest developments in connection with "the Iowa idea." The new Iowa Republican platform comes perilously near idiocy, so far as it relates to the tariff. It uses words, not to conceal thoughts, but to hide intentions, to mask divisions, and to make of a solemn political deliverance a species of thimble-rigging. Talk about driving a coach and four through the language of a resolution! A whole circus procession, clowns and all—especially clowns—could find room to disport itself between the meaningless phrases, the absurd balancing of contradictories, to be found in the Iowa tariff plank. Readers of this latest Allisonian masterpiece of indecision and non-committal will be tempted to smile and say, "Well, Slippery William can still carry water on both shoulders even in his old age."

But facts are too much for the most adroit verbiage. The platform was apparently constructed so as to allow Mr. Facing Bothways to stand upon it in perfect comfort; but its builders forgot that something had gone before. Two previous Republican conventions in Iowa had been so indiscreet as to affirm that the tariff offered a "shelter" to Trusts; and to demand a speedy revision of rates which bear hard upon the people. This was a programme. This was the Iowa idea. Now, with that record before the country, it is obvious that the slightest abatement in terms is a surrender. It will not do to point to Senator Allison's precious ambiguities about "impartial" duties that should be "equally opposed to foreign control and domestic monopoly," and that should be "changed from time to time." The Iowa idea was to change them at once, and especially to destroy the tariff shelters in which Trusts demonstrably take refuge. Gov. Cummins, it is true, with admirable grace in leek-eating, declares that the new platform means the same thing as the old, and that he, accepting a nomination upon it, will contend as before for immediate revision of the tariff and for denying protection to offensive Trusts; but every one except an office-seeker understands that a retreat has been sounded. Allison and Dolliver, Wilson and Shaw, have triumphed over Gov. Cummins. Even in Iowa the Republican party is joined to its tariff idols.

President Roosevelt took pains to deny in advance the authorship of the Iowa tariff plank. We do not know whether his scruples were literary or political. Either might be warranted. No writer with a reputation for explicit vigor would care to father the tortuous obscurities of the Iowa platform. Nor would any politician who yet retained the power to blush, choose to recite such a Good-Lord, Good-Devil confession of faith. But platforms, by whomsoever devised, cannot alter established facts or change political sentiments based upon them. It is the general belief of the people in Iowa that the tariff is cunningly devised to swell artificial profits at the expense of the consumer. Even Speaker Henderson confessed this in his letter to a constituent. He admitted that, if he could have his way, he would strike off the duties on steel and salt and pottery, under cover of which the farmers of Iowa were remorselessly bled. It is the widespread nature of this feeling in that State which has hitherto given Gov. Cummins his great popular support. It is that, too, which encourages the Democrats to take advanced ground on the tariff. They welcome the protection issue, even if the timid Republicans run to hide their heads in the sand. The tariff will be a live issue in the Iowa campaign. The more the Republicans try to smother it in circumlocutions, the more surely will it burst out and demand a hearing. Purely as a matter of party strategics, the Republicans have, by their shuffling cowardice, made the mistake of giving the Democrats a fine opportunity to pull themselves together, after their Bryanistic debauch, and to make a good fight for the State.

There is, however, a larger political aspect of this Iowa performance. An elastic platform signifies an elastic political conscience. Ideas war with convictions—an "idea" being, it appears, a kind of trick valid for this campaign only, designed to cheat the people, good enough until after election, but then to be shoved aside with other useless lumber. It is one of the grievous mischiefs which protection has wrought in our public life that it has led men thus to play fast and loose with their convictions. William B. Allison is an old free-trader. Probably he is such still by mental persuasion. So was Garfield. So, we suppose, is Mr. Roosevelt. But political exigency is allowed to eat into mental integrity. A jumble of dodging words is permitted to take the place of clear-cut affirmation of real belief. That way lies political insincerity —a fruitful mother of public vices. The freeman's heritage is to speak the thing he will though girt by friend or foe, and to act upon the truth which is warm in his heart. This Iowa jugglery shows us how protection destroys sincerity, and prevents men from either saying what they think or voting as they believe.

ANOTHER SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

Congressman Littauer's explanation of his connection with the army glove contracts is interesting, but unconvincing. The gist of his defence is that Edmond R. Lyon of this city obtained a contract for the gloves, and that Lyon in turn bought the goods of Littauer Brothers. "In none of our transactions with Lyon," says Mr. Littauer, "had we any other interest, direct or indirect, except that of manufacturers selling goods directly to him."

Whether Mr. Littauer is legally guilty cannot be determined by trial in the newspapers. The courts alone can compel the production of the necessary evidence, and the courts alone can construe that Federal statute which declares in the most sweeping and explicit terms that no member of Congress shall be interested, "directly or indirectly," "in whole or in part," in any Government contract. The average layman, however, will see in the arrangement by which the work was done by Littauer Brothers, and the goods shipped straight from their factories to the Quartermaster, a very direct interest in the award of the contract to a firm which would buy of the Littauers. If they were not interested, the Congressman from the Twenty-second New York District showed singular philanthropy in his willingness to "call on Ludington" at the War Department "in reference to any other than the standard gauntlet." The theory that he would visit the Department for the simple pleasure of an abstract discussion of gloves—just as President Roosevelt used to attend a national convention in order to find a quiet and secluded spot where he could enjoy Herodotus in the original Greek—is hardly tenable. That theory, indeed, breaks down in the light of Congressman Littauer's note, "Divide profit over this figure, $1.55," and the agreement to share profit or loss with Lyon on another contract.

Should Mr. Littauer be tried before an able judge and an impartial jury, he would find his defence a formidable task. But before the bar of public opinion he cannot secure acquittal; for however carefully he may have avoided legal pitfalls, he has obviously been interested in the contracts. He has violated the spirit if not the letter of the law.

The case is another illustration of the effect of our lavish and loose methods of Government business. At the time of the civil war the term "army contract" became a byword. To be "as dishonest as an army contractor" was to touch the lowest depth. The trouble was that we were spending enormous sums in hot haste; and every rascal in the country jumped for his portion of plunder. To-day we are spending even larger sums with almost as much haste. Our income has been swollen beyond reason by an outrageously high tariff, and our outlay is correspondingly reckless. When the tariff pie is opened everybody rushes to Washington for his piece, and Congressmen have become used to voting for this schedule or that, simply in order to give themselves or their constituents a slice. From such legislation it is a short

step to the struggle for a share of the appropriations. These very Gloversville people whom Congressman Littauer represents so perfectly, have been among the most persistent beggars for tariff favors. If Congressman Littauer will vote for a tariff schedule that puts money into the pockets of Littauer Brothers, he does not show much grosser impropriety when he thrusts his finger into an army contract.

With such an example set by Senators and Representatives, the demoralization in the Postal Department and in other branches of the Government is inevitable. When everybody is grabbing, the postal clerk sees no reason why he should withhold his hand. By a stroke of the pen he can win 40 per cent. of the profit on mail bags; and he makes the stroke. With such fat plums dropping from every tree about him, he regards himself as a model of self-restraint if he merely helps his sons or other relatives into positions with firms to which he can show favors in return. He almost comes to think that he deserves warm praise for not robbing the Government outright.

The pity in Congressman Littauer's case is that the culprit is Congressman Littauer and not a man like Congressman Grosvenor. Of Grosvenor, people would expect nothing better; he has been notorious for years. No doubtful scheme in which he might embark would either surprise or shock. But Congressman Littauer is a shining example of a scholar in public life. He comes of a good family, he enjoys social position, he is a graduate of Harvard, he is a successful manufacturer, presumably with high ideals in business and in politics. He has had the advantage of close friendship with President Roosevelt, and he is well aware of the President's desire to have everything about him as "clean as a hound's tooth." Whatever may be said of other transgressors, Congressman Littauer has sinned against light.

In commenting the other day on Andrew D. White's demand for educated men in politics, we took occasion to say that the need is not so much for educated men as for men who can resist the argument that "everybody does" this or that which is vicious on its face, but which has become less ugly in popular judgment by reason of custom. To illustrate the signal failure of mere education, Congressman Littauer now presents himself as a notable instance. From him we looked for the behavior of a gentleman and a scholar. We get from him what we might expect from any ignorant and vicious man who had a chance at the public till.

THE MORAL OF MR. SCHWAB.

We think that the predominant feeling of right minds, in the presence of Mr. Charles M. Schwab's final breakdown, after receiving many rude buffets of fortune, is one of pity. He seems a victim. His generation, and the system of great finance upon which it was his lot to fall, have proved too much for him. The fine natural abilities with which he set out, the physical vigor, the mental energy, the technical training, the mastery of men—to-day they all appear but as so much splendid promise wrecked. The vast and remorseless machinery of financial speculation has drawn him in and left him bruised and bleeding.

Five years ago, Mr. Schwab's position was most enviable. He had found his work. The career open to his talents he had successfully run. Rising by industry and merit to be the managing head of the Carnegie Company, he was an inspiring example of the way in which this country spells opportunity, and in which among us talent pushes to the top. Blessed with health, enjoying the confidence of owners and men alike, he had "a heart that in his labor sings," and might have boasted, with Lowell, that such a heritage "a king might wish to hold in fee." Great powers finding happy exercise—there is a good definition of human felicity, and Mr. Schwab seemed to have it securely in his possession.

But the tempter lay in wait for him. It took the guise of those glittering rewards which the gambling mania holds out before those who would make haste to be rich. There is an undoubted peril here for every commanding talent. Eager syndicates stand ready to exploit it, exhaust it, and then fling it aside like a squeezed orange. The process has been seen in the literary world. Success has been the ruin of many a rising author. He has jumped at the money bait. The big checks waved in his face by competing publishers have dulled his artistic conscience, and he has sold poor work as if it were good, not perceiving that it was only himself that he was really selling—and degrading. Something like that seem to have been the seductions before which Mr. Schwab fell. Not to do his best work, but suddenly to get rich, became his ambition. The prizes dangled before his eyes dazzled him. With millions won and lost in daring speculations, with paper fortunes made by a stroke of the promoter's pen, why should he longer confine himself to the hum-drum task of simply managing with all his skill a great property? He incontinently joined the ranks of the financial plungers. In other words, pursuing fickle Fortune, he followed her up to and over the edge of the precipice, where it is her wont to lead so many of her votaries.

It would, of course, be idle to deny that Mr. Schwab displayed in all this a sorrowful lack of mental poise and moral fibre. He acted like a man whose head was turned. His rakish descent upon Monte Carlo was an eye-opener to the discerning. As we said at the time, it revealed a reckless spirit in a man whose position laid upon him the absolute obligation at least to appear conservative. It was, as we know, a grief to his friends; but it was more than that—it was a warning to investors. How could they know that the man who would ostentatiously stake thousands on the red, might not make ducks and drakes of their property, by transferring the scene of his gambling operations from Monte Carlo to Wall Street? As it turned out, we see that Mr. Schwab did, in fact, bear out the reputation he thus unwittingly won for himself. He was loud and lavish in his personal expenditures. His chief outside enterprise—the shipyard combination—appears in the light of judicial opinion to have been at best a gambling speculation; at worst, something still more culpable. The judicious, we are bound to say, were not surprised at the recent revelations affecting this concern. A shrewd old business man put the matter tersely, "What else could you expect from a Monte Carlo gambler?"

It is only because there are to be drawn from Mr. Schwab's case certain broad inferences and warnings, more significant than anything merely personal, that we have felt justified in referring to it. He has been unconsciously a powerful moral teacher. He has revealed to the observant the true nature of that world of "high finance" into which he so rashly ventured—with all its desperate chances and wild audacity and gambler's passion, so destructive, as we see, to physical and moral life alike. He has shown us what comes of "thinking in hundred millions," and living in a mad rivalry of luxury. The "get-rich-quick" method of Wall Street appears, in the light of Mr. Schwab's misfortunes, no better morally, and not even any more successful in the long run, than fleecing schemes on the Bowery. And he has done not a little to remind us that the old-fashioned moralities and the well-tried rules of business are still supreme. Financial follies surely come home to roost. New syndicates cannot enact new laws of morality. The gambler remains a gambler still, though he hazard millions. To have reinforced while illustrating these homely truths, and to have done something to lead the poor man, happy in useful work, not to scorn his lot, may easily prove to be Mr. Schwab's greatest contribution to his age.

MISPRAISE OF WESLEY.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley has naturally called attention to the character and work of that very remarkable man. It is not an easy task to overpraise him, nor to assess too highly the healthful influence he exerted. A hundred converging lines

of evidence convict the masses in England in the eighteenth century of having been literally brutalized. If they have measurably risen out of this condition, much of the credit is Wesley's.

But while it is hard to bestow too liberal praise upon the man or his work, it is easy, as some recent estimates of Wesley show, to do his fame an essential disservice by basing it upon a false foundation. Primarily and essentially, John Wesley was a preacher of righteousness to individuals. In his time "no single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England." That he ever entertained any other idea of his vocation than that of summoning individuals to repentance is incredible; and however such a man may lack a true perspective in viewing his own work, there is very good ground for believing that his own idea of his own work was nearer the truth than that of his apologists, who see his greatest contribution to the sum of human welfare in some of the collateral secular movements to which Wesleyanism gave an incidental impetus.

This nicety of discrimination in bestowing praise is an affectation of our modern critical spirit. It allows us to venerate antiquity, but seldom upon traditional or common-sense grounds. From it the Reformation obtains a tolerant approval, not because the Roman Church was corrupt in practice and astray in doctrine, but because modern science would have been impossible without freedom of inquiry. By the same token, the American Revolution is to be justified, not because the colonies were really oppressed, but because the exigencies of world-politics would not warrant our continued connection with the British crown. It is the self-same spirit that sees with Ostrogorski the true worth of Wesley in the awakening of the popular political consciousness in the following century; or that discerns with Leslie Stephen his real significance in the intellectual impulse which culminated in the Oxford movement under Newman; or that discovers with Lecky the real grandeur of John Wesley in the social conservatism or torpor of the English masses when France was aflame with the Revolution. The truth seems to be that we are grown too squeamish nowadays to proclaim aloud that real essential good may spring from bringing multitudes of individuals to reflect soberly each upon his duty to his Maker and his fellow-men. A shame-faced admission that any particular individual contributed to the growth of humanitarianism is about as far as the cautious spirit of historical criticism thinks it safe to venture.

How greatly Wesley's admirers err in tracing his claim to transcendent greatness back to the secular influences which he indirectly released, may be judged from the fact that it makes him only one of a number of rival claimants for a doubtful honor, instead of leaving him in his splendid isolation as the greatest spiritual force of his century in England. It will always be a tempting historical puzzle to decide who was the strongest influence in the secular politics of England in the eighteenth century. It recalls what the Irish lawyer said of a knotty case—one would like to have a ten-pound note to argue either side. Mr. Birrell avers that "no man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley, neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson." Mr. Lecky attributes to Wesley a great, perhaps the greatest, single rôle in creating that bulwark of conservatism in the English masses against which the French Revolution was destined to break in vain. This attempt of Wesley's advocates, however, to secure for him the honor of "diffusing the Terror," will be regarded by many judicious historians as encroaching upon the peculiar prerogative of Burke. The late J. R. Green, for instance, casts his vote unhesitatingly for Burke. Speaking of the attitude of the English people towards the radicalism of the Revolution, he says that the fact that their "dislike passed slowly into fear and hatred was due above all to the impassioned efforts of Edmund Burke." But Burke is not Wesley's only rival. Carlyle tells us that "the last of the Tories was Johnson, not Burke, as is often said," and that "if England has escaped the blood-bath of a French Revolution, and may yet, in virtue of this delay, and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly, let Samuel Johnson, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise for it."

Perhaps the strangest thing in the strife of these learned historical doctors is that while they differ *toto cœlo* as to the particular individual who averted the internal upheaval in England, they all tacitly agree in their major premise that such an upheaval was on the boards of fate for that particular season, and could be averted only by a moral miracle. One may be permitted to be a little skeptical about this tremendous assumption. In the past, the muse of history has failed to meet an exceptionally long list of appointments for whose certain occurrence the gravest historians have pledged their credit. At all events, if King George was rescued from the invisible guillotine by so great a number of moral paladins, it may be questioned whether he was ever in very imminent danger. And certain it is that John Wesley's true fame is beclouded and belittled when his mistaken friends attempt to see in him a saviour of society, rather than a noble servant of the Saviour of men.

THE WORK OF LEO XIII.

The interest with which the eyes of all Christendom have been turning to that venerable and pathetic figure in the Vatican is, of course, primarily personal. His is a marvellous individuality. None of the valiant old men of his generation—neither Gladstone nor Bismarck—made such a wonderful impression as has the latest of the Popes. It may, indeed, be doubted if any of those who had before worn what Dante calls the *gran manto* of the Papacy ever succeeded in captivating the imagination of the civilized world in the way of Leo the aged. At ninety he was able to astonish even a Frenchman, the painter Benjamin-Constant, by the brilliancy of his intellect. Yet with serene poise and strength he pressed on for three years more to his jubilee, retaining for twenty-five years that Papal power which, it was supposed, was given for only a short period to a feeble old man in 1878. Leo XIII.'s tenacity and vigor in old age make one credit the stories about that other strenuous nonagenarian of Italy, Dandolo.

But it is as the head of the Catholic Church that the wonderful Pontiff did the work by which he will be judged. As such, his achievements are memorable. Even those not in the Roman communion have freely admitted his greatness. Yet he had, of course, to use the tools which were put in his hands. Even his original and vigorous personality could not escape the limitations of his office, or fail to be moulded by the traditions of the great organization into which he was born and in which he labored so many years. It is said that when he was first elevated to the Papal chair he sent a special envoy to the excommunicated Old Catholic, Dr. Döllinger, with the message, "Come back, for there is another Pope." "Yes," answered the clear-sighted and resolute theologian, "but the same Papacy."

It still remains true, however, that a man of native power may, as Emerson said, assert himself freely even amid the oldest and mouldiest conventions; and Leo XIII. did so, as is confessed by all. Some of the dreams with which, it is said, he entered upon the Papacy were destined to remain unfulfilled. He aspired to restore the Holy See to its old position, as not merely the moderator, but the moving force, in the political life of the civilized world. In 'Italy of To-day' it is affirmed with much truth that the Pope was "more statesman than saint." His views, like his ambitions, were of the widest. His service as Papal Nuncio at Brussels gave him that stamp of the diplomat which never left him. In close touch with the affairs of many nations, his extraordinary memory, his fresh and curious interest in the ongoings of the world, made his comments often as picturesque as his counsels were shrewd. He was, wrote

the Marquis de Gabriac in his 'Souvenirs d'une Ambassade auprès du Pape Léon XIII.' "a man of his time."

High hopes of political innovations by the new Pope were entertained by many in the early years of his Pontificate. Attention was significantly called to the fact that, on his mother's side, he was descended from Cola di Rienzi. But the drops of revolutionary blood were well diluted by the time they reached the Peccis. The spectacle of a Radical Pope was not yet to be seen. It is true that Leo XIII. fronted the modern world with an attitude very different from that of his predecessor, Pius IX. He did not so obstinately struggle against a united Italy. He did not, in another *Syllabus*, include the democratic movement among modern errors. Leo endeavored to distinguish between the good and the bad in the civilization of his day. To republican government, when it was sane and moderate, he showed himself a good friend. Particularly to the French Republic were his services notable in attempting to conciliate Catholic opinion to the new order of things. His allocutions and pastoral letters were of high value, as French statesmen have been quick to acknowledge, in breaking down the old intransigeant spirit of the leading French Catholics, and in calling into being that very useful political party, the *Ralliés*.

In America the Pope seemed to take an especially vivid interest. It was not merely that the United States contain millions of Catholics. The social and political ferment of which this country is the large scene, appealed peculiarly to his statesmanlike habit of mind. He had, besides, special points of contact with this country. There was the controversy about the Knights of Labor. At first they fell under a quasi-condemnation by Leo XIII. Later, through the intervention of Cardinal Gibbons, the Pope came to a different view. Somewhat similar was his course in the famous case of Dr. McGlynn, condemned at first for supposed economic and social heresies, but afterwards restored to favor as an obedient son of the Church. To the subsequent controversy, apropos of the late Father Hecker, about a certain "Americanism" in the Catholic Church, it is necessary only to refer. In the encyclicals of the Pope on Socialism we see how his sympathy for the struggling and aspiring classes was balanced by his firm sense of the necessary order and stability of society.

"The press is a great power," said Leo XIII. to the Marquis de Gabriac. It was one of the proofs of his insight into the militant forces of his age. "Suppose we start a paper!" one of his Cardinals said to him, only half in jest. The Pope often dwelt upon the immense services which devout and able Catholics could render to both religion and the State through journalism. His own preference was for writing instead of speaking. His predecessor was a ready and fluent orator. He himself was the patient and accurate writer. His own ventures into literature have attracted much attention. There have been learned German articles on "The Pope as a Poet." To the very last he was applying the *labor limæ* to his Latin verses. In that we have a sign of the taste and restraint which marked his whole public life. His refined intellect, his simplicity of life, his unaffected piety, all exalted to eminence by his extraordinary career, have made him an inspiring personage even to those who will not mourn him as a spiritual ruler.

CHARLES OF LORRAINE.

PARIS, June 15, 1903.

A prolific writer, M. Lucien Perey, has just written an account of Charles of Lorraine and the court of Brussels in the reign of Maria Theresa. But little is known of the court of Brussels, which was a distant shadow of the court of Vienna. The daughter of Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, brought the Low Countries as her dower to her husband, the Emperor Maximilian I. By the Pragmatic Sanction (1548), Charles V. added the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries to the crown of Spain. After many years of a momentous struggle, the treaty of Utrecht declared in 1579 the independence of the five provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Gelderland, and Friesland. The republic of the United Low Countries was a century and a half afterwards governed by Prince Charles Alexander of Lorraine, the brother-in-law of Maria Theresa.

"This personage," says M. Lucien Perey, "deserves particular attention, as the work which he accomplished in forty years in the Low Countries with so much perseverance, intelligence and devotion is enough to mark him as a sovereign worthy of exceptional study. He pursued, during these long years, the most useful reforms, in a country which he had found nearly ruined, in which commerce, art, science had fallen so low as to have (so to speak) disappeared. After having commanded armies and having long contended, not without success, with the Great Frederick himself, the Prince showed as much ardor in reorganizing the Low Countries as he had shown in defending them. He strove against the ill will of the cabinet of Vienna, and protected the ancient customs and privileges so dear to the Flemish people. Maria Theresa herself did not always second him, and it was only after some years that she rendered him justice."

Charles Alexander of Lorraine was the twelfth child of Duke Leopold and of Princess Charlotte of Orleans, daughter of Philippe of Orleans and of Madame, his second wife, known under the name of the Princess Palatine and as the writer of letters which are justly considered among the most valuable documents on the time of Louis XIV. Madame had much to do with the education of Charlotte. She was a severe mother, and whipped her son, who became Regent, "so much that he still remembered it when he was twenty." The marriage of Princess Charlotte with Duke Leopold took place at Fontainebleau, and was celebrated again in Lorraine at Bar. The sons of Duke Leopold became associated with the destinies of the House of Hapsburg; we have to deal only with Prince Charles, who entered the Austrian service and fought against the Turks. He was in the front rank of the defenders of Maria Theresa in her struggle to defend her rights against Bavaria, Saxony, and the King of Prussia. In recompense for his brilliant services, Maria Theresa gave him the hand of her own sister, Marie Anne, and as the apanage of her sister the government of the Austrian Low Countries. The Archduchess was twenty-six years old. Maria Theresa could not make a better choice for her own interests; husband and wife were intimately attached to the imperial family by ties of kinship, and Charles of Lorraine served her whenever he was called upon to do so. As for his character, it was very well suited to the character and manners of the Belgians. The marriage was celebrated at Brussels on the 17th of January, 1744. Numerous festivities took place on this occasion in Vienna as well as in Brussels. The Prince de Ligne has left us a portrait of Charles of Lorraine:

"One of the finest souls I have known; a soul smiling upon everything. Good, lively, mild, gay, sensitive, quick, such was Prince Charles of Lorraine (brother of our good Emperor Francis), who was very near perfection. The frankness of his soul was painted on his forehead, and his obliging and contagious gaiety showed itself in a smile unaffected by years, neither by the smallpox nor by war, which had altered his beauty."

Prince Charles was hardly installed in his government when France declared war afresh against England and Maria Theresa (1744). The Empress, at the solicitation of King George, gave to Prince Charles the command of the allied armies. The Elector of Bavaria had been crowned Emperor under the name of Charles VII., and the King of Prussia had reappeared again on the battlefields of Europe. Charles's object was to cross the Rhine and to penetrate Alsace. He succeeded in his attempt, crossed the Rhine at two points, and established himself in Alsace with an army of seventy thousand men. His bold crossing of the Rhine was much admired by Frederick the Great, who celebrated it in bad verses in his 'Art de la Guerre':

"Rhin, ennemi, danger, rien n'arrête Lorraine.
Charles, en quatre corps, sépare ses soldats;
À l'endroit où Coigny ne s'y préparait pas,
Un pont construit soudain seconde son audace;
Il surprend les Français, et pénètre en Alsace."

Frederick sent a hundred thousand men into Bohemia, and Charles was obliged to recross the Rhine and leave Alsace. Very soon afterwards he heard the news of his wife's death following her confinement; she had been married only about a year.

The war continued in Germany. The husband of Maria Theresa was crowned Emperor at Frankfort on the 4th of October, 1745, and Prince Charles ordered a Te Deum to be sung in his army, in presence of the enemy. The Austrian cause seemed almost desperate after the victory of the French at Fontenoy and King Frederick's victory at Hohenfriedberg over Prince Charles. The French, under Marshal Saxe, became masters of Ghent, of Brussels. After a new defeat of the allies at Lawfeld, a Congress was summoned at Aix-la-Chapelle, and a treaty was signed on the 18th of October, 1748, which confirmed the election of the Emperor Francis, and gave back the Low Countries to Maria Theresa. For no less

than two years Louis XV. had possessed them, and Maurice of Saxony had been their Governor.

The return of Charles of Lorraine was awaited with great impatience, as he was very popular. He made his entry into Brussels on the 23d of April, 1749, and had a triumphal reception. The Prince, in an

"allegorical chariot drawn by six horses richly adorned, was surrounded by fauns and sylvan deities. On the two sides were seen the River Elbe and the River Danube, with flowing locks and great urns; and Victory kept them chained at her feet. The rest of the cortège was in unison, and all these mythological personages in the midst of hussars and soldiers formed surely the most grotesque assemblage that could be imagined. The Prince was received in a similar manner at Antwerp, Malines, Namur, and Luxembourg. It is difficult to imagine such scenes occurring at Paris or at Versailles without their provoking the laughter and pleasantries of the crowd; but these little facts make us well understand the difference of manners which can exist between two neighboring nations. We have often been struck in our researches by the marked opposition which exists between the ironical spirit of the French and the *bonhomie*, often a little heavy but always good-natured, of the Belgians."

Charles was adored by the Belgians; he respected all their ways and manners; he mingled with all classes of society. He was in active correspondence with Maria Theresa, and gave her an exact account of all the details of government. In 1757 Maria Theresa recalled the Prince and confided to him the mission of defending Bohemia against Frederick of Prussia, her inveterate enemy. Charles left at once for Bohemia, where he joined Marshal Daun. Frederick had an army of nearly a hundred thousand men; Charles had under his direct command but fifty-five thousand. The Imperial troops were defeated; Daun had to retreat, and Charles retired to Prague with his part of the army.

Frederick began the siege of Prague, which lasted forty-two days, at the end of which period Marshal Daun reappeared and fell upon the Prussian lines. Charles made a great sortie, attacked twenty thousand men commanded by Marshal Keith, forced them to retire, and made his junction with Marshal Daun. Prague was delivered. In memory of the joint victory over the King of Prussia, Maria Theresa instituted the order which bears her name.

The military career of Charles of Lorraine had come to an end. After his return to Brussels, the Prince gave himself up completely to the administration of his provinces. M. Lucien Perey has gathered many documents on the court of Brussels, the household of the Prince, his amusements, his palaces, his collections. At that time Brussels was a sort of little Paris, as it is now. In 1780, Charles was, as usual, at Tervueren, with his court; he fell ill, and, to the astonishment of all, he asked for the last sacrament. He was able, a few days afterwards, to chase the boar in the park, but he fell ill again and his malady assumed at once a very grave character. Three days before his death he wrote two lettters, one for the Empress Maria Theresa, the other for her daughter, the Archduchess Marie Anne, which he ordered to be sealed in black. His body was brought back to Brussels and exposed to view for three days in the uniform of the Teutonic order—black clothes, white cloak, with boots and spurs. Curiously enough, it was from the mouth of the King of Prussia, whom Charles of Lorraine had met so often on the battlefield, that the Prince de Ligne learned the news of Prince Charles's death. "If you have to learn the death," said Frederick to the Prince de Ligne, who was his guest at Potsdam, "of a man who loved you and who honored humanity, it is best that it should be from one who feels it so keenly. Poor Prince Charles is no more." Upon which the King spoke at length of his former enemy: "His crossing of the Rhine was a very fine thing, but the poor Prince depended on so many people; I have never depended on anything but my own head. He was not well served, not enough obeyed; this has never happened to me."

Maria Theresa did not long survive her brother-in-law; she died five months after him, on the 29th of November, 1780.

Correspondence.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE ALTERNATIVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Respected Friend: A few days ago one of the most conservative and influential newspapers in Pennsylvania had an editorial on the Fifteenth Amendment, in which occurs the following statement:

"Some two months ago the *Public Ledger* let drop a casual, though not unconsidered, word on the subject of the Fifteenth Amendment. It ventured to commend the justice and wisdom of a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court which refused to give relief to a negro seeking in Alabama the suffrage denied him by the Constitution of that State. This journal expressed the belief that the country now looked upon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as measures of uncertain wisdom, and that it now seemed disposed to let the States chiefly interested in the negro problem determine the qualifications each of its own citizens, and held that, this conviction having become so prevalent as to constitute a sort of unwritten amendment to the amendment to the Constitution, it was a proper function of the Supreme Court to give it the form of law."

I understand that the decision of the Supreme Court, to which the editorial refers, was based on an alleged lack of jurisdiction over the case as presented; that it did not reach the basic principles of equal suffrage as defined in the Constitution, and hence gives no trustworthy indication of how the Court would treat a different presentation of substantially the same issue. This being so, the importance of the decision may easily be exaggerated, and criticism of the Court on that score had best be suspended.

It also seems pertinent to notice that neither of the amendments in question prohibits any State from determining the qualifications of its own voters, but only from making flesh of one citizen and fowl of another. But the above expression of judgment, by one of the most carefully edited newspapers in the United States, is of peculiar significance as exemplifying an insidious drift of respectable public opinion away from the fundamental principles of law and order. We have been taught by our fathers, and by common sense also, that the purpose of a constitution is either to protect the mass of the people from the despotic rule of a small governing class, or to protect the minority from the despotic rule of the majority; and that the sole function of our Supreme Court is to maintain our whole system of Government and jurisprudence in conformity with the Constitution. In other words, the sole function of the Supreme Court is to perpetuate constitutional republicanism and to prevent our system of government from evolving into an oligarchic despotism. But now it is being proclaimed by the most influential and respectable leaders of public thought that the function of the Supreme Court is to give the form and force of law to what a majority of the nine judges may conjecture is the present desire of a majority of the people. It is obvious that if the Supreme Court is at liberty to add an "unwritten amendment" to the Constitution, and to give such "unwritten amendment" the "form of law," the Constitution itself at once becomes a mere nose of wax, and any five judges of the Supreme Court are empowered to transform this republican Government into an oligarchic despotism—the very thing for the prevention of which the Supreme Court was established.

The power to substitute "unwritten" law for the written law is the power to nullify the written law; and to permit the Supreme Court to assume such power practically transforms the judges into absolute dictators, and virtually destroys constitutional government. And remember, these judges are appointed by the President for life, and are not elected by the people. In giving the form and force of law to "unwritten" law, they would not represent the majority of the people, much less the nation as a whole, but at best they would set up a system of "unwritten" law based on their own surmises as to what the majority want. And from "unwritten" law based on surmises as to the desires of the majority of the people it would be a very short step to "unwritten" law based on the desires of the judges or of the judges' masters. Instead of being the most independent tribunal in the world, and the farthest removed from temptation—the protection of the weak and the minority, and the incorruptible bulwark of our free institutions—as it was intended to be, the Supreme Court would be transformed into a machine for the manufacture of sophistry for the nullification of the Constitution, and would soon become the most effective shield for the rule of a tyrannical oligarchy ever devised even by kingcraft.

The rule of the majority of the people regardless of law is mob rule; and when the judges of our courts base their decisions on the supposed desires of the majority—or on "unwritten" law as a substitute for the written law—they are undermining popular respect for the written law, and doing what they can (unwittingly, of course) to encourage lawlessness, which in its last analysis is the rule of the mob. And with the rule of the mob, in the natural course of events, the "man on horseback" appears upon the scene.

Isaac W. Griscom.

Philadelphia, 7th mo., 3d, 1903.

"DEBASEMENT OF THE SUFFRAGE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. E. L. C. Morse of this city, in the *Nation* of June 25, illustrates what his

"better classes of the community" are pleased in their languid way to regard "The Debasement of the Suffrage" by an incident from his own experience at the late judicial election here. Mr. Morse reports an interview in a drug store at South Chicago, while the election was in progress, with "the owner of the store, a real-estate man, a railroad agent, a bookkeeper, and a physician." It seems that these citizens declined to go three blocks to vote to fill fourteen judicial posts, because, as Mr. Morse reports, they in effect said: "What is the use? We shall be swamped by a gang of Poles, Hungarians, and yawps that can't speak English, don't understand the system of government, and vote just as they are told to vote by their boss," etc.

Your correspondent, had he studied the returns of the election named, would have been less troubled by the abstention of his representatives of "the better classes" from voting. Indeed, in view of the result of that election, to say nothing of repeated demonstrations in recent years of independent voting here, his "voters of light weight and dubious intrinsic value" seem to have taken themselves off without waiting the uncertain movements of our statesmen.

The election in question was held to fill our entire circuit bench, there being twenty-eight candidates for fourteen judicial positions. It is held every six years on June 1, to avoid political complications. The Republican ticket was headed by Judge Hanecy, who was a candidate to succeed himself. Judge Hanecy, while in office, ran for the nomination of his party for the Governorship of Illinois, and was its candidate for the Mayoralty of Chicago. He was widely regarded as a dangerous man for judicial service. He was repudiated by the bar primary, held after the party nominations were made, and by the entire independent press. The party machine did its utmost to reëlect him. His leading Democratic opponent, the venerable and beloved Judge Tuley, was strongly supported by the bar and the independent press. Judge Tuley and all but two of those thus supported were triumphantly elected, most of them by overwhelming majorities. The story is told by the totals of the votes cast for the leading candidates. Judge Tuley received about 108,000, Judge Hanecy about 63,000 votes. Of twenty-eight candidates, Judge Hanecy stood third from the foot of the poll.

The vote of the Eighth Ward is significant. In this ward is situated South Chicago. Here reside Mr. Morse's choice representatives of "the better classes," who regarded themselves above voting with the plain but intelligent men, of many nationalities, who man the steel works and other great industrial plants in that industrial section of the city. The ward is Republican on national issues. Yet Judge Tuley received 60 per cent. and Judge Hanecy but 40 per cent. of the vote cast. In view of this splendid response by a "lot of cattle" in South Chicago to public-spirited leadership, Mr. Morse's illustration should cause the friends of good government elsewhere no serious uneasiness about the "debasement of the suffrage" here.

We shall no doubt continue to have among us those who shrink from mingling with plain people even at the polls. While others lead a successful struggle to maintain representative government, they will quietly long for a restricted suffrage which is as impossible as it is undesirable. The truth is, that we have no reserve of intelligence or of virtue upon which to fall back or rely. The cure for the ills of democratic government is not to be found in less, but in more democracy.

Yours very truly,

EDWIN BURRITT SMITH.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1903.

THE SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the recent newspaper discussion of the hypothesis of Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge and others, concerning the constitution of matter, I have been quoted occasionally as a somewhat scornful opponent of the new ideas. Since these reports by no means represent the subject in a true light, I venture to write this letter in order to correct the misunderstanding.

A quotation from Sir William Crookes's article, which is now accessible to all in the issue of *Science* for June 26, will perhaps most easily clarify the case. He says:

"Indulging in a 'scientific use of the imagination' and pushing the hypothesis of the electronic constitution of matter to what I believe to be its logical limit, we may be, in fact, witnessing a spontaneous dissociation of radium, and we begin to doubt the permanent stability of matter. . . . It must never be forgotten that theories are only useful so long as they admit of the harmonious correlation of facts into a reasonable system. . . . Are we not incessantly learning the lesson that our researches have only a provisional value? A hundred years hence, shall we acquiesce in the resolution of the material universe into a swarm of rushing electrons?"

The conditional statement and frank interrogation, appearing in this final climax of his, place him in a very different position from that to be inferred from the daily papers. Here is no claim to a great discovery, but merely the statement of the possible consequence of pushing an avowedly hypothetical inference to its logical extreme, with full recognition of the likelihood of its fallibility. With such an attitude no reasonable person can quarrel. The hypothesis that the hypothetical atom is divisible—and this is the particular proposal which has caused so much excitement—is, indeed, not unreasonable; but it is not the only possible explanation of the facts. In view of this circumstance, and also of the very recent discovery and the surprising nature of some of the phenomena concerning radium and the Röntgen rays, it seems to me premature to own unswerving allegiance to any definite interpretation at present.

The popular discussion of this question, as of so many scientific questions, has been much confused by the inability of many writers to distinguish between fact and hypothesis; and it was against this confusion that I argued in the interview which led to the exaggerated report. Facts are determined by observation and experiment, and their truth depends only upon the accuracy of the observation and experiment. Their discovery is a lasting addition to the knowledge of mankind. On the other hand, hypotheses are attempts to interpret the facts; and many hypotheses, from their very nature, can never be proved. Although usually transitory, they are often very useful in suggesting further experimentation; but they become dangerous when mistaken for realities. Faraday, one of the greatest of scientific discoverers, dreamt many such scientific dreams; they were his leading inspiration, and they never harmed his work because he always recognized their true place. In the same way, these new inferences concerning the reasons of the remarkable behavior of radium may be highly suggestive and therefore valuable, if their inevitable limitations are always borne in mind.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

THEODORE WILLIAM RICHARDS.

PETERBORO', N. H., July 2, 1903.

THE FROUDE AND CARLYLE CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is not this Froude and Carlyle dispute a specimen of the growing disregard of privacy and delicacy under the influence of sensationalism which is a rather unpleasant feature of our marvellous generation? A man of the old type, having such papers bequeathed him, might have been apt, on his return from the funeral, to put them into the fire.

Mrs. Carlyle must, I cannot help thinking, have been extremely sensitive if she could fancy that Lady Ashburton intentionally slighted her or did anything to hurt her feelings. Lady Ashburton was a queenly sort of woman, a great lady, perhaps one of the last of that race. But her heart was as kind as her wit was bright. She showed no pride of rank, and was anxious to make everybody happy. Carlyle, as his letters show, adored her, and she was an intense admirer of the writings of Carlyle. Mrs. Carlyle's gifts, since displayed in her letters, had not then been revealed.

Froude was a man of genius and a most fascinating writer. But, without impeaching his integrity, it may be said that he had a vivid imagination. As a writer of travels, he astonishes the natives of the countries by some of his descriptions. As an historian, he can make a pure and beneficent hero of Henry VIII.; see reforming genius embodied in Thomas Cromwell; take the Statutes of Laborers for records of impartial arbitration between classes, Tudor Parliaments for independent assemblies, and an adulteration of the coin for a loan from the mint. In his treatment of the characters of Thomas More and other victims of Henry VIII., to whose murders he wishes to reconcile us, there is an apparent artfulness which it is charitable to set down to the influence of the same luxuriant fancy.

Froude was evidently impressible, and he underwent the influence of two men, both of genius, but neither of them safe as an ordinary guide. John Henry Newman, with whom Froude collaborated in the 'Lives of the English Saints,' thought and taught upon the principle that what was good for you to believe must be true. The 'Grammar of Assent' is a mental apparatus constructed under the influence of that principle. Carlyle's genius was

splendid. He gave history a fresh life, and he probably did Democracy good by snubbing it. But who would take the hero-worshipper for a practical guide? What can be more monstrous than the moral paradoxes of his 'Frederick the Great'? You could not be in Carlyle's company for a day without seeing that his cynicism and pessimism were unmeasured.

One evening at "The Grange" we came out after dinner on the lawn. A glorious moon met our eyes. There were a few moments of pensive silence; then a voice was heard exclaiming "Puir auld thing!" We were left to guess whether the moon was "puir" in herself or because she was doomed to look down upon vile humanity.

It was at that time, if I remember rightly, that Tennyson was one of the circle at "The Grange." He was asked to read one of his own poems aloud, which he was supposed to be not unwilling to do. To the general surprise and disappointment he refused. Looking across the room, I saw the cause of the difficulty. Close to Tennyson was Carlyle, who had not failed in the universal sweep of his philosophy to pass an opinion upon poetry in its relation to common sense. Devoting myself to the public good, I went across and invited Carlyle to a stroll in the grounds. He accepted the invitation, and while we strolled the reading came off. This little incident, which I had totally forgotten, was recalled to my memory not long ago by a writer in a London paper; so that, though forty-six years have passed since I received Lady Ashburton's last message of farewell, there is probably at least one member of that circle besides myself still alive to bear testimony to the character of its hostess.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, June 30, 1903.

THE ETHICS OF BOOK-MAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last winter I subscribed to the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' issued by the London *Times*. It was promised to consist of thirty-five volumes; and when the first thirty had been received, I had a bookcase made especially for it. Recently, volumes 34 and 35, containing the Atlas and the Index, came, and proved to be nearly an inch higher than the other thirty-three volumes. As I had measured close for my bookcase, they do not fit the shelves; but whether they fitted or not, what right has a reputable concern to issue without warning two volumes in a large set which do not match the others?

The agent informs me that the great bulk of material caused the increase in size, and that these volumes are particularly fine. As to the excellence of the whole work there is no question; but what has excellence or defect to do with uniform size and binding? If you subscribe to any complete edition of Scott or Thackeray, or to an encyclopædia, have you not the right to expect uniformity? How would the subscribers to the Oxford Dictionary feel if they were to receive now a quarto, and now a folio, or smaller section?

In this case there seems to be no redress, as the harm has already been done. I write to warn those who have not already bought the 'Britannica' what they have to expect, and, still more, to impress on publishers that they are under a moral obligation to commit no such surprises as this.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 2, 1903.

Notes.

A 'Reader's History of American Literature,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, is in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and a Life of Henry Ward Beecher by Lyman Abbott.

'American Railways,' announced by Macmillan Co., is a reprint of letters to the London *Times* by their special commissioner, Edwin A. Pratt.

Jacob A. Riis is at work on a new book, 'Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen,' for the Outlook Co.

Kipling's new volume of poems to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. will bear the title 'The Five Nations.'

James Pott & Co. will bring out 'The Tail of the Peacock,' personal experiences in Morocco by Miss Isabel Savory.

We have already called attention to the inclusion of the *princeps* of the Authorized Version, 'The Tudor Bible,' among Mr. David Nutt's notable "Tudor Translations," as pure literature. The second and third volumes are now to be had (Judges to Esther, Job to the Song of Solomon), and three more are to come before Christmas. "A terminal essay" is promised by Mr. William E. Henley, the editor of the series. Typographically, this is one of the most rational and attractive reproductions of the Bible. Six hundred copies, in this case as with the other "Tudors," constitute the edition.

The 'Annual Register' for 1902 (Longmans) is the close-packed repository that it has so long been; strongest and fullest in its review of English history for the year, but omitting no considerable quarter of the globe. Four writers have had in charge the two Americas, and the United States has been well looked after. The daily chronicle of events succeeds, and then comes the usual retrospect of literature, science, and art. An extensive obituary and index conclude this valuable book of reference.

Ginn & Co., Boston, publish for the International Union a selection of 'Discourses on War,' by William Ellery Channing, with an introduction by Edwin D. Mead. The range includes both abstract presentations of the theme and the famous letter on the annexation of Texas. The discourses proper are truly such, of the pulpit, argued on Scriptural and Christian grounds; remarkable for want of graphic power in depicting the horrors of war; never quite going to the bottom of the subject. They lack both relief and vigor. An hour with Tolstoy's 'War and Peace' or with his Sebastopol sketches would leave a far more vivid impression, and perhaps enforce the moral more securely. Still, Dr. Channing's humane teachings can but do good wherever read. Mr. Mead has done well to quote entire a memorial to Congress drafted by Channing some ninety years ago, praying for a universal pacific declaration on the part of the United States, and the establishment of a tribunal for the settlement of international disputes without resort to arms.

The New London County (Conn.) Historical Society, upon undertaking some Occasional Publications, has resorted to the Norwich Free Academy Press, a unique branch of secondary education in this country so far as we are informed. 'The Stone Records of Groton,' edited from the manuscripts of the late antiquary and historian, Miss Frances Manwaring Caulkins, by Miss Emily S. Gilman, is a comely volume highly creditable to the Academy's pupils, of both sexes, who executed all the printing and illustrations, as well as the binding. The title of the book fits best the collection of gravestone inscriptions (with pen-sketches of the stones); but there are also chapters on Mason's expedition against the Pequots, and the traitor Arnold's against New London.

The twenty-second volume of the New Jersey Archives, 'Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New Jersey,' is edited by William Nelson, and consists of Marriage Records 1665-1800. For the counties of Bergen, Hudson, and Essex they are exhaustive so far as the material is extant; but much has perished. These church records succeed a transcript of the index to the marriage records in the office of the Secretary of State at Trenton. Mr. Nelson's learned introduction reviews in upwards of a hundred pages the early marriage laws of New Jersey, with excursions into New England, New York, Pennsylvania, etc. There are fourteen distinct alphabetically ordered lists. That for males of the Friends gives also some of the witnesses to the ceremony.

The fourth in "Appletons' Series of Historic Lives" is Sir William Johnson, by Augustus C. Buell. Of perennial interest is the story of the young Irishman, who became a great landowner, a successful general, one of the few American baronets, and finally Superintendent for the Crown over all the Indians east of the Mississippi. Mr. Buell published two years ago an excellent life of Paul Jones; it is regrettably evident that this book cannot be placed in the same class. Of Johnson two excellent biographies already exist, the standard 'Life of Sir William Johnson,' by Stone, and the more recent 'Sir William Johnson and the Six Nations,' by Griffis. Little of importance is added by the present work, and that little is not always well authenticated. Those who are already familiar with the times and events mentioned may find some pleasure in reading a new version, but the hasty and careless way in which the book seems to have been put together prevents its acceptance as an authority or even as a convenient popular account.

S. R. Gardiner's 'History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate' was nearing completion at the moment of the author's death. At least, three volumes had been finished, and something had been done towards the preparation of a fourth volume which was to have concluded this splendid series of works on the early Stuart period. However, the only portion of the final instalment that Mrs. Gardiner and Mr. Firth have thought it proper to print is a single chapter entitled 'The Parliamentary Elections of 1656.' This fragment is now published by the Longmans as a supplement to

volume iii. rather than as the beginning of volume iv. It is marked by the same qualities of thoroughness and impartiality which are so closely associated with Gardiner's name and have given his writings their standing as preëminent authorities for the times of James I., Charles I., and Cromwell.

'The Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington' (Dutton) is now published, though with some diffidence, by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. The reason for publication is that the letters display the Duke's kindliness towards those of his family and of his intimate circle. The ground of the editor's diffidence is that the correspondence is one of domestic rather than of public interest. The book supplies a striking commentary on the Duke's character, illustrating his undoubted fondness for the society of ladies, and also the warmth of his geniality where personal friends were concerned.

Canon Rawnsley's 'Lake Country Sketches' (Macmillan) is the sixth volume of his contribution to the subject of the Lakes and Lake poets. It is prefaced with the usual sonnet, and contains some pages of the writer's original verse. The longest essay is on "Wordsworth and the Peasantry," and describes exhaustive interviews with the "lad whose wont it was to serve the Rydal Mount kitchen with meat"—the butcher, in fact; with the "one-time gardener's lad" and the "page or butler's assistant." Hence we learn that Wordsworth had "an antipathy to veal," was extremely unpopular with the peasantry, and finally that a whole countryside of aged dotards, spurred by Canon Rawnsley to remember or invent, rank his poetry and his personality a good way below the achievements of Hartley Coleridge. For collecting the greatest number of Wordsworthiana in a single country walk and for composing sonnets about them, Canon Rawnsley holds the record. He is now, in the matter of production, neck and neck with Boswell, and shows no signs of giving out. But, for his readers, the eighteenth century will always retain the incalculable advantage that Boswell was no poet.

The 'Album-Kern,' published last April in Leiden in honor of the well-known Dutch Sanskritist, contains three papers not likely to fall under the eye of Greek scholars, though in their sphere of interest. The first two are grammatical, on the history of the Greek participle and of the Greek passive aorist (the latter *contra* Wackernagel). The third is a far-reaching etymology of Sophus Bugge, who derives *Olympus* from Anatolian *olun-kh* (λόφος, *dorsum*), and thence concludes that Thessaly was originally settled by tribes that did not speak Greek, but were related to the Armenians.

The Bulletin of the American Geographical Society for April notes the new limitation of the words hydrography and hydrology proposed in connection with the reorganization of the hydrographic branch of the Geological Survey. The two words are no way distinguished as to subject-matter by etymology; but the usage in the dictionaries seems rather to make hydrology the general word, referring to the properties of water, its laws, etc., while hydrography discusses the distribution of water as a part of the terraqueous globe. In the encyclopædias, however, hydrology holds little place, and the tendency is to make hydrography cover the whole subject. It is now purposed to confine hydrography to the discussion of surface water, while hydrology will imply the study of underground water resources; and so the irrigation laws of the West make necessary (?) a new term in science. Prof. Israel C. Russell writes of "Geography and International Boundaries," and comments on the advantages which subjects would gain if statesmen had geographical experts at their elbows when the problem was to lay down boundaries of countries in treaties and other settlements.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for July Mr. H. W. Wiley of the Agricultural Department gives some interesting facts about our soils and their products. It appears that the money value of the corn crop is nearly twice that of hay, the next in value, cotton, being the third. There are nearly six million farms, worth a little more than twenty thousand million dollars, of which almost two-thirds are cultivated by their owners. Mr. Wiley makes no question that, by the application of scientific principles to agriculture the food supply will keep pace with the increase of population. "When in a hundred years from now we are feeding two hundred million people, the quantity of food per head will be no less abundant than at present." Some striking illustrations of Western farming scenes accompany the article.

The great geographical enterprises of the reign of Queen Elizabeth are commemorated in the *Geographical Journal* for June, in connection with the tercentenary of her death. Sir Walter Raleigh's achievements are described by Edmund Gosse, who regards him "as the most splendid example of the geographer and patron of geographical literature who approaches his science in the pure light of imagination." Sir Francis Drake's greatest glory, according to Julian Corbett, was the discovery of Cape Horn, named by him after his beloved mistress "Cape Elizabeth." Upon this alone he dwells, giving an interesting explanation of the mystery which for a time shrouded "one of the four great discoveries of the world." Prof. S. P. Thompson tells of William Gilbert, who, in his monumental work 'De Magnete,' "laid the foundations of terrestrial magnetism and of the experimental science of electricity." Sir C. R. Markham briefly narrates the exploits of the other leading explorers of that time. Of the remaining contents are a geological illustrated description of Charnwood Forest, "a buried Triassic landscape," and a study of the cartography, with maps, of Spitzbergen, by Sir Martin Conway. An account of Basutoland, the Switzerland of South Africa, is suggestive as showing the development of practical enterprise on the part of the African native. "Following the road south [from Maseru, the capital] to the southernmost border, you pass through almost one continuous stretch of maize, wheat, oats, or sorghum, according to the time of the year. No sooner is one crop out of the ground than another is put in."

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number five, opens with a study of the volcanic region of the Southern Andes, which consists mainly in giving the positions and heights of the different volcanoes. One hundred and seventy-two of these are designated on the accompanying map. Dr. A. Eichhorn contributes two sunshine-charts for Germany, for the whole year and for the winter, with notes, from which it appears that the cloudiest region is in Thuringia and the sunniest in Baden and eastern Prussia. The longest article in the number is an account of a work published by our Government in 1900 giving the latest scientific facts, etc., collected by the Jesuits in the Philippines. It is characterized, next to Blanco's Lexicon and Flora, as "the weightiest and most important publication on these islands in the Spanish tongue of the last century."

The two newest sheets in the large-scale reissue of the New Jersey State Atlas by the Geological Survey show but a minimum of the State's territory, which, in the Shark River sheet, divides about equally with the ocean, and extends along the shore from Deal Lake to Manasquan, while the New York Bay sheet admits only Bergen Point (Greenville to Constable Hook). Staten Island and Long Island furnish most of the land surface. The activity of the Survey is further illustrated by the appearance of the third volume, 'The Palæozoic Faunas,' of the Report on Palæontology, by Stuart Weller, Ph.D., and the fifth volume of the Final Report of the State Geologist, being 'The Glacial Geology of New Jersey,' by Prof. Rollin D. Salisbury, with the collaboration of Dr. Henry B. Kümmel, Charles E. Peet, and George N. Knapp. The former volume is strictly technical, and is illustrated by 52 plates. Prof. Salisbury, on the other hand, prefaces his discussion with a general survey of glacial processes and phenomena which the layman will find lucid and informing. The volume, of nearly 800 pages, is plentifully supplied with illustrations and maps.

An 'Analytical and Topical Index to the Reports of the Chief of Engineers and Officers of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army,' in three volumes, covering the period from 1866 to 1900, has been published. It has been compiled under the direction of Lieut.-Col. C. W. Raymond by Mr. John McClure, assisted by Mr. E. L. Stratton, jr. In this index is incorporated the material contained in the three index volumes published in 1881, 1889, and 1895, respectively. Volumes i. and ii. are devoted to "River and Harbor Works," Volume iii. to "Fortifications, Bridges, Laws, Miscellaneous, and Topical Index," and contain many references not included in the previous volumes.

In his account of 'The Geology of Kalahandi State,' published in the Memoirs of the Geological Survey of India, Dr. T. L. Walker briefly describes the inhabitants of this little-known region. There are two distinct peoples, the Hindoos and the Khonds. The former inhabit the plain which forms the northwestern half of the State. They speak Uryia and are perhaps of Aryan descent. The Khonds, who live on an undulating plateau in the southern part of the State, are aborigines who devote themselves to agriculture and the collection of forest products. They are only very slightly influenced by the doctrines of their Hindoo neighbors, and seem to be but little behind them in civilization. The Khond is light-hearted and shy; his great virtue is truthfulness, his vice drunkenness. Geologically, Kalahandi is made up of non-fossiliferous rocks, chiefly crystalline schists and transitions.

We note the formation of "The Morris Society" in Chicago in May last, having for its objects some commemoration of William Morris's life, as in the publication of his collected writings in special and in popular library editions, together with essays interpretative of his work as writer, craftsman and social reformer, or akin to it in spirit and tendency, and also permanent clubrooms in Chicago for a centre of propaganda. Particulars may be had of the secretary, Oscar L. Triggs, No. 5634 Madison Avenue, Chicago.

—Dr. Franklin B. Dexter's great task in emulation of Sibley's 'Harvard Biographies' now completes the parallel in number of volumes. The third of his 'Yale Biographies and Annals' (Henry Holt & Co.) covers the period 1763-1773, midway in which President Clap's resignation was at last brought about, and an effective hold secured on the General Assembly's annual bounty (through the import duty on rum and otherwise). At the very close, President Stiles appears upon the scene, and Dr. Dexter's familiarity with his diary and personality warrants deep regret if this series is not to be continued, for want of time and strength, over Dr. Stiles's incumbency, so much would the Annals prefixed to the biographies of each class be enriched; and it is largely in them that we find the savor of the decade under consideration in the present volume. Thus, for the college year 1772-73 a formal commencement debate is recorded on the "advanced question" "Whether the Education of Daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of Sons?" And the future Gov. Oliver Wolcott, jr., is cited for a description of gownless freshmen "in the yard" (not yet *campus*) made to fag, out of study hours, as "waiters or servants to the Authority, President, Professors, Tutors, and Undergraduates." Yet already, five years before, the alphabetical arrangement of the catalogue of each class had superseded that according to social rank. Dr. Dexter is at pains to set down the traces of an early anti-slavery conscience. For example, the Rev. Ebenezer Baldwin's newspaper essays, "Observations on the Slavery of Negroes and on Slavekeeping" (1773-4), though twelve years behind John Woolman's "Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes," "took what was at that time advanced ground in condemnation of slavery." The Rev. Elam Potter and his classmate, Judge Theodore Sedgwick, were also in the same honorable company, in benevolent feeling and action at least. To be remarked, further, is the mortality of wives, and the proneness, especially among the clergy, to triple marriages. One feels the westward migration from the coast to interior New England, to Wyoming (Pa.), to Western New York, to Ohio. Manasseh Cutler, class of 1765, is one of the leading names in this section. Others are Jared Ingersoll, the much-married Dr. Nathanael Emmons, Judge John Trumbull (author of 'McFingal'), President Timothy Dwight, and Gen. Hull. Few are the graduates regarding whom something has not been gleaned, even if as meagre as William Giles's inventory—a suit of clothes and nine books. On but one is the biographer's censure loosened unreservedly, the "infamous" Rev. Samuel Ely, fomenter of Shays's rebellion. Dr. Dexter's performance is consistent, accurate, and authoritative, highly to be praised in every respect, especially for the bibliographies. A pious complement to his labors would be an album of portraits of his graduates. He notices them wherever he can; many exist in printed works, and Yale owns not a few. They should be got together.

—The 'New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' recently noticed in these columns, have called out a posthumous Froude counterblast, 'My Relations with Carlyle' (Charles Scribner's Sons). This pamphlet of some eighty pages is introduced and explained in a "prefatory note" by Ashley A. Froude and Margaret Froude, who say that as Mr. Froude's representatives they feel bound, after the 'New Letters,' to use what means they possess to vindicate his memory. They accordingly give to the world Froude's own account of his relations with Carlyle—pencil notes, written in a note-book, and, so far as is known, shown by him to no one. Some pages are omitted as being of "too intimate a nature to be given to the public," but the gist of them appears in a condensed form, the narrative being continued and concluded in Froude's own words. The notes were written in Cuba in 1887, and there is appended to them an elaborate letter from Sir James Stephen (coexecutor with Froude of Carlyle's will) to Froude, written at the latter's request, and giving the writer's account (it is intended as a justification) of Froude's "connection with the papers of Mr. Carlyle which formed the materials" of Froude's publications. Carlyle's will is also given in full. The story embodied in the letter is long and intricate, but Froude's own *apologia* is simple enough. It amounts to a reiteration of the original Froude view of Carlyle's character and relations with his wife, with "new matter" tending to reinforce that view. Some of this will be thought by many of "too intimate a nature to be given to the public," for it is unfit for public discussion and comment. It raises questions as to which even courts of justice prefer to take evidence with closed doors. We can hardly see how any injustice done to Froude, even as estimated by his representatives, could palliate the production by them of such details, assuming them to be true.

—But, apart from this, there are points connected with the publication which can perfectly well be discussed. As a whole, the pamphlet deepens the impression which the original books left, that Froude's manner of discharging his trust, satisfactory as it may have been to his coexecutor, had a most malign effect on the reputation of the man whom he regarded as his master and teacher. This may have been an editor's misfortune, but it is no reply to say either that it was not intended, or that it was Froude's duty as biographer not to suppress the truth. By comparing the revelations made in this pamphlet with the original publications, it will be seen that a great deal *was* kept back, as unnecessary to a correct picture; this is now published, it must be supposed with Froude's conditional ante-mortem assent, not to correct the portrait, but in retaliation for criticism of the biographer. The capital fact that Froude, the chosen disciple, blackened his teacher's reputation, would have been much better met, to our mind, by a display of that spirit of remorse of which the teacher himself showed himself so lavish over his wife's grave. It is a bungler who meets it, either by saying, "Why, I have not told you half," and proceeds to lay on some additional touches, or who insists, as Froude also does, that he was the last person who should be suspected of having wilfully misrepresented Carlyle's character, because he revered him so deeply. It was the effect of his biography that was quarrelled with, not his original intention. Then there is the question of Froude's own accuracy and even veracity. He does not meet this by admitting that his book was full of "printers' blunders" or "errors of the press." It was with his own blunders and errors that fault was found. The most important point made, perhaps, is, that, in the opinion of Sir James Stephen, Froude dealt as to pecuniary matters in an honorable and liberal way with Carlyle's representatives; but no point in the whole controversy has aroused less general interest than this. In the end we are left where we began: the chosen disciple has given us a picture of his master as a boorish if not cruel husband, an irresponsible dealer in invective and execration, whose old age was saddened by a remorse so profound as to suggest a hopeless sense of unexpiated wickedness. Froude's mistake was in supposing that the congregation would throw up their caps in delight over such a portrait of their pastor. The present publication makes it seem as if the biographer had been wholly insensible to what he had done. But *litera scripta manet*, especially in the case of writing as vivid and entertaining as Froude's.

—The Easy Chair in *Harper's* settles the Carlyle problem by deciding that both sides are right as to facts. Carlyle was unkind to his wife and often made her unhappy, but none the less he had always an ardent love for her. Froude was in grave error in his failure to see that Carlyle's bitter remorse after her death was the measure of his abiding love, not of unkindness and lack of love. Her temper was much the same as his, with the difference of a much narrower outlook, and each of them was doubtless happier with the other than would have been possible with any one else or in single life. In the Editor's Study certain phases of college life are considered, and from a point of view which many would now call antiquated. Put the mind early to the study of Latin and Greek, and thus instil into it the grammatical instinct necessary to the development of good English, while at the same time you develop the imagination by the stories of Homer, Virgil, and Æsop. Prolong the period of absorption and inspiration rather than abbreviate it, and thus deepen the capacity and enlarge the possibilities of the future. In speaking of the "ample time for reading and reflection" of the four-years college course, we fear that the writer assumes a condition practically unknown in most colleges of to-day, and that not so much because of the hurry to get through in less than four years, as of the student tendency to the multiplication of unimportant activities destructive to consecutive reading and reflection. The recent book of F. W. H. Myers draws from Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain of Clark University a discussion of the "Survival of Human Personality" distinctly favorable to the idea of survival after physical death, though of course dis-

claiming the possibility of its scientific demonstration.

—The editors of the *Atlantic* have tried the experiment of making up the July number almost exclusively from the work of California writers. The leading place is naturally given to a paper on the "Literary Development of the Pacific Coast," by Herbert Bashford. We find in Mr. Bashford's paper rather too much sympathy with the idea that, in order to have a literature of its own, the Coast must "get clean away from ancient restrictions and stereotyped forms," "throw off the musty grip of the past," etc. Ordinarily this does not mean much else than to neglect the fundamental principles of grammar and rhetoric, and substitute chaos for cosmos in the presentation of one's thought. A literature dominated by a conscious and pugnacious determination to be different from the best that has been done in the past, can readily gain that particular end, but its distinction is not apt to be durable or enviable. Not "Be different from the past," but

"Vos exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,"

is the motto most likely to produce a literature commensurate with the high level of intelligence and activity which exists beyond the Rockies, assuming that the models of the past be studied not for mere superficial imitation, but to get at their underlying principles and apply these principles intelligently to the subject-matter and conditions of the present. That there is in California some very serious study of the literatures of other times and places is amply demonstrated in Prof. Charles Mills Gayley's answer to the question, "What is 'Comparative Literature'?" The two great universities of the Coast speak through their respective presidents; Dr. Jordan writing of the function of the "Voice of the Scholar" in bringing Democracy back from its constant aberrations to the lines of truth and progress, and Dr. Wheeler pleading for a culture more thoroughly in harmony with the conditions of our national life than those types which have been developed in other lands and under different conditions.

—Aside from fiction the main points of interest in the July *Scribner's* are Gen. John B. Gordon's continuation of his papers on the civil war, and Charles E. Magoon's article on the "Administration of Civil Government by the War Department." Mr. Magoon considers it a piece of good fortune that it has fallen in the way of the military authorities to administer civil government to so great an extent in the islands wrested from Spain, and displays the usual inability of the man of military connections to realize the essential difference between civil government imposed from without, under the sanction of powder and lead, and civil government which is the free choice of the governed. In the smooth sophistry with which he glides over the denial to Cuba of some of the most vital elements of national independence, Mr. Magoon easily wins a brilliant rhetorical triumph over all competitors. It was once supposed that you could not eat your cake and still have it, but, thanks to the political rhetoric of today, you may even be compelled to let some one else eat it and still have it (if only you are willing to let the other party be the judge). General Gordon's reminiscences in this issue are devoted wholly to the battle of Gettysburg. Waiving the question as to what would have been the effect of a Confederate victory in this battle, he argues forcibly that such a victory was possible if only Lee had had the hearty and immediate coöperation of his entire army in carrying out his plans. In the "Flying Colleen Bawn," James B. Connolly contributes one of the best of his effective sea stories.

—This year's Romanes Lecture was given on June 12 in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, by Sir Oliver Lodge, head of the new Birmingham University, on "Modern Views of Matter," a theme, he said, belonging to the more philosophical side of physics, "which has always seemed to me most suitable for study in this university." These words might be viewed as an early and urbane contribution toward the "delimitation of spheres of influence" between Sir Oliver's new university and her ancient compeer in the English Midlands. The body of his discourse contained (1) unspeculative theses briefly stated as agreed upon by physicists, and (2) more speculative opinions plainly denominated hypotheses. As dogmatic theses Sir Oliver stated (*a*) that matter and electricity possess alike the property of inertia or mass popularly associated with matter alone. This attribute, however, in order to become appreciable in an electric charge, requires extreme concentration, and must therefore be associated with "bodies of far less than microscopic size." (*b*) That every atom of matter, when electrified, has as its ionic charge an integral multiple of a certain definite amount of electricity, which may figure as an atom of electricity, and, when dissociated from atoms of the ordinary kind, is called an electron. (*c*) That, through Prof. J. J. Thomson's mathematical data, we can measure the mass of such an electron at one-thousandth of that of a hydrogen atom. The electron, continued the lecturer, is at present supposed to be indivisible, and the electrification of an atom to consist in the attachment to it or the detraction from it of an electron. An atom thus increased is called an ion, and designated as negative; an atom thus diminished is called a positive ion. This not seriously inconvenient inversion in the application of terms was accidental, and dates from Benjamin Franklin. In answer to the question whether the electron has a material nucleus, Sir Oliver conjectured that it had none, but consisted of electricity alone, and, further, that the hydrogen atom might be a grouping of, say, 700 electrons, 350 positive, and 350 negative, interlaced or interlocked in a state of violent motion so as to produce a stable configuration. Indeed, on this view, all the elements would be "different groupings of one fundamental constituent." Unfortunately, the positive electron implied by this theory has never yet, like the negative electron, been "constantly and freely encountered flying about alone." Atoms thus understood could not be permanent, for, in losing energy by radiation—due to electrical charges in rapid orbital motion—they suffer change. The lecturer met this difficulty by scrutinizing investigations "chiefly in France and in Canada, some of the most striking having been made within the present year," which remove "an electric theory of matter" from the "realm of fancy to the region of probability." Professor Rutherford, M. and Mme. Curie have so dealt with the phenomena of radio-activity that "we appear to be face to face with a phenomenon quite new in the history of the world," the transmutation of elements; really possible, though requiring for its achievement millions of millions of centuries. "In fact, the whole of existing matter appears liable to processes of change, and in that sense to be a transient phenomenon." But this change, if ever clearly demonstrated, need not be supposed to involve diminution only; there may be regeneration as well as degradation.

—M. Salomon Reinach has added to his valuable series of "Répertoires" a collection of heads, under the title 'Recueil de Têtes Antiques Idéales ou Idéalisées' (Paris: *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*). The form chosen for this publication is considerably larger than that of his collection of statues, the book itself being an octavo, with one head on each plate; and in a considerable number of cases two different views of the same head are given on successive plates. As the total number of plates is 276, it will be seen that the collection by no means approaches completeness, which the author says he has made no attempt to attain. It is rather a selection of typical specimens of the styles of different periods and schools, including heads of statues as well as busts and fragments. All the plates are "half-tone" reproductions of drawings, the latter carefully executed by Paul Weber from photographs. In his preface M. Reinach explains why he has adopted this method of illustration rather than mechanical reproductions made directly from the photographs themselves; and while we appreciate his reasons, we cannot help wishing that the latter method had been practicable, as the drawings, excellent though they are, necessarily omit many details which would have been of value to the student, and would have insured an accuracy of which one cannot always feel certain in the most painstaking free-hand work or tracing. However, as it stands, the book will be, like all M. Reinach's compilations, an important addition to the library of the student of Greek art, and its value is enhanced by the full notes which accompany the plates.

ROGER BACON'S GREEK GRAMMAR.

The Greek Grammar of Roger Bacon, and a Fragment of his Hebrew Grammar. Edited from the MSS., with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Edmond Nolan, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and S. A. Hirsch, Ph.D., Theological Tutor at the Jews' College, London. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1902. Pp. lxxxv., 212.

A Greek Grammar from the thirteenth century is a voice from the past to which all scholars turn with curiosity and respect. Especially we all want to know what Roger Bacon, Doctor Mirabilis, a prodigy of learning in himself, and one of the first to welcome the new light which was dawning in the East, had to tell us of the best way to learn Greek, of which he was one of the very few masters whom England could then boast. Born about 1214, ten years before Thomas Aquinas, he studied at Oxford in his youth; but when he was hardly twenty he went to Paris, then the centre of European learning. He was a student there

during the eventful period when the Church was stirred to its foundations by its delightful controversy about Aristotle, who was first accepted as a fountain of wisdom, then anathematized as a heretic, and finally exalted as a supreme authority in theology. Bacon was more amused than seriously affected by the vacillations of the Church, which he rightly ascribed to their true cause, ignorance of Greek. This experience did much to induce him to write his Greek Grammar. Before the twelfth century, Aristotle was known to western Europe only through Latin translations of a few of his logical works. But a sudden excitement was raised in that century by the appearance in Spain and France of Arabic versions of the Physics, Metaphysics, Ethics, and 'De Anima,' with elaborate commentaries by learned Arab scholars, among whom Averroes was the most famous. These were known in Europe at first chiefly through Hebrew versions from the Arabic, and the Arabic translations had been made from the Syriac by Arabs who knew little or no Greek. The Church at once became eagerly excited by vague accounts of the great religious truths which were said to be found in Aristotle. By command of the Archbishop of Toledo, these new works were translated into Latin, and then were eagerly studied by the clergy. This has been well termed "the rich but dangerous present of the Mussulman to the Christian." Scholars who know the doctrines of Aristotle on the soul as they are given in his 'De Anima' can appreciate the humor of this cordial adoption of the Stagirite by the mediæval Church. A wolf had been let into the sheepfold; but he was at first quite an innocent interloper, well covered by a sheepskin. The Latin versions of Averroes, as G. H. Lewes describes them, were really "Latin translations from a Hebrew version of an Arabic commentary on an Arabic translation of a Syriac version of a Greek text." What Roger Bacon thought of these treasures of learning can be seen in his 'Compendium Studii Philosophiæ' (viii., pp. 468, 469), where he speaks of the "perversity of translation seen in the works of Aristotle, which are the foundations of the whole study of wisdom." "In uno passu unus dicit hoc, et alius contrarium, et tertius contradictorium, et quartus diversum, et alii quotlibet iuxta sensum suum."

"I am sure," he proceeds, "that it would have been better if the wisdom of Aristotle had not been translated. All who know anything neglect the perverse translations. If I had the power, I would have all the books of Aristotle [*i. e.*, the translations] burnt, for it is only a waste of time, a cause of error, a multiplication of ignorance, to study them. Whoever will glory in Aristotle's wisdom must learn it in its own native tongue."

This last sentence is still as true as ever.

While things were in this state, copies of the genuine philosophical works of Aristotle were brought from Constantinople to the West, and there were scholars early in the thirteenth century able to read and expound them. Now, "on a sudden" (as Milman describes it), "there is a cry of horror in the Church." The "rich but dangerous gift of the Mussulman" was beginning to be understood. In 1215 the University of Paris and the Papal Legate solemnly forbade the reading of Aristotle's Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy. But Thomas Aquinas was not yet born. In 1254, after that great scholar had taught the Church how Aristotle might still reign supreme while the Church could define her own dogmas in her own way, the same University of Paris ordained that both the Physics and the Metaphysics of Aristotle should be read publicly at certain appointed times.

A few years later Bacon returned to Oxford, more than ever convinced that theology without Greek, such as he found in England, was a dangerous thing, especially if Aristotle was to be a saint in the Church. His contempt for most of the theologians of England is deep and freely expressed. There are plenty of "Latini" (he says) who can speak Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew; but there are not four of them who understand Greek, Arabic, or Hebrew grammar. The impossibility of exactness in any linguistic scholarship which is not based on a sound grammatical foundation was never more clearly recognized. Even the native Greek teachers, Bacon says, cannot be trusted here. He is greatly shocked by the Bishops' ignorance of Greek. In consecrating a church the bishop was required to write the Greek alphabet in the sand with his staff; but an English bishop generally wrote also three characters (Digamma, Koppa, and Sampi), which are numerals and do not belong to the alphabet. "Sed hoc non fit sine iniuria sacramenti," adds Bacon.

All this determined him to write a Greek grammar "to help the Latins." He awards the highest of his three grades of scholarship in the learned languages only to those who know Greek, Arabic, or Hebrew as they know their mother tongue *(ut nos loquimur Anglicum, Gallicum, et Latinum)*. He absolutely refused this rank to his great friend Robert of Lincoln, whose learning he praises extravagantly in other respects, feeling that there was a want of exactness even in his brilliant scholarship which made him an unsafe guide in difficult questions of interpretation. On the other hand, he thinks that a clever pupil (who is supposed to read and speak Latin like his mother tongue), with a good teacher and a good manual, ought to learn enough Greek in three days (?) to understand whatever relates to theology, philosophy, or the Latin language. This three-day scholarship has never been explained. Bacon surely could not mean that any one could read Aristotle after three days' study. Is it possible that he means only that he could learn enough *grammar* in three days to enable him to go on?

This interesting work is now first published from a manuscript of the fifteenth century in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The reasons for assigning it to Roger Bacon, as stated in the introduction by Dr. Hirsch, seem perfectly conclusive, although Bacon's name appears only in a late note. What first strikes a modern scholar on looking into the book is the absence of most of the elementary principles of the language which are now an important part of every grammar, and diffuse discussions of what now seem unimportant questions (at least to a beginner) about the alphabet, pronunciation, prosody, etc. We shall give reasons below for thinking that Part II., containing about two-thirds of the whole work, was not originally a part of the Oxford Grammar, which was professedly an elementary treatise. The total absence of Syntax may be due to the imperfect state of the manuscript; but it is very doubtful whether such a work as this would include Syntax. This subject was very briefly dealt with in the elementary grammars used in England and this country even seventy years ago. The famous Port Royal Greek Grammar, a volume of 476 pages, a great authority in our colleges a century ago and later, thus disposes of the whole subject of the moods: "Now though the moods are not to be rejected (?) intirely, yet their signification is sometimes so very arbitrary that they are frequently put for one another through all tenses." Then follow excellent examples of regular Attic usage to illustrate this!

Bacon's Grammar contains 180 pages. It ends with the paradigm of τύπτω, and there must have been at least one of contract verbs in ῶ and one of verbs in μι. There is much careless copying in the manuscript, as *e* for *ae*, *c* for *t* before *i*, etc., which is kept in the printed work. The iota subscript is omitted in most places in the manuscript; but Bacon recognizes it in I. 1, 2 (under diphthongs), and also by the more correct addition of this iota in the line. There are three parts. Part I. has one division (9 pp.) on the Alphabet, in which the letters, diphthongs, accents, and abbreviations are discussed briefly and intelligibly. A second division follows: *De compendiosa instruccione legendi et construendi grecum.* Here we have the Greek letters in various forms, with their names in Greek and Latin letters above them, followed by the names of the accents in both Greek and Latin. Then comes the declension of the article and the relative ὅς, with a transliteration in Latin letters, thus:

ho	*tu*	*to*	*ton*
ὁ	τοῦ	τῷ	τὸν
hos	*hu*	*ho*	*hon*
ὅς	ὅὗ	῾ῷ	ὅν

This is supposed to prepare the pupil to read the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Creed, the Magnificat, the Song of Simeon, and the Song of Zachariah, which are all given at length in three parallel lines, the Greek at the bottom, with each word spelled in Latin letters above it, and above this a Latin translation of each word, with the cases often wonderfully perverted to correspond to the case of the Greek below where the Latin would use another case, some Latin words being omitted which would not correspond to anything in the Greek. Of course the pronunciation of Greek is always the native Greek, no other being then in use. We give a few specimens of these remarkable documents:

Pater	nostrum		in		celis
Patɐr	imon	o	en	tis	uranis
πατηρ	ἡμῶν	ὁ	ἐν	τοῖς	οὐρανοῖς

et non (*vel* ne) inducas nos in temptacionem
ke mi isenegkis imas is pirasmon
καὶ μὴ εἰσενεγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν

It is worth noticing that our Franciscan friar gives the orthodox Greek form of the famous passage of the Creed, making the Holy Ghost proceed from the Father alone:

ex		patris		procedentem
to	ek	tu	patros	ekporeuomenon
τὸ	ἐκ	τοῦ	πατρος	εκπορευόμενον

(Here *ex patris* copies the Greek construction, avoiding the Latin ablative.)

Then follows a table of numerals α, β, γ, etc., with their Greek names *ena*, *dio*, *tria*, *tessera*, etc., written below them in Latin letters.

Next we have Part II. of 118 pages, containing long and abstruse discussions of the same subjects (orthography, etc.) which were explained in the first division of Part I. This seems entirely out of place in an elementary book, and one who studied this would not need the briefer statement in Part I. The first sentence in the first chapter explains the difficulty: "Terminata parte illa in qua proposui ea que pertinent ad lenem et introductoriam instruccionem legendi grecum et scribendi et construendi, nunc tempus est ut *maiora copiosius indicantur*." This whole discussion, then, belongs to the larger treatise of which he often speaks as a part of his plan, and is no part of the elementary grammar in which it is found. If we leave this out of the account, we have the simple introduction of twenty-three pages, already described, followed by Part III. on Inflection. This contains thirty-eight pages, in our edition; but much has been lost at the beginning, and the inflection of the verb is incomplete at the end. We have had nothing on inflection before this, except the declension of the article and ὅς in Part I. Part III. begins in the manuscript with Division III. Ch. 5, where we find the declension of nouns in ξ and ψ, followed by a chapter on contract nouns and nouns in εως of our second declension. Then comes a short chapter, *De figura ac specie;* next the inflection of pronouns, and finally the conjugation of the verb. Here we find the Byzantine paradigm of τύπτω. which held its place in our grammars until near the middle of the last century. Those of us who were driven to learn all the traditional forms of this verb, with every tense of every mood formed by inexorable rules, often producing words which no classic Greek could have understood and which often violated the very rules they were invented to illustrate, were astounded and secretly delighted to learn at last that τύπτω is really a very defective and rather irregular verb, and that of the twenty-five tenses (with about 100 modal forms) given in the Byzantine paradigm, only two occur in Attic Greek and only six at all, while all the second futures active and middle were never formed and never could be formed from verbs like τύπτω.

It has been thought that the use of τύπτω to illustrate all possible forms of the so-called barytone verb shows that Bacon followed the first grammarian, Dionysius Thrax, who wrote about 100 B. C. But though Dionysius refers to τύπτω, he refers also to κόπτω; and the full paradigm of τύπτω was certainly added to his text many centuries after his time. We may safely accept Bacon's own statement of the authors on whom he depended, feeling sure that he would have included the first of Greek grammarians if he could have done so. This list is: Bede, Priscian, Donatus, Servius, Lucan, Juvenal, Statius, Horace, Persius, Juvencus, Arator, Prudens, Paulinus, Prosper, Sedulius, Isidorus, Pliny (p. 37).

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN AMERICA.

Religious Life in America. A Record of Personal Observation. By Ernest Hamlin Abbott. New York: The Outlook Company. 1902.

La Religion dans la Société aux États-Unis. Par Henry Bargy. Paris: Armand Colin.

We have here two books which criticise and complement each other in an interesting manner. With a subject in which inhered the possibility of the dullest of dull books, Mr. Abbott has written one of such attractiveness that its fine externals do not belie its spiritual contents. His method is not statistical, but personal and impressionist. He has great skill in seizing on the vital elements of a scene, a situation, or a character, and he translates his observations into an expression that is extremely vivid, striking, picturesque. Had he called his book, 'Religion of America,' the title would have been a misnomer, his examples are so isolated and sporadic and are drawn from such a limited area. There is nothing here about New England except in the way of casual reference and a brief *amende* in the concluding chapter, which is given up to generalization with much loss of interest. There is nothing here about the great States of New York, Pennsylvania (Bethlehem excepted), and Ohio, where certainly the religious phenomenon is not less important than in the States farther south or west. There is nothing here of the Pacific slope. Mr. Abbott's observations have been made, with the exception of Maryland, exclusively in the Southern and Middle Western States; and while within these by no means contracted limits the immediate examples fill the eye and constitute the principal attraction, a few inferences are drawn with so much care that they deserve a proportionate consideration.

Mr. Abbott began his round in Baltimore, and his two chapters on that city are devoted to the relations of the workingman and particularly of organized labor with the churches. His conversations with both clergymen and workingmen are rendered in a convincing manner. He did not find the workingman's indifference to the churches significant of an equal indifference to religion. But, while the well-to-do dislike "live issues" in the pulpit, the workingman cares for no others. He would have the preachers come to the union meetings, and "preach about anything—only not about heaven." Some of the preachers were as stern as the workingman in their construction of the average clerical character. One of them declared that the social environment had so deadened the spirit of self-sacrifice among ministers that they hardly knew what it meant. But the church suffers as much from the prominence of well-fed, self-satisfied laymen as do the unions from their noisier and more irresponsible agitators.

The encouragement of Mr. Abbott's book is in its discovery of such individuals as his Virginia country rector. Though he seems to have a touchstone for selecting them, we are obliged to think that where he finds so many there must be many more. Certainly the portrait of the Virginian is a most engaging one. He is a Jack-at-all trades and poor at none, be it that of preacher or man midwife. A chapter on the religious tendencies of the negro is peculiarly interesting at the present time. Giving a lively picture of the emotional negro preacher, Mr. Abbott concludes that he is going to the wall. One preacher regrets that the distrust of emotionalism, responding to white criticism, was reducing the emotional tide so low that the ecclesiastical machinery could not be kept running. Next we have "New Tendencies in the Old South." The general religious life is immensely traditional and conventional, with here and there a sign of better things. A sexton of fifty years' service and a bell-ringer boasting sixty-one were samples of the average immobility. A "cake of custom" formed so hard will not be broken without some violent, though perhaps superficial, irruption of hot infidelity.

Nowhere was Mr. Abbott more disabused of the impressions that he took along than in New Orleans. The Creole domination was by no means what he expected. Coming to "The Edge of the Southwest," we travel with a lot of drummers, one of them, who passes round the whiskey as he recommends his Bible-chart, a man "to shake the midriff of despair with laughter." At one point Mr. Abbott's known connection with the *Outlook*, for which he was preparing these chapters, chilled the reception accorded him in the office of a Baptist weekly paper. Finally there was frank confession: "We used to read the *Outlook* with great pleasure, when it was liberal; but now it has flopped on public questions." Even in Arkansas there were at least individual signs of growth in the direction of a more human presentation of religion, the goal towards which Mr. Abbott's longing tends throughout his book. Kansas, the eastern West, Iowa, and Colorado have each an interesting chapter, that on Iowa the least clear in finding there conventionalism in unexampled force, while still there is so much that comes under a different kind. In "The Leaven and the Lump" we have a good account of the interactions of the Western country and its immigrant population in "New Sects and Old," some varieties of religious experience which escaped Professor James's scrutiny; Dowie's Christian Catholic Church in Zion and Chicago overtopping every other in its unblushing impudence and unspeakable vulgarity. In the same chapter we have the Pennsylvania Moravians depicted with such exquisite sympathy that we think we will go to Bethlehem and find rest for our souls.

The method of M. Bargy's book is entirely different from that of Mr. Abbott's. He is idealistic, optimistic, abounding in confident generalizations, basing these entirely upon written matter. What is nothing in Mr. Abbott's presentation is almost everything here—the New England liberalism of Channing and Emerson. At the same time the agreement is considerable between our two writers in the general conclusions at which they arrive. Mr. Abbott's is that "religion in America is characterized not so much by devoutness as by righteousness, less by the look-upward than by the look-outward." M. Bargy's is much the same: that our religion is social, positive, more attentive to the human than to the supernatural, to society than to the individual. These traits are found inhering in the Puritan theocracy to a degree that will astonish many readers who imagine the dogmatic preoccupation of the Puritan to have been immense. But M. Bargy is speaking relatively, and it may be that his disengagement from the phenomena which he describes enables him to judge of them

more justly than if he were traditionally entangled in them. Another interesting aspect of his book is its idea that all the churches of the United States, Protestant and Catholic, are more neighborly and friendly among themselves than they are with their mother churches in Europe, and more neighborly and friendly than the European churches are among themselves. The severest strain upon this idea is afforded by the chapters on Catholicism, which, we are assured, is more American and Anglo-Saxon than it is Roman, and more positive and social than formalistic and dogmatic. Here and elsewhere some individual like Father Hecker is made to carry more than he can bear. There is similar exaggeration when we come to Channing and Emerson and Dr. Adler and the ethical societies. Similarly, "le christianisme des Juifs" is overdone, and "la tolérance dans l'interprétation biblique."

Following an introduction that describes Christian positivism—a term which in its turn is supposed to describe American religion fairly well—we have a series of seven books. The first of these deals with the social instinct in colonial Christianity; the second with the positive instinct under the same conditions; the third with the positive spirit in the philosophy of New England Christianity. "American religion, for a long time unconscious of itself, came to consciousness in the nineteenth century; it inspired a philosophy and a great body of literature; Channing and Emerson made it known to strangers; after having been only an element of local history, it entered into the current of universal ideas; the social instinct became the social spirit; the positive instinct became the positive spirit." The first chapter in the fourth book, "L'Esprit Social dans les Philosophies Chrétiennes," is devoted to the individualistic socialism of Channing. Here and there a fact or inference suffers that sea change which is so commonly effected by the Atlantic's width between subject and object, but in general the simplicity of Channing's life and thought stands M. Bargy in good stead. It was, however, certainly not from 1820 to 1830, but from 1830 to 1840, that Channing put forth preëminently his social strength, seeking to become, as he said, "less ministerial and more manly." An equally good chapter deals with the Transcendentalists, Brook Farm, and related matters. The two following books treat of the positive and social spirit in contemporary American religion, and a last one of religious peace through Christian positivism. These chapters breathe an amiable spirit, liberal and humane, but they would, perhaps, have been less up in the air if M. Bargy before writing his book had met Mr. Abbott's, and read it carefully.

The Aaron Burr Conspiracy: A History Largely from Original and Hitherto Unused Sources. By Walter Flavius McCaleb. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903. Pp. xviii., 377.

Many students, some very capable ones among them, have occupied themselves with the Aaron Burr conspiracy. Though the subject is full of difficulties, the verdict commonly reached is that the schemes of Burr were both treasonable and filibustering. The best statement of this view—the one which has come to be regarded almost in the light of a classic—is unquestionably that of Henry Adams. Mr. McCaleb has gone over the whole field once more, with a carefulness unsurpassed, and with an attention to sources unequalled, by any of his predecessors, and the conclusion which he reaches is quite different from that of Mr. Adams. Briefly stated, Mr. McCaleb's finding is that the schemes of Burr were filibustering only—that they in no sense involved the separation of the Southwest from the Union.

This conclusion is based partly on the examination of hitherto unused sources. Unfortunately, we think, Mr. McCaleb has not prepared a formal bibliography, but in the preface the main sources have been indicated. The archives of Texas, the archives of Mexico, the newspapers of the Southwest, the Andrew Jackson MSS., the Clay MSS., and the Jefferson MSS. have been examined. More particularly, the author has used to advantage a volume of MSS. in the Department of State at Washington, entitled 'Letters in Relation to Burr's Conspiracy.' Finally, three maps, prepared by Burr, now possessed by Mrs. T. C. Wordin, have been examined. Together they represent the lower Mississippi, the Gulf Coast, and the section of Mexico between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. While the author asserts the great importance of these maps, he does not in reality make much use of them, or show very clearly how they invalidate the theory that the conspiracy involved treasonable purposes. On the whole, it appears that the new material examined has been of service to the author, not so much in clearing Burr of treason as in throwing considerable light on the shady and tortuous path followed by James Wilkinson.

Light upon Wilkinson may very well be light upon Burr; but the central position of Mr. McCaleb—that Burr's schemes were not treasonable—rests for support principally upon new interpretation of old material. Of fundamental importance is his treatment of Burr's intrigues with Merry and Yrujo, the English and Spanish Ministers. That Burr made treasonable proposals to these two men is unquestioned. It has hitherto been considered that these proposals reveal Burr's real purpose with reference to the Southwest. Mr. McCaleb maintains, however, that they were made merely as a blind, in order to secure money from the English and Spanish Governments for the purpose of executing his real design, the expedition against Mexico. Mr. McCaleb's position centres in this interpretation of the Merry and Yrujo intrigue, and the careful narration is made to enforce three classes of facts which tend to support this interpretation. First, the conduct of Burr, both in speech and in action, aside from his dealing with Merry and Yrujo, reveals no treasonable purpose, while his "revelations to Blennerhassett left no doubt as to the object in view" (p. 49). Second, that no sane man who understood the situation of affairs would make such proposals as Burr made to Merry and Yrujo, since there was nowhere in the Southwest, even in New Orleans itself, any sentiment in favor of revolution, or any action taken in the interest of revolution. Third, the stories of treason which filled the newspapers and created such excitement in the Southwest, and the connection of these stories with Burr and his expedition, were largely the work of James Wilkinson.

The first point is one which involves an explanation of Burr's conversation at Cannonsburg, the "Querist" articles in the *Ohio Gazette*, and the revelations to William Eaton. The author's explanation of these matters, though not wholly convincing, may pass. It is nevertheless obvious that, assuming Burr to have had treasonable designs, the English and Spanish Ministers were almost the only persons to whom it was safe for him to reveal such designs frankly. If there were others, certainly Wilkinson was not one. The author, indeed, makes much of the fact that the famous letter of Burr to Wilkinson, of July 29, contains no hint of treasonable designs, and charges his predecessors with having grossly misinterpreted it (p. 75). The point of Henry Adams, however, is precisely that this letter was a tissue of falsehoods. Finally, this argument of the author is weakened by the fact that it is wholly due to the official position of Merry and Yrujo that we know more of Burr's intrigues with them than we do of his intrigues with others. To base a positive assertion on mere lack of evidence is always dangerous, and in the present case the danger has not been altogether avoided.

The second point in a sense constitutes the strength of the book. While it is of course poor logic to say (putting it baldly) that Burr could not have seriously meditated certain wild, treasonable schemes because they were too wild and impracticable for Burr seriously to meditate, it is yet difficult to exaggerate the strength of the impression one gets from a careful reading of the book, that Burr's conduct as a whole is scarcely intelligible if one assumes that his designs were treasonable, while it is easily intelligible if one assumes that his designs were filibustering only. Mr. McCaleb has, in fact, achieved a remarkable, almost an artistic, unity in subordinating his material throughout to the production of this effect.

In dealing with Wilkinson, to take up the third point, Mr. McCaleb has made good use of the "Letters in Relation" and the Mexican Archives. His thesis is that Wilkinson worked in harmony with Burr so long as war with Spain seemed a possibility. The occupation of territory east of the Sabine by Herrera seemed to make war inevitable; his sudden and unexpected withdrawal made it impossible. From this moment, not from the receipt of Burr's letter of July 29, Wilkinson resolved to desert Burr, spread the false report of treason, and himself pose as the savior of his country. His subsequent conduct in New Orleans, his intrigues with the Spanish authorities, his correspondence with Jefferson, are carefully analyzed, and the conclusion is all but irresistible that Wilkinson was making an elaborate show of heroically resisting dangers that never really existed.

On the whole, while we do not believe it is possible to *prove* that Burr did not have treasonable designs, Mr. McCaleb's substantial service has been in making it clear that such designs, by whomsoever entertained, were, under the circumstances, wholly impracticable: that Burr must have very early given over the serious consideration of such designs if he ever enter-

tained them; and that the interested action of James Wilkinson is responsible for the importance with which the treasonable side of Burr's schemes has been invested.

John Lackland. By Kate Norgate. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

In prosecuting their study of the Middle Ages, the French produce a kind of monograph for which, unfortunately, there is no exact equivalent in the historical literature of England. We refer to the learned and exhaustive survey of a given reign. Not only are the great sovereigns of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries thus dealt with in detail, but the early Capetians and even their Carolingian predecessors receive the honor of a most careful biographical notice. Any one who has received a catalogue of theses from Picard or Welter will know what is meant, and works of a similar order appear in the 'Bibliothèque des Hautes-Études.' As particular examples may be named M. Pfister's 'Robert le Pieux,' M. Funck-Brentano's 'Philippe le Bel,' and M. Lauer's 'Louis d'Outremer,' but these are only a few striking examples which may be selected from the large number of such biographies. In English, though lives of the kings abound, they do not often conform to this type. They are less minute, and as a rule less erudite. They may have their individual merits, but they are of another spirit. We make the foregoing distinction neither to praise nor to condemn. We would simply say that, since rules have their exceptions, Miss Norgate's 'John Lackland' is comparable with such studies as those of Pfister, Funck-Brentano and Lauer.

Miss Norgate's knowledge of the Angevin period is already well recognized, and anything that she may commit to print regarding Henry II. or his sons is sure to be received with attention. Were we tracing her antecedents as an historical writer, we should associate her with Freeman, whose reputation she defended with spirit against Mr. Round, and with Green, whose claim upon her allegiance is also strong. It may be said that the present volume is in some respects an expansion of Green's judgment against John. Miss Norgate's learning, of course, is all her own, but her text is the passage from Green that stands as a motto in front of her first chapter: "The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that the king who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the Pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom, was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins."

The constitutional bearing of John's misdeeds and punishment is bound to be the chief topic in any account of his reign. While this is true, it should be stated that Miss Norgate does not depart so far from the canons of good narrative as to sacrifice everything else on the altar of Magna Charta. She takes John from the moment of his birth at Oxford to the hour when his soul departed amid the raging hurricane at Newark. Step by step she traces the development of his character and the course of his inhuman policy, until she has explained beyond a chance of reasonable doubt why the realm stood arrayed against him in the year of his death. If policy and politics bulk larger than personality in the pages of this sketch, we may justify Miss Norgate on the ground that she has emphasized the subject which is least unpleasant and most important. When John commits Maud de Braose and her son to the dungeon of Windsor, and there starves them to death, it is well that his barbarity should be described in the text; but it is also well that the domestic infelicities of Eustace de Vesci and Robert Fitzwalter should be consigned to the appendix.

Of Miss Norgate's seven chapters, two are occupied with an account of John's youth, and the other five describe the period of his reign. Following another analysis there are, besides the tale of the King's own delinquencies, three main subjects—the loss of Normandy, the struggle against Innocent III., and the strife with the barons. Limiting our notice to one of these, we shall select the last and consider how Miss Norgate depicts the antecedents of Runnymead.

Any one who has paid the least attention to the reigns of Henry II. and Richard knows that even then there was strife enough between king and barons regarding military service on the island and abroad, the frequency and amount of scutage, and the right of the crown to exercise control over the castles. But it was not merely the friction arising from inveterate clash of interests which led to the Great Charter, nor was the uprising of the barons chiefly due to discontent at the loss of Normandy. "The bitterness of such dispute," says Miss Norgate, "was intensified by John's personal dealings with his barons, his subtle contrivances for stealing from them their rights over their own tenants and their own land, his interference with their domestic life by his continual demands for hostages, and, above all, in many cases by a desecration of their homes which blood alone could expiate."

In this era of misrule one of the King's most hateful and iniquitous devices was his compact with the sheriffs to increase the ferm of the shire, on an understanding that the profits should be shared by sovereign and agent. As the sheriffs had always been distinguished by the grasping spirit of the publican, it was the duty of the Government to stand between them and the people, as Henry II. and Richard had done from time to time. John, with his positive genius for injustice, made the sheriff his minion in a new and oppressive sense. Among the engines of this new tyranny, perhaps the most glaring was the revival of ordeal, although Henry II. had limited this barbarous and obsolete mode of trial to cases in which the charge was made on the presentment of a sworn jury. At the same time the administration of justice was so corrupt that no lover of peace and order could hope to obtain redress from the courts.

The barons had public wrongs in abundance besides their grounds of private resentment, but they needed a leader of greater astuteness, mental breadth, and moral fervor than could be found among their own ranks. Here Miss Norgate joins with her chief predecessors in glorifying the name and deeds of Stephen Langton. She goes so far as to accept, in substance, the story which Wendover introduces with an *on dit* ("ut fama refert"), to the effect that the Archbishop discovered the Charter of Liberties, brought it to a meeting of mutinous barons, and made it the basis of constitutional demand. "This story is given by Roger of Wendover only as a rumor; but, whether the rumor were literally true or not, it was at any rate founded upon a fact—the fact that the movement which was to result in the Great Charter owed its true impulse to the statesmanship, not of any of the barons, but of Stephen Langton." Anselm and Becket had proved that the Archbishop of Canterbury was more than the first subject of the realm when an issue relating to religion arose. Langton went a long step further, and won a more unusual victory for his see, when he converted the rage of injured barons into a demand for political justice.

This book must be held to rank among the best studies of English mediæval history which we possess.

A History of Ottoman Poetry. By the late E. J. W. Gibb. Volume II. Edited by Edward G. Browne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. London: Luzac & Co. Pp. xl., 406.

The publication of the present volume of this great work is marked with a sad interest. In our review of the first, Mr. Gibb's unique position as a Turkish scholar, easily alone in England and without a superior in Europe, was pointed out. Some account was given also of his previous work and publications. Now that record must be drawn to a hasty close. In December, 1901, Mr. Gibb died at the early age of forty-four, and the world was robbed of a great scholar, and an almost unique interpreter of the East to the West. For in him we have lost not simply a man of books and their learning. He was one of those strange appearances which from time to time confound our particularity and show that the whole race of mankind is truly of one blood. Born under the gray skies of Scotland and in the smoke of Glasgow, his mind and sympathies were of the South and East; when he turned once for a brief space from Constantinople and Asia it was to mediæval France and the sun-lit forest and shore of 'Aucassin et Nicolette.' And so, being himself truly of such climes, he understood them and their peoples and could render and explain their emotions and conceptions—that whole seemingly inexplicable content of alien minds—to us whose lives and thoughts are cast so far away. His, then, was that rare gift of sympathy and interpretation—so much rarer than any scholarship, however refined; and his life has gone out precisely when the East is opening again to the West and the need is greatest for such mutual understanding. At such times these few men of universal race avail more than diplomats, schools or missionaries.

But this book of his, at least, is not to become, like Lane's unfortunate lexicon, one of the too many torsos of Oriental learning. The MS. of it lies nearly perfect, and, by the care of his parents and widow, is to be completed and published. This task has been assumed by Prof. E. G. Browne, an intimate friend of Mr. Gibb, himself a Turkish scholar, though doing all his work in the field of Persian. Of his entire capacity to bear the responsibil-

ity of editing so monumental a work there can be no doubt. The only possible difficulty will be in an essential difference of temperament between himself and Mr. Gibb. In Mr. Gibb there was a singular personal repression; assertion of himself it will be vain to seek on his own pages. His editor's personality is exuberant; most entertaining and often instructive, it is true, but liable to come between the reader and the subject. Thus, in his preface there is almost as much about himself as about Mr. Gibb. The same difference of temperament has led him to add a number of notes, only a few of which, it is safe to say, were really necessary. But apart from this difference in personal equation, for which allowance can easily be made, there can be no question that he will carry out his long task ably and loyally.

The present volume stretches from 1450 to 1520. It enters and forms the first part of the Classical Period of Ottoman Poetry, the real beginning of that poetry. For it the times were ripe. Constantinople fell in 1453, and the Ottoman Empire was consolidated and ready for its long career of conquest. The Ottoman Turks were no longer one dominant tribe among many; all Turks now passed over among them and wrote from this time on in the Ottoman dialect of Turkish. East and West, too, were separating. The Renaissance in Europe led our civilization away on a new path in which the East did not follow. So, while the civilization of the mediæval world from central Asia to the Atlantic was fairly one in its ideas and aspirations, the rent now entered which only in our days is being slowly bridged. There came also a new literary influence from the remoter East. The classical period of Persian literature culminated at the court of Sultan Husayn Bayqara at Herat. There Jami, the last great Persian, and Newa'i, the first great Turkish poet, wrote. That the latter wrote in Eastern (Jaghatay) Turkish mattered little. He gave the suggestion and impulse to Ahmed Pasha, the founder of the Ottoman school, and in his path the Ottoman Turkish poets went until Baqi, who died in 1600. The tone and meaning of this departure and the spirit of the poetry which came from it were well put by Mr. Gibb as follows:

"But it is not only in matters political and dialectic that there has been a change; a seeming transformation has occurred in the realms of poetry. When we reach the Second Period we enter into an ideal world. The voices of theologian and schoolman are silent, and in their stead we hear the lover's sigh and the nightingale's lament. The poets seem to move in an enchanted land full of blooming roses and singing birds and beauties fair beyond all telling. And we, too, when we enter this fairyland, seem to pass beneath the influence of some magic spell. We wander on as in a dream, knowing not whether the lovely forms that arise on every hand are realities or shadows. A radiant iridescent haze envelops all things, rendering them vague and uncertain, while it transfigures them. For we are in the realm between heaven and earth, where the Mystic Love has met the Human and joined hands, and the two have become one. And so it were vain to ask whether what we see is the sweet face of some mortal fair one or a flash from the Eternal Beauty, a glimpse of God's own Self."

To this, little need be added. A list of the names dealt with here would mean nothing. Three points alone are worth making. First, a well-taken protest by Mr. Gibb against calling Turkish poetry an "imitation" of Persian, and therefore to be disparaged. Rather, both are expressions of one civilization and one literature, written partly in Persian and partly in Turkish. The situation is very closely analogous to the relation of French and English literature in the time of Chaucer. Was Chaucer an imitator in any sense open to disparagement? The literature in either language was one; the parting of the ways had not yet appeared, and Gower wrote both in French and in English, as some Turks did in Persian and in Turkish. Second, Mr. Gibb's translations, fantastic, strained, and "precious" as they often seem, represent exactly their originals. "Had all our poets from the days of Spenser persisted in writing in the artificial idiom of the 'Faerie Queen,'" we should have had an exact parallel to the language of Turkish poetry. This holds generally, but not always, it must lastly be added. For even in this first part of the classical period we have such a poet as Mesihi, who throws aside his Persian books, and, without metaphysics or allegory, writes with objective humor of the things he himself has seen. So, too, the human breadth of Chaucer broke through his French training.

One single slip may be noticed, and it is not in Turkish literature. The book by al-Ghazzali mentioned on p. 102 is not an abridgment of his 'Ihya,' but an independent work.

The Making of Citizens: A Study in Comparative Education. By R. E. Hughes. London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 405.

The Educational Systems of Great Britain and Ireland. By Graham Balfour, M.A. Second Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1903. Pp. 307.

A mass of valuable information resides in Mr. Hughes's book. Detailed but concise descriptions of the primary and secondary school systems of England, France, Germany, and America, statistics in regard to number of schools, teachers, salaries, attendance, occupations of children, etc., the essential features of the different kinds of schools and the different plans of organization and administration, are all included, and an attempt is made at a comparative evaluation of the merits of the different systems. Nowhere else in a single volume can any such compilation of facts in regard to present school organization be found. Nor is the mere presentation of facts all. The purpose of the author, as indicated in the preface, "has been rather to utilize statistics as a means to an end—and that end is the presentation of a reasonably clear and well-defined set of pictures illustrating the systems of education at work in these countries. Statistics are used as guides, not gauges." It is refreshing to find an author who sees the wider social aspects of the school, and of educational movements, as a few pregnant passages will illustrate. Systems of education naturally group themselves into two classes, individualist and socialist. France and Germany form striking examples of the latter, England and America of the former. Those of France and Germany are strongly bureaucratic. They are State, not local, institutions. The American system is controlled by the people, and there is a large measure of local autonomy. The English system is "a compromise between the bureaucracy of Europe and the licensed liberty of America." As regards the teachers, who, in the last resort, always determine the character of the school, the English primary teacher usually has some professional training, and is efficient. The French teacher has professional training; promotion is entirely by merit, and he possesses "absolute security of tenure"; he ranks high socially, has no compulsory extraneous duties, and is supposed by the State to be a scholastic priest "and to keep aloof from worldly matters." The German primary teacher also has professional training and secure tenure of office, takes up the task as a life work, and looks forward to a pension upon retirement. Of the great army of American primary teachers, 400,000 strong, "it is impossible to make any general statement except that in variety it is unexcelled." Professional training is required of the secondary teacher also in France and Germany, especially in the latter country; but "there are practically no professionally trained teachers in the English secondary school," and in America training is by no means indispensable. Again the wider social function of the teacher is not overlooked. Not only in France, but "it is said that the primary teacher in all lands is preëminently *the* political agitator. One might imagine that the school was the storm centre and the teacher the petrel of politics. . . . The teacher leads the vanguard of civilization."

The conclusions of the whole investigation, though briefly stated, are important. First of all the author finds that his study emphasizes a very important old truth:

"Each system of education can only be understood when seen in its own setting. Each is an expression of its nation's genius; it is characteristic of its people. In so far as it is thriving it is truly popular, and only so far as it is popular and peculiar is it national. The habitat of each system is fixed, it is an indigenous product; consequently, it is not only unscientific, but it is impossible, to measure comprehensively any system of national education in terms of another. These systems cannot be arranged in order of merit. The finer elements, the more ethical and spiritual factors in national culture, defy the balance of the analyst and the scalpel of the anatomist; they are susceptible to no quantitative tests. Thus the whole drift of our investigations points to this one main conclusion: every country has, in the main, that system of training best adapted to its present needs, and most capable of developing in such a way as to meet future national needs."

Each system reveals certain general tendencies showing the growth of world citizenship. Similar movements are agitating the mass, whether in Europe or America. Certain aspects of national education are becoming more prominent; and the most striking movement is that towards true social equality, especially in recognition of the equality of the sexes, or the growth of the democratic ideal. The lengthening of the school life is an international movement. The work of education in the more democratic states is being given over to women—in the author's opinion a dangerous experiment. While some of the most essential attributes of the teacher are characteristic of women, nevertheless the de-

velopment of "adaptability at the expense of reverence is the price exacted of a people placing training entirely in the hands of women."

It is hardly to cast blame upon the author to say that the sociological study suggested by the title is inadequately done. To make any such investigation and to determine the influence of the school as a factor in the making of citizens is by no means an easy task; but one detects something of the schoolmaster's fallacy that the school is the chief or the only institution engaged in the making of citizens. One need not stray far, however, from the statistics presented by Mr. Hughes himself to see how erroneous any such view is. As workingmen go, the English artisan and laborer stand high for intelligence and efficiency; and yet until recently, as shown by the official blue books of the British Government, the schools from which these artisans have come have been inadequate and inefficient and the teachers incompetent. This was notoriously true until the formation of the board schools in 1870, and reports within the last ten or fifteen years showed that much of this inefficiency still remained. We have, then, this remarkable paradox: on the one hand, schools inadequate and inefficient; on the other, workingmen, the product of these schools, intelligent and progressive. The explanation is not difficult. The schools were not the only factors in producing the English citizen. He was produced by the English home, the workshop, the playground, and other educational factors, rather than by the school. It is not as easy, perhaps, in other countries that have had better schools to show the influence of extra-scholastic education; but the work of the school can be rightly estimated only by studying it in connection with these other factors which coöperate in the making of the citizen.

Mr. Hughes might wisely have postponed the publication of his book for six months. A revised edition is demanded to give an account of the new programme for the German secondary schools provided by the law of 1902, of the great reform of the same year in secondary education in France, and of the reorganized English system of schools under the Education Act passed last winter by Parliament. The two former are merely referred to in footnotes; and the English law not then passed is merely anticipated in a brief appendix. Hence, readers must remember that this, like nearly all of the current books on school organization in Europe, is largely ancient history.

The second edition of Mr. Graham Balfour's compendious account of the educational systems of Great Britain and Ireland supplements the treatise by Mr. Hughes so far as English education is concerned, and presents with other new material the main provisions of the now famous Education Act of 1902, an act passed, as Mr. Balfour believes, "in response rather to ecclesiastical pressure than to the united enthusiasm of the Cabinet for education." The general character of recent progress is suggested by the author's experience. "It has proved," writes Mr. Balfour, in his preface, "far more difficult than before to treat the subject in three water-tight compartments as elementary, secondary, and higher; the three grades are in fact becoming parts of that organic whole which it is essential for us to form." While an excellent outline is given of the complex educational system of England, in presenting this vast array of facts the author has little time to note the wider relations everywhere suggested. Why should a book, because it is called educational, confine itself to mere statement of dry facts? From the barren account of the Education Act one would hardly suspect the great social, ecclesiastical, and political movements that led up to the new law, and made it so important that it was forced through the House of Commons under the personal management of the Prime Minister, being finally enacted only "after the guillotine application of the closure"; nor that the passage of the law has moved half of England profoundly, and stirred the old spirit of "passive resistance" so that certain nonconformists are letting the sheriff sell their household goods or hale their bodies to prison rather than pay what they deem an unjust tax for the support of denominational schools. We are grateful for concrete facts; but the wider relations are the significant things, and to miss these is to miss everything of vital human interest.

The Woman Who Toils: Being the Experiences of Two Ladies as Factory Girls. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. Doubleday, Page & Co.

An interleaved note says that since this book was written, the South Carolina Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the employment of children under ten years of age. If there is a connection between the book and the law, the former could have no more worthy comment. After reading the closing chapter on child labor in the Southern cotton mills, the readers returns to this note as to a crumb of comfort, inadequate though its provisions of relief read. It was a bold and brave experiment that the writers made when they put on factory girls' attire, worked beside them in mills, and, what must have been harder, lodged and ate with them. The experiences set down are those met in a Pittsburg pickle factory, in a Chicago clothes' factory, in a New York knitting mill, in a Lynn shoe factory, in South Carolina cotton mills. The authors write in the main judicially; if some purple patches appear in the second half of the volume, they do not, because they cannot, avert sympathy from the whole grievous matter. In some ways the conditions were surprisingly endurable. Very little of Faginism appears. The employers and foremen, with notable exceptions in the Southern mills, were fair. The hands were invariably so. The lodging and boarding house keepers were not of the ilk of Good Mrs. Brown. Persecution of a personal sort rarely appears in these pages. The whole horrid system of hours, the unenlightened modes of living, in many cases the unenlightened motives for working, the drop of the wage level through the lack of differentiation of wage earners from semi-wage earners—all these things make the sadness of the tale, and all these stand forth in a glare the more revealing in that it is the glare of day and not of pyrotechnics.

Mrs. Van Vorst puts her facts so simply that no reader is compelled to agreement against his will. On the contrary, he feels at perfect liberty to differ from her inferences on her own showing. When the tired eyes of a veteran worker seem to say to the novice: "Your youth and vigor are at full tide, but drop by drop they will be sapped from you, to swell the great flood of human effort that supplies the world's material needs"—there rises to the lips the answer, What is all life but the expenditure of youth and vigor? If human needs are insistent, so much the better for the workers. Shall eaters of pickles and wearers of shirts be condemned by philanthropists because the working classes are overworked in the producing? Like other writers these two ladies here and there confound working with overworking. The mill's "jaws" are not necessarily "merciless." They are the gateway to food and raiment. It is the outrageous abuse of human capacity for endurance that makes monsters of the mills. It is not the curtailing of human needs that is wanted. It is a radical readjustment of the conditions of labor that is cried for, and that a book like this must do a tangible something to effect, however it here and there steps off into phrases.

Relief for overtoiling millions of women is, in Mrs. Van Vorst's judgment, to be achieved first of all by separating the breadwinner from the girl who works for luxuries, by attracting the latter into a "field of work which requires instruction and an especial training"—in other words, industrial arts, lace-making, hand-weaving, and the like. To draw such workers away from the factories would be to leave to the breadwinners a fairer chance for the regulation of the wages which to them are a question of life and not of luxury. To pursue the industrial arts is not incompatible with home-making, and the decrease of home-making among women workers is one of the deplorable concomitants of factory life. Classes in these arts already exist; let them be multiplied till they are in Governmental hands, says Mrs. Van Vorst. Valuable hints on rational and adjusted diversion for the factory hands and a momentary fling at organized charity, such as we fancy may at times burst from the weary lips of the most scientific devotee, form other parts of Mrs. Van Vorst's message.

In Miss Van Vorst's story of the Southern mills we hear no more of girls working for luxuries. A hideous picture this of the mountaineers lured down to the mills by the overseers, by their own relatives even, to exchange ignorance and poverty for a scarcely lesser poverty with brutality and degeneration in addition. Where the original traits of this singularly unmixed American stock come out in the kindly boarding-house keepers and in the older generation, there is a fine and a hopeful racial side to be seen. In the rest, nothing of noble survives except sympathy for each other's pains and hurts—a picture of unrelieved misery and degradation, down to the children of whom the mill owners, even women mill owners, are found saying, "They like it!"

Robert Browning. [English Men of Letters.] By G. K. Chesterton. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

With something of deliberate intention, one is inclined to say, Mr. Chesterton has made a name for himself among the younger English critics as a master of epigram-

matic paradox, and this Life of Robert Browning does not belie his reputation. From the opening statement, that Browning's poetry is easily explained, whereas his life is obscure, to the equally paradoxical sentence which closes the last page, there is kept up an incessant rattling of intellectual surprises which will annoy or stimulate the reader according to his temperament. More than once Mr. Chesterton seems in this way to reach nimbly to the heart of some vexed question, as, for instance, when he maintains that the proper objection to the publication of the Browning Letters "is not the fact that they tell us about the love of the Brownings, but that they do not tell us about it"—which really, if read in connection, is not so paradoxical as it sounds. At other times he falls into mere extravagance or perversity. Who else would dare call 'Sordello' the most glorious compliment ever paid to the average man?

Even when he comes to sum up the value of Browning's work as a whole, Mr. Chesterton still indulges in paradox. 'The Ring and the Book' is "the great epic of the enormous importance of small things"; and in general, Browning's merit lies in "the apotheosis of the insignificant." Nor does Mr. Chesterton flinch the corollary. The exaggeration of the insignificant is properly the field of the grotesque, and with the serious use of the grotesque he finds that Browning's artistic originality chiefly concerned itself. Here, with due commendation, he alludes to Professor Santayana's remarkable essay on Walt Whitman and Browning. He does not intimate, however, that practically his whole thesis—his running comparison of Whitman and Browning, his theory of the grotesque, Browning's insistence upon pure passion and manner of speaking from within the storm centre of emotion rather than from without—is merely a larger writing out, with much original comment, to be sure, of Professor Santayana's argument. It is not exactly plagiarism, yet the later critical study could scarcely have existed without this basis.

But what quite relieves Mr. Chesterton of any charge of intellectual theft is the curious fact that, throughout the argument, he selects for praise just the points that to Professor Santayana gave warrant for final condemnation. To confront parallel passages from the two critics would thus afford a glimpse into a fundamental divergence of literary judgment. Only in one important matter do they differ in their reasons respectively for praise or blame. Mr. Chesterton insists rightly that Browning was a conscious and deliberate artist, and, recognizing the dependence of artistic effect on form, he points out how large a number of "novel and quite admirable artistic forms" Browning created. Professor Santayana, on the other hand, declares the essential trait of Browning to be formlessness. The broken parallel, however, is more apparent than real. The one is speaking of *forms*, the other of *form*. Thus, to Mr. Chesterton the form of a particular passage is unconnected with any inner law of restraint imposing its governance everywhere and working itself out in related harmony of expression; it arises rather from the poet's surrender to a particular emotion without thought of subordinating that emotion to a central scheme of reflection.

"The element of the grotesque in art," he says, "like the element of the grotesque in nature, means, in the main, energy; the energy which takes its own forms and goes its own way. Browning's verse, in so far as it is grotesque, is not complex or artificial; it is natural and in the legitimate tradition of nature. The verse sprawls like the trees, dances like the dust; it is ragged like the thunder-cloud, it is top-heavy like the toadstool."

Now this is precisely what Professor Santayana means by formlessness, what indeed his whole essay is written to condemn; and here as elsewhere the two critics bring out sharply that radical divergence of judgment based on the perception of the same qualities, which divides the readers of Browning into hostile camps.

As in the other volumes of this series, the greater part of the book is given up to criticism, while the events of Browning's life are passed over hurriedly. This is rather unfortunate for Mr. Chesterton, as he is always soundest and most convincing when he leaves abstract questions of literature for the problems of actual experience.

The Soil: An Introduction to the Scientific Study of the Growth of Crops. By A. D. Hall, M.A., Director of the Rothamstead Experiment Station. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Any publication originating in the Rothamstead Agricultural Station will be received with attention by those interested in agricultural research, with which that name, like those of Lawes, Gilbert, and Warington, has so long been honorably associated. Director Hall's book bears the same impress of conscientious, painstaking work that has become classic, and, dealing with the complex subject of the physical, chemical, and biological relations of the soil, supplies the student of rational agriculture, as well as the practical farmer, with a comprehensive treatise on the science and practice of crop production, written in as simple language as the subject will permit; affording also a glimpse at least of the latest investigations, and of the moot questions which render this field of research so attractive and fruitful from the scientific and the practical point of view. At the same time these less than 300 pages carry a salutary admonition to the student of the vastness of the field to be covered if he intends to "specialize" in the lines of scientific agriculture. Geology perhaps excepted, there is no equally broad field within what is commonly classed as a single subject in collegiate curricula; and the difficulty experienced by our colleges of agriculture in securing men of correspondingly broad qualifications for their staffs is eloquent of that fact.

While Mr. Hall's book takes its illustrations of principles and practice largely from agricultural conditions in England, it nevertheless contains copious references to those existing in other lands and climates, and gives full credit to the work done elsewhere—a habit unfortunately not as common nowadays as it used to be, despite accelerated communication and greater facilities of reference. This is, no doubt, largely due to excessive specialization unsupported by previous general culture, as is now the fashion. It would seem that the study of agricultural science should be a powerful antidote to excessive narrowness; and books like the one under consideration will go far both toward showing the farmer the advantages to be derived from governing his practice by scientific principles, and toward rendering him more tolerant of the Farmers' Institute lecturer who cannot answer offhand any question he may ask.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bradshaw, F. Self-Government in Canada. (Studies in Economics and Political Science.) London: P. S. King & Son. 10s. 6d. net.
Capey, Ernest F. H. Erasmus. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Chase, Eliza B. In Quest of the Quaint. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $1.50.
Duff, Archibald. The First and Second Books of Esdras. Phildaelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Fisher, H. A. L. Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship: Germany. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $4.10 net.
Houlbert, G. Les Insectes Ennemis des Livres. Paris: Alphonse Picard; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 7 fr. 50c.
Hutton, W. H. The English Saints. (Bampton Lectures, 1903.) E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00 net.
Kingsley, Charles. Alton Locke. 2 vols. Library Edition. J. F. Taylor & Co.
Kip, A. L. Psychology of Nations. The Knickerbocker Press.
Lazare, Bernard. Anti-Semitism, its History and Causes. The International Library Publishing Co. $2.00.
Marchmont, Arthur W. The Price of Freedom. New Amsterdam Book Co.
Panin, Ivan. Aphorisms. Boston: Alfred Bartlett. 50 cents.
Rhys Davids, T. W. Buddhist India. (Story of the Nations.) Putnams. $1.50.
Roberts, Charles G. D. The Book of the Rose. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Rodkinson, Michael L. New edition of the Babylonian Talmud. Vol. IX. (XVII.). New Talmud Publishing Co.
Russell, Bertrand. The Principles of Mathematics. Vol. I. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Séailles, Gabriel. Les Affirmations de la Conscience Moderne. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Weigall, Lady Rose. Correspondence of Lady Burgersh with the Duke of Wellington. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.
White, Alain Campbell. A Translation of the Quæstio de Aqua et Terra. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Whiton, J. M. Miracles and Supernatural Religion. Macmillan.
Williams, M. C. Early Mackinack. 4th ed. St. Louis: Buschart Bros. 85c.
Wood, Charles W. Norwegian Byways. Macmillan. $2.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1903.

The Week.

Governor Durbin of Indiana, the right man in the right place, is giving the country some valuable and needed instruction in the elements of government by law. His previous attitude towards the lynching spirit had been left in no uncertainty. Our readers will not have forgotten his prompt and exemplary removal of a sheriff, last year, for failure to defend a prisoner from the onset of a mob. That was a most salutary exercise of the power of the State Executive, and ought to have nerved the local authorities at Evansville to do all that they could to prevent the negro murderer, Brown, from being torn from the hands of the officers of the law by a mob thirsting for his blood. The Governor's resolute action in putting down with an iron hand the subsequent rioting was also that of a man equal to the obligations of his office; but an almost more exalted example of good citizenship he has given in his refusal to allow "even a guilty man to be railroaded to the gallows to satisfy public sentiment."

The more the Evansville riots are investigated, the more clearly does it appear that the city government was at fault. The Evansville *Courier* attributed the race troubles to wholesale colonization of low negroes for the purpose of voting them in herds in the interest of one party or another. The Indianapolis *News* states that the mob came into existence solely because of the political cowardice of the Mayor. "He expected," it says, "the State militia to come there and take the place of the city police, make arrests, and discharge all the functions of the civil law." The *News* also prints a letter from a prominent lawyer of Evansville, who declares that the city was turned over by the Mayor to the vicious elements. At the same time the writer points out that precisely the same conditions exist in Indianapolis, and urges its citizens to put their house in order against the test of their own virtue. In both cases it is the same old story of the "wide-open town," to which Mr. Charles F. Murphy and Mr. "Dry-Dollar" Sullivan would have New York return next January. Breweries are potent in their politics, saloons run unchecked, and gambling goes on without hindrance. In other words, there is the usual alliance of the authorities with crime for political purposes made possible by the indifference of business and professional men.

Calling things by their right names is a great help to clear thinking, and Mr. Justice Brewer's definition of lynching as pure murder is a word spoken in season. If there is to be a reaction against the mania of mob violence which has been sweeping over the country, it will come only as men in positions of authority boldly speak out their minds, as does this Justice of the Supreme Court, who brands as a murderer "every man who takes part in the burning or lynching of negroes." Let us hear no more about "rough justice" or the especial "code" of certain localities. Senator Foster of Louisiana had on Monday to plead with his fellow-citizens not to lynch a negro who was in the custody of the officers of the law. Even United States soldiers at Fort Leavenworth on the same date attempted to lynch a negro who had been in a fracas with one of their number. Where is this thing to stop? The fact that their regiments had seen service in the Philippines, and had there acquired the notion that "niggers" have no more rights than wild animals, should furnish food for thought to startled Imperialists who are wondering where the new ferocity against an "inferior" race got its fresh impulse.

At last we learn what it was that made President Roosevelt blunder into thinking that the negro is a man for a' that. He was "misled," says the Atlanta *Constitution*, by "a diseased sense of justice." This is certainly a new name for the instinctive manliness and passion for fair play which alone, it would appear, have moved Mr. Roosevelt in all his words and acts respecting the negro. He simply advocates a "square déal"—the same for black and white This is so impregnable a principle that no man, in a country based on equality before the law, dares openly to attack it. Even the *Constitution*, we see, admits that it looks like simple justice, but thinks it a kind of "diseased" justice. Why? And what sort of justice must that be which would shut the door of opportunity and of hope in the face of a man merely because he is black? To us that seems a justice not only diseased, but sick unto death.

Secretary Root has done tardy justice to Cuba in further reducing the number of United States troops in the island. Not since the American intervention has it been necessary for our soldiers to take the field or to fire a shot in defence of law and order. The Administration's insistence upon keeping troops in Cuba, despite President Palma's request that they be removed, has, therefore, been as unnecessary as it has been discourteous. Sporadic instances of brigandage continue to occur, but far less frequently than under Gen. Wood's Administration. In a review of a year's progress in Cuba, recently published in the *Independent*, Gen. James H. Wilson declared that the cities everywhere exhibited "the most satisfactory evidences of peace, tranquility, and reviving industry." There are still four companies of our artillery to remain in Cuba, with the understanding that they are soon to be transferred from Santiago and Havana to our naval stations. With their disappearance from these cities the Cubans will at least be freed from some outward signs of their governmental dependence upon the United States, as necessitated by the offensive Platt Amendment.

That ever cheerful optimist, Senator Lodge, is perfectly certain that, if the postal scandals are to have any effect whatever on the fortunes of the Republican party, it can be only favorable. That great organization has, we all know, long usurped the functions of Providence in the matter of crops and full dinner-pails. It would now seem that even its sins redound to its advantage. To understand this you have only to adopt the Senator's point of view. Dwell not upon the fact that there has been a gang of Republican rascals and thieves enriching themselves at the expense of the Government, but upon the fact that the party has found some of them out and is in the process of punishing them. It is plainly not a crime to cheat and defraud and steal, but only to fail to punish the wrongdoers. In accordance with this doctrine, the country is expected to sing a hymn of praise to Roosevelt and Payne, and forget everything else in so doing—incidentally, that nearly all the rascals were appointees of Republican Presidents. Perhaps we should all come to Senator Lodge's frame of mind more easily if we were so successful as he in obtaining favors from the Administration. Platt tells us now that Charles S. Francis of Troy wanted the ambassadorship to Italy, but that he was "thrown down hard." "The President said that Meyer was a personal friend of Lodge's, and that he could have the place as long as he wanted it."

By far the ablest study of the coming army General Staff is that contributed to the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* for July by Brig.-Gen. Theodore Schwan of the retired list. The creation of this body, he thinks, marks the summit of Secretary Root's remarkable contributions to the modernization

of the army. If it can be kept free from the taint of politics and service intrigue, General Schwan believes that it will afford a guarantee of the army's being kept abreast of modern requirements and of the country's needs. He points out with unanswerable arguments the hopelessness of expecting ten unrelated bureaus properly to conduct the military business of the War Office. As General Schwan says, much of the time of officers and clerks is now frittered away upon small details or purely routine matters which ought never to come before them, but which should be settled at the headquarters of the territorial departments. The absence of definite methods, definite aims, and coördinate control in both line and staff is once more clearly stated, along with many other weaknesses of the service, notably the failure to train officers of high rank in the handling of large bodies of troops. We do not remember ever to have seen, from the pen of an army officer, so admirable an exposition of the shortcomings of the army and its administration.

General Schwan sees danger ahead if the General Staff is not kept free from all scandal, and membership in it be not forever open to merit, and to merit alone. He would like to see it entrusted with the selection of names of officers to go before the President when there is any vacancy to be filled by appointment instead of by promotion in the regular order. With the cases of Funston, Wood, Grant, and other political favorites evidently in mind, General Schwan says that no one outside of the army can form any idea of the harm which results from a single bad or undeserved promotion. It is at once the signal for every officer who seeks advancement in other ways than by merit to "see" his Congressman or Senator, or strive for a position in the Department where he may bring himself under the notice of Mr. Root, or of Corbin, or General Carter, or some of the others in the seats of the mighty. General Schwan's suggestion that the President turn to the General Staff for advice as to appointments is excellent. In still other ways, too, his paper is a remarkable one, particularly because it comes from one of the civil-war veterans, many of whom, like General Miles, have opposed this and other reforms on account of conservatism or the memories of a bygone military age.

The proposed Joint General Staff, to be composed of staff officers of the army and navy, is a logical outcome of the whole movement in the two services for what are well called "thinking bodies." In a country so fortunately situated as we are, the navy, if it should ever come to another foreign war, must be the predominating military factor, just as in England. In that country the need of such a joint defence committee has long been felt, for army and navy have gone their respective ways with as little regard to one another as did our own War and Navy Departments in the palmy days of 1898. Spenser Wilkinson has for years been urging a joint war board, and it has also been one of the proposals of the Brodrick army reorganization, which has already failed so lamentably to bring about any genuine reforms. Lack of intelligent cooperation between army and navy was as striking a feature of the war with Spain as were the army's blunders about Santiago. The proposed joint organization need not be elaborate. What is wanted is simply a clearing house by which one service shall learn what the other is doing, and so avoid duplication of labor. In the coast defences the navy and army are brought into such close contact as practically to fight side by side. Moreover, it has never been settled where the navy's activities shall end and the army's begin. Should the task of patrolling the coast with signal men, for instance, lie with sailors or soldiers? During 1898 it was in the control of the navy. There are those who believe, indeed, that the whole matter of shore defence should be vested in the Navy Department. These and many other questions will be legitimate ones for the Joint General Staff to settle.

John Mitchell served notice on the country last week, when he visited the coal miners of Kansas, that the big Southwestern bituminous field is to become one of the outlying possessions of the United Mine Workers. The enthusiasm with which he was received by the miners would seem to indicate that this will not be a difficult conquest. There have been strikes, of a more or less serious character, in various fields of the Southwest, but as yet no general calling out of men to bring the operators to terms. The union movement has spread to the West along with the cartoons of farmers' automobiles and the introduction of the self-playing piano into the workingman's home. One point in President Mitchell's speech is worth noting, however. His emphatic declaration that "there is and shall be such a thing as industrial equality" between white and black miners was a square, manly utterance. If Mr. Mitchell can induce the miners of the Southwest to look with equal favor upon all union men, "white, black, red, or yellow," he will surely win a niche in the not overcrowded Hall of Fame of labor leaders.

Is it protection that sends up wages in the Kansas wheat fields to $3.25 and even $6 a day? The Iowa Republican platform asserted that it was the tariff which causes high wages; there is a duty on wheat—one of those delightful bits of humbug designed to fool the farmer—and we suppose that the strict Allisonian logic would see in the high wages of the Kansas harvester only one proof more of the blessings of McKinleyism plus Dingleyism. Others will be more struck with the picturesque details of the struggle for laborers. Kidnapped workers in the grain fields, the proudly efficient laborer auctioning himself off to the highest bidder—such features of the prairie "Harvest Home" certainly have their economic and social significance. So marked a dearth of labor is extraordinary. If we could only ship West a trainload of walking delegates, and have the desperate Kansas farmers flag the engine and take them off, the relief of the labor situation would be grateful both West and East.

Charles F. Murphy has issued an exceedingly adroit statement with the very evident intention of turning public attention from the doings of the old Dock Board to those of the new, but only to his own confusion in the case of Commissioner Hawkes. However, neither by attacking the present Dock Board nor by giving out selected figures to show that "treasury orders" instead of advertising for bids were used solely for the public benefit, can Murphy and his associates meet the serious charges upon which the pending investigation is based. There is not one detail in his long statement which really touches the subject of the inquiry. It is true that he says that the allegations of mismanagement made against the Dock Board "are, of course, absolutely groundless," but not one specific word is there about the Egan lease, the alleged tampering with the record so that the grant was made for thirty instead of three years, or any of the other instances of recklessness and apparent fraud in dealing with the city's property which have been brought out since the exposures began. A statement from Mr. Murphy covering some of these points would possess elements of real interest wholly lacking in the worthless document before us.

Notwithstanding the opposition of the Wisconsin Senate to direct primary legislation, we are informed that a bill was finally passed by the Legislature, referring to the people a direct primary law which will go into effect if accepted by the electorate. The referendum will take place at the general election in November of this year, and if the proposed law prevails it will operate for the first time in the election of 1904. The proposed statute has the usual features, but is more far-reaching than the primary laws adopted in other States. It provides for the nomination of the highest State officers by direct vote in the

primary, and also for the nomination of United States Senators in the same manner. The latter provision is a decided innovation, though it does not materially differ in principle from the practice in several States, notably Illinois, where State conventions have generally named a candidate for Senator.

In assuming the Presidency of the Board of Trustees, Mrs. Stanford merely emphasizes the proprietary character of the Stanford University, which was already pretty thoroughly understood. In fact, there is probably a gain in having the form of the university government agree with the reality. If, as the dispatches assert, the power of appointing professors is to be taken from President Jordan and given to the trustees, his position becomes that of chief employee, and it would be much more candid to dub him head clerk or acting manager of the corporation. Mrs. Stanford is within her rights in managing in her own way the university she has created. That she is wise many will doubt. Founders generally have been content to leave the control of educational gifts to experts, and those of them who have taken the other course have very rarely assured love, joy, or peace with their money and services.

According to the well-informed London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, the American Monetary Commission left England after a complete failure of their mission, so far as that country is concerned. Our envoys had many interviews with high Government officials, but failed to convince them that the proposed plan was in any way feasible, if desirable. The British notion of the one way to bring the gold-using and silver-using countries into harmonious monetary relations is to compromise, but to compromise on the gold standard. It is wholly obvious that if Great Britain will not come into the scheme, it is doomed in advance. If Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements, to say nothing of India, are to be left out of the play, it will go but lamely, even if the other characters essay their assigned rôles. The Commissioners have, of course, gone to the Continent to see what can be done there; but if British finance will none of them, we are evidently at the end of one more attempt to "do something for silver."

Passive resistance to the Education Bill is assuming serious proportions in England. The policy and the word are not new. Forty years ago Nonconformists resisted the attempt to collect Church rates, and suffered imprisonment and legal confiscation of their goods until Church rates were abolished. In precisely the same spirit they refuse to-day to pay the proportion of the local taxes which is applied to education, holding, first, that the expenditure of the money is not wholly in the control of popularly elected bodies, and, second, that they cannot conscientiously contribute to support of the Church of England schools, the religious teaching of which they disapprove. On this ground thousands of the most sober and pious citizens of England have agreed to be haled to court and sold out rather than pay the school rate. The situation has seemed serious enough to call for two open letters from Mr. Balfour, but it is doubtful if his dialectics can persuade a single sturdy Evangelical to pay up and escape the sheriff. An issue is sharply drawn between church folk and chapel folk which it will be very awkward for the Government to meet, for this defiance of the law is considerate and undertaken in all conscientiousness. Dr. John Clifford, whose chattels have been sold for his school taxes, has pointed out in a reply to Mr. Balfour the practical injustice of the law.

In a season extraordinarily productive of international junketing, it is difficult to distinguish perfunctory visits of politeness from those which have diplomatic importance; but no observer of European affairs will fail to be impressed by the series of courtesies interchanged between France, England, and Italy. There were especial reasons why King Edward in Paris and President Loubet in London should each be sure of a personal welcome: for if one is not inaptly called "the Parisian King," the other might properly be called the English President. M. Loubet has that simplicity and dignity of character which are commoner in England than elsewhere. The tone of the press in both countries has been reserved and expectant as if there were some fear of embarrassing serious negotiations by indiscreet or perfunctory expressions. At present, there is nothing more to note than the drawing together of two countries whose alienation in the past has been as marked as irrational. This renewal of cordial relations comes happily at a time when many outstanding difficulties have been adjusted, and very naturally some hope to see the diplomats of France and England use the present era of good feeling as the basis of a more formal understanding.

Mr. Sidney Lee has written a letter to reassure those good people who had taken alarm lest the trustees of Shakspere's birthplace were about to desecrate "historic Henley Street." He shows that the buildings adjoining Shakspere's house are without architectural or archæological value; that they are in a ruinous condition; and that their removal will be a very great safeguard against fire. Mr. Lee adds that, with the exception of one or two houses, Henley Street, as Shakspere saw it, has long since ceased to exist. Yet the proposal to turn an old building now used as a china shop into a public library brought forth a frantic protest from Miss Marie Corelli; although, as Mr. Lee points out, the present street front not only is a modern brick affair, wholly out of keeping with anything Elizabethan, but is a piece of jerry-building which may collapse at any moment. So easy is it for the average person to regard as venerable and consecrated by tradition the things to which in his little lifetime he has become accustomed. Our readers may remember that, when it was proposed, some three years ago, to pull down the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, in the Roman Forum, a cry went up all over Europe. The Forum was being "desecrated." Yet this church was a seventeenth-century affair, in the sorriest baroque taste, and had nothing in the world to do with the Forum or with its history. When it was presently cleared away, the very first result was the priceless archæological discovery of the basilica of Santa Maria Antica.

The dying Pope is still denied a merciful release, but Cardinal Gibbons has sailed to participate in the inevitable Conclave. As he took ship he was asked if, in his opinion, "any American Cardinal" had a chance for the Papacy. Now, as Cardinal Gibbons is himself the only living American member of the Sacred College, the question was a glowing tribute to the naïveté of the reporter who put it. His Eminence is an adept in polite answers which convey nothing whatever. For instance, when he was last abroad, a French interviewer had a pleasing half-hour's talk with him, and extracted the information—that France was a beautiful country. But the fact remains that Cardinal Gibbons is a force seriously to be reckoned with in the next Conclave. Those who have lived in Rome cannot have failed to notice the extraordinary attention he attracts on the rare occasions of his visits there. This is but partly due to the personality of the prelate himself. The real significance of it lies in what he represents. He is at present the only Cardinal in North or South America. His vote, therefore, will be the vote, not merely of the nine millions of Catholics in this country, but of a hemisphere. It may be said that the Spanish Cardinals represent the views and interests of Central and South America. In a vague and distant fashion they do, but the connection is too remote to be worth discussing. But Cardinal Gibbons's influence does not end here. As Cardinal Vaughan is now dead, England will be unrepresented in the Conclave. The other two English-speaking Cardinals, Logue and Moran, are Irishmen. Cardinal Gibbons will thus in a way represent the Anglo-Saxon interests of the globe.

JUDGE PARKER ON THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The address which Judge Alton B. Parker delivered on July 3 before the Bar Association of Georgia has been praised for its dignity and tact. It was more than tactful. An adroiter skating over thin ice, with the air of not even being aware that it was there, was never witnessed. For Judge Parker was speaking on a theme—the Fourteenth Amendment—which his hearers knew to be big with political consequences, yet he never once alluded to them! For him the great bulwark of the suffrage, with the penalties laid down for discrimination against any class in its exercise, simply did not exist. If wholly to avoid the burning question of the day is to show yourself a fit man for the Presidency, then Judge Parker's address should have sensibly advanced his candidacy.

The latter rests, as apparently does the projected Democratic campaign, upon just two phrases. They are: "Give us a rest," and "Let us alone." Do not bother us with your complaints about outraged human rights. Do not inquire whether the Constitutional guarantees are anywhere trampled upon. Do not ask if the equity between the States is violated by the systematic suppression of a whole class of votes in certain States, which yet claim their full representation. Judge Parker did not go so far as to maintain, with Mr. Dos Passos of the New York Bar, that the Fourteenth Amendment ought to be repealed; but he said that it could not now be reënacted, and the entire drift of his address was to the effect that the Supreme Court might be depended upon to declare void any legislation aiming to "fetter and degrade State Governments."

In reviewing the past decisions of that court under the Fourteenth Amendment (where he seemed to be pretty closely following Judge Brandon's monograph on that subject), Judge Parker was, of course, on safe ground. The Civil Rights cases made it clear that the Supreme Court would not tolerate the assumption that Congress could enact a social code for any State, or usurp any part of its police power. But all of that attempted legislation, with the decisions of the Supreme Court holding it void, came under the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment—that relating to "privileges and immunities." The second section remains. It reads:

> "When the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and Judicial officers of the State, or the Members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such States being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way prejudiced, except for participation in the rebellion or any other crime, the basis of representation thereof shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

Congress has never adopted the "appropriate legislation" to carry out this part of the amendment. But that it has full power to do so, admits of no doubt. Piecing together various judicial decisions, Judge Brandon, in the work referred to, declares that while the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments do not, of themselves, make an "affirmative grant or definition of suffrage," they do "unquestionably give A, a colored man, qualified to vote in all other respects save only color as B, a white man, a right to vote." "If, therefore," he adds, "State Constitution or law makes color a qualification of voting, it violates a privilege or immunity given the colored man." Of course, the disfranchising laws of the Southern States are cunningly devised. They do not openly state, though their framers are in general frank enough to avow it, that their intent and effect are to rob qualified negroes of the suffrage. It is possible, though we still hope not probable, that these laws can run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court. But Congress can take cognizance of the facts, if the court cannot. In Congress is vested the power to vindicate the citizenship of the United States, wherever it is discriminated against, and to punish, in the way pointed out by the Constitution, those States which set up one test of the suffrage for the white man, and another for the black. But, of course, nothing of all this was permitted to swim into the ken of Judge Parker, expectant candidate for the Presidency!

We are fully aware that there are differences of opinion, even among intelligent negroes, as to the wisdom of reducing representation to make up for the suppressed colored vote. Some fear that the South would acquiesce in the diminution of her political power, for the sake of keeping the negroes as a servile class, not as citizens, and that so the political rights of the negro would be even more hopelessly eclipsed than at present. But we do not believe that the South, despite some flourishes to that effect, would for a day consent to a lessened influence in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral College. Her conscience might be most effectively reached through her interest. In any case, here is a national duty, and the Fourteenth Amendment puts in our hands the instrument with which to execute it. We do not pretend to see in it a complete or final remedy; but it is the most immediate recourse; its use will be sure to fasten the attention of the whole country upon the fundamental questions of government and of morals involved in the wrongs done American citizenship in the persons of colored voters, and we think that a Republican Congress cannot afford to neglect this vital matter for a single day.

POLITICAL AGNOSTICS.

Current politics, in both England and the United States, reveals in certain phases a tendency to sponge the slate clean. We are familiar with the thing in individuals. Every young man wants to find it all out for himself. His own wild oats he considers it necessary to sow, despite the warning crop which his father can point to, fondly hoping that it will be sufficient for the family experience in that kind. It is not so often, however, that a whole generation, an entire nation, illustrates the same principle. The ancient wisdom of the wise ordinarily counts for more, or longer, in public affairs than in an impetuous private life. Great and stable political communities are not apt to speak of their established rules of taxation, or their fundamental theories of government, with the ingenuous ardor of the Irishman writing to the object of his adoration and signing himself, "Yours ever, for the present."

Yet there seem to be certain truths of the financial or fiscal order which each generation insists upon taking up anew. We know how we were put to our trumps in 1896 to prevent the country from disregarding the most elementary principles of monetary science. Men went up and down the land treating the experience of the race as if it did not exist. The past was *tabula rasa*. There was then frequently met among us the same easy assumption that we see in England to-day—namely, that a "belief" on the part of an active politician is as sound a basis of action as the consenting experience and teachings of all who have gone before. Mr. Bryan "claimed" that the free coinage of silver would not work disaster. In much the same way, Mr. Chamberlain gives it to-day as his "personal opinion" that preferential tariffs will not mean the harm to England that the economists and statesmen—including himself, until very lately—have predicted. Obviously, this is a kind of political sowing of wild oats. The people are asked to take the chances on one man's say-so.

This attitude, as Viscount Goschen pointed out in his acute speech on the Chamberlain proposals, involves a kind of agnosticism in economics. Certain things are thought to be settled, but Chamberlain says he doesn't know about that. With a fine air of intellectual emancipation, he says that he must not be asked to accept the infallibility of Bright and Cobden, of Mill and Ricardo. No; the only infallibility which he recommends is that of the man who doubts all the others, and is not yet sure of his own mind. But if we are going to abolish all authority and do away with every fiscal Pope, we cannot set up a new one the article of whose standing or falling church is: "I don't know, but I am going to inquire." Before we

brush away the past, it is necessary to have at least an assured present.

It seems strange to an American that the principles of 1846 should be so sharply challenged by Englishmen in 1903. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach stands firm, and so do Goschen and the Duke of Devonshire; but a surprising number of others are forgetting the warning of Sir Robert Peel that there would be need of endless vigilance to keep what the nation had wrested from selfish interests. But are not we on this side of the Atlantic displaying a similar political instability, and a weak amiability in allowing the pillared work of the past to be undermined? How about the American principles of 1861-65? There are certain truths which were thought through and fought through in those years. One of them is the equality of all men before the law. Another is that our Government has to deal with men as such, irrespective of the color of their skins, and that we can take no official cognizance of "superior" and "inferior" races among our citizenship. The terrible war carried successfully through by a former generation was not an idle contest to determine the supremacy of one section of the country over another, but to settle aright, and to settle for ever, the question of the sovereignty of the nation as a whole, and of the political principles upon which it was built. Our fathers went into that death struggle not merely to make an end of slavery, but to guarantee to the emancipated slaves every opportunity which a land of freedom can offer to any man. So they did not simply write into the organic law the abolition of slavery, but the safeguarding of all the political rights, and all the privileges and immunities, of our black fellow-citizens.

Now, it is upon this splendid body of political achievement that our own political agnostics are turning their backs with hesitating words about its all having been a mistake. The new American doughface will do to stand alongside the latter-day British protectionist. Both would undo the mighty work of a former generation. Both ignore the teaching past. It is a startling portent when Americans are to be found contemplating with equanimity the disfranchisement of a race, with the restoration of the old doctrine that this is a white man's country, and the tacit setting up of slavery again. If this change grew out of bold and positive convictions, we could better abide it; but it really springs out of the agnostic spirit, with all its limp uncertainties and aimless doubts. And what we may be sure of is that those who, in all this business of the new slavery, assert the thing which they do know—the truths which they have made their own in striving and with tears—will overcome, in the end, all who, in mere dubiety and love of ease, wish to put the whole great question by just as if Lincoln had not lived and died.

A SHORT VIEW OF BRIBERY.

The case of Rhode Island continues to attract public attention. At first people were shocked to learn of the extensive bribery by which a corrupt oligarchy owns the government and sells legislation to the highest bidder; now they are even more shocked to observe that the system is not merely tolerated, but is actually defended by some of the "best" people of the State, leaders of opinion. The daily press of the country is still echoing the defiance of the Aldrich-Brayton ring, uttered in the editorial columns of the Providence *Journal*. The argument for bribery rests on three contentions:

(1.) Bribery in Rhode Island is no more serious than elsewhere.

(2.) If it were not for bribery, Rhode Island might go Democratic.

(3.) Talk about government by majorities is shallow hypocrisy, for "there is not a State in the Union which is not now ruled by an oligarchy."

The first argument contains an infantile piece of sophistry which any Rhode Island schoolboy can detect. True, every State in the Union contains districts that are as venal as the notorious rural communities of Rhode Island; but the latter State is peculiar in that each town and city has one representative in the Senate, and thus some twenty little rotten boroughs control the Legislature. The purchase of these otherwise inconsequential constituencies absolutely nullifies the will of an overwhelming majority, and delivers Rhode Island, gagged and bound, into the clutch of the Aldrich-Brayton syndicate. In New York no such bribery is possible; even in Pennsylvania a revolt against the boss is not unknown; in Rhode Island the conditions are more serious than elsewhere because the majority seems helpless and hopeless. The first step towards freedom is a revision of the Constitution, so that a majority may rule. Such revision is bitterly opposed by the distinguished gentlemen who profit politically and financially from the present arrangement.

The second argument is an appeal to the prejudice of those fine old crusted New England Bourbons who hold that no crime is so black as that of being a Democrat. The complaint is that Bishop McVickar's crusade for higher civic morality will "play directly into the hands of the Democratic party." The hope of virtuous citizens, as represented by Senator Aldrich, is not that the Republicans shall purge themselves, but that Rhode Island shall continue to wallow in filth rather than overthrow the party of moral ideas. No doubt there are plenty of bad Democrats in Rhode Island, as elsewhere; and, unfortunately, some of the leaders of the organization are demagogues and socialists. Governor Garvin himself is accused of holding to the single-tax theory and other damnable heresies. These facts, however, constitute no valid plea for corruption. If the majority of the voters prefer demagogues and socialists in office, they are entitled to their choice, however painful it may be to gentlemen and scholars. The way to bring the electorate to a better mind is not wholesale bribery, but wholesale education.

The situation, however, is not so desperate as alarmed Republicans make out. Not all Rhode Island Democrats are dissolute and abandoned. Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Pawtucket is a cheap demagogue, as was shown by his cowardly surrender to the mob in the street railway strike; but rioting is not the only form of lawbreaking. The deliberate corruption of a commonwealth, whether accomplished by a United States Senator or by his agents, is quite as iniquitous. There is not much to choose between a cheap demagogue and a high-priced tool of corporations. Against Mr. Fitzgerald, however, may be set Congressman D. L. D. Granger, who is accepted by the most captious Republicans as the ideal of a heavy respectable. Indeed, the distress of the Republican ring is due largely to the course of the Democrats in putting forward men like Congressman Granger and Governor Garvin. The ferocious attacks upon the Governor by the ring and its newspaper organs are not at bottom on account of his opinions, but because he is honest, and is therefore a formidable menace to political hucksters.

To the declaration that republican institutions are a failure, there is but one answer: They are not a failure. A republican form of government has at times been overthrown in parts of the South, in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Montana, in New York, and some other large cities. But in no place has corruption struck so deep that men need despair of eradicating it. Those fine bursts of enthusiasm with which the United States declared independence of Great Britain and emancipated the slaves are now in the past. We have settled down to the humdrum business of administering our affairs without brass bands and fireworks. As must inevitably happen, the comfortable and the well-to-do grow sleepy, while the rascals are incessantly vigilant. But the hour of reckoning comes. New York woke up in the autumn of 1901; St. Louis and the whole State of Missouri were roused from lethargy last winter; and enough people in Rhode Island are now stirring to give the big bosses and the little much trouble. No; among those who regard politics simply as a trade and public office as a source of private revenue, the cause for despair is not that republican institutions have failed,

but that they have succeeded. In the long run majorities rule, and in one way or another they get the men and the measures they want. The thieves and the cutthroats have their little day; but sooner or later honest people recover their own, with accumulated interest. This is the lesson which has been taught a thousand times over in the history of our country. Ten righteous men can yet save even such Sodoms as Rhode Island.

REORGANIZING THE INDUSTRIALS.

The arrival of the period of reorganization of capital in our so-called industrial Trusts is accepted by most people, we suppose, as the coming of the inevitable. Perhaps the strangest symptom of the excited Trust-building period, two or three years ago, was the frank recognition by the community at large that such a reckoning must come later. This belief did not stop the Trust-makers in their work, nor did it prevent the public from buying shares in the enterprises. Clear-headed foresight in such matters was applied chiefly to Trusts organized or owned by some one else. There was always something about the "industrial" in which a man was personally interested that distinguished it from the others. The stability of his own he had figured out; the rest very probably were destined to serious trouble. Added to this seductive reasoning was, of course, the argument that if so-and-so, with his well-known record for judgment and conservatism, was publicly connected with an enterprise, it could be safely taken at his valuation.

Now in all this there was nothing new. We know that England passed through the same experience ten years or so ago. The peers and M.P.s on its boards of directors gave the requisite guarantee, and the peculiar advantages of the rubber-tire industry, the bicycle industry, or the gold-mining industry—sworn to by chartered accountants—provided the needed assurance of immunity from misfortune. Our own experiments with capital have been conducted on a somewhat larger scale; otherwise, it is hard to see where they differ from these recent prototypes. It is true that distinctions may properly be drawn even between overcapitalized industrials. There is possibly some danger that, in its present mood, the public's denunciation may go too far. Within due limits, there was reason and trade advantage in industrial combination; its value has been attested in the recent conservative imitations by our English and German competitors. Even the much abused promoter, if he conducts his business honestly, may be as useful a member of the financial order as the banker and the broker. What we are witnessing nowadays, aside from the inevitable subsiding of the fictitious prices of a "boom," is the collapsing of structures raised by Trust-builders who were either incompetent, or infatuated, or simply dishonest.

Among many others we have in mind one enterprise, the history of whose promotion can find no parallel, so far as our memory serves us, since the days of Grant & Ward. Its history, if it ever comes to be fully written, will present to the public view lawyers of high reputation, and banking institutions of long-established credit, behaving, at a crisis in a negotiation involving tens of millions, with the intelligence which might be expected from a gullible child; allowing their clients to be tricked and defrauded by schemes that would not have deceived a Franklin Syndicate subscriber. That such an experiment should come to grief was inevitable. We do not believe that cases as bad as this were common. Every one knows, of course—it was the daily spectacle of Wall Street for a year or more—that the capital of some very important enterprises has been scattered and wasted in the most fantastic way, and on the most amazing scale, merely to keep up an artificial market for their stock. How far the mischief done in this direction is irreparable, depends upon how badly the wasted capital will be needed by the enterprise later on. But meantime there are some tests which all of our new industrials, good and bad, have met already or must meet in the very near future.

First among them is the need of what is known as working capital. A dozen manufacturing companies may be purchased by one central company, at a valuation reasonable or extravagant, as the case may be. So much is allowed for value of the plant, so much for that indefinite asset called "good will," so much for promoters' fees, so much, perhaps, for an "underwriting syndicate." Each of these payments will be made with the new securities issued by the Trust, or with money raised through sale of such securities. It will be observed that, in the above enumeration, no mention is made of sale of stock to acquire the capital to run the business. Such capital is, however, an absolute requisite. Without it, plant and good will are worthless, because the means of buying the raw material, paying the laborers, and bringing the produce to market will in its absence be wholly lacking. There is, therefore, in the ordinary industrial prospectus, some assurance regarding sums to be set aside from sale of the new securities with the view to providing working capital.

The sum thus set aside will vary with different undertakings. Some organizers will rely on borrowing from the banks, after the practice of individual owners from whom the various plants were bought. Some, either through ignorance or misrepresentation, will misjudge the amount of capital required. Some will trust to luck, planning only to get rid of their own interest in the scheme before the day of trouble. One or another of these three shoals has been the actual cause of wreck in nearly all of the disasters already on record. There are, it is true, some instances, such as the Asphalt Trust, where the enterprise was a fraud from the beginning, and was never able to earn the interest on its bonds. But these cases are probably rare; it is at least a question whether even the wretched Shipyard Trust affair belongs really in that category. The troubles which have developed this present season have arisen in the money market, where every inadequately equipped industrial is learning now, first, that the borrowing of $100,000 apiece by a hundred private manufacturers is a very different thing from borrowing $10,000,000 in a lump by one corporation; and, second, that banks which have loaned their credit fund to sustain prices for shares of industrial companies, are likely to have nothing left to provide such companies with working capital.

This is the sum and substance of the industrial chapter which has now begun, and which will not be ended until the worst mischief of the three or four past years has been repaired. It is fortunate that the forced reconstruction has begun before a general decline in prices of manufactured goods had confronted industrial companies with the problem of falling profits. Had that situation come in sight along with the strain on capital, we should have heard much less of reorganization than of bankruptcy. As it is, the investing public is fairly in a way to learn which of these new concerns are sound—as many unquestionably are—and which are rotten.

PROFESSIONAL COLLEGE COACHES.

A recent issue of the *Harvard Bulletin*, an organ of the Harvard alumni, contains a remarkable editorial article upon the question of the coaching of the Harvard crews, apropos of Yale's latest victory at New London. Harvard's failure to turn out winning eights has for years puzzled all interested in her athletic activity. Since 1885 her 'varsity crews have won but twice, in 1891 and 1899, and this is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that for five successive years her baseball nines have defeated those from New Haven, while her football teams have "broken even" with Yale's since the resumption of athletic relations in 1897.

Since 1901, a professional oarsman, Kennedy, has been in entire charge of the Yale crews. This year he also assumed control of the four-oar and of the freshman eight, with the result that Yale made a clean sweep in the annual meet. At the same time Cornell's professional, Courtney, added to his long string of victories by capturing all three

of the Poughkeepsie races. These facts naturally lead the *Harvard Bulletin* and other observers to believe that, in the long run, an amateur coach cannot begin to develop as good crews as a professional can turn out. If Harvard continues to stick to graduate coaching, the *Bulletin* is certain that her men must go to New London "with the expectation of defeat." "This," it believes, "is the situation that Harvard must face. In order to win her share of the races with Yale, while the latter employs a professional teacher of rowing, Harvard must also have a professional. There is no way of avoiding the issue." And it asks what Harvard is ready to do about this matter of coaching.

Its own question the *Bulletin* answers for itself in so admirable a manner that we reprint its very striking words, believing that they express the opinion of the majority of Harvard's graduates, and certainly of all devoted to pure amateur sport. The *Bulletin* hopes that

"those who are responsible for the conduct of Harvard athletics will stand firm for graduate, amateur coaching. It is not pleasant to be beaten by Yale year after year, but life is worth living even under those conditions. All Harvard men want to win our full share of victories, but, after all, the ultimate end of athletics is not to defeat Yale. If it were, then the employment of a professional coach would be wise. College sports are carried on for the purpose of benefiting the men who take part in them. If we can get all the good that should come from these contests and, in addition, win rather more than half of the events with Yale, well and good. But when it comes to deciding which is more to be desired, victory over Yale or the benefit of the Harvard men who take part in these contests and of the graduates who are interested, there should be no hesitation in choosing."

This utterance was to be expected from a university which for more than a decade past has worked incessantly for the elevation of intercollegiate contests. It ought, moreover, to cause considerable questioning at New Haven whether success purchased by aid of a professional is, after all, wholly a desirable success, and whether it would not be better to limit Mr. Kennedy's activity to teaching the rudiments of oarsmanship to undergraduates who do not go in for racing, as Mr. Donovan does at Harvard. The whole tendency of intercollegiate sport has been and is away from everything connected with professionalism. So far from resorting to more Courtneys and Kennedys, we hope to see them disappear entirely, and with them the professional teachers and coaches of baseball and football men. Any movement in the other direction would be deplorable if only because it is calling in outside aid. A Yale crew of to-day represents not purely the brain and brawn of the undergraduates of the college, but also the brain of an outsider who has not even the affiliations of a graduate, and who receives pay in exchange for his knowledge. The other objections to professional coaching have been stated too frequently to need repetition. We are firmly of opinion that there is no field of college athletics in which this coaching is not a menace and a detriment to amateur sport. We should like to see even the Donovans removed from college boating, and believe that Harvard should find other means of teaching the rudiments of rowing.

The *Harvard Bulletin's* profession of faith was particularly timely because Columbia was at the parting of the ways. Her graduates, in fact, on Thursday night put an end to professional crew coaching at their university. In this case, after an experience of three years, professional coaching had so clearly been found wanting that there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of a return to genuine amateur methods. This decision cannot fail to have weight with the alumni of Yale and Cornell, and of the other colleges which are now the worst offenders in the matter of professional coaching. Moreover, the action foreshadows the disappearance of professional coaches from Columbia baseball as well. Thus Columbia, if her reformation becomes complete, will be in a position to set an example to Harvard, for that university has of late had a professional ball-player to train her pitchers. Columbia has found no difficulty in selecting an admirable graduate coach at once—Mr. Jasper T. Goodwin, a very successful oar in his undergraduate days, and for five years an equally successful coach. Yale and Cornell should have still less trouble, in view of their many well-trained crews of the last fifteen years, in getting similarly good men.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM AGAIN.

Not even the announcement of the final surrender of Yale to the elective system of studies has caused a cessation in the discussion of its working. That the principle has come to stay, no one denies. The trend at this time is still towards an unlimited choice of the courses embraced in a college curriculum, subject only to the limitations caused by a conflict of hours, or by the requirement that a student shall not enter an advanced course until he shall have passed out of an elementary one. So far there are no signs of a reaction in the direction of prescribing all the studies of a given period, such as the first two years of an undergraduate course. President Dwight of Yale believed this to be the solution of the problem long after Harvard had tried it and found it unsatisfactory, as his own university has since done. Such alterations as are now earnestly urged are a better system of faculty advisers, or the adoption of the group system of studies now in vogue in Bryn Mawr, among other colleges, and perhaps best exemplified in Johns Hopkins University.

There are plenty of proofs besides the recent speeches at the National Educational Conference in Boston of the growing realization that the mere throwing open of the collegiate pastures has not brought about an educational millennium. Our students browse now at will, and unquestionably with better results than when all were forced from one paddock into another. But few contend that the new system is perfect. Professor Ladd of Yale, always an opponent of unrestricted electives, declares in the *Forum* that extreme freedom of choice is not only extravagant, but "contrary to all the educational experience of the race"—this at the moment that his college is introducing the elective system into its freshman year by a vote of 18 to 3 among the academic professors.

Objections more valuable than the criticisms of an avowed opponent of the system are, however, to be gathered from the report of the class which was graduated from Harvard in 1893. Its members have been out of college long enough to have matured their judgments, and yet not so long as to have forgotten the influences of their undergraduate years. The class secretary, in sending out circulars to aid him in preparing his report, asked for criticisms of the college. A large number of men eagerly seized the occasion to express their dissatisfaction with the results of the elective system as they had experienced it. We have reason to know that if the question of satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the elective system had been specifically put, many more of the class would have registered their disapproval.

In the main, the critics find fault because they feel that their education was not well rounded. Unguided, they nibbled here and there, with much resultant breadth of vision, but with a firm grasp of few if any subjects, while those subjects may have been in no way correlated. The difficulties of many were excellently illustrated by this bit of 'Alice in Wonderland' philosophy, felicitously quoted by President Pritchett of the Institute of Technology at the Williams College commencement:

" 'Will you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?' asked Alice.
" 'That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,' said the Cat.
" 'I don't much care where,' said Alice.
" 'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said the Cat.
" 'So long as I get somewhere,' Alice added, as an explanation.
" 'Oh! you're sure to do *that*,' said the Cat, 'if you only walk long enough.' "

There are plenty of undergraduates who enter without knowing any more than Alice which way they want to go. Were they able to stay in college long enough, doubtless they might get somewhere. But, in the class report referred to, a practising physician declares that "the greater part of my courses were unwisely chosen." A professor at Bryn Mawr found "too much liberty," and now favors the group system. An instructor

at Brown warns against "the danger of choosing an incoherent course of study." A clergyman grieves over his failure to plan his course towards his life work, while an editor regrets the failure to direct his studies properly. Seven teachers, mostly in colleges, seven business men, six lawyers, three doctors, an architect, and a musician are others who clearly state their dissatisfaction, for one reason or another, with the elective system. Only the social conditions at Harvard and the lack of personal intercourse between professors and students are similarly criticised. Perhaps a half-dozen graduates give the elective system as their reason for entering Harvard in preference to other colleges. Plainly, it is not freedom of choice, but lack of advice how to choose, that is the trouble. Neither at Harvard nor elsewhere has a system of advisers been worked out which is really satisfactory in guiding the freshmen and sophomores into the proper paths.

We recur to the careful study of the elective system at Harvard in the current *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. The courses chosen for examination were those of 372 men who did full work for a diploma in the class of 1901. Fewer than one-eighth of the choices were of studies known as "snap"—*i. e.*, particularly easy ones. Of these 372 men, 7.8 per cent. could be charged with undue specialization, but some of these had plainly shaped their courses with a view to the study of law. Dividing the subjects studied into groups, such as languages, social studies, and science, it was found that no one had failed to take some work in the linguistic group; that only two had failed to study in the sociological division; and that sixteen only had taken no science. Still other facts are presented which show that determined efforts were made by the students to seek out related courses. Advocates of the group system of studies who favor concentration upon a single class of subjects, or upon one branch of study and its allied courses, will find nothing in this to weaken their case. President Eliot himself has just defined the new ideal in education as the effort to teach a student one or two subjects thoroughly, and to give him a familiarity with as many other branches of learning as possible. The growth of knowledge renders no other course possible. But are Harvard students mastering their one or two studies in the present stage of the elective system?

CULIACAN, AND THE WAY THITHER.

MEXICO, 1903.

Here is a city which the tourist has not spoiled. Indeed, the tourist has not yet discovered Culiacan. It lies apart from the highways of commerce, in the centre of a great plain between the Sierra Madre and the Pacific Ocean, and the way thither is as thorny as the brambled shrubs and cacti that defend the dusty deserts which hem it in. The by-path leading into the Pacific States of Mexico sheers off from the Southern Pacific Railway at Benson, Arizona, a branch of the great transcontinental system, but operated under wholly different standards of comfort. The management seemingly have not carefully discriminated between passenger and cattle traffic. Even the Pullman palace cars are such as one sees in Canada under the name of "colonist cars," like them devoid of dressing rooms, and carrying a single roller towel for the accommodation of patrons on a most democratic, not to say communistic, basis. The standard of service, however, is the only point on which reductions have been made, the prices being retained on the profit-earning plane familiar to northern travellers.

The border is reached at Nogales, where other trials beset one. The railroads whose operations extend into Mexico, have not consulted the convenience of the public. It is possible to check baggage through to one's destination when crossing from the United States into Canada; not so when entering Mexico. To the worry of the custom-house inquisition is added the annoyance of rechecking baggage. If you stop over at the border to see the sentry-boxes down the broad avenue that divides the two republics, the same torments are scrupulously reserved for you. The customs officials refuse to examine your baggage until the next train comes in, and the railroad company refuses to recheck it until it has been examined. So turmoil, hurry-scurry, dust, and perspiration are part of the penalty exacted for entering the land of the tuna. The struggle has this of blessedness in it—one feels so comfortable after it is all over; the valleys look so placid and peaceful, the cacti so green and graceful, the brown and pink of the barren hills so artistic. The red flash of the peon's zarape in the field as he goads the oxen dragging his one-handled Asiatic plough, the line of women filing up from the waterside to yon brown, flat-roofed adobe house, arms curved gracefully to sustain water-jars upon their heads, entice one's thoughts to peaceful imaginations of having come face to face with Rebecca at the well, and of having seen Cyrus's gardener in far Chaldea.

It is useless feeding on dreams. This is not Asia, but Asiatic Mexico, a land of contrasts, a modern world clinging to ancient traditions through two lines of inheritance, an old world wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the new. It may not have been born again, but it is yielding to new influences, putting on a new life. Here is the railroad, for one thing, and there are American wagons beside the cumbersome ox-carts with their ponderous solid wheels. The cars emerge from a valley and swing round a bay where steamships lie at anchor, and there is a railroad wharf with signs of active commerce, while just beyond is the old mole of Guaymas. The city lies snugly packed in between the water and lofty peaks of bare but richly colored rocks. One peak appears to be a volcanic stock, round, tower-like, flanked by a talus of massive blocks, showing energetic denudation.

Guaymas is the port of the State of Sonora; a well-built, attractive city, comfortable enough in winter, but reputed to be hot in summer. Its harbor is large, completely land-locked, and safe. A line of steamships from San Francisco enables Guaymas to serve the needs of the mines of Sonora to some extent, while it enjoys a good trade down the west coast and with Lower California. Across the Gulf are the great copper mines of Santa Rosalia, where seven furnaces are treating the gaily tinted, oxidized Boleo ores for the benefit of French capitalists. A dreary, forbidding, but busy place is Santa Rosalia. The surrounding hills are innocent of vegetation. The streets are ankle-deep in sand. The wind hurls the sand in your face, and envelops you in clouds of suffocating smelter smoke. A mammoth dredge snorts and rattles its chains in the harbor, while a fussy little train carries the furnace slag to the end of the breakwater, building it farther out into the sea.

From Santa Rosalia the coast continues bare and inhospitable. Rarely can even a cactus find moisture enough to grow. The hills are worn down to the rock by the winds and the few torrential rains. Their crests are sharpened to pinnacles. Nowhere in the world exists a more pitiless desert. Yet it has its champions, men who believe in its future value to the world. There is El Boleo, the second greatest copper mine in Mexico, and farther south the silver mines of Triunfo, with a record of phenomenal richness. Why may there not be others? In La Paz they will tell alluring tales of wonderful prospects for copper, gold, silver, and petroleum, in these desert fastnesses, awaiting the touch of courageous capital.

La Paz is the chief mart of the great peninsula. It boasts a harbor, good enough to have attracted Uncle Sam to establish a coaling station. Under its sands lie sweet waters, and a multitude of windmills raise these to the surface to nourish a still greater multitude of date and cocoanut palms, and gardens full of figs and grapes. From the harbor, La Paz is almost ideally beautiful. The gleaming whitewashed buildings peep out from such a grove of palms as is rarely seen. It looks like some rich oasis, where the fabled delights of Scheherezade's fancy might be realized. But in the town this illusion is dispelled. The sun glares out of the blue heavens, gleams from the whitewashed walls, and its light and heat come reflected back with redoubled fury from the bottomless sand crunching under your feet. It takes fortitude and determination to push through the town to the plaza. Here is a refreshing bit of green, fed by a little stream raised from the depths by a diligent hot-air pump bearing the famous name of Ericsson. Before you retreat to the ship, the pearl sellers will have scented you as legitimate prey, for La Paz is the great American centre of pearl fishing. If you are a judge of gems, you may pick up a treasure. If not, you will fare worse than at home, for every urchin in the streets is an expert. In any case, you may be certain that you are buying stolen goods, for the pearl fisheries are controlled by licensed companies, producing solely for export.

From La Paz it is only a single night's steaming back again across the gulf to Altata, the port of Culiacan. It seems incredible that the way to an important and beautiful city should lie through such a miserable collection of palm-thatched huts.

Close down by the sea they huddle in a waste of parching sand. A few palms wave over them, and a few plucky bananas try to redeem the desolation. As the steamer comes to anchor, a cluster of canoes gathers at a respectful distance behind the boat of the port officials. When the ceremony of the visit is over, the dusky fellows in the canoes charge the ship with savage yells like a brood of pirates. Such competition for passengers betokens less a lively spirit of enterprise than a ravening hunger for a few reales to last until the next ship comes in. The port and the greeting of the boatmen are not reassuring, but the plain as it stretches eastward is seen to support some sort of bosky covering. Where vegetation of any sort can grow unaided by irrigation there is hope, and far away in the east is the blue bank of the Sierra Madre, with a gracefulness of outline showing at a glance that, whatever asperities may lurk within those mountain fastnesses, they at least have not, like the hills of Lower California, given up in despair and flung the last vestige of green from their shoulders.

Considering the isolation of Altata, it seems a little incongruous to find a railroad train standing in its sandy street. On the other hand, the railroad train is equally incongruous as a means of rapid transit in this twentieth century. The locomotive was made in England, fashioned approximately after the American model prevalent thirty years ago, squat as if fearing to lose its balance, with a mammoth bell-shaped smokestack. The passenger coach is a marvellous combination of rigid English trucks and Mexican carpentry, designed with strict reference to severe utility. The permanent way is better than the rolling-stock. Indeed, it must have been wisely located and well built, for it receives little attention to-day. Originally this Ferrocarril Occidental was intended to cross the mountains and effect a transcontinental connection. The location was made, and this much of the road constructed by Mr. Edward P. North, many years ago. Had the work been continued into the mountains, even if the more ambitious project of crossing them had been abandoned, Culiacan would have grown into a great centre, and might have distanced Mazatlan, in spite of some inferiority of geographical situation.

From Altata to Culiacan by rail is forty miles over a level plain, with only a single crossing of the sluggish Culiacan River. In lieu of a bridge, the track is laid on piles, so that during the period of floods communication is broken, and passengers and freight are ferried across. The ride is an experience never to be forgotten. The lagoons near the sea, the curious desert growth of acacias, palosblancos, and various cacti, soon lose their interest as the traveller becomes more and more absorbed in efforts to keep out the dust which pours upon him like an overwhelming rain of volcanic ashes. Suffocated, and weighted down with volumes of dust and sand, no enthusiasm can be his for the pretty glimpses of orange and banana orchards, nor for the broad canefields of Navolato. It is enough for the begrimed traveller patiently to await the journey's end; and when at last the great dome and towers of the Culiacan cathedral burst upon his view, he is as devoutly enraptured as any pilgrim when he hails the Mecca of his desire.

Perhaps it is this first glimpse, with the promise of rest and refreshment which it offers, that makes the cathedral linger so pleasantly in one's memory. But it is in reality a splendid structure, faultless in every line. It harbors no treasures of consequence, it possesses no thrilling history. It is merely the religious home of a devout multitude, expressive of a cultivated architectural taste among the clergy of a century past, and the chief glory of Culiacan to-day. Although of later Romanesque style, its gilded dome and graceful towers, almost like minarets in their lightness, are not out of keeping with the Oriental character of the other buildings which surround it; and when seen against the clear yellow and rose-madder skies of sunset, with the accompanying silhouettes of palms on either side, the picture is thoroughly Eastern.

Beside the cathedral lies the Plaza de Armas, a small square laid out in parterres, in which grows nearly every native plant of beauty, surrounded by bitter oranges, which cast a rich perfume, whether in the season of blossoms or gorgeous with yellow fruit. A few squares westward is the Plaza de Rosales, more modern in its appointments, now become the fashionable promenade. The Colegio de Rosales ornaments one side of the square, and on another the superb home of Gov. Cañedo gives a rare example of the best type of Mexican domestic architecture. It is of vast proportions, one story high, severely plain, but of elegant finish on the exterior, with one large, open room at the corner—the *mirada*—from which a charming view extends up the Humaya River, and over broad bottoms of waving corn, to the far-away blue mountains beyond the plain. Within, a great corridor opens upon a patio filled with palms and roses and other flowering plants. Beyond the patio a high wall shuts out the corral, which is surrounded by an extension of the house devoted to the servants. It thus possesses all the features of the typical Mexican dwelling, untinctured by the taste for American styles which is so rapidly pervading every department of Mexican life.

The college is an institution of no common merit. Dominated by the genius of Dr. Ruperto Paliza, a gentleman of broad culture and high attainments in science, it has not allowed the superficial and ornamental to overshadow the practical in its curriculum. The courses in mathematics, physics, and chemistry are rigid and thorough, aided by laboratories well equipped with modern appliances. The Escuela Modela de Porfirio Diaz is in very truth a model school, following French rather than American methods. In fact, French culture has firmly established its canons of taste in the intellectual development of this part of Mexico. The Industrial School is another institution in which all Culiacan takes special pride, a reformatory for little waifs where they are given a good elementary education, with instruction in useful trades and arts. The stranger, however, would be disposed to criticise the excessive use which is made of the Industrial School band. The little fellows are marvellously well trained, and they contribute very properly to the pleasure of the city by their evening concerts on the plazas, but it is going a step too far to draft them into service for the theatre and the bull-ring.

Of public works one sees but little. The city has never enjoyed a boom. The mines of the Sierra have contributed a small amount of business, but for the most part Culiacan is the distributing point for an agricultural population. It has grown slowly until it reckons about fifteen thousand inhabitants within its precincts, gathering its increment from the small towns of the coastal plain. So in a certain sense no new blood is added to it, and it has not been quickened by a progressive element to feel the need of modern improvements. It has a fitful service of electric lighting, and the city owns waterworks; but no attempt has been made to instal a sewerage system, nor has the stage of the bobtail mule car yet been reached, in which respect Culiacan has not kept pace with Guaymas. Some years ago an appropriation was made for a bridge across the river, but the funds were consumed in constructing the abutment on the city side of the stream, and so, when the waters are too high for fording, all cargo is still laboriously ferried across in rude canoes.

But if Culiacan is not progressive, it possesses a peculiar charm in the simplicity of life of its people. One sees less of the extreme contrast between rich and poor than in any other important Mexican city. The standard of living is not high, even as compared with the cities of the central plateau. The result is that the struggle for existence is tempered so that an easy frugality renders all classes comfortable. An air of peace and quiet pervades every quarter. Rowdyism is conspicuously absent, and one feels less that an autocratic Government had suppressed the natural instincts of the people than that they of their own accord were orderly and law-abiding. This characteristic pertains to the people throughout this portion of Mexico. Culiacan as the capital of Sinaloa only represents the peculiarity of the State. Life and property everywhere are safe. And it must be remembered that this is a part of Mexico which is farther removed from foreign influences than any other. Sinaloa to-day is perhaps the most distinctively Mexican State in the republic, and yet there is least in it that savors of swash-buckler romance. Picturesque costumes, gaudy liveries, dashing horsemen, do not exist. Even the marvellous hats with their gilt braid, so common still all the way from El Paso to the City of Mexico, are rarely seen in Culiacan. The seeker after novelties and curiosities will meet with disappointment here. The people for the most part are plain, everyday folk, intent upon getting enough of simple food and simple clothing to suffice for actual needs. A few families possess modest fortunes, but in nearly every case these fortunes have been the product of gradual accretions from generation to generation, so that their owners bear their riches gracefully without ostentation. Nearly every man of consequence in the city draws tribute from large estates in the country, and some have gathered wealth from the mines. Two families are interested in extensive sugar plantations, and one of these also operates a large cotton mill. But the Spanish-American is first and foremost a merchant, and almost every prominent name in Culiacan is connected with mercantile interests.

The professions are distinguished by some able representatives. The native physicians, as a rule, are men of high train-

ing and skill. The legal fraternity enjoys here, as elsewhere, its reputation for trickery, but there are lawyers in Culiacan of scrupulous integrity and of extensive learning. They will patiently labor, following the suggestions of their clients, as few lawyers in other parts of the world would do. It is easy for the foreigner here to find a legal guide who will keep him out of trouble. The existence of a complete code renders this a simpler matter than in the United States, especially as "case law" plays an inferior rôle in Mexico. It is only when the stranger falls into the hands of knaves that Mexican law presents inscrutable mysteries and complexities. The Mexicans are apparently by nature a litigious race, so that one cannot proceed far in any enterprise without facing the ordeal of the courts, but it is a gratification to feel that reliable and able advocates can be found to protect one, and outside of the criminal courts there is no discrimination against the "gringo." It must be said that the gringo often brings his troubles upon himself by not seeking legal advice before he casts some irrevocable die. The word gringo means "incomprehensible," and many of the foreigners' acts are beyond the comprehension of the native. If the gringo argues that the common law should apply all the world over, and that common law is equivalent to common sense, he soon confronts the fact that the aspect of things from the view-point of Anglo-Saxon common sense is but remotely connected with social, political, and legal phenomena as they reveal themselves to the Latin consciousness through the derivatives from Roman law and the Fuero Juzgo.

The foreigner in Culiacan will fare as well as any Mexican if he chooses not to fly in the face of the established order of things. He will meet with sincere cordiality on every side, and will find congenial, kindly natures, whom he will appreciate more and more as his intimacy with them increases. The simplicity of character of the average citizens of Culiacan is striking and refreshing, and can but leave a pleasant impression upon any visitor who has had the good fortune to come into close personal contact with them.

COURTENAY DE KALB.

Correspondence.

THE ETHICS OF BOOK-MAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* of July 9 contains a letter from Mr. William Roscoe Thayer with reference to the increase in size of volumes 34 and 35 of the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Perhaps the real reason for this increase in size is not due to the "great bulk of material," but the fact that the maps in volume 34 of the Encyclopædia are the same as those in the Century Atlas, which are too large to be satisfactorily printed on a page the size of the other volumes of the Encyclopædia.

Very truly yours, SAMUEL H. RANCK.

BALTIMORE, July 13, 1903.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s autumn list embraces 'Reminiscences of an Astronomer,' by Prof. Simon Newcomb; 'American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century,' by Edward Stanwood; and 'Ultimate Conceptions of Faith,' by Dr. George A. Gordon.

'The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company,' by Gilbert Holland Montague, is in the press of Harper & Bros. This firm has just given general publicity to the privately printed 'Letters to M. G. and H. G. [the Misses Gladstone] by John Ruskin,' which we lately noticed in the English edition. The brief preface is by the Right Hon. George Wyndham. There is a portrait of Ruskin and of Mary Gladstone, and a facsimile.

James Pott & Co. will publish in September 'Budapest, the City of the Magyars,' by F. Berkeley Smith; 'Paris in '48,' by Baroness Bonde, edited by Constance E. Warr; and a 'Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors,' by Helen Edith Legge, with an introduction by Prof. Percy Gardner.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press propose to supplement their facsimile of the Shakspere First Folio by publishing facsimile reproductions of the earliest accessible editions of that portion of Shakspere's work which found no place in the First Folio. The excluded portion consists of the four poetical quarto volumes: 'Venus and Adonis' (1593), 'Lucrece' (1594), 'The Passionate Pilgrim' (1599), and the Sonnets (1609), as well as the play of "Pericles," which was first published in quarto in 1609, but was not included in a collected edition of Shakspere's plays before the third folio edition of 1664. The four volumes of the poems and the volume of "Pericles" will be reproduced by the collotype process, and will be similar in all respects —size only excepted—to the collotype reproduction of the First Folio edition of the plays, published by the Delegates in December, 1902. This reprint will be executed under the direction of Mr. Sidney Lee, who will contribute full introductions containing the latest results of his researches with regard to the bibliography of Shakspere's poems and of the play of "Pericles." These reproductions will, it is hoped, be ready for publication in the autumn of 1904.

The Cumulative Index Co. of Cleveland has, in response to a general appeal, undertaken to revive its annual volumes, beginning with the year 1899. The intervening years to date will be similarly treated as soon as possible. Under a single alphabet we have the gleanings from fifty leading periodicals, embracing author, subject, title, review, portrait, illustration, and map. For example, articles on France are classified under thirteen headings, and each writer (where known) appears not only in connection with the article, but in the general alphabet, as does his theme, etc., etc. Poets have their verse collectively set down. This tool needs no praise. It is volume iv. in the series.

The utility of Dr. R. H. Knowles's 'Encyclopædia-Dictionary and Reference Handbook of the Ophthalmic Sciences' (New York: The Jewellers' Circular Publishing Co.) must not be judged by the English of the text or the erudition of the etymologies. Of D we read: "This letter stands in the Ophthalmic sciences for the word *dextra* [Latin, *dexter* or *dextra*= right], and with the letter O, abbreviation for the Latin word *oculus*=eye, means both together (O. D=*oculus dextra*), right eye." "Decentred Lens" is thus derived: "[Latin, *de* = away from + *center* = center+German, *lentil*= lens.]" For the rest, this work professes to be a pioneer. The longer articles are treatises; that on Operations describes a series filling eight and a half pages. Biographies are introduced: Dalton, Darwin, Donders, Franklin, Fraunhofer, Rittenhouse, but not Rowland. There are numerous illustrations.

The tenth volume of Cohen's 'System of Physiologic Therapeutics' (Philadelphia: Blakiston) has just appeared. It is occupied with Pneumotherapy, which includes Aerotherapy, or the influence of the atmosphere under different degrees of pressure, and Inhalation, or the application of vapors through the lungs. Treatment by inhaled drugs is a confessed deviation from the original plan of the System, but seems perfectly admissible. The section on tobacco attributes to its moderate use "a more agreeable humor and a quicker wit," and alleges that it "renders bodily and intellectual labor more easy, and increases one's resistance to fatigue," and that it favorably affects digestion. The writer adds: "We must admit that its good effects are largely counterbalanced by numerous troubles quite properly attributed to the abuse of tobacco, such as irritation of the mouth and pharynx, dyspeptic troubles ending in hypopepsia [diminished digestion], vertigo, loss of memory, tremor, amblyopia [dimness of vision], palpitation, myocarditis [inflammation of the muscle of the heart], and angina pectoris." "Largely counterbalanced" is a mild expression, unless "largely" means "much more than." One would scarcely like to balance amblyopia and angina pectoris against a more agreeable humor and a quicker wit. The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings of apparatus, and is carefully indexed.

The twenty-eight-page introduction to Dr. Frank G. Clemow's 'The Geography of Disease' (Cambridge [Eng.]: University Press; New York: Macmillan) is a luminous and philosophical disquisition upon the nature and the distribution of diseases. It is an excellent résumé of the methods by which classes of disease spread, and of their relation to places and peoples, and it may not be condensed or abstracted with any satisfaction. Nearly six hundred pages and a dozen maps that follow contain very well written and accurate accounts of the localities in which the main disorders are to be found, and of the extent to which these prevail. But the absence of an index does not permit one to select a place and then look up its endemics or epidemics. Given a disease, however, and its habitat appears. The essay on the distribution of malaria is particularly instructive. Until recently "malaria" has indicated a cause of disease, carrying on its face an hypothesis; and its application to the disease itself has been made with a looseness only to be tolerated among the ill-informed. Now that defined hæmatozoa are recognized as the essential cause, and especially that winged insects rather than air-currents are known to be the agents that spread the paroxysmal fevers, the name, as representing either cause or consequence, becomes peculiarly inappropriate. Nevertheless as "malarial" and "malarious" under the old hypothesis are so well

established in professional as well as in common speech, we may properly enough neglect the derivation and take no exception to Dr. Clemow's application of the arbitrary and non-descriptive popular term to the disease itself; and it may be adopted by the nosology as openly as the misnamed "cholera." There is an occasional error in American geography, and a reference to the Confederate army of 1866; but such slips are only to be noted as signs that no graver ones are conspicuous.

Attention should be called to the completion of the third volume of the folio 'Descriptive Atlas of the Cesnola Collection of Cypriote Antiquities' in the Metropolitan Museum of Central Park. The objects shown in this volume comprise those in gold, silver, bronze, iron, and lead, in rock crystal, glass, engraved gems, and inscribed cylinder seals, pottery from Egypt, alabaster and native stone, ivory and bone, with inscriptions in Phœnician, Cypriote, Greek, and Latin. The variety of the present volume is in marked contrast with the first and second in the series, which dealt with stone sculpture and pottery respectively. The effort has been made to represent all the patterns in each class, not to show all the objects in the collection. The letterpress accompanying the plates attempts to describe the objects in detail, including both the obvious features and any others which may have been discernible in the object itself only by the aid of a powerful glass. The arrangement of the plates is by the material of the objects, and the objects are grouped by subjects, not by the localities where found. The utmost accuracy in details is guaranteed by the fact that the reproductions were made by the aid of photography, the printing being done by the gelatine method. There are about thirty colored plates, comprising nearly all the objects in bronze. The entire set of volumes is sold by subscription only, and the edition is limited to two hundred copies, fifty of which stand in the name of the Museum. The printing has been in progress during the past twenty years. Gen. L. P. di Cesnola, Director of the Museum, prepared the first volume, which was published in Boston in 1885, and has maintained constant oversight of the two succeeding volumes, which bear the imprint of the Museum, in 1894 and 1903. In the preparation of the second volume the late Dr. Isaac H. Hall, curator of the Museum, had a large share; and in the third a similar task fell to the lot of Dr. Charles R. Gillett, librarian of the Union Theological Seminary.

David Nutt, London, has just issued, in very pretty dress, the 'Story of Cupid and Psyche,' rendered into very appropriate English from the Latin of Apuleius by Charles Stuttaford. There are four illustrations by Jessie Mothersole, two of which, facing pages 39 and 79, have very unfortunately been interchanged in the placing, so that neither has any relation to the immediate text. In three of the four illustrations it must also be said that the illustrator either has not read the story carefully, or has not endeavored to make the figure of Psyche correspond to the text.

Mr. Charles W. Wood, author of 'Norwegian Byways' (New York: The Macmillan Company), gives us less than a story of adventure or a record of travel, yet decidedly more than a guide book to certain unfrequented routes in Norway. With nothing thrilling in their experiences, the pair of travellers whose excursion is described enjoyed, and point the way for others to enjoy, much that was delightful both in the romantic scenery and in fellow-travellers. The narrative is in excellent taste, and will afford the reader a pleasant hour or two of summer reading, with real profit.

Miss N. H. Moore's 'The Old China Book' (F. A. Stokes Co.), albeit it treats largely of English and Oriental wares, is wholly for American readers, for it tells of pottery and porcelain of artistic, historical, or what used to be called "antick," value that can be gathered in America. It is of sufficient technical as well as descriptive value; with the aid of its instruction the most ignorant buyer should be able to gather an excellent collection of china—if he can find it to collect. But domestic sources of supply have been well hunted, well examined, and wholly depleted; no great collection could be gathered now save from established dealers who have buyers in England. The lists of old blue and white ware stamped with historical and pictorial designs fill many pages. They are arranged in natural divisions. Grouping the wares of each potter and each pottery replaces classification by the pictorial subject of the decoration as in other lists published by other authors, and is the better method, though not so convenient for the china-learner seeking to identify a specimen. Best of all would be a conjunction of both lists, with a system of cross-references. Omissions are few in this book, mistakes are few. The easy, familiar, almost colloquial style renders the text agreeable reading, and the explanatory descriptions, which touch on history, art, and literature, are all well done and informing. The illustrations are many, and some rare pieces are pictured.

A very sensible view of Tacitus, the man and the writer, is to be found in the latest work of the veteran Academician, Gaston Boissier ('Tacite,' Paris: Hachette). He has no sympathy with the notion, once so prevalent but now losing ground, that this historian worked at second hand, following pretty closely one main source. He shows, rather, that Tacitus was an independent investigator, even in his longer works, and, furthermore, that there is no reason to think that he desired a restoration of the Republic, or indeed that any Romans of consequence in the first century desired it. The main part of the book, which is written by this octogenarian with all the charm of style and yet scholarly exactness which has characterized Boissier's earlier works on classical subjects, comprises four chapters: how Tacitus became a historian, the conception of history in his time, his judgment of the Cæsars and his political opinions. Three others are added which have already been printed elsewhere: on Roman schools of oratory, on Roman methods of learning the news, and on Martial. The volume cannot be neglected either by students of Roman history or by readers who admire Tacitus for his own sake.

Constant readers of the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakspeare-Gesellschaft*, the thirty-ninth volume of which ever-useful annual has just appeared, will miss in the current number one feature—the reprint of an Elizabethan minor drama—which has marked recent issues. Instead, we are offered this year two non-dramatic reprints, that of the poet Young's 'Conjectures on Original Composition' (1759), the inclusion of which is justified as a document in the history of Shakspere criticism, and that of a couple of sixteenth-century song books, Wynkyn de Worde's 'Song Booke' of 1530 (previously reprinted by Professor Flügel), and Thomas Whythorne's 'Songes of three, fower, and five Voyces,' of 1571, with facsimiles of portions of the musical setting. Two other articles will also appeal to American students of Elizabethan literature, that by A. S. W. Rosenbach on 'The Influence of the Celestina on the Early English Drama,' and the argument by Charles Crawford in favor of Kyd's authorship of 'Arden of Feversham.' The book reviews, notices of Shaksperiana, and bibliography, as usual, are complete and competent.

The Maryland Geological Survey has published the fourth volume of its general reports, containing information of much economic interest. The first part, "Palæozoic Appalachia, or the History of Maryland during the Palæozoic Time," by Bailey Willis, is a study of the physical changes which have taken place over a wide area, of which Maryland is a part, as recorded in the mechanical characteristics of the rocks. After explaining the processes which have wrought the changes, Mr. Willis gives an account of the growth and wasting of several mountain systems, the expansion of plains of continental extent, their gradual submergence, and the construction and migration of coextensive coastal plains. It describes the upfolding and dislocation of sedimentary strata from two to six miles thick in a zone a hundred miles wide and fifteen hundred miles long, and the withdrawal of the sea from territory over which it is believed to have extended many millions of years. In the "Second Report on the Highways of Maryland," by Harry Fielding Reid and A. N. Johnson, forming Part II. of the volume, is a discussion of certain changes in the testing of road materials devised in the laboratory of the Highway Division of the Survey. The results of several hundred tests of paving brick, cement, and road materials are set forth, and it is pointed out that much permanent improvement of the highways might be made by a proper use of available means without additional cost to the counties. The first portion of the "Report on the Clays of Maryland," by Heinrich Ries, forms the third part of the volume. The book is copiously illustrated, and presents the same elegant appearance which has characterized the previous volumes of the series.

The recent arrival in Cairo of the first consignment of cotton grown in the Sudan is a noteworthy event, not only as a proof of the beneficent effect of British rule in that region, but as the first fruits of a new cotton-raising country of unknown extent and productiveness. It is reported to be, in mercerizing qualities and in strength of fibre, superior to the best Egyptian cotton, but the length of the staple is somewhat shorter. This defect will probably be remedied in time by judicious crossing. As gold, iron, copper, and coal are also found in the Sudan, it is not impossible that in the near future this territory may develop a great mining industry.

The study of Chinese has been given an important impetus in Great Britain by a recent "Grace" of the senate of the University of Cambridge. It is now formally included in the Oriental Languages Tripos, and it will henceforth be possible to graduate with honors in that language alone, coupled with some knowledge of the general history of the Far East. The University possesses a large and extremely valuable Chinese library, and it is proposed to endow a scholarship in Chinese, as now being one of the important languages of the world.

—Some booksellers' catalogues, by reason of fulness of description, accuracy of collation, and elegant typography, have a known intrinsic value for collectors and librarians. Such conspicuously is the quarto designated Catalogus LIII., 'Monumenta Typographica,' just issued in Florence by Leo S. Olschki, the descriptive part in French. No fewer than 1,385 items are treated in geographical order in 472 pages, with the aid of numerous beautiful facsimiles of title-pages, colophons, marks, designs, ornaments, etc. The chief Latin classics are well represented; so are Jerome and Savonarola, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The Petrarch list we have checked somewhat carefully, and found full of rarities. There is the first edition of the 'De Remediis' (1492), the first of 'Epistulae Familiares' (1492), the first of the 'Opera Latina' (1496), the 'Canzoniere' of 1501, on which Aldus first employed his Italic type, the Bologna 'Trionfi' of 1475, which our bookseller, *en connoisseur*, confidently ascribes to Ugo Rugerius and Doninus Bertochus of Reggio; and we leave unenumerated as many more which do not turn up every day. In the Dante lot we meet with the earliest edition of the 'Convivio' (1490); of the 'Divine Comedy' the first Aldine edition (1502), and the second (1515), the Florence edition (1481) with Landino's commentary and etched designs attributed to Botticelli, only partly carried out because of the difficulty of mating intaglio and relief printing, the Benvenuto da Imola commentary (1477), priced but a little below the Botticelli, etc. We need say no more, except that there is a table of authors, another of printers, a third of editions arranged in comparison with Hain, a fourth of illustrated books, and a fifth according to date of publication—from 1468 to 1500 only, though the latter date is transcended in fact. The collation is all that could be desired, nor are the prices prohibitory.

—It is curious to find American cities figuring as foreign cities; to learn, for example, that Chicago is "probably the fourth Polish city in the world," "undoubtedly the second Bohemian city in the world," the third Swedish, the third Norwegian city, etc. Through such expression of truths that do not emerge from the rehearsing of mere figures, Professor Buck, in his 'Sketch of the Linguistic Conditions of Chicago,' seeks to impress upon the American reader the immense foreign element sojourning in this land. This little study is replete with interest both to the linguist and to the sociologist. Perhaps the most significant fact brought out is the assured supremacy of the English tongue. Divided competition on the part of the foreign languages is partially responsible for this; but far more important is the domination of established folk-ways, which visit aberrations from the ideal with scornful epithets and contempt. The first generation knows little English, the second is bilingual, and the third is ordinarily unilingual with respect to the prevailing tongue. The process of absorption appears to be inevitable, and "is substantially the same everywhere." Scattered colonies alone retain the native idiom; and, curiously enough, here, in the new land, acquaintance may be first made with a native tongue; *e. g.*, many Irishmen learn Irish for the first time under the auspices of the Gaelic League. The author states that the linguistic babel of Cairo and Constantinople is of small moment as compared with that of Chicago; and yet, such is our enviable lot, there exists here no "language question" such as disturbs the tranquillity of large sections of Europe. Professor Buck's study is well worth the attention of students in all fields. It is issued by the University of Chicago Press.

—The fourth of the series of sub-reports to the Committee of Fifty which is investigating the Liquor Problem has just been published, Dr. J. S. Billings editor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This treats of the physiological and pathological aspect of the case. The best that can be said for alcohol is that, under very favorable conditions and in limited quantities, it may be regarded as a food, and that the recognized pathological changes which follow its free use as a beverage, short of pronounced and continued excess, pass away when abstinence is resumed. Moderation means nothing beyond three ounces of spirits freely diluted, or four glasses of beer, taken with the last meals. More than that is excess, and trouble follows. The food value is exhibited practically only when disease or disability prevents the assimilation of other nutriment, and it should be used as such only by a physician's direction. The sub-committee holds that mental work is impaired and physical effort lessened by the use of alcohol, that it does not protect against cold or fatigue, and that it diminishes resistance to infectious diseases; and it admits without reserve, and with no assembling of formal evidence beyond what is, unfortunately, common observation, that alcoholic excess leads only to evil, moral and physical. The sub-committee very justly condemns the degree and the kind of attention that many States require to be given to this subject in the public schools. Not that it is unimportant: a clear knowledge of the action of alcohol is most important. But it should not be exalted into a study by itself, nor be taught, as now is the case, with misrepresentation of many of the facts. A very curious feature of the investigation is an analysis of many proprietary medicines and some drinks, advertised as "temperance," which range from 6 to 44.3 per cent. alcohol (a "wine" bitter has 47.5 per cent.), whose sale is large in prohibition and local-option States. This paper will be a valuable foundation for the final report of the Committee of Fifty.

—The one hundred and thirty volumes of Records of the War of the Rebellion are a mine of curious and instructive information, not only upon the well-known occurrences of the war, but concerning the inner life of the Confederacy and the minor romances of campaigns and regiments. Mr. John T. Bell of Oakland, Cal. (formerly of the Second Iowa Infantry), has compiled a thin volume of 'Civil War Stories' (San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Co.), in which are condensed, with his own shrewd and judicious comments, a few of the phases of tragedy and comedy revealed by the Records. Among the chapters which have an especial interest now are those relating to the negro in the war and to General Sherman's opinions upon negro suffrage, as well as upon other subjects in which, according to his wont, he expressed his mind with great independence and often with striking foresight. Two days before Bull Run a communication was received by the Confederate War Department proposing negro regiments for Confederate service; but so revolutionary an idea received sanction by the desperate South only nineteen days before the surrender at Appomattox. Among those in the field who urged this measure was Gen. Patrick Cleburne, an officer of great courage, but the proposition was suppressed for the time, although, it would appear, often renewed in the field councils of officers. An amusing correspondence is printed between a Tennessee citizen and the Confederate Commissary Department upon the possibility of levying tribute upon the inland waters of the South, inaccessible to the enemy, for the supply of sufficient fish to make up the shortcomings of the army rations. Ten thousand men were to be detailed for the fishing, and women were to be set to salting the product; "if these men should average ten pounds each per day, it would supply enough for an army of 200,000." The reply of the Commissary-General recognized the humor of the proposition, and briefly set forth that, in the Government straits for supplies, this resource had not been forgotten, although a vigilant adversary had cruelly broken up some of the seacoast expeditions to this end.

—A Celtic Renaissance is a possibility in which few believe with ardor. Even Mr. W. B. Yeats, its most active apostle, writes in tentative language of the future of literature in "Ireland, where everything has failed." His 'Ideas of Good and Evil' (Macmillan), a score of short essays on poetry, the drama, and the Celtic movement, borrows its title from William Blake, of whom Mr. Yeats says much that is new and suggestive. Blake "was a man crying out for a mythology, and trying to make one because he could not find one to his hand. . . . If he had lived later, he would have taken his symbols from Norse mythology, . . . or have gone to Ireland—and he was probably an Irishman—and chosen for his symbols the sacred mountains, along whose sides the peasant still sees enchanted fires." What Mr. Yeats desires is that the Celtic movement should lead to "the opening of the great fountain of Gaelic legends." What Wagner and William Morris did for Norse mythology, what was done, by Malory and Tennyson and the rest, for the Arthurian legend, Mr. Yeats and his associates would fain do for the folk-literature of the Gaels. "I do not think with unbroken pleasure of our scholars who write about German writers or about periods of Greek history. I always remember that they could give us a number of little books which would tell, each book for some one country or some

one parish, the verses or the stories or the events that would make every lake or mountain a man can see from his own door an excitement in his imagination. I would have some of them leave that work of theirs which will never lack hands, and begin to dig in Ireland, the garden of the future." By the last sentence we are reminded of Mr. George Moore's 'Untilled Field.' Mr. Yeats believes, of course, with Matthew Arnold that the ideal genius is two-thirds Celt, and that English poetry owes its greatest beauties to the Celtic strain in its writers. He goes further, and looks to the Celtic movement to introduce into this non-creative age "the vivifying spirit of excess"—that excess which is so dear, so natural to the Celtic temperament that when Arnold attempted to differentiate the Celt from the Greek it was precisely in the Celtic lack of measure, which is an element in the Celtic "reaction against the despotism of fact," that he found the grand distinction. "The Celtic race," said Renan, "has worn itself out in mistaking dreams for realities." Mr. Yeats has cultivated a style which he says is himself. "I could not now write of any other country but Ireland, for my style has been shaped by the subjects I have worked on." His style is pleasing and dreamy, but we find nothing essentially Irish in it save a confusion of "shall" and "will" and "would" and "should" which the educated Irishman usually improves away. What Mr. Yeats lacks for the furtherance of his movement is the *vivida vis animi*, the Viking vigor of a William Morris. The genius of Wagner, the unwavering convictions of Morris—who will contribute these to the Celtic Renaissance?

—In his play "Where There Is Nothing" (Macmillan) Mr. Yeats boldly sets his hero on that "roadway of excess" which William Blake thought the shortest cut to the "palace of wisdom." "How splendid is the cup of my drunkenness," cries Paul Ruttledge, an Irish landowner, and forsakes his estate and his prosaic relatives for the open road and the society of "tinkers," the gypsies of Ireland. "Depend upon it," says his neighbor, Mr. Green, "he is going to write a book. There was a man who made quite a name for himself by sleeping in a casual ward." The tinkers can only suppose that Ruttledge is "wanted" by the police. A passion for the open road is not uncommon. But what Ruttledge sets out to do is to "destroy law and number, the laws and the Church, and at last the world itself." "I would like to have great iron claws, and to put them about the pillars, and pull till everything fell into pieces; then we would have more room to drink out of the drunken cup of life, . . . for where there is nothing, there is God." With the tinkers first, then as a monk, finally as a wandering preacher, Ruttledge is beset by this longing to pull down. But the "cup of drunkenness"—a recurring *motif* after the manner of Ibsen—is interpreted by him and his followers to mean free drinks for the whole village; his "vivifying excess" is an excess of porter, a Titanic defiance of petty sessions. Alas for the Dionysiac element sordidly embodied in drunken villagers and drunken police! We have been trained by Ibsen to put off our Philistinism now and again in order to understand, if we can, the point of view of those whose eyes are so fiercely fixed on the ideal that they cannot play the trivial and orderly game of life. The reader of this play, recognizing the symbolism of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and careful not to range himself with the hero's scandalized relatives, must regret, nevertheless, that Mr. Yeats should assume the rôle of an Irish Ibsen. The Celt in literature has so far been a creditor; it is not by borrowing the Scandinavian method that Irish writers will further a Celtic Renaissance.

—We called attention on their appearance to the first two volumes of Senator Luigi Chiala's 'Giacomo Dina e l'Opera sua nelle Vicende del Risorgimento Italiano.' The third volume, which has just been issued, completes the work (Turin: Roux & Viarengo), and covers the period 1866-1879. Dina's career as a journalist in Italy is comparable to that of Mr. Godkin in America. For thirty years he played the part of an independent, fearless editor, a real shaper of public opinion, who told his readers what he believed they ought to hear, not what they wished to hear. He had not Mr. Godkin's great gift of irony, nor his engaging style, but he had equal sincerity and an equal recognition of education, of letting in the light, as the chief means of helping his countrymen to profit by their political independence. Senator Chiala follows in this volume the plan he adopted for its predecessors, of giving large extracts from Dina's editorial leaders, and of connecting or explaining them by a running commentary. In this way every important political event in Italy during fourteen critical years is passed in review, and, besides Dina's articles in *L'Opinione*, we see letters from statesmen of various groups—for, although Dina was a Liberal of the Cavourian school, he had friends in other parties. The work throws light on international politics—on the war of 1866, for instance, on the relations of Italy with Napoleon III., and on the Papal Question—and will necessarily be consulted by students of those episodes. Incidentally, it rouses our sympathy for Dina the man, not less than our admiration for Dina the great editor.

LIDDELL'S MACBETH.

The Tragedie of Macbeth: A New Edition of Shakspere's Works, with critical text in Elizabethan English, and brief notes illustrative of Elizabethan life, thought, and idiom. By Mark Harvey Liddell. [The Elizabethan Shakspere.] Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903. 4to, xxxiii., 247.

The present volume is the first of what is certainly the most ambitious edition of Shakspere so far produced in this country. The publishers announce it as being, in the opinion of connoisseurs, perhaps "the most beautiful set of books ever issued from an American press," and Mr. De Vinne, who has designed the type on a fifteenth-century model, regards it as his "best workmanship in typography." The style of composition revives a difficult and elaborate method of the fifteenth century, the notes forming a frame to the text on each page. The claims made for the scholarship of the edition are no less high. The editor regards himself as a pioneer in presenting the text in what he calls "Elizabethan idiom," and in interpreting it in the sense of that idiom; and he has brought an imposing apparatus to the accomplishment of his task. A work thus heralded challenges a somewhat close examination of its claims.

It is difficult to understand what constituency the publishers have had in view in this enterprise. "The *perfect* Shakspere thus far," without which "the average man cannot read the plays intelligently," is published in an *édition de luxe*, limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and costing $500 a set. But such editions are not usually meant for the average man; and the millionaires and collectors who buy them are not likely to plod through the mass of minute linguistic information with which the pages are loaded. If the notes are to be a contribution to scholarship, it is a pity that the size and cost of the edition will make it inaccessible to all but a few of the more wealthy libraries and private scholars.

Picturesquely considered, the book is very magnificent. The new De Vinne type is beautiful in design and easy to read, and some of the pages are very successful. Frequently, however, the necessities of scene division and the like cut up the page and spoil its symmetry, and the length of line (added to the close "leading") in the smaller type of the notes is too great for ease of reading when it runs right across the large quarto page. The device of framing the text in the notes, however decorative, is disappointing to the student. In nine cases out of ten the notes run well over on the page following, often, of course, over the leaf, and the lack of paragraphing makes any one note hard to find. On the whole, one is bound to feel that the artistic results of the arrangement are not decided enough to counterbalance the costliness and inconvenience.

The theory on which Mr. Liddell has determined his text is due to his belief that "in the nineteenth century as well as in the eighteenth Shakspere has invariably, save in the case of Dr. Furness's Variorum, which copies the First Folio *punctuatim et literatim*, been modernized and transliterated into the current idiom." He forgets that it is only in the later volumes that Dr. Furness adheres to the First Folio. The reader will perceive, too, that here, as throughout the volume, the word "idiom" is used meaning little more than spelling, for Mr. Liddell himself abandons freely the punctuation, capitalization and typographical peculiarities of the Folio, changes the division into scenes and the stage directions, and emends the text, while preserving the spelling; and it is absurd to speak of standard texts like that of the Cambridge Shakespere as "translations" from Elizabethan into modern "idiom," as we ordinarily understand the words. The value of preserving the Folio spelling is, despite Mr. Liddell's insistence, very doubtful. He himself remarks, in correcting in his text the form "ha's" to "has": "The Folio reads *ha's*, as often; but this is a mere gratuitous piece of philological information—and incorrect as such information usually is—on the part of the printer, who seems to have supposed that 'has' was formed from 'haves' by dropping the *ve*." But this criticism applies constantly to the Folio spelling, which of course has no authority but that of an unknown seventeenth-century compositor. The peculiarities and inconsis-

tencies so carefully preserved are oftener misleading than philologically significant. And even Mr. Liddell tampers with the spelling. Not only does he modernize words like "ha's," but he takes the liberty of reading "th' set," "th' fogge," for the Folio "the set," "the fogge," and "enterance" for the Folio (and modern) "entrance," in order to make the verse conform to his own sense of rhythm. Thus the advantages of an exact reprint are sacrificed without the compensation of getting rid of the erratic spelling of the early seventeenth century.

The notes give evidence of much careful reading in Elizabethan literature, the gatherings from which have been poured into the present volume without stint. The glossaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the New English Dictionary have been used probably more systematically than in any previous edition, and much interesting, if not always relevant, linguistic information has been derived. But the editor's erudition far outstrips his judgment, so that there are astonishingly few interpretations made in the light of these illustrative quotations which are at once novel and convincing. As an example of this part of his work, take his treatment of the lines in "Macbeth," I. 2:

> "The merciless Macdonwald
> (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
> The multiplying villanies of nature
> Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
> Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied."

The usual interpretation is that the speaker regards Macdonwald's rebelliousness as a natural outcome of his vicious traits. But Mr. Liddell says, "*That* seems to refer to the rebels' mercilessness, with *to* in its common El. [Elizabethan] sense of 'besides.'" Further, the "*multiplying villanies of nature* are 'the kerns and gallowglasses' themselves, and not vicious aspects of Macdonwald's character." This is supported by quotations to show that "beastly behavior" was characteristic of kerns and gallowglasses, that "*swarm* is not elsewhere by Shakspere used with reference to abstract qualities, but refers to the gathering of mobs," and that "multiplying, too, generally means 'prolific, not multiplied.'" A careful comparison of this learned ingenuity with the passage itself is a sufficient refutation.

Mr. Liddell is so profoundly impressed with the difference between Elizabethan and modern English that he is constantly forcing the sense of Shakspere's language away from modern English; while, on the other hand, he views the connotation of modern English as mechanical and impoverished, like a foreigner who is ignorant of our colloquial speech. This defect will be particularly annoying to Shakspere scholars who have been accustomed to plead for a serious study of Elizabethan idiom, and who here find their case spoiled by over-statement. This tendency is so pervasive in the edition that it calls for illustration. On Lady Macbeth's words, "Yet doe I feare thy nature; It is too full o' th' milk of humane kindnesse," etc., he says, "Nature has here its usual Elizabethan meaning of 'character,' cp. I. 3. 137." On Banquo's words, "Th' heaven's breath Smells wooingly here," he says, "*Smells* seems in Elizabethan English to have meant 'breathes upon,' cp. Florio, *'oreggiare*, to breathe, to blow as aire or winde, to sent, or smell pleasantly'; cp., too, 'The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly,' Temp. II., i. 46." But the quotation from Florio does not prove that "smells" in Banquo's speech means anything but what the modern reader would suppose; and the whole passage is typical of a peculiarity of frequent occurrence in Mr. Liddell's use of his authorities, viz., the assumption that all the words used in a glossary to explain a given term are synonyms of one another. Again, on Lady Macbeth's "What beast was't then That made you breake this enterprize to me?" he writes, "*Breake* is Elizabethan English for 'disclose,' cp. 'therefore . . . Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English,' Hen. V., V. 2. 265." "To be counsail'd" is an Elizabethan phrase meaning "to take advice," cp. "pray be counsail'd," *i. e.*, "take my advice," Cor. III., 2. 25" (p. 59). "*Scales* in Elizabethan English are the scale-pans of the balance" (p. 72). "*How goes the world?* is an Elizabethan conventional expression meaning 'What's the news?' as in Tam. of Shr. IV., i. 35 (cited by Delius); in Phr. Gen. it is translated by *quid novi*" (p. 87). Examples of this implied denial of ordinary modern meanings are found constantly, and the notes are burdened with such unnecessary matter. The inference that is forced upon one is that for the completing of his equipment the editor needs to familiarize himself with the modern usage of English, both literary and colloquial. The peculiarities of his own style, like the use of "idiom" already noted, his persistent employment of "verbiage" for "diction," and similar oddities of expression, strengthen this inference.

Both in the notes and in the introduction considerable space is devoted to æsthetic criticism, and this is often interesting and suggestive. Mr. Liddell regards the *motif* of "Macbeth" as "essentially the same with that of the Heracles Mainomenos of Euripides, or that of the classic and mediæval story of Hercules Furens, or that of the mediæval and modern Faust legend." The witches he interprets as powers of evil corresponding to the Furies that invade the soul of Hercules, and he dwells throughout on the conception of Macbeth as insane, as devil-possessed, as an ambitious man "bargaining with the devil and selling his soul in exchange for power." It is not quite clear how far he regards these three states as identical; and indeed in his whole treatment of Shakspere's great tragic heroes, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, as insane, there is some indistinctness in his use of the term.

In "Macbeth" Mr. Liddell finds a peculiar external unity of form "secured by the insertion of narrative scenes between the several acts of the play to serve the purposes of the Greek chorus," and this choral element he emphasizes again and again. But when one considers that such narrative scenes occur frequently in the Elizabethan drama as a somewhat obvious device for giving information not easily presented in true dramatic form, that they occur in the middle of acts in "Macbeth" itself (*e. g.*, the bleeding sergeant, I. 2), that no such scene occurs between acts I. and II., and that the spectator attitude so essential to the chorus is absent, it is hard to feel that there is more than a vague analogy between the purpose of such scenes and the functions of the chorus. The mere absence of underplot, the singleness of the theme of Macbeth's internal development and external career, is an easier explanation of the marked unity of the play. In spite of such criticisms, however, Mr. Liddell's study of the plot and the characters has produced valuable results, and his interpretations are given with enthusiasm and eloquence. The edition is furnished with an admirably full glossarial index.

When the attempt is made to gain legitimate prestige by issuing editions of the great classics, by giving these a worthy and even a splendid material form, and by employing a scholarly editor, one is bound to meet it with approval and sympathy. It is with the more regret, then, that we find ourselves forced to draw attention to what appears to us the lack of sound judgment both in the publishers' conception of the fitness of the contents of an edition to the public selected by its price, and in the editor's use of his undoubted erudition.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Highways and Byways in London. By Mrs. E. T. Cooke. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

It has been said that in order to be a good biographer it is necessary to have a profound enthusiasm for the subject to be portrayed. If this quality is also necessary for topography, Mrs. Cooke is eminently qualified for her task, for enthusiasm she has to a superlative degree. She knows London thoroughly well, and the people of all classes who are to be met with in its highways and byways, and she writes of them with understanding and with a fine sense of humor, for this is not a guide book to places and monuments merely: it goes much farther, carrying one into the very life of the people, besides telling us so much about the town and all its ways.

The Londoner, born and bred, generally bent on business when in the street, is not observant by nature; he hurries along with eyes on the ground, his chief preoccupation being to cover space as quickly as possible, so great are the distances and time so valuable. The dull, uniform streets or crowded thoroughfares do not reveal to him their connection with the interesting people who have lived and suffered in them, leaving their mark on the world, nor has he the advantage of the traveller in a Baedeker for companion of his walks. Therefore to Londoners especially this book will bring enlightenment and invest even mean streets with their associations with the past. For travellers also it has its special advantages, since it contains innumerable quotations from great writers whose impressions one likes to note and to have together ready to look up at the right moment.

Mrs. Cooke has a deep conviction that everything is for the best in her native city; she would not even dispense with the soot and grime, in which she sees "a mellowing, softening, harmonizing effect on the architecture and street monuments." We cannot agree with her in calling soot "an artistic value," although such statuary as is to be met with in the squares and parks, the lions in Trafalgar Square, and the deplorable caryatids of St. Pancras Church lose nothing by being covered with a veil

of blackness; but it does seem a little too much, after lauding the architecture of St. Paul's, to rejoice in its festoons of blackened roses. In a well-conceived design everything is intended, not left to chance effects of climate; therefore, to say that St. Paul's is "blackening ever year by year, yet gaining immeasurably through that very blackness," is poor praise to Wren, who had not counted on this effect. Hawthorne shares Mrs. Cooke's opinion. "There can not," he writes, "be anything else in its way so good in the world as just this effect of St. Paul's in the very heart and densest tumult of London. It is much better than staring white; the edifice would not be nearly so grand without this drapery of black." We are told the cost of the building was defrayed by a tax on all coals brought into the port of London, so that it gets its blackness by right. This grime is at all events a well-established fact, which has to be accepted.

Mr. G. A. Sala also is in favor of the smoky chimneys. He says about St. Paul's: "It is really the better for all the incense which all the chimneys since the time of Wren have offered at its shrine, and are still flinging up every day from their foul and grimy censers." As a flower of speech, this is good; but as criticism it is equivalent to saying the less seen of it the better. M. Taine, the French critic, evidently thinks otherwise; he writes of Somerset House:

"A frightful thing is the huge palace in the Strand which is called Somerset House. Massive and heavy piece of architecture, of which the hollows are inked, the porticoes blackened with soot, where in the cavity of the empty court is a sham fountain without water, pools of water on the pavement, long rows of closed windows. What can they possibly do in these catacombs? It seems as if the livid and sooty fog had even befouled the verdure of the parks. But what most offends the eyes are the colonnades, peristyles, Grecian ornaments, mouldings and wreaths of the houses, all bathed in soot. Poor antique architecture—what is it doing in such a climate?"

No wonder the pretentious Georgian and early Victorian stucco style, so unsuitable for the moderate-sized house, found little favor with the French critic. The present fashion for red brick and terra-cotta, with large casements, inaugurated by Philip Webb and Norman Shaw is certainly more agreeable to the eye and better adapted for the homes of middle-class people. To decide what style of architecture prevails in the medley of different periods constituting London, is indeed difficult. Our authoress concludes that the "dark house in the long, unlovely street" which Tennyson tells of and Mme. de Staël vituperates, covers the greater number of acres. The fact is, each of the districts constituting London as it now is, *i. e.*, Belgravia, Tyburnia, Bayswater, Kensington, Chelsea, etc., etc., has the impress and character of the time of its greatest popularity and fashion and of the class by which it was principally inhabited. As Mrs. Cooke justly says: "It has always been the city's fate to have its past overgrown and stifled by the enthralling energy and life of the present. It is as a hive that has never been emptied of its successive swarms. This is more or less the fate of all towns that live."

It was not till Elizabeth's time that there were as many houses outside the city walls as within them. The first map of London published in 1563 by Ralph Ugga shows the same thoroughfares existing now—the Strand, "Chepe" and Fleet. In a later map of 1610, London and Westminster appear as small neighboring towns with fields around them; Totten Court, a country village; Kensington and Marylebone secluded hamlets; Clerkenwell and St. Gyllis quite isolated from the main city, while Chelsey was quite in the wilds.

Even the great devastating fires did not destroy the line of the public highways. After that of 1666 Sir Christopher Wren wished to remodel the town and make it regular, symmetrical and convenient; but although he was the prevailing spirit in the rebuilding of London city, and no important building during forty years was erected without his judgment, his plan for regulating and straightening the streets did not take effect. Much of the picturesque quality of the city is owing to its irregularity and the remains of its past. Wren rebuilt no less than sixty churches, all showing great variety of design. St. Paul's, the third Christian church since early Saxon times on the same site, was his masterpiece. Although an adaptation of St. Peter's of Rome, it bears the impress of his versatile genius. His influence in architecture continued late into the eighteenth century.

Of his immediate predecessor, Inigo Jones, the Banqueting House in Whitehall, now used as a museum, remains; it is a fragment of the splendid palace designed by him for James I., to take the place of York House of Wolsey. The classical revival began with G. Gibbs; he built St. Martin-in-the-Fields, whose Greek portico, according to Augustus Hare, is "the only perfect example in London." The brothers Adam also flourished at this time, and introduced grace of line and much artistic skill in domestic decoration. Sir W. Chambers with Somerset House, and Sir John Soane with the Bank of England, continued the classical tradition, but it did not prevail in full force till Nash, "the apostle of plaster," planned Regent Street, from Carlton House to Regent's Park, and the terraces in that locality, all in the tawdry pseudo-classic stuccoed style, which was applied indiscriminately to churches, shops, railway stations, panoramas, etc., etc. It was not till the middle of the last century that the Gothic revival began to flourish. Pugin, Britton, and Sir John Barry then became prominent. The last-named built the Houses of Parliament, which elicited so many different opinions. Bodley and Norman Shaw have made the Queen Anne style, which now prevails, popular, and it is applied indiscriminately in a cheap form to every conceivable purpose. The demand for originality in street architecture is to be seen in the tall, important blocks of residential flats and new hotels now rising up in every quarter. They are the signs of the times, showing the process of transformation which is going on rapidly, sweeping away much that is beautiful to meet the requirements of modern life.

It is not in the architectural survey of London that Mrs. Cook is at her best, but in the many sides of London life she gives us with so much vivacity. She has a knowledge of the people which can be acquired only by those who have an extraordinary gift of sympathy which puts them in touch with all humanity. Whether it be of the Yiddish slave market in Whitechapel; the Italian colony of Eyre Street Hill, consisting of models, organ grinders, and ice-cream venders; the sailors' town east of the Tower—she writes as one who knows from her own experience. Mrs. Cook is especially fond of children, and gives us innumerable anecdotes of the sayings and doings of little Cockney waifs and strays in their own dialect.

The illustrations are numerous. Those of places, by Griggs, are often good. Mr. Thomson's character sketches are so exaggerated as to be almost caricatures.

People of the Whirlpool: From the Experience Book of a Commuter's Wife. The Macmillan Co.

'Twixt God and Mammon. By W. E. Tirebuck. D. Appleton & Co.

"People of the Whirlpool" is the literal translation of the Indian name given by their Long Island neighbors to the inhabitants of aboriginal New York, in reference to the seething waters of Hell Gate—a name singularly appropriate, on other grounds, to the New Yorkers of to-day. The book, written by our old friend Barbara of the 'Garden of a Commuter's Wife,' is fundamentally a protest against the ideals of life held by the very rich of our day, and the demoralizing influence which these have on all with whom they come in contact. A colony of the "Whirlpoolers," as she calls them, establish themselves on the bluffs near the house in which Barbara, now married and the mother of twin boys, has lived all her life, endangering with their false standards the happiness of the whole community. The same note is struck in the experience of two New York friends, an old bachelor and an old maid, people of means, of good family and connection, who find themselves gradually isolated by the different manner of life that has grown up about them. Barbara makes a plea for the obsolescent home, for simple domestic pleasures and true neighborliness; she deplores the lost art of sociability, the unrest of an age that stays in a place only long enough to plan the next move.

The atmosphere of the book is pleasant, even very pleasant; it is both interesting and amusing, while the underlying truth makes it profitable. As to this truth itself, the demoralizing effect of wealth on a community, there has never been a time in history when the writers of one generation have not condemned as demoralizing customs that are a matter of course to the next—a fact significant of more things than can be touched on here. The weakest point in 'People of the Whirlpool' is the mechanical pairing off of the characters in play fashion. An old couple, as well as a young couple, is sent in front of the footlights in a perfunctory way that cheapens the effect of the whole book.

"There is human nature, and there is Welsh nature," says Mr. George Meredith. We question whether the epigram expresses anything more than the conventional Anglo-Saxon attitude to the Celt in general; the Celtic temperament being a thing that the Anglo-Saxon equally admires and avoids. In ''Twixt God and Mammon' Mr.

Tirebuck gives a picture of Welsh farm life which does credit to his power of observation and his appreciation of certain aspects of the modern Gael and his aims. It was Mr. Tirebuck's ambition to become the novelist of Wales, but he was handicapped by an ineptitude for style, a lack of vocabulary, a lack of form surprising in a writer whose single and lifelong ambition was literature. Mr. Hall Caine's memoir of his dead friend is more interesting than the tale that it introduces; in fact, one could hardly read the tale through but for the curiosity as to Mr. Tirebuck that Mr. Caine inspires. Wales still awaits her novelist, but the figure of Josiah Probert, the unhappy young Welsh farmer with his Eisteddfod aspirations and his incomplete poetic gift, is striking and pathetic. He, however, is not the hero, and the main theme of the book is the conscientious scruples and the final lapse into worldliness of the Rev. Gomer Dean, a sort of Theron Ware, whose damnation comes of conforming to the conventional. Count Tolstoy is reported to have said that certain passages in Mr. Tirebuck's earlier novel, 'Miss Grace of All Souls,' are the best that has been achieved in modern fiction. As a critic, Count Tolstoy is, of course, completely disqualified, and one can see that what attracted him in Mr. Tirebuck's work was the incessant moral conflict, the balancing of the things of this world against the things of the soul, that may result in the "Resurrection" of a libertine or the degeneration of an ascetic. Mr. Tirebuck's contributions to this sort of literature are deficient in everything that insures immortality, since they lack the only antiseptic, style. Of the present work it is but fair to add that its final revision was interrupted by the author's death.

Sophocles: Translated and explained by J. Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A. (The Athenian Drama Series. Vol. II.) Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

Professor Phillimore is the successor in the chair of Greek at Glasgow of Mr. Gilbert Murray, the translator of Euripides, and he employs in this translation of Sophocles the metre which in Mr. Murray's hands seemed well chosen because it was excellently wielded. When Dryden

"Grew weary of his long-loved Mistress Rhyme,"

and abandoned the rhymed couplet, he wrote some verses on the impropriety of such fetters for the fierce passions of tragedy; but lest he should some day be tempted to revert to rhyme, he added a saving clause in prose, to the effect that success with the rhymed couplet was not impossible, though for the time beyond his powers. Rostand has proved that the French Alexandrine can be made supple and flowing and expressive by a masterhand. Our five-foot rhymed couplet is the best English equivalent. The writer who ventures to express tragic emotion in the favorite metre of Pope must of course avoid magniloquence and smooth monotony. But there are worse extremes. Sophocles was neither jerky nor colloquial, while Mr. Phillimore is both. We trace his failure, which is signal, partly to the fact that he is no poet, partly to the determination of the Glasgow School to be at their ease with the classics; they are bent on bringing the modern reader in touch with the Greek writer, even at the cost of pulling the Greek down from his pedestal. So it is that the Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow makes Œdipus, that immortal pattern of a tragic hero, address Antigone with the query:

"Say can you teach me what's the place we're at?"

To whom Antigone:

"He's gone; so, father, you may now speak out
In peace, for none but I alone's about."

The dread Eumenides are apostrophized as "Ladies," and Antigone, in her marvellous dirge, sings of "blubberèd eyelids," which is well enough in Spenser, but in the present context gives a false effect of quaintness.

For the most part Mr. Phillimore errs on the side of plainness, not to say uncouthness, of diction, so that such phrases as "matrimonial resort" (p. 48) or "Ballad-monger Bitch" (the Sphinx) are not alien to his style. But there are passages for the meaning of which one turns to the Greek text precisely as though one were reading Browning's version of the "Agamemnon":

"*Cho.* Mercy on us, Zeus! What may the man be?
Œd. Mine is not all that a destiny can be,
Meet for a blessing, Lords of the regions.
Proof of it—how by these alien eyes
Had I walked otherwise—
Sheer-hulk on a tiny allegiance?"

On page 67 Œdipus tells Antigone that

"In learning is
The circumspection of activities."

Yet nothing could be clearer than the original. Antigone's simple appeal to the Chorus (p. 72) is rendered:

"Merciful-spirited sirs, here dwelling,
Tho' you could not abide to behold
Father—his blindness; because Fame told
Those unpurposèd acts he fell in,
Still, we beseech you adoringly, ear to my misery, mine—
Ear incline,—
Suppliant here in my wrecked sire's cause to you—
Cause that I plead with you, eye to eye gaze at you,—
Eyes not of blindness mine—e'en as if I were a
Vision of kindred aris'n to you—O let his
Woes find mercy!"

This is neither sense nor poetry. Mr. Phillimore, in a note, refers to this monody as a *libretto*, and certainly in his version it reminds one of those monuments of sheer imbecility, the translated *libretti* of the Wagnerian operas.

A phrase which literally translated means "most insatiate of all men," is rendered "the arch-arch-unappeasable." Yet we are told in Mr. Phillimore's 'Introduction' that Sophocles is "never prosaic," that his odes were "rich with poetry," that he satisfies all Burke's requirements of smoothness, evenness, and beauty, and never "clothes his thoughts in reach-me-downs"—a vulgar trade term for ready-made clothing, the use of which illustrates the "levelling-down" method of the translator. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" And woe to the English reader who must take Mr. Phillimore's word for it that Sophocles does exhibit all these and other perfections, yet can never catch a glimpse of them in this version.

We have not the space for further quotation, and since other and better translations of these three plays are to be had, it would not be worth while to dwell on the defects of this, were it not that Mr. Phillimore represents a tendency in modern scholarship; is himself a good scholar, speaking with authority from the chair of a great university which has long been associated with some of the best classical scholarship in Great Britain; and contributes this volume to a series which aims at nothing less than a standard English version of the poets of the Athenian drama. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* The better the scholar, the more reluctant he should be to assume the poet and set himself the poet's task. What *does* the intelligent "English reader" think of the poetry of the Greeks? He has the right to ignore it, as he usually does, silently; to reject the tradition of its charm until he is confronted with English versions that for sheer beauty and power cannot be respectfully neglected. It still rests with the poets to produce such versions; yet those of them who are Grecians seldom venture on more than a paraphrase. Mr. Lang, who is almost a poet, would not dream of harboring the ambitions that resulted in Mr. Phillimore's 'Sophocles.' Shelley, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and Swinburne borrowed for the most part to paraphrase, and have not repaid their borrowings with a translation of the original whole. A good instance is a sonnet of Wordsworth's which no English reader, we should suppose, can fail to appreciate:

"Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide;
The form remains, the function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We men who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish."

The central thought here, the line that thrills, is taken from the dirge of Moschus: "Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, the green parsley, the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great, the mighty, the wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long and endless and unawakening sleep."

When all is said and done, it still remains for the English reader to learn to read Greek; for without that ability he can never fully appreciate the best in English poetry, or at any rate his appreciation will lose the charm on which Aristotle laid stress—the charm of recognition.

Love Letters of Margaret Fuller, 1845-6. With an introduction by Julia Ward Howe. Appletons.

It is hardly to be expected that any publisher should abstain from adding the alluring name of Love Letters to what their discreeter editor describes only and more accurately as "letters inspired by a very fervent friendship." The person to whom they were written is no longer living; he omitted in editing them, by his own statement (p. 5), such passages or entire letters as he saw fit; and he caused them to be privately printed in Europe and sent out to this country, several years ago, with an unsuccessful effort after publication. They are now finally reprinted, and in a judicious form and manner, with an excellent preface by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and some good supplements or mitigating influences, as one might say, in brief contemporary essays by Emerson, Greeley, and Congdon.

The existence of these letters was known in a general way to the various preceding biographers of Margaret Fuller Ossoli; but they were set aside as having little real value either as to certain authenticity or personal

interest. There also existed the tradition that there was in the background some diseased influence, not now clearly traceable, and exerted not over Miss Fuller, but over Mrs. Horace Greeley, then the victim of nervous disorders not easily to be disentangled. She was watched over with the most careful interest by Margaret Fuller, and we have glimpses of the invalid's condition in this respect only in a few letters here and there (pp. 103, 126, 128, etc.). What farther light might be thrown on the matter if the German friend had seen fit to publish all the letters, we can now only conjecture, and it is fortunately not worth conjecturing. As to Margaret Fuller's own relation with Mr. James Gotendorff (*né* Nathan) we only discover that her expressions of personal interest ranged at the time from the apparent ardor of the German "Liebster" (p. 87) to the more guarded and more habitual "chosen sister" (pp. 108, 130, 145). As for the gentleman himself, his sentimentalism outlived its object, and here closes its expression with such a flight as this: "The mutually much-longed-for meeting is yet to be somewhere! somehow!" This was written apparently in 1873 (p. 6). How much this was reciprocated meanwhile by the lady herself may be judged by her dismissal of him, a quarter of a century earlier, in 1846, after receiving his last letter in Edinburgh; the record being still visible, in her handwriting, in her MS. diary preserved in the Cambridge Public Library, to this effect, under date of Sept. 6: "I understand more and more the character of *the tribes*. I shall write a sketch of it and turn the whole to account in a literary way, since the affections and ideal hopes are so unproductive" (p. 187). It is pretty certain that this diary was never seen by Mr. Nathan; but if it had been, he might have been confirmed in the purpose of "turning the whole to account in a literary way" in his own behalf, through this volume. Interest is at any rate given to the reprint by the revived study of the "Transcendental" period in this Emersonian year.

Variation in Animals and Plants. By H. M. Vernon, M.A., M.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

At the present time, activity in biological research is chiefly centred upon the study of variation. Almost every investigation bears directly or indirectly on this subject, and almost everything is made tributary to it. Within the last few years a considerable number of the investigators in this field have adopted certain suggestions in regard to graphic representation which were made a good while ago, and they now endeavor to express in precise mathematical terms the results which they obtain. Obviously there are many ways in which the results can be exactly or approximately expressed, and therefore there has been considerable diversity in the methods adopted. Dr. Vernon, in the small treatise here mentioned, has brought together most of the widely used methods, and has accompanied the description of them by illustrative examples. Even if he had done merely this, he would have rendered a good service to science, since he here places in a form convenient for comparison the rival schemes of mathematical expression.

At first, it seems strange to have a naturalist deliberately set about the task of counting the sepals and petals of a thousand buttercups or the florets of as many daisies. It seems hardly more dignified as a scientific pursuit than the counting by a maiden of the florets she tears from a daisy, to determine her exact relation to another person. But when the results are properly tabulated by the naturalist, and the curve deduced therefrom, certain interesting aspects are presented which do not appear when the variations in number are expressed in vague terms. These mathematical expressions afford means both of analysis and of comparison, so that by their right employment the whole range of correlated variations becomes much extended. Moreover, such expressions place in the hand of the investigator a safe means of indicating the results of experiments. The relations of environment to variation are also more clearly expressed by such formulæ and curves. Dr. Vernon adds to the value of his book by dwelling upon these subjects and indicating the results which have lately been obtained. In some instances these results are most unexpected.

Naturally, the more impulsive investigators have seized upon these mathematical expressions as convenient and exact graphic representations of the limits of species at any one age and place. It is likely that a good deal of this fascinating work will not bear the test of time, but it is nevertheless stimulating in a high degree. The whole treatise by Dr. Vernon is readable and well-proportioned. In a few instances there is some confusion of terms, but not enough to embarrass even the general reader. The authorities are cited with commendable fulness, and due credit is given to the pioneers in this field. Best of all, the treatise is enriched by a good table of contents and by a subject-index remarkably complete. We can heartily commend the work to all who are interested in the new methods of investigating the subject of variation in plants and animals and in recording their results. That some of these new methods have come to stay, no one can doubt who sees the interesting manner in which the journal *Biometrika*, devoted to their interests, is being conducted.

Lectures on the History of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by F. A. Kirkpatrick. Macmillan.

These lectures were delivered at the Cambridge University Extension Summer Meeting in August, 1902. "The central design of this series," says the editor, "was the treatment of recent developments in the principal countries of Europe by natives of those countries, in order that the most intimate and essential points of view might be presented." Thus Prof. Erich Marcks of Heidelberg spoke on "The Transformation of Germany by Prussia," "Bismarck," and "Austria-Hungary"; Prof. Paul Mantoux of the University of Paris spoke on "France as the Land of the Revolution" and "Two Statesmen of the Third Republic"; and Prof. Paul Vinogradoff, late of the University of Moscow, spoke on "The Reforming Work of the Tsar Alexander II." and "The Meaning of Present Russian Development." We have named in the above list all the foreigners who contributed to this series of seventeen lectures. Despite Mr. Kirkpatrick's statement that the main motive is furnished by the contributions of the Continental lecturers, the table of contents shows us the names of nine Englishmen in addition to the three Europeans already mentioned. Most of these are Cambridge men, although Mr. Bolton King, who deals with "Italian Unity" and "Mazzini," is a member of Balliol College, Oxford. It may interest those who give summer courses of lectures at our own universities to see how the lectures given in summer courses at Cambridge compare as to form and substance with their own. One can hardly imagine, however, that all the lectures delivered before extension students at Cambridge are prepared so elaborately as the essays contained in the present volume.

Of the three Europeans in question, Professor Vinogradoff is the most widely known to English readers on account of his important writings on Villainage and Folkland. His criticism of the Russian bureaucracy is very severe, and he holds the system to be doomed even more by the confessions of present ministers than by the accusations of their adversaries. His main conclusion is as follows: "The common rights of civilized man, which have come to be a self-understood element of European life, cannot be longer denied to the Russians, and it is only to be hoped that the Government in power will not protract much longer its blind resistance to progress." There is also a striking vindication of French political ideals by Professor Mantoux, whose point of view is very different from that of Mr. Bodley. Quoting from 'Aurora Leigh,' M. Mantoux discovers in France

> "A poet of the nations, who dreams on
> Forever after some ideal good . . .
> Some wealth that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
> Some freedom of the many that respects
> The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!"

"As long," concludes M. Mantoux, "as such dreams are dreamt in France, as her inhabitants are never content with dreaming only, she will remain, as she has been for more than a hundred years, the land of the Revolution." Among the other papers here published, those which have attracted our attention most are the general introduction by Dr. A. W. Ward, and "England and the United States," by Dr. J. T. Lawrence.

We need hardly point out that the book as it stands is a collection of short essays on salient topics, rather than a continuous narrative. It will make a useful supplement to text books like Fyffe, Andrews, and Seignobos. Some of the essays are strikingly good, and none of them are poor.

Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy. By Norman Smith. The Macmillan Co. 1902. 12mo, pp. 276.

No matter how fresh one may come from the perusal of the works of Descartes himself, of the history of Bouillier, and of some of the swarm of more recent explicators of his metaphysics, one will find much to learn from the pages of this little book. It is composed in the manner which seems at this time to be most approved—that of arranging the topics, not according to the conceptions of the philosopher to be expounded, but according to those of the expositor, and of setting down under each head whatever the four winds of heaven

can blow together from all the quarters of the subject's *Opera omnia*. In this way one can make an interesting cento; but whether it will represent any stage of development of the thought of the philosopher to be expounded, will be a question to be answered separately in each case. Critics who use this method are apt to forget that the thought of the most stupid and wooden of metaphysicians will undergo considerable development in the course of years, and that this is far more true of any philosopher who is likely to impress men as great. Still, there is no method of composing a work of this kind (or, for that matter, of any other) which can absolve the reader from the necessity of critical thought in getting the juice of it; and the very circumstance that a philosopher will take different views of any difficult matter at different stages of his development renders their juxtaposition instructive in regard to the abiding characteristics of his thinking. Nobody would go to a concordance to gain one's first acquaintance with a philosopher any more than with a poet; and Mr. Smith expressly says in his preface that "this volume is not designed to be an introduction to the study of Descartes." But a work of a nature somewhat approaching that of a concordance is of extreme utility as an aid in forming one's matured conception of whatever philosopher it may concern.

We must not, however, convey the impression that Mr. Smith makes it his business to compare all of Descartes's different statements upon any point. He does not write as a biographer nor even as a historian of philosophy. He does not treat the utterances of Descartes as historical curiosities, but rather argues as to their truth or falsity much as if he were examining a contemporary writing on philosophy. His whole exposition is so permeated with his own argumentations that one could not always gather from reading it exactly how much of it is actually in Descartes, and how much Mr. Smith thinks would be fairly attributable to Descartes considered as if he had written in the twentieth century. There is much in the book concerning which it is difficult to form a definite judgment in the absence of a full explanation of Mr. Smith's own philosophy; and no such explanation is vouchsafed. One may say, however, in general, that Mr. Smith finds fault with Descartes for not being nominalistic enough.

Mr. Smith is of opinion that the really important part of the system of Descartes is his philosophy of the sciences, and that this has but a very artificial connection with his metaphysics. Yet he confines his interpretation entirely to the metaphysics and to the writings on method in their relation to the metaphysics. He certainly succeeds in making the Cartesian metaphysics appear more crude and grossly monstrous than ever, whether its principal fault be that which he attributes to it, or whether it be not quite in the contrary sense that it sins. In either event, Mr. Smith's conspectus of the Cartesian metaphysics is profitable reading. Leaving that, he passes on to some decidedly interesting chapters on the Cartesian elements of the philosophies of Spinoza, of Leibniz, and of Locke; and these are followed by an approving account of Hume's attack upon Cartesian rationalism and spiritualism; the volume closing with a chapter on Kant, whom Mr. Smith seems to value as a positivist and an agnostic.

Rome and Reform. By T. L. Kington Oliphant of Balliol College. The Macmillan Co.

It is now many years since Mr. Kington Oliphant published his life of the Emperor Frederick II. He returns to the field of history with an extensive work entitled as above, which seems to embody in its two volumes the reading and the reflections of a lifetime. It is so detailed in its statements and so controversial in its tone that it might well elicit a long article, were the demands upon our space less exacting than they are at the present moment. As we all know, the world contains a multitude of people who most truly believe that the Church of Rome, if not the Scarlet Lady, is a deadly foe to freedom of thought and to the highest development of human character. Each of these would gladly level his shaft at the Papacy if he could hope that his efforts would be attended by any result. But Rome, having survived the attacks of Luther, Calvin, Voltaire, and the critics of the nineteenth century, seems in a sense invulnerable. Where so many lines of argument present themselves, which shall be chosen? Where so many stalwart opponents have failed, who can feel confident that his word will carry the least weight?

Undeterred, however, by such considerations, Mr. Oliphant winds his horn at the portal of the Vatican, and offers himself as a champion to vindicate the cause of the Protestant North against the Catholic South. Dividing the history of Western Europe into seven epochs, he says, when he reaches the sixteenth century:

"The age of Debasement was about to begin; Southern Europe was by slow degrees to sink far below the level of the hitherto despised North. Each State, soon after 1517, heard the kindly bidding, 'Friend, come up higher'; some obeyed, others went their own way, and after a short interval were dragged down by Rome. We shall soon see Holland rise above Spain, England above France, Sweden above Poland, Prussia above Austria. The age of Debasement was to bring calamities far worse than those known to the age of Roman Dominion; the war against the Albigenses caused much less misery than the Thirty Years' War; Bohemia had to bear much suffering after 1420, but she was never crushed altogether till 1620."

Mr. Oliphant's design, then, is to trace the history of Western Europe since the Reformation, country by country, and to demonstrate by historical proof the fact of decadence on the one hand, of progress on the other. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is his touchstone. Those who sympathize with his general attitude will cry "Bravo!" as they see him muster a host of passages against the Court of Rome. Those who differ from him will shrug their shoulders and say, "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc." In some respects Mr. Oliphant reminds one of Buckle. His use of authorities is similar, the width of his reading is illustrated on every page, and yet he is not quite so convincing as he obviously expects to be. He would persuade more if he inveighed less.

While offering this general criticism, we must be careful not to accuse Mr. Oliphant of the narrowness which is often apparent among the opponents of Rome. He attacks the Ultramontanes violently, but avows a fondness for moderate Catholics, setting Deák high above Guizot in point both of practical politics and of morality. In the Preface he says: "It is impossible to please all, and I have little liking for the applause of mere fanatics, by whatever name they may call themselves. But if I win the praise of Protestants of the school of Hallam, of Catholics of the school of De Tocqueville, I shall not have written in vain." This is a worthy aspiration, but Mr. Oliphant, despite his erudition and a manifest desire to avoid the pitfalls of prejudice, hardly realizes it.

Representative English Comedies. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley, Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of California [and by other scholars]. With Introductory Essays, etc. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The national and popular drama of a people is the attempt of that people to see itself. In tragedy and the romantic drama it sees itself as it would like to be—in other words, its ideals; in comedy it tries to see itself as it really is. Hence to the student of social development, as well as to the student of literature, the history and development of national and indigenous comedy are of great importance. For such a comedy is not merely made for a people: it grows out of the people as leaves grow from a stem; and it is this process of growth, from the simple seed-leaves to the consummate flower, that is traced in the volume before us.

The Christian church destroyed the corrupt remains of the old Roman drama; but out of the bosom of the church the new drama arose. Beginning with dramatic presentations of incidents in the life of Christ, or of some saint, it culminated in those stupendous mystery-cycles whose antique form now somewhat hides their real grandeur, whose scene was the whole world, whose time was the interval between eternities, whose subject was the contest of God and Satan for the possession of mankind, whose scope reached from the Creation to the Judgment Day. These and the "moralities," in which God and Satan are withdrawn and man himself is the protagonist, were popular dramas in every sense of the word, being not only for the people, but of the people; and in them may be found every genus of dramatic motive, from the most awful or affecting tragedy to the wildest farce. From these, as Professor Gayley clearly shows in his "Historical View," and not from academic imitations of Plautus or Seneca, nor yet from the Latin dramas of the Middle Ages, grew the English national drama; though these latter had considerable influence upon the playwrights, especially in matters of form.

The elements of comedy, and even of realistic and local comedy, already existed in the miracle plays; and in the moralities, as was unavoidable, these were still further developed, until, as the allegory became less obtrusive and the realism stronger, there was scarce any difference between these and true comedy. The steps of the transition are excellently traced in the essay mentioned above, which is, indeed, a thorough study of the subject "from the beginnings to Shakspere."

The representative comedies selected—to each of which is prefixed a critical essay

by some well-known scholar—satisfactorily cover the ground. The two plays from Heywood show the crude beginnings; Udall's "Roister Doister" is a scholar's attempt to construct an English play on a Plautine model; Stevenson's (?) "Gammer Gurton" is a hilarious rustic farce; the plays from Lyly, Peele, and Greene exemplify romantic comedy with the lyric feeling, and Porter's "Two Angry Women" gives us the bourgeois comedy of real life. The next step will take us to Shakspere, Jonson, and Fletcher.

Modern School Buildings. By Felix Clay. London: Batsford; New York: Scribner. Pp. xix., 459. 400 illustrations.

A year or more ago we reviewed an excellent book on School Architecture, by Mr. Edmund Wheelwright, in which the school planning of European nations was passed under review, but in which attention was given chiefly to the schools of America. A somewhat similar system is adopted by Mr. Felix Clay, who, being an Englishman, gives the place of honor to the schools of his own country. Indeed, its title would more exactly express the contents of the book if it read 'Modern *English* School Buildings,' since the brief notices of German and American schools contained in it are scarcely more than side-lights on the main subject.

Mr. E. R. Robson pointed out in his 'School Architecture' so long ago as 1878 that "the plan of a building depends so much upon the method of tuition that our acquaintance with the latter is of the first necessity to a school architect." Feeling the truth of this, Mr. Clay devotes more space to the educational system of England than might at first seem necessary in a book which purports to deal chiefly with buildings. Although much has been done within the last twenty or thirty years to unify elementary education in England and to provide an efficient system, secondary education is still most varied and confused. Mr. Clay's chapter on this subject brings as much order as may be out of the tangle, and helps the reader to a perception of the peculiar conditions that have given rise to a vast network of schools of an extraordinarily diverse character, varying from each other by such imperceptible gradations as defy classification, yet extending from the little Private Adventure School on the one hand to great Public Schools such as Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, on the other.

This introductory essay leads to a consideration of buildings devoted to secondary education, occupying more than half of the book, and including not only a careful analysis of the component parts of schools, such as class-rooms, playgrounds, stairways, etc., but an examination of the various kinds of secondary schools, such as boys', girls', day, boarding, special, etc. From the great number of interesting plans presented in the book, including such fine examples of school designing as the Roedean School for girls overlooking the sea at Brighton, and the splendid new Christ's Hospital (the Bluecoat School) at Horsham, it is easy to see that the characteristic of the English plan which most clearly distinguishes it from the American or German is the assembly hall. In Germany this hall, though regarded as of prime importance, is generally placed at the top of the building, in a quiet spot, where it may serve among other uses that of an examination hall. In America it is sometimes absent, or, if included in the plan, it too often is found only as the result of a scheme which brings it into being by pushing aside movable partitions, thus throwing together a number of class rooms. In England there are, roughly speaking, two types of plan in large secondary day schools: first, that with a central hall into which the class rooms open directly; second, that with class rooms from which one must pass through a corridor to reach the hall. The first method is rapidly growing in favor. It is obviously economical of both space and time. Supervision is simplified, since during all movements from room to room or from room to hall the classes are observable from one point. Even very large schools may be thus arranged, as in the case of the Bedford Grammar School, where there are over 800 students, thirty class rooms opening into the hall and its galleries. Such halls serve sundry purposes, as for prayers, lectures, prize-givings, as playgrounds in wet weather, as drill rooms, etc., though obviously they are not very satisfactory for all.

The latter half of the book is devoted to elementary education, a subject of no greater complexity in England than in America, and to school hygiene, plumbing, heating and ventilation. In all ways the treatise covers the subject of modern English school buildings most satisfactorily. The typographic excellence is marked. The plans are clear and legible. There is a good bibliography.

English Literature: An Illustrated Record. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., and Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. In four volumes: Volumes I., III. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

A complete and satisfying record of English literature must contain biographical sketches of authors, adequate mention of their works, critical appreciations, representative extracts, and at least a thread of concurrent political and social history. To combine even a minimum of these requirements in a volume of moderate size is a difficult task; to provide them copiously and at the same time enrich the text with a lavish display of pictorial illustrations is possible only in a large and costly work such as Doctors Garnett and Gosse have given the public. Of this work, volume i., "From the Beginnings to the Age of Henry VIII.," and volume iii., "From Milton to Johnson," are before us. Publishers and authors have done their best to make this an attractive and indeed sumptuous work. Even putting the text aside, the abundance and excellence of the illustrations, including facsimiles of MSS., autographs, engravings and title-pages, portraits, views of places, buildings, etc., on a scale never before attempted in a work of this kind in English, we believe, give it a quite peculiar value, and that not to the eye alone. We not only enjoy a writer more, but we understand him better, when we have seen his portrait, his handwriting, and his home or favorite haunts. Dr. Gosse, in treating the period from Milton to Johnson, has occupied a field in which he is specially at home; and the copious details given in his vivacious and pleasing style bring the literary world of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries vividly before us.

We might, doubtless, in so extensive a field find something here and there to carp at: for instance, to claim an extent of fifteen centuries for English literature seems to our mind to savor of what Parson Bull calls "the sin of exorbitancy," while to place 'Widsith,' even hesitatingly, in the sixth century because of the mention of Hermanric, is much like assuming that the Iliad was written in the days of Agamemnon. To tell us that "anapæsts" came into English verse at the Restoration; that the poem 'Tristrem' is in the Northumbrian dialect; to speak of Queen Margaret of Scotland—the lineal descendant of Cerdic, and the ancestress through whom the present King of England traces his lineage to Alfred the Great—as "a princess of Hungary," but "half-Saxon also"—these are things that would set a captious critic's teeth on edge; yet they are trifles compared with so much correct information, sensible criticism, and clear and agreeable narration, presented in so rich and attractive a dress; and to the public for whom this work is especially intended, they matter not at all.

Sir A. Henry Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L.: Autobiography and Letters from his Childhood until his Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid. Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce, with a chapter on his parliamentary career by the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. 2 vols., pp. xii., 354, xii., 306. Portrait, illustrations, maps.

It is a curious fact that Orientalists, whether of the desk or the saddle, are never Orientalists simply. This may be because they seldom begin the preparation for their lifework until an age when they have already acquired other and abiding attachments and interests. It may also be because the student of an absolutely alien yet living civilization must first and thoroughly know that into which he has been born. But when the fever of the East is in the blood, sooner or later it claims its own. Then those other sides of the intellectual life fall into the background, though still remaining to broaden and strengthen, and perhaps toward the close to become again dominant. All which is very strikingly illustrated in the present autobiography, a charming record of certain parts of a career always many-sided, full-blooded, whole-hearted. What are practically other sections of this autobiography have already appeared in 'Nineveh and its Remains' and 'Early Adventures.' For Layard's parliamentary episode and his final study of Italian art he left no developed material—he may have recognized and rightly that these, and especially the first, had been side issues; for the publication of his account of his embassies at Madrid and Constantinople the time has not yet come. This evidently was a many-colored life; and a many-colored childhood and youth led to it. With a parentage which reminds of 'Denis Duval,' his early life was cast in Florence and London. Florence in the twenties was the Florence of Landor; of Seymour Kirkup, the discoverer of the fresco portrait of Dante; and of Trelawny, the "Younger Son." And so under these influences young Layard began to be a dem-

ocrat and radical, to study Italian art—as a child he slept under a picture of Fra Lippo Lippi, now in the National Gallery, and still bearing a wound from the heel of his shoe—and to be drawn to the wanderer's life and to the East. Here, too, as always, the 'Arabian Nights' had its part; outside of Germany there is hardly an Orientalist but dates his new birth from it. Later, in London, he was in the circle of "Disraeli the younger," shown here partly in shirt sleeves and boxing gloves, partly as needing rescue from a sponging house, and partly as an extremely puppyish author; of Ward of the forgotten 'Tremaine'; of Samuel Warren, Theodore Hook, and Crabb Robinson. Of the last it is curious to remember, in this day of Assyriology, in which æsthetics play little part, that for him the Nineveh antiquities were simply specimens in the history of art. And the attitude of even the Institute of France when Layard addressed it in 1847 seems to have been only somewhat broader.

The life and achievements which followed these beginnings are known. Sir Henry Layard has left his name on the story of adventure and exploration in the East, on Assyriology in its earlier stages, on diplomacy in Constantinople and elsewhere from and through the most brilliant period of Sir Stratford Canning to the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, on the Arundel Society, the National Gallery, and the history of art in his rewriting of Eastlake's 'Handbook,' and on the decaying art industries of Venice. He saw the Crimea during the war, India during the mutiny, and Italy in the war of liberation. In the present volume perhaps the most picturesque and prominent passages are those which describe Baghdad in 1840, and the great Elchi as he lived and stormed at Constantinople. The portrait of the latter commends itself especially for evident truth; "the voice of England in the East" is seen to have been a noble and upright but passionate and imperious one, which sometimes worked to its own harm. There is also testimony of great interest to the value of the educational work done by the different American missions in the East. This influence was not only direct, but also indirect, by stirring up the Oriental churches to similar renewal of life. From Robert College, too, went most of the leaders of the Bulgarians and other Balkan races to their struggle for independence.

If the proof of these volumes had been read by an Orientalist, it would have been greatly to their advantage.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual of the British School at Athens. No. VIII. Session 1901-1902. Macmillan. 17s. net.
Bacon, Edwin M. Boston: A Guide Book. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Banta, Theodore M. Year Book of the Holland Society of New York. The Knickerbocker Press.
Bell, Lilian. The Interference of Patricia. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Bostock, Frank C. The Training of Wild Animals. The Century Co. $1 net.
Brooks, W. H., and Nott, Lewis H. Bátū na Abūbuan Hausa. With translation, vocabulary, and notes. Oxford: University Press: New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.
Fowler, Harold N. A History of Roman Literature. (Twentieth Century Text-books.) Appletons. $1.40.
Gray, John. Electrical Influence Machines. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.
Hawkins, Willis B. Andy Barr. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Huntington, Dwight W. Our Feathered Game. Scribners. $2 net.
Hutton, William H. The Lives and Legends of the English Saints. (Bampton Lectures, 1903.) E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Hyett, Francis A. Florence: Her History and Art to the Fall of the Republic. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.
Hyne, C. J. C. Thompson's Progress. Macmillan. $1.50.
Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. Army. Second Series. Vol. VIII. Insane—Kysthospitalet. Washington.
Kastner, L. E. A History of French Versification. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.
Knowles, R. H. Encyclopedia-Dictionary of the Ophthalmic Sciences. New York: The Jewellers' Circular Publishing Co.
Lang, William J. Following the Deer. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Magnay, Sir William. Count Zorka. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
McCain, George N. The Crimson Dice. Philadelphia: J. Murray Jordan. $1.50.
Mead, Edwin P. The Influence of Emerson. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.20 net.
Miller, Conrad J. Dogs of All Nations. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. $1.50.
Montague, Gilbert H. The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company. Harpers.
Mors et Victoria. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20 net.
Pedigrees of Northamptonshire Families (The Victorian History of the Counties of England). London: Archibald Constable; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Peltier, Florence. A Japanese Garland. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. 75c.
Pollard, Percival. Lingo Dan. Washington, D. C.: The Neale Publishing Co. $1.
Schumann, Paul. Hundert Meister der Gegenwart. Parts 8, 9, 10. Leipzig: E. A. Seeman; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. M. 2 each.
Stoddard, Francis H. The Life and Letters of Charles Butler. Scribners.
Underwood, W. L. The Mosquito Nuisance and How to Deal with it. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. 25c. net.
Walkley, A. B. Dramatic Criticism. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Ward, Susan H. George H. Hepworth. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
Warren, A. T. Experimental and Theoretical Course of Geometry. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 50c.
Weed, Clarence M., and Dearborn, Ned. Birds in their Relations to Man. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

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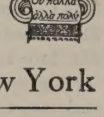

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1903.

The Week.

That the President desires further financial legislation, and that he will urge it upon Congress in the extra session of November, is important news; but it would be more important if he or any other in authority would tell us exactly what legislation is contemplated. To whip through a hurried and harmful bill in November would, no doubt, fall in well with the plans of certain people, but it would be a poor way to advance currency reform. The country is entitled to a deliberate study of any comprehensive bill proposed. Hysterical action, urged in an assumed crisis, is the last thing the situation calls for. If November brings any such scheme as has been attributed to Senator Aldrich, of utilizing the demand for a more flexible currency to create a new market for sluggish securities, it should at once be put over to December and March and the Greek Kalends. Even a measure looking solely to an enlarged emergency circulation of banknotes requires pains and time to frame and pass. The apparent difficulty is that the Congressional leaders do not agree. Senator Aldrich's committee has been incubating so long in vain that it begins to look as if it had been sitting on nothing but china eggs, with possibly a fragment or two of a gold brick. Reform of our currency is undoubtedly needed, but it should be real reform, forward and not backward.

General Wood's promotion by the President to be major-general will have a very bad effect upon the discipline of the army. The question is not so much of the means by which General Wood attained his present rank, as of his military fitness for the higher one to which he is now designated. When President McKinley made him a brigadier, the army felt that it was a case of favoritism. His promotion to be major-general by Roosevelt will be considered by the best men in the army as a slight put upon demonstrated military capacity. In the course of a few years, unless the President of the time has the courage to pass him by, Gen. Wood—an army surgeon—will become the head of the army. With him will be associated, as senior major-generals, those heroes of many a hard-fought interview, Fred Grant and Funston.

The President's selection of thirty-four veteran colonels of the army for retirement as brigadier-generals is accompanied by the announcement that it will end this method of rewarding the civil-war veterans, except in cases of "special importance." The process of making new generals for a day and then retiring them had gone on pretty steadily under President Roosevelt, as it did under Mr. McKinley. Whereas there were but forty-two retired generals on January 1, 1898, there are now, with Friday's selections, one hundred and fifty-one of different grades—a plain demonstration of one way by which our pension bills have been swollen owing to the war with Spain. It must be stated, however, that the welfare of the army demanded its rejuvenation, and, as Congress did not object, this was the fairest way to remove the old men who were physically and professionally no longer up to their work. Both the President and Secretary Root were careful to obtain the consent of the Senate Military Committee before beginning these wholesale retirements. It is needless to say that Congress never intended that one vacancy in the brigadier-generals should serve to give thirty or forty men that rank for a day. An unscrupulous President might thus place several hundred capable officers on the retired list without their consent. Now both Congress and President Roosevelt realize that this cannot go on indefinitely. Friday's selections comprise mainly meritorious officers. But there are dozens like them, and some far more worthy who have retired since 1898 with the rank of colonel. Hence there will inevitably be much jealousy and heart-burning.

President Roosevelt has ordered the reinstatement of an employee of the Government Printing-Office who had been discharged because he had not lived up to his alleged obligations to a labor union. It would have been easy for a Presidential candidate for reëlection to dodge the issue, and at the same time to find another place for the injured employee. What has happened is another deserved check to the arrogance of the labor unions. The President reminds them that no rules and regulations of a union "can be permitted to override the laws of the United States." The offence of the employee who was discharged was simply that of giving information to a member of Congress as to means of saving money by changes in the office of the Public Printer. As those changes involved a reduction of the laboring force, there was an outcry from the union. Dismissal was quite too mild a punishment for an assistant foreman who was so unpatriotic as to wish to save a few thousands for Uncle Sam. Hanging is too good for a union workman who fails to realize the true motto of our up-to-date unions—"to make work, not to do it."

Commissioner Ware has hitherto shown a scrupulous regard for the civil-service laws during his administration of the Pension Bureau, and we regret to notice signs of carelessness, or of a changed spirit. Last week there came to light the forced resignation of an examining surgeon to whose efficiency Mr. Ware certified, because of an oral executive order that, whenever practicable, an examining board shall be composed of two Republicans and one Democrat. It seemed "practicable" and proper to Mr. Ware to remove this faithful surgeon because he was a Democrat. The Washington *Post* has now brought to light another indiscretion. A few days ago, it seems, Mr. Ware wrote to a newly appointed examiner who was getting a salary of $2,000 plus a pension for disability, ordering him to "swap" places with another veteran who had no pension in addition to his salary. The new appointee has thus been forced to content himself with less salary and an inferior position. According to the *Post*, Mr. Ware wrote that he desired to give the older employee some of the "chicken pie." If he actually used this language, Mr. Ware has coined a phrase that will recoil upon him like Postmaster-General Payne's "hot air."

We have been several times assured from Washington that the bottom has been reached in the probing of the postal scandals, but the indictment of George W. Beavers by the Federal grand jury in Brooklyn does not bear out this assertion. Beavers was chief of the Salaries and Allowances Division of the Post-Office Department. He resigned suddenly last spring, and his name has frequently been mentioned in connection with the promotion syndicate which is said to have operated in the New York, Brooklyn, and other offices. Beavers is also said to have had something to do with the sale of the Brandt-Dent cash registers, in which ex-Congressman Driggs was interested. It is thus perfectly evident that the indictment and expected arrest of Beavers open up a wide field for further investigation and exposure, and render any attempt to hush up the scandal more impossible than ever.

The discussion within the navy as to the efficiency of the present engineering force, which has been raging ever since the amalgamation of the line and staff, goes on unceasingly. Capt. Bowman H. McCalla is the latest officer to assert that there has been no deterioration because

of the change. As arguments he cites examples of his own efficiency as a midshipman on the old *Marblehead* in 1864—which are not very convincing. More important is his belief that "the engines and boilers of our ships of war are today in better condition than they were prior to the Spanish war, aside from the mistakes and mishaps due to inexperience with new types." In this opinion he differs not only from Rear-Admiral Melville, but also from many other officers. The facts, too, would seem to be against him. He admits that in the largest ships the same engineers have charge who were in charge in 1898. But these men are either rapidly disappearing from the active list or are reaching the rank on attainment of which they are relieved from further sea duty. What is to happen when they have all ended their service on ships or been retired? This is the question that is being asked by those who are alarmed at the inexperience of the officers now commanding the engine rooms of the smaller ships. Is it not coming to pass that the warrant machinists are rapidly assuming the duties of the commissioned engineers of 1898, who were both better paid and better educated?

Judge Raymond's decision that an Indian parent may not lease the land of his minor child until he has been made its legal guardian, shows a wise regard for the future of the Five Tribes. But a small proportion of even the most progressive Indians are competent to judge of the value of land leases; and shameless exploitation of tribal property has gone on unchecked under cover of contracts made with Indians who have never touched a plough. A favorite form of lease provides that the lessee—any adventurous person with a team to take him into the Territory—shall have absolute possession and control of as much land as he can fence for periods varying from five to fifteen years. At the end of that term he turns over the "improved" farm to the lessor. As the so-called improvements usually consist of a rickety wooden shanty, "pole-and-hay" stables, and a two-wire fence, the Indian gets for himself, or for the child in whose name the lease was made, nothing but worn-out, weed-fouled fields, and dilapidated excuses for buildings and fences. Belated though Judge Raymond's interposition is, it will be welcomed by all who have an unselfish interest in the natives of the Indian Territory.

Mr. Justice Nash of the Supreme Court, sitting at Rochester, has refused to dissolve an injunction obtained by a machine company against a local lodge of machinists to prevent picketing and other interference with the company's employees. If Justice Nash is correctly reported, his decision is of far-reaching importance, and the view which the Appellate Court takes of it will be anticipated with great interest. He is quoted as maintaining that the common-law right of action for enticing away a servant or employee from his master has not been abolished, unless, possibly, where the object is to secure an advance in wages or to maintain wage rates. This strike was ordered because the company refused to sign an agreement that it would not employ any persons not members of the union, and also because it refused to discard the premium system in its factory. As neither of these positions assumed by the company affected the question of wages, Justice Nash decides that the rights of the master have in this case been unlawfully interfered with, and that there is no adequate remedy at law; he therefore refuses to dissolve the injunction.

It is a Southern man, Judge Jones, who states the lamentable inference to be drawn from the mistrial in the Turner peonage case at Montgomery. It will go out to the world, he says, that a white man cannot be convicted for oppression of a negro. Judge Jones did his duty. He went to the very verge of his judicial prerogative in charging the jury. He told them that if they believed the evidence presented by the prosecution, they must bring in a verdict of guilty; that even if they accepted only the admissions of the defendant, they must pronounce him guilty; and that they would perjure themselves if they took any other course. But, in spite of all, the jury stubbornly persisted in a disagreement. The cry of "politics" had been artfully raised by the Southern press. It had been insinuated that the North did not care about the punishment of the slave drivers, but only wished to make political capital out of a merely isolated and insignificant incident of Southern life. A leading Democratic State official was retained for the defence, with the apparent aim of playing upon the sectional and political prejudices of the jury. The result we see. It is the presiding judge himself who tells us that it is a frightful miscarriage of justice.

Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy has for several years been rendering most valuable services to his State, Alabama, by carrying on an active campaign on behalf of better schools for blacks and whites, and against the iniquities of child labor in the mills of the South. He has now performed another important service by a letter to the Montgomery *Advertiser*, in which he correctly states that the "enemies" of the South are not those who print the facts about its ill-treatment of the negro, but those who would prevent the truth from coming out in such a matter as the peonage horrors. Mr. Murphy is able to take a far more optimistic view as to the extent of the peonage abuses than we can. But he manfully says that whether the new slave-drivers be "few or many, Alabama must be defended from them; their exposure and conviction is the best defence of the name and fortune of the State." Judge Jones, District Attorney Reese, and Mr. Murphy represent the best sentiment of the South to-day.

If lynching were to be expected anywhere, it would be in the Big Horn country, in which a mob has captured a jail and killed two murderers and a deputy sheriff. This region still has the manners and morals of the frontier and of the ranch. Owen Wister's Virginian, or some of his friends, must certainly have been in the mob of cowboys who could not wait for justice to take its course. But whoever would prognosticate where the next lynching will take place needs superhuman clairvoyance. North and South this defiance of the law, this readiness of hundreds to become murderers in order to punish others for greater or smaller crimes, manifests itself with increasing frequency. The "prominent citizens" of the South, the ruffians of Evansville, and the "bad men" of the frontier are in alliance, it appears, to defy the law. Even self-respecting and ordinarily peaceable farmers of this State are reported to have been affected by the mania. As for the victims, they are of all colors, and, we had almost said, of all conditions. Certainly the reasons for lynching are now embraced neither by murder nor by rape. Even an attempted crime is sufficient to make men stain their hands with the blood of a fellow human being. All civilizing forces in the community should be enlisted to bring home to every American citizen the infamy and the national danger of these crimes of the crowd.

When a man has reached the age of seventy and looks back over a career which includes three elections to the United States Senate, his maxims of statesmanship should be like apples of gold in pictures of silver; when for years he has been the leader of a great political party in New York State, his advice as to political success should be more precious than rubies. It was fitting, therefore, that when Senator Platt celebrated on July 15 his seventieth birthday, reporters should gather about him, eager to treasure up his lightest word. It was fitting also that the *Tribune* should print on its first page a picture of him in a bower of roses—a recognition of the warm friendship and tender confidence which have always marked the relations of that paper and Mr. Platt. As to statecraft Mr. Platt said: "I consider the in-

sertion of the gold plank in the Republican platform of 1896 through my efforts as perhaps the greatest accomplishment I have to my credit." This remark is specially interesting in view of the fact that Mr. Platt arrived at St. Louis the day after the fair, when the gold plank had already been agreed upon by the leaders. As to politics, Mr. Platt laid down the following principles that he had always observed: "Perseverance, truthfulness, fidelity to friends, fairness to foes; above all, strict integrity." The result of this steady adherence to the highest ideals has been a beautiful and well-spent life, cheered by the devoted companionship of such lofty idealists as State Senator John Raines, Louis F. Payn, Frederick S. Gibbs, George W. Aldridge, and Lemuel Eli Quigg.

Lovers of coincidences will note that the day which saw the walking delegates expel three labor unions from the Board of Building Trades, saw also the grand jury hand down three true bills for blackmail against as many walking delegates. What this federation has lost in membership has been promptly made up to it in indictments. For the moment the building situation is more mixed than ever. The old Board of Building Trades, controlled by walking delegates, has lost seven of its strongest unions, comprising probably a majority of the workmen of this trade. These seven unions, with certain allied bodies, have taken the preliminary steps toward forming a new central organization. All have accepted the agreement for arbitration of disputes arrived at in conference between the employers and representatives of the unions. In the fight between this new body and the board presided over by the noble Parks, it seems certain that the latter will be beaten. This should mean a general resumption of work, and peace so long as the unions and the employers live up to the terms of the treaty.

When some new Walpole collects "Anecdotes of Painters" for our times, Whistler's name will easily lead the rest. He was a bristling personality, and many who never saw his pictures talked glibly of his famous suit against Ruskin and of his numerous achievements in "the gentle art of making enemies." His sallies, frequently of an indiscreet sort, were freely handed about the clubs and drawing-rooms, so that he became fairly legendary as a wit, somewhat at the expense of recognition as a painter. His painting was far more delicate than his wit. It had, at its best, something of the austerity of his master, Velasquez, and rarely anything of the sensational. The fact that eccentricity was charged against the various "nocturnes" and "effects" was merely evidences of the dulness of the critics. He was so far removed from the dominant tendencies of the time that he required a cult, and promptly built one up. It is doubtful if he could have succeeded among us. An artist of his somewhat recondite quality must perforce find his place in great capitals where people are avid of novelties. All the world knows his beautiful picture of his mother and the Carlyle, two of the most perfect productions of modern art; and his etchings, which were formerly a laughing-stock, are now disputed in the auction-room like Rembrandt's and Dürer's. His influence upon modern painting has been on the whole unfortunate, for his methods and point of view were too individual to be grasped by the host of imitators. He is dead at the height of his fame. For years past he has been justly acclaimed as one of the very few moderns who can bear comparison with the great masters of old.

The Mantchurian agreement seems to meet with scant praise in the Far East. Japan interprets the proposed opening of a free port on the Yalu as a hostile move against Korea, and promptly gives check by demanding of China the opening of the opposite port of Wiju. The British representative at the Korean capital has pressed the same request upon the Korean Government—a striking reminder of the vitality of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Meanwhile, it is suggested rather maliciously that Russia has offered two free ports to the United States, in the full assurance that China will refuse to ratify the agreement. Should China consent to play the part of Jorkins for Russia, the whole situation will become unpleasantly tense. The great desideratum in the Far East is the definition of Russia's position. Frank declarations either of hostility or friendliness to Russia's ambitions in Mantchuria, on the part of China, England, or Japan, would do much to clear the diplomatic air.

The final term put on Monday to the sufferings of the wonderful old Pontiff came as a relief upon that strain which all the world felt in the presence of his death-bed, and which was getting to be almost too painful. Use and wont had not dulled the acute sympathy which had been going out to him from all nations, all classes, and all creeds. The fact that there could be, in the nature of the case, no hope of anything but a postponement of the inevitable hour, has served, we think, only to heighten the pathetic interest with which the fatal struggle has been watched. An extraordinary constitution, reinforced by every resource of medical skill, drew out the contest almost cruelly. Yet the qualities of the mind and character of Leo XIII. never appeared more lofty than in these last days of mortal weakness. Our estimate of the work that he has done we have already given. He will rank at least among the most famous Popes. Time will be needed for a full and correct measure of his public career; but his personal character already stands revealed as remarkable above that of many remarkable contemporaries.

Mr. Chamberlain has certainly stirred up formidable antagonists. The wits are against him almost to a man. *Punch* covers him with ridicule in every number; the newspaper caricaturists are fleshing their swords upon him; while the inimitable Mr. Gould in the *Westminster Gazette* sets everybody roaring with laughter at his clever cartoons with their mirth-provoking legends. Political satire has always been a great power in England, and any public man must suffer who is visited with such floods of it as Mr. Chamberlain, especially when he can make no return in kind. Nor does the heavy artillery of the press let up on him any more than the sharp-shooting skirmishers. The *Economist* and the *Spectator* array fact and argument against his proposals in a way peculiarly damaging, considering the friendly relations, hitherto, of those journals with the party in power. It is even said that Lord Salisbury, in his retirement, has spoken strongly against the Chamberlain plan, and especially against the Chamberlain idea of political ethics. The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* asserts on authority that Lord Salisbury holds it impossible to tax food in England, and also maintains that Mr. Chamberlain should have resigned from the Cabinet after his Birmingham speech.

"Practically annihilated." Such is the epitaph on the "ordinary mosquito" at Ismaïlia, according to a recent report of the Suez Canal Company. The happy result was due to the application of the well-known methods of mosquito extermination urged by Major Ross. It is further stated, in this report of the Canal Company to the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, that even the deadly malaria-bearing *Anopheles* has been attacked with great success. This will be good news, though no surprise, to the vivacious Major Ross, whose sprightly description of "mosquito brigades" moving upon the enemy of mankind must be familiar to many of our readers. What can be done in the tropics can certainly be done in the latitude of New York. One incidental good of the plague of the past three weeks has been the rousing of boards of health and local committees to renewed efforts against the mosquito. Science points the way to his extirpation, and thought and time and money applied to the work are as much called for as in any other form of public sanitation.

WALL STREET.

In the closing days of April, 1901, and the early days of May, the Stock Exchange was confronted with the spectacle of prices for stocks pushed up to heights undreamed-of before, and at a pace for which no precedent in our history existed. The amount of stocks bought on the rise was as extraordinary as the rise itself. It seemed at times as if some mysterious and unknown force were driving the market up, doubling in a fortnight the valuation of stocks whose rating the market had made from experience of years, and establishing for American finance what were called "new precedents." Again and again, conservative, old-fashioned financiers declared that prices, already wildly out of relation to real conditions, could not possibly go higher. They continued, nevertheless, to rise until, but for an incident which has since turned out to be most fortunate, the whole public bade fair to be trooping into Wall Street to get its share in the benefits of the miracle.

It is not very long since 1901; but intelligent people understand at present the phenomena of that year. The secret was that the surplus credit fund of a prosperous country, and as much of the foreign credit fund as could be borrowed or begged on the basis of that prosperity, was converged on Wall Street through a hundred varying devices. Credit of railroad companies was pledged to buy up at high valuations the shares of other roads; credit of industrial concerns to buy up the shares of other industrials; credit of banks to equip promoting syndicates; and credit of syndicates and individuals to sustain artificial prices established on the markets. Only one consideration seemed to be overlooked, namely, that pay-day has to come, and that, the more reckless the borrower, the sooner, usually, such a day of reckoning arrives.

What Wall Street has been witnessing during the past week is a singularly perfect complement to the events which we have recalled. Stocks have been falling to depths which, a few months since, would have been pronounced impossible. Prices of dividend-earning shares have been almost cut in two. Again and again, as in 1901, experienced financiers have declared that the stock market was absurdly low, and that it could not possibly go lower. Yet, after each prediction, a mysterious force which none of the experts could measure or define, drove prices down still further. Nor does the analogy or antithesis stop here. Precisely as in May, 1901, the light-headed part of the community inferred that certain financiers had discovered the philosopher's stone, and were benevolently making every one rich by stroke of pen, so in July, 1903, the same profound observers grasp at the notion that malign and potent capitalists are "marking down prices" to help out their own nefarious schemes.

With all the mystery which has surrounded each of these episodes at the time, there is no obscurity at all in what has really happened. The scheme of inflation by reckless use of credit broke down, as such schemes invariably do, when the lenders asked for the real capital. Nothing is more familiar, in all the history of finance, than such occurrences. It is only when such an undertaking, by the portentous magnitude of the liabilities involved—a South Sea bubble, a Mississippi Company, a railway mania in the forties, or an Argentine exploitation in the nineties—rises to heights and falls to depths which draw the wondering gaze of the world at large, that we treat it as a landmark in history.

We presume, in spite of the darkness which envelops the recent collapse in prices, that the people who have suffered chiefly are the ones who reaped their golden harvest during the wild days of 1901. If this were all, we should merely have an example of the law of compensation. Unfortunately, it is not all, and never can be all, so long as such adventures are involved with the ramifications of outside credit. The most astonishing spectacle of the present time is the arrival in the money market of great and powerful corporations, sound in resources and high in traditional credit, only to find that the investor will not lend to them except on terms the most exorbitant, and that the banks will discount their notes-of-hand only at rates which a retail tradesman would lately have rejected as preposterous.

We have no quarrel with the railways for planning to use the capital thus applied for in extensions and improvements. We do not doubt that its use, as planned, is generally wise and in some cases necessary. The two typical instances of hard-pressed railway borrowers have been the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, and we are very sure that, if the Pennsylvania were to abandon its tunnel project and the New York Central the promised reconstruction of its track approaches, there would be something like public protest. Yet it is precisely for these purposes that the money has just been wrung out of reluctant Wall Street.

A more pertinent and pressing question is, What had happened to the mental processes of the people who used up the country's credit fund and its foreign credit in haphazard stock-promotion enterprises, or, to be more polite, in "community-of-interest" schemes, that they threw thus completely from their reckoning the needs of the industrial future? The teaching of the past was absolutely plain. It is, that every great forward movement of national prosperity must be accompanied and followed by greatly expanded requirements for plant and facilities with which to conduct and profit by that prosperity. Our promoting financiers acted as if the only use for the country's increased capital was to inflate the valuation of plants and facilities which already existed, and in this process they absorbed, not merely the capital then pressing on the market, but, by anticipation, the capital which should accrue in the next half-dozen years. We have already seen the results of such finance in the case of the new "industrials"; last week's costly loans tell the story for the railroads.

How much further the footing of the bill will have to go, we certainly do not feel competent to predict. Ramifications of credit are so extensive that general tendencies in a money centre are usually slow in developing elsewhere. It needs no prophetic power, however, to perceive that when borrowers like the Union Pacific and the Lake Shore are paying exorbitant rates in the open money market, it is a time for smaller borrowers, present and prospective, to exercise the greatest caution in all their plans.

"NERVE" IN DIPLOMACY.

Russia's refusal to consider or even to receive the Jewish petition inevitably leaves the Administration in the position of one having made a false step. It is obvious now that the proper order was not followed. The President gave it out that he had decided to forward the petition to the Czar. Then, as a second thought, came what should have been his first thought, and he decided on a preliminary inquiry whether it would be agreeable to the Czar Nicholas to receive an appeal from American citizens. It now having been ascertained that it would not be, the President is powerless to go further. The only awkwardness of this is that he had somewhat rashly undertaken to go further. As a display of good will and of hearty sympathy with an outraged people, the incident has been another of the President's successes. Diplomatically, we cannot see that it adds to his laurels.

We think Judge Brewer did the President only an ill turn when he asserted, in an address last week at Milwaukee, that Mr. Roosevelt had "the nerve" to send on to the Czar petitions signed in this country. This is but to give an unhappy turn to the whole affair. If we are thinking more of our own magnificent audacity than we are of really doing any good by its display, we lay ourselves open to both ridicule and reproach. Yet the Judge's phrase comes forcibly to remind us of the real ends and the successful methods of diplomatic intercourse among the nations; as also to reveal to us how the current discussions have mixed things up. Those who are most shocked by the horrible persecutions of the Jews in Rus-

sia, and who are most anxious to make their sympathy with all oppressed races effective—and we yield to no one in either particular—must yet admit it to be their duty to choose their measures wisely.

Now "nerve," we remark, is as much out of place in diplomacy as it is in cultivated society. By nerve we understand something irregular, presuming, perhaps offensive. The man whom Coleridge observed in the inn, and who, in a burst of irritation, smeared mustard on the plate of a recalcitrant stranger, crying out, "D—n it, Sir! You must and shall eat mustard!"—had no lack of "nerve." And if the chief end of diplomacy, or of human intercourse in general, were to shock people, to violate the conventions, to be self-assertive, to score off others triumphantly, then the more nerve put into it the better. But, luckily, the art diplomatic moves in no such boorish fashion. Nations, to get on with each other, have to employ the same means of maintaining friendly and agreeable relations as individuals if they are not to be forever by the ears.

We can easily conceive that President Roosevelt, in undertaking to forward to the Czar a numerously signed petition in favor of justice to the Jewish subjects of Russia, was prompted by humane and admirable motives. His visitors got on his weak side—or his strong side, if you please—his chivalrous love of fair play, and affection for the under-dog. And so, though both he and Secretary Hay had publicly asserted the obviously correct view that this Government, as such, had no shadow of right to make representation to the Russian Government on the subject of the Kishenev massacres, he later agreed impulsively to forward the petition in his personal capacity. Probably it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world to do. Is it not a neighborly act, done every day, to serve as intermediary in the transmission of messages and letters? "To the Czar. Kindness of Theodore Roosevelt." That was, apparently, the President's idea of the way in which the envelope would be addressed and the whole business dispatched. We do not, with Judge Brewer, see in this an exhibition of "nerve." It was, rather, evidence of a certain valorous inexpertness. Better advised, Mr. Roosevelt decided to ask first if the Czar were willing to receive a respectful petition from American citizens, and, if the answer was in the negative, to let the whole matter drop.

Let no one say that we argue for a rule which would forbid one nation to remonstrate with another. Nations are doing that all the time, and are doing it with perfect diplomatic propriety. But they always have to show that their own interest is somehow involved in the subject of representations. It may be a tariff law, for example. That is purely an affair of internal legislation, but if it has the effect of prejudicing the trade or the treaty rights of other nations, they may properly bring the matter to the attention of the responsible Government. Even when, as in the case of our diplomatic approaches to Spain in the matter of Cuba, the element of injustice or inhumanity comes in, the protesting Powers are careful to show, as were both President Cleveland and Mr. McKinley, that the injury to their own people is the main ground of intervention. That is the broad distinction always to be made, in all dealings of civilized and Christian Powers with each other. No one pretends that it exists in the present case. Indeed, both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay have explained that it does not.

It cannot be denied that there is a sense in which it takes a great deal of "nerve" for America to rebuke Russia, even by implication, for the outbreak of brute passions. We are just now unable to cast a stone at the most lawless country on earth. How exposed to retort or to sarcasm we leave ourselves in that way can, perhaps, be appreciated only by one who reads the foreign press. Here, for example, is what M. de Cassagnac says in *L'Autorité:*

> "When a country makes a common practice of lynch law, and amuses itself by covering negroes with oil and burning them alive, it only excites general laughter by taking up with such improvised humanity the defence of the Jews of Kishenev."

That kind of rebuke would be unpleasantly multiplied upon our head if the champions of "nerve" in diplomacy were to be given free swing.

THE REOPENED DOOR.

The method by which the United States has negotiated for free ports in Mantchuria is instructive. Secretary Hay and the Russian chargé d'affaires met in Washington and came to terms for China. Their preliminary agreement has been sent to Pekin for confirmation by the Emperor, whose assent is taken for granted. In other words, while asserting the integrity of the Chinese Empire, Mr. Hay practically recognizes Russia as suzerain of all northern China. So the Mantchurian question has passed out of the political into the commercial stage. Russia is in full possession of Mantchuria to-day, although she is technically restoring a province or so a year to China. Unless Japan wishes to take the great hazard of challenging the Russian claim, and strikes quickly, Mantchuria will soon be more Russian than the Duchy of Finland. By a significant coincidence, as the Russians are granting the trade concessions for which Mr. Hay has been battling, it is reported that the conference of Mantchurian officials at Port Arthur has advised the appointment of a Russian viceroy over the provinces which, barring "obstacles," Russia has promised to evacuate next September.

Rightly to weigh the value of Mr. Hay's treaty, it should be realized that he probably maintains the diplomatic fiction of a Chinese Mantchuria merely as a pious hope, and as a technical advantage in negotiating with the most slippery of Foreign Offices. What Mr. Hay is after is trade privileges. He has exhausted all the resources of diplomacy to force Russia to grant free entry in Mantchuria to all the world. He very properly insists upon all the commercial advantages that he could have obtained from China, and, while not formally opposing the steps which lead to Russian occupation, he has valiantly opposed all measures that tend to give Russia a monopoly of the trade of North China. Here it is that the dogma of the integrity of the Chinese empire becomes a very useful fiction. The Russians are thoroughly committed to it. In 1901 they cheerfully withdrew, largely owing to Mr. Hay's protest, the treaty which would have given their "lease" the value of a deed in fee simple. Again, in the Mantchurian Convention of April, 1902, they agreed successively to withdraw from the various Mantchurian provinces. They have shown every disposition to humor those who were stiff on the point of Chinese suzerainty, but have quietly built railroads, erected custom houses, and discriminated against non-Russian imports by railway rates, and by collecting a kind of *likin* tax on goods in transport. Content with the substance of a trade monopoly and political control, they have gladly allowed it to be called a mere extension of their sphere of influence; but the various protests in behalf of Chinese sovereignty have been incidentally the means of pinning Russia down to trade agreements.

During all this time Mr. Hay has protested against the closing of Mantchurian ports, and has with unwearied importunity worked for the "open door." Theoretically, the door has always been open. The Russians in 1900 went on record as to the principle, and subsequently they have given Mr. Hay ample assurances that, certain obstacles removed, the door would be open to stay. To-day he simply has one more promise. Yet it is a considerable gain to bring the Russians to so definite an action as that of naming two free ports, even if no time has been set for the actual opening. It is suggested, possibly by a wit, that the ceremony will follow on September 8 next, the agreed date of Russia's final evacuation. The value of the ports of Mukden and Ta-Tung-Kao is difficult to estimate. Mukden is the great caravan centre for Mantchuria and Eastern Siberia, but unless such feeding ports as New Chwang, Port Arthur, and Dalny are also made free (as regards products in transit for Mukden), the value of free entry at Muk-

den only comes to the remission of any transit tax there levied. The concession will be quite an empty one unless the seaport Ta-Tung-Kao be connected with Mukden by railway. This will require time, and time is a famous collaborator of the Russians. It will compel the construction of a railway to the estuary of the Yalu, and if the "civil buildings," as is not uncommon in Mantchuria, should assume the look of fortresses, Russia would be in a comfortable position of control at the mouth of the Yalu, and at a strategic vantage point as regards Korea. That is, by the concession of a free port, Russia will go amicably where otherwise she would hardly have dared to advance so soon. Accordingly, it must be also a wit who suggests in the press agency dispatches that Ta-Tung-Kao was chosen in deference to the desire of Japan.

And yet, with all the mental reservations which the compact implies, Secretary Hay is to be heartily congratulated upon the conclusion of a most difficult and vexatious negotiation. In a sense, the interested powers have rather shabbily thrown their case upon his hands; where Germany has been cynical and England despairing, they have left the difficult rôle of optimistic endeavor to Mr. Hay. His failure he would have had to bear alone, his success was certain to be their profit. On these conditions and with rather little intelligent support from his own countrymen, Mr. Hay has crossed swords with the shrewdest blades of modern diplomacy, and has scored his touch handsomely. He alone really grasped the significance of the Russian occupation of Mantchuria, and saw the danger of shrinking markets. Diplomacy has seldom taken so long a view and foreseen so accurately the needs of posterity. This will be remembered to Mr. Hay's lasting credit, even if the technical triumph of to-day should seem smaller when the new agreement is interpreted at the custom houses of Mantchuria.

THE MAYOR ON CITY FRANCHISES.

It is evident that Mayor Low is now fully alive to the necessity of protecting the city in its franchise rights. At a meeting of the Rapid Transit Commission a few days ago he blocked a scheme to hurry through a hastily prepared franchise for another North River tunnel. At Thursday's meeting the same franchise, now in printed form, came up for consideration; he again refused his sanction or vote, and announced some exceedingly plain truths bearing upon the relation of the public to local transportation companies. He particularly objected to a clause in the contract permitting the sale of the franchise at will by the grantees, insisting that for such a transaction the consent of the city should be required. This position of his is thoroughly sound. One of the principal difficulties in forcing proper service from transportation companies has been the disappearance of the original responsible company in some combination or holding concern. Among the excuses made by the Metropolitan for not giving the transfers required by law was the statement that its system is now operated by a small company located in Westchester, whose only tangible possessions are a mile of track, a car barn, and four old-fashioned cars.

Mr. Low also proposed that the city retain power to order better service whenever it saw fit, subject to review by the Appellate Division. This is only to recognize the principle of necessary public control of transportation facilities. It is fair to assume that the Mayor has taken his stand, not only in regard to a North River tunnel franchise of comparatively trifling importance, but in regard to transportation franchises in general, including the most vital of all, the subway extensions. It is plain that he now realizes that it makes little or no difference what provisions are put in the franchise, charter, or contract, so long as the means of enforcing them are wanting. He asks that the burden of proof be shifted from the city to the public-service corporations. This is well, but does the Mayor go far enough? Would a clause in the contract giving the city power to order changes in service or equipment, with an appeal by the railway company to the Appellate Division, really be effective Or would it cause more litigation, during which the company might please itself as to the sort of service rendered?

This, clearly, requires consideration. It would be most unfortunate, certainly, ready to revolt as we are at the helpless condition in which we find ourselves, if we were to seek and secure a change only to discover that under it we were still unable to command the service which we require. It is uncertain, to say the least, how far the courts would be willing to pass upon and enforce the orders issued by the city under such a statute. Our courts pretty steadily decline executive functions, and, when they do not refuse them altogether, it must be admitted that they perform them rather indifferently. Nor do they always deem it wise, apparently, to hold public-service corporations to the strict letter of the law or of their bond.

The Auchincloss case, for example, has been in litigation for more than ten years. In that the plaintiff prayed for an injunction against the Manhattan Railroad Company prohibiting it from operating its third track on the Ninth Avenue road, on the ground that the company never obtained the right to lay or operate this track. The Appellate Division, sustaining the contentions of the plaintiff and sending the case back to Special Term for final adjustment, clearly held that the company had not acquired the right to the third track. But Judge Truax, at Special Term, while awarding extensive damages to the plaintiff, refused to interfere with the operation of the third track, on the ground that to do so would "impose great hardship on the defendant company and would curtail their ability to serve the public." This is doubtless sound enough legal doctrine, but the counsel who had conducted this litigation on behalf of the plaintiff has exhibited to the public a company enjoying a valuable right for which it pays not one cent to the city, which it never acquired by any legal means whatever, and with which the courts refuse to interfere (except in the matter of damages to individuals) because, in the process of time, the service under this unauthorized and unpaid-for franchise has become a public necessity.

We do not cite this instance to criticise the ruling of the court. On the contrary, we agree that the public would be the chief sufferer if the company were ordered to remove its third track. But it illustrates how even the public necessities hinder the city from holding transportation companies to proper performance, when once absolute rights in or under the streets have been granted away. And the lesson of that seems to be, not to grant away such rights, even with an attempt to retain control of the service by means of an experiment with initiatory orders in the hands of the municipal Government, subject to judicial review. There is a simpler means than that, and one which runs on all fours with experience and ordinary business principles. This is the short-time lease under contract. By such a system, public control can be rendered truly effective. Companies failing to give the requisite quality of service would simply lose their contract, like any other unfaithful servant, and be replaced.

ART SCHOOLS.

It has frequently been noted that art declines somewhat in the ratio of conscious effort to further it. The great periods knew only masters and disciples; the times of decadence abound in academies and permanent schools. At present the fact may easily be verified by any one who will visit successively the Royal Academy at London, the Paris Salon, and the current exhibitions at Amsterdam and The Hague. London and Paris have elaborate systems for producing painters. Before those who study at the Academy schools or the École des Beaux-Arts, lie all manner of official honors and material rewards. The academicians of either country enjoy a traditional prestige and a corresponding social position. Holland, on the contrary, does next to nothing for her painters. They study in small bands

of disciples about the older masters, they wander through the schools of France and Germany—in short, like Topsy, they just grow, without the fostering care of academies and ministries of fine arts.

Comparing the painting of Holland with the academic production of France and England, one is struck with the sobriety and excellence of the Dutch school. There is, first of all, a genuine continuation of the tradition of the seventeenth century, which rests, not upon organized authority, but upon the temperament of individual artists. The level of craftsmanship is higher than will be found elsewhere. There is a refreshing absence of incompetence and eccentricity. These painters know their subjects—chiefly the landscape and peasant life of their own country—and know how to make paint assume the look of light, air, and life. Yet there is nothing backward about the school. It has freely profited by all the recent innovations, impressionistic or otherwise, without yielding to the eccentricities in vogue. Everywhere one notes good judgment and sound accomplishment—that is, precisely the qualities which academies are founded to promote.

How ill academies do their work to-day is shown in London and Paris. Go through the Royal Academy or the Salon and your eye will infallibly reject the native product and rest upon some quiet bit by an American, Dutch, or Scandinavian painter. For more than a hundred years the Royal Academy has been the custodian of British art, and the result is stupidity, ineptitude, mediocrity. For nearly two hundred years the Salon has been subsidized by the State, and the result is incredible vulgarity. The three thousand pictures annually exhibited by these two academies have very little to do with art. In England they are painted to be sold to a sentimental and untrained public; in France they are painted to be exhibited to a calloused and mistrained public. In London the official encouragement of art has seemingly produced an entire obscuration of talent; in Paris it has drawn a great supply of talent into vulgar ways of seeing and painting. In one case art languishes from too little skill, in the other it perishes from skill perverted.

Moreover, the saving remnant of French and British painters have held aloof from the academies. Indeed, the various secessions from Munich to New York are so many signs of discontent with the cut-and-dried methods of the schools. And as these revolutionary bodies become formalized they in turn drive out the best spirits, so that the more accomplished artists are generally to be found isolated from the craft, or joined in small congenial groups. It appears that we have to do with a secular process by which art ever renews itself only on condition of renouncing official patronage. That would seem the moral of Holland, France, and England to-day.

As usual, the trouble lies at the root—in the art schools. Never in any healthy period of art has an apprentice spent years in making "studies." From the first the pupil was taught to do things that were useful. If it were only laying in a background or tracing a cartoon, his earliest efforts contributed something to the art of his time, and his equipment was gained not in profitless competition with those who were no better than himself, but in daily contact with a great master. All the studies and investigations which are comparatively dead in themselves, he made under guidance and in view of genuine problems. To-day men work seven or ten or more years for the great stake of artistic success; if they fail, that time is relatively thrown away, and they are subjected to a kind of humiliation which befalls no other class of earnest workers. Under the old conditions of discipleship, every art student had the satisfaction of serving usefully, and those to whom greatness was denied at least found naturally their places as artist artisans and the like. Such tragedy of utter failure as we see not uncommonly to-day was hardly known until the great art mills were invented to sweep in those who had no vocation, and grind them out half-trained or mistrained. To be sure, wholesale methods have replaced discipleship in many other branches of study; but in these it has not had the same stupefying results. You may make tolerable doctors or lawyers by machine methods; the training of the artist is peculiarly an individual matter and not to be entrusted to the syndicates.

Probably no M. Combes of painting will expropriate the art schools of the world and scatter the "professors." Very likely it would be better if such a tyrant would compel a return to discipleship. In any case it should be understood that no more great art schools are needed. The rumored National Gallery at Washington will only add to the bad art in the world if it sets up classes on the conventional lines. Before any millionaire endows a teaching academy, let him go to Holland and see how art fares when patrons and the State observe a wise passiveness, and art shifts for itself.

SOUTH AFRICAN CONDITIONS.

At the time of the capitulation after the Boer war, Gen. Louis Botha took a singularly wise and conciliatory attitude. It was he more than any other who urged the Boers to accept the new government cheerfully, and was constant in expressions of confidence in the liberal intentions of Lord Milner and the British Colonial Office. Thus it is Botha's reputation for moderation which gives to his recent manifesto denouncing the colonial government as despotic a peculiar weight. It is even said that he is going to England to plead the cause of his countrymen.

From Gen. Botha's letter, and many other sources, it appears that there is one prime obstacle to reconstruction in South Africa, namely, Milnerism. Lord Milner has eminent abilities, but he is and must be *persona non grata* in the old Boer territory. His relations with the Boers had become so thoroughly embittered that it was a mistake to retain him as Governor-General. Recently he has appointed many Oxford graduates to office. These young men bring to their duties abundant ignorance; they are prone to treat the Boers with condescension, and in many cases they are both inefficient and unpopular. Time will do much to remedy these deficiencies, but, in the meantime, when it is above all things important to conciliate the Boers, they get the impression that the Government neither understands them nor cares for their welfare. It is a sorry sequel to Mr. Chamberlain's visit of conciliation that South Africa is to be kept a crown colony indefinitely and garrisoned strongly at great expense.

Possibly a graver danger than that of being ruled by Oxford graduates and "single men in barracks" is that of being exploited mercilessly by the great syndicates. Although the powers of the British South Africa Company have been abridged, there is still a far too intimate connection between it and the colonial government. The same may be said of Mr. Beit's diamond monopoly, and of the Transvaal gold interests. For example, the great diamond fields recently discovered at Elandsfontein—a possible rival to Kimberley—have been closed to individual prospectors by decree. Some 4,000 claims which would have been worked immediately are tied up until the De Beers syndicate absorbs them all; and the reason offering for abolishing the "pegging" right is that "it creates gambling in valuable assets." Naturally such gambling is detestable to the diamond monopolists whose game the Government is making a sure thing. The political power of this company may be measured by the twenty-odd papers it controls in South Africa.

Mr. Chamberlain, in his recent tour through the "illimitable veldt," did not get as far as Rhodesia. Had he done so he would have found that stubborn parochial problems turn up even on the fringe of empire. We have before us a little pamphlet entitled 'The Reform Movement in Rhodesia,' printed at Salisbury by a committee of prominent citizens. It is a complaint against the oppressive freight rates charged by the Beira and Mashonaland Railway. This line, though nominally independent of the Chartered Company, runs in community of interest with it. The rates charged for the 374 miles' haul are preposterous, averaging

three times the rates levied by the Uganda and the Port Elizabeth-Johannesburg railways, and more than twice those of the Delagoa Bay Railway. Take a typical example: It costs about $63 to send a ton of spades and shovels from Beira to Salisbury, as against $23 for a similar distance on the Delagoa Bay Road. Again, five tons of flour (about 50 barrels) costs $243 from the steamer to Salisbury, while eleven horses are charged $258 for the 188-mile haul from Gwelo to Salisbury. What these prohibitive rates mean to the hardy settlers who some dozen years ago followed Cecil Rhodes's star to the Zambesi valley, may be imagined when it is recalled that the cattle have largely perished of the rinderpest, and the people are dependent upon imported food. "At a hotel table in Salisbury one finds scarcely an indigenous product, from the bread baked from foreign flour to the ham from English pigs." But cattle, and almost food, are denied them by the South African Railways Trust.

It would be easy to point out that the Beira Railway is pursuing a short-sighted policy in bleeding a new community to the discouragement of its growth; it is not so easy to explain the action of a government that charters a railroad and makes no provision for an initial agreement as to rates or subsequent control of them. It can hardly be wondered at when the Salisbury committee says that the disease undermining Rhodesia takes the form of "a fine Imperialism degenerated at length into commercial avarice."

Paul LeRoy-Beaulieu pointed out recently in the *Économiste Français* that it would take from three to five years to put the Transvaal gold industry on a satisfactory basis. Much trouble may come before that time. Great Britain may be called on as guarantor of the South African loan, and to disaffected Boers may be added an increasing host of discontented pioneers of English blood. The incidents of the new diamond fields and of the Mashonaland Railway show clearly that South Africa needs a government which will hold the syndicates in check, and prevent at least the more oppressive forms of commercial exploitation. Lord Milner has signally failed in the task, and it is a question if this severance of administration from the activities of the various chartered companies is so much as dreamed of in Mr. Chamberlain's philosophy.

LEO XIII.

Leo XIII., Vincent Joachim Pecci, was born in the little Italian town of Carpineto, a miniature fortress of about 5,000 inhabitants, hidden high among the Apennines. It was at one time a place of some importance, and was destroyed by the Romans. In the Middle Ages the Conti, the Caetani, and other powerful families held sway over it. Later it was a duchy under the Aldobrandini family; but, for the last three centuries, its most important people have been the Pecci, who have here a large estate and a country-seat of some pretensions. Originally they came from Siena. According to a monograph compiled by the present Pope in 1832, when a young man of twenty-two, the first Pecci of whom record remains was a certain Benvenuto, who was a Knight of Malta and was born in 1340. Later there is mention of a Pecci in Spain. In the sixteenth century, Bartolomeo Pecci was deputed by Siena to ask Pope Eugene IV. to canonize St. Bernard of Siena, and not only succeeded in his mission, but was made Chevalier. During the fifteenth-century troubles of the papacy, the Pecci espoused the Medici cause and emigrated to the papal dominions, settling in Carpineto in 1534. The head of the family was then Antonio, whose son was made Governor of Foligno by Pope Clement VII. In the succeeding three centuries the Pecci family furnished many men of distinction to Rome and Italy. At the beginning of the last century the head of the family was Ludovico Pecci, who, like his father, was a soldier, and became a colonel under Napoleon. There is a good portrait of him now at Carpineto. This follower of Napoleon was the father of Joseph, the Cardinal, and of Joachim, future papal nuncio to Belgium, future Bishop of Perugia for thirty-two years, with a constantly growing reputation for tact and courage. Almost insensibly, his place in the Church of Italy grew in importance. His course during the critical years from 1848 to 1870 was marked by moderation and wisdom. There was a patriarchal simplicity about his administration which had its effect upon friend and foe, and it was no surprise to Italy when Pius IX., who had made him a Cardinal in 1853, named him "Camerlengo," the officer to have charge of the affairs of the Vatican and of the conclave called to elect a new Pope. On the 7th of February, 1878, the Pope died, and Mgr. Pecci took charge of affairs at the Vatican. His election followed almost as a matter of course, and he entered at once upon an office for which he had many fortunate and some admirable qualifications.

The ruling passion of Leo XIII. was for the assertion and the restoration of his rights as a temporal sovereign. His democratic sympathies, in which some have found the most characteristic feature of his pontificate, were far less distinguished; and while it would be most ungracious to think of them as means adapted to a personal or ecclesiastical end, it does not appear that they ever stood in the way of the purpose to which he held from first to last with a singular persistency and with much incautious zeal, endeavoring to compel all Catholic statesmen to subordinate their political energy to the welfare of the Roman See, and identifying this welfare with the fiction of its temporal power. Always the political controlled and modified the ecclesiastical and religious tendency. Thus, when the German Catholics were ready to defeat the septennate military bill on which Bismarck had set his heart, they were suddenly ordered to support it at the sacrifice of their convictions, while a little later they were castigated for supporting Bismarck in a course which was deserving of their patriotic adhesion. The "godless schools" of Italy were frequently condemned, while the more drastic secularism of France in educational matters was allowed to go unscathed. The French encyclical of February 16, 1892, was received with general indignation, and a policy was set on foot for evading its provisions; but a second papal declaration made it clear that French Catholics were expected to be eager partisans of the *de facto* government, whatever the *de jure* aspect of the case might be. In the meantime Russia's opposition to the Triple Alliance secured for her absolutism the same consideration as that accorded for the same reason to republican France, while the adhesion of Austria-Hungary to the Alliance earned for that stronghold of Catholicism the utmost severity of the papal frown, and encouraged internecine feuds that are now gnawing at the vitals of the national life. And all of these tendencies, so obvious elsewhere, culminated in Italy. The Triple Alliance was anathema to Leo, not as an alliance against the strength of Russia, but as an alliance favorable to the weakness of Italy in the European family.

It would be a grave mistake to seek the characteristic quality of Leo XIII. in his democratic or socialistic affiliations, or in his practical activities as a sanitarian reformer. All honor for the aqueducts and hospitals which he built and for his genuine sympathy with poor and miserable men! But these things did not assure to him the modern spirit. His idea of the temporal sovereignty of the papacy was of course a mediæval idea. The methods he pursued in the vain hope of making that idea a reality were also mediæval. There are those who think and speak of him as a great statesman and diplomatist. They rank him with Bismarck and Cavour. But whatever he attained upon their lines by his astuteness and his pertinacity, and however great his influence upon the contemporary politics of Europe, it cannot but appear that the main object of his pursuit was an unreal thing, while, had the energy he spent upon it been used in strengthening his spiritual supremacy, the gain both for his office and the millions of his people would have been incalculably great. The enthusiasts for lost causes have been many, and he takes his place among them with something of peculiar dignity, so majestic was the historical reality the shade of which he clutched with eager hands, and so evidently might he have been a worthy successor to the temporalities of Hildebrand and Innocent and Boniface if he had not been born some centuries too late.

His pontificate was, nevertheless, in its general aspect, much more liberal than his predecessor's, and had a different course and tendency from that which, beginning with a liberal policy, soon became timid, reactionary, and conservative, and on the dogmatic side carried matters so far with its decrees of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility that Leo XIII. could carry them no further if he would. It may well be doubted if he would have carried them so far if he had had the opportunity of Pius, and it is certainly very significant that one of the first acts of Leo was to make Newman a Cardinal, as if to reward him for his opposition to the dogma of infallibility, or condone the offence, while Manning, who had been foremost in urging the declaration and subsequently one of

the highest in the counsels of Pius, passed with the accession of Leo into comparative neglect.

The official career of Leo in the Vatican presents many interesting phases; his concessions to Bismarck in the closing scenes of the *Kulturkampf* and Falk-laws agitation, his relations with Poland and Russia, his subjection of the French bishops to the secularism of the republican régime, his unfortunate interference with Hungarian affairs, his yet more unfortunate *De Parnellio* letter, which, but for the prompt and energetic interposition of Cardinal Manning, might have made an Irish schism from the Church, his arbitration in the affair of the Caroline Islands (his most obvious contribution to that "peace on earth" which Christianity is supposed to encourage and advance), his dealings with the American-school question and the vagaries of Dr. McGlynn, and in general with the social-economic problems of the time in his encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. Always more interested in practical affairs, or in what he conceived to be such, than in dogmatics, his elaborate encyclical on Biblical inspiration and criticism was foreign to his genius and consequently more, if possible, of a mere *brutum fulmen* than any other. To the higher criticism it extended a cordial greeting, and advised its hospitable entertainment among Catholic teachers and scholars, but with the understanding that certain foregone conclusions of the more general sort must be the test and goal.

This letter and the social-economic one, together with that of June, 1893, on the American-school question, afford our best materials for the study of Papal infallibility as a working theory. They seem to show that it tends irresistibly to triteness or to an Hegelian union of contradictories. Take the American encyclical of June, 1893. Following the plan of Archbishop Ireland, the decision *Tolerari potest* in 1892 seemed to acknowledge frankly the right of State control over parochial schools. So did the Archbishops' resolutions of November, 1892, dictated by Satolli, who was evidently following instructions straight from Rome. But these resolutions were radically opposed to the decisions of the Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884), which since their passage had been the programme of the high and dry Roman Catholics, whose coryphæus was the late Archbishop Corrigan. Such being the situation, what was the course of Leo XIII. in his encyclical in 1893? He had a good word for the Baltimore decisions, and he approved the resolutions of the Archbishops which allowed the right of Roman Catholic parents to educate their children in secular schools, and the right of State control for the parochial. Here was a Barmecide feast for the high-church party and a substantial meal for Archbishop Ireland and his friends.

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

July 19, 1903.

The American Philological Association has come and gone. It came without observation; it should not go without notice. It was the thirty-fifth annual session. The place was New Haven, the host was Yale University, the time was July 7, 8, 9. The sittings were held in the Trowbridge Library, in the Marquand Chapel, and in Osborn Hall. The Trowbridge Library is dedicated, or abandoned, to works of theology. Philology sat in the midst and left the shelves unmolested.

There were about sixty members in attendance. Some made but a short stay, about forty endured to the end. The public is always admitted; but the public does not seek philologic learning in July, even in New Haven. Some inquirers there were, however. A few venerable heads gave attention, and there were some women. The Association counts thirty-nine feminine names on its roll, with perhaps a few more concealed under epicene given names or initials.

There were forty-three papers on the printed programme. They were not all read from paper. They were often spoken, in summary, in selection, or as the bee sips. Some were well spoken, out of a full mind and a practised mouth; yet the most eloquent speeches (and there were several eloquent speeches) were read from manuscript. The older men seem to prefer a pedestrian muse, and are most at ease in peripatetic confabulation. They abound in "excursions," but they raise no "alarums"; and no trumpet is heard in the wings. The Association, it is well known, is very intimate with the Greeks and Romans. More than two-thirds of the papers were concerned with Greek and Roman matters. It is the annual rule, or custom; nor can any fault be found with these papers as to their subject—they are certainly "parleyings with certain people of importance in their day." Yet the Association is expressly general. Its object, as stated in the Constitution, is "the advancement and diffusion of philological knowledge." These words recall the principle of the Smithsonian Institution, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The Association has the same object, within the field of philology. The other philological bodies of national range express in their names their chosen divisions of philology—the American Oriental Society, the Archæological Institute, the Modern Language Association, the American Dialect Society. Local philological societies, too, of general or specific scope, are rather numerous. All this is well. These divisions and fences are useful, and promote accuracy. Some languages are kittle cattle, and require a close pen; but the philologist should have the key of the whole farm. The specialist should range at times abroad; and the generalist, if there is such a person, is nothing if he is always on the range.

The Philological Association in its earlier years opened its gates to all philology, Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Arabic, Celtic, African and even "Amerindian," though that word had not then been added to the vocabulary. The earlier volumes of the Transactions contain papers on Algonkin, Cymric, Tupi, and English; nor have these and their like been wholly neglected since. Yet the Greek and the Latin, the basis of all philology and its very vocabulary, have always been in the fore. The very first paper printed in the Transactions is one by James Hadley, "On the Nature and Theory of the Greek Accent" (1869, not settled yet in this year of grace, 1903). It is odd, however, to see that Latin does not appear in any phase in the Transactions until the fourth volume, and that the Latin subjunctive delays its emergence until the tenth volume.

But to return to the session just ended. The Greek papers were seventeen. Four or five were grammatic. The most entertaining paper in this sometimes gloomy galley was Professor Humphreys's confabulation entitled "Notes on Greek Grammar," being good-natured comments on other men's notes in Greek grammars. One illuminating note was his quotation of the statesman who declared in a speech that "he had always endeavored to tread firmly the narrow path that separates right from wrong." A local paper made it appear that this principle (which seems to be best adapted to the meridian of Washington) is Professor Humphreys's golden rule for his own guidance. There were grammatic disquisitions by Professors Green, Harry, Tolman, and others. There were papers on Greek metrics, by Professor Miller on "Hephaestion and the Resolution of the Greek Comic Trimeter," and by Professor Magoun, who discussed with dissent the question, "Is the Present Theory of Greek Elision Sound?" And there were other metric discussions, which, nevertheless, here "versu dicere non est."

Of more literary character was the annual address of the President, Prof. Charles Forster Smith, on "Character-drawing in Thucydides," a criticism and eulogy of the literary methods of that historian. With this may be mentioned Professor Perrin's genial discussion of "The Fiscal Joke of Pericles," the joke being a little item "for necessary expenses" which Pericles included in his war accounts, and which the Grand Old Party of those days passed with a wink and a chuckle. Both believed in moral suasion.

The Romans came next, Professors Rolfe, Wilson, Earle, F. G. Moore, Fitz-Hugh, Steele, Gudeman, and others, discussing points in Plautus and Horace, manuscripts of Juvenal and Virgil, ellipsis in Tacitus, the gerund and gerundive in Livy, Quintilian's criticisms of Terence, Cicero's appreciation of Greek art, and other things. Latin prosody had its hearing in thoughtful papers by Professors Goodell and Radford, and Dr. Edmiston; and the order of words in Latin was treated by Dr. Meader. It is worthy of note that all these Latin men speak Latin in the Roman fashion. The "English system" of pronouncing Latin in American colleges is dead

Archæology appeared chiefly at the evening session of Wednesday, July 8, in Osborn Hall, where a stage and a screen and lantern-slides gave prominence to Professor Richardson's exhibit of "A Head of an Ephebos from Corinth" and Dr. Tonks's report on "Three Terra-cotta Heads." Professor Richardson came fresh from his Corinthian sports with the spade, and showed the homekeeping members, who are perhaps too much inclined, or constrained, to research with the pen and the statistical digits, how profitable it is to dig.

Sanskrit was represented by Professor Hopkins in a paper on "The Ablative of Time in Sanskrit" (read by title), and by Mr. Michelson in a paper "On some Verb-forms in the Rāmāyana." Professor Hopkins, in another paper, on "Rousselot's Phonetic Synthesis," made mention of Avestan; and Professor Jackson, again re-

turned from Persia, represented that ancient language by his genial presence.

There were three papers on English. One was by Professor March, in the form of a report of the committee on spelling reform, of which he has been the chairman for many years. He reviewed the present state of that educational movement, and then spoke especially of recent action by the National Educational Association and other bodies in the introduction of amended forms of words in their own publications. He intimated an expectation that a further step in advance, in the form of a discriminated use of the present double forms of *a*, *o*, and *u*, would be adopted in certain scientific publications. He referred to the fact that precisely the same kind of discrimination was undertaken by a few scholars about the year 1600, and was universally accepted in the next generation, in respect to *i* and *j* and *u* and *v*. In 1600 these pairs were used with no difference of value; about 1635 they were differentiated as now. The other English papers were by Dr. Scott. One was on "Assumed Singulars" (second paper), recording and discussing singular forms like *gramp* for *grampus*, *porpy* for *porpoise*, etc. (some eighty cases), and including an extraordinary tale about *bogy*, with "the only genuine" etymology of *bogus*. The other paper, the fourth and last of a series on "Attraction in English," was read by title and in brief abstract. A new field was opened by the same writer, in his systematic paper on "West Indian Words in East Indian Languages." In this paper the names of many tropical American fruits and other products which have migrated to the Eastern archipelagos were located first in the dictionaries of the West Indian, Mexican and South American dialects, and then traced to their places in Malayan, Philippine and Indian dialects into which they have penetrated. Among these words are *acaju* (*caju, cashew*), *anana, anona, batata, cacao, chilli, chocolate, guava, petate, tiangui, tobacco*. There are many more, some of which have long been left suspended between east and west. So much—too little if too much—for the papers.

Some innovations of procedure were initiated. A permanent committee on nominations was appointed, consisting of five members, one to retire each year. A proposal to alter the mode of publication of the papers, and to issue them separately, was referred to the Executive Committee, with power. The proposal which has been some years in the air, and which was this year the subject of a postal-card vote, to hold the annual meeting in the winter, in "Convocation Week," with other societies in the same city, was discussed and at length rejected. Those who opposed the proposal thought that in a general convocation, at the Christmas holidays, the members' minds would be distracted, and scientific zeal would be lost in social pleasure, while the result of meeting only in a few large cities would be to cut the Association off from actual contact with nearly all the colleges from which it draws its membership.

Two cities contended for the honor of entertaining the Association in 1904—St. Louis, which invites all the world, and Ithaca, the seat of Cornell University. Some preferred St. Louis because of the great Fair; some objected for the same reason. It was decided, by a majority of four, to accept the invitation of Cornell University.

The improved committee on nominations reported, as "the best they could do," the following ticket for the next year, which was elected: President, Professor Hempl; Vice-Presidents, Professors Earle and Merrill; Secretary, Professor Smyth; Executive Committee, the officers named, and Messrs. Bennett, March, Morgan, Perrin, and Scott.

THE DAUPHIN AND HIS KEEPERS.

PARIS, June 29, 1903.

M. G. Lenotre has applied himself with much zeal to the study of the Revolutionary period in France; some of his books have met with great and well-deserved success: 'The Marquis de la Rouerie and the Conspiracy in Brittany,' 'The Norman Chouannerie under the Empire,' 'Tournebut,' etc., etc. He has published an interesting series under the title of 'Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers,' and he has just given us a second series of the same sort under the same title.

The new volume begins with an interesting study of the captivity of the unfortunate Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, in the prison of the Temple. The name of Simon, who was the guardian of the Dauphin, has acquired a sort of celebrity; but we really know very little about him. On the 20th of May, 1788, Antoine Simon, a shoemaker, was married to Marie-Jeanne Aladame, a so-called *femme de ménage* (a servant who sleeps outside of the house and who helps for a few hours of the day only). Simon was already fifty-two years old. His life had been a succession of unlucky attempts and failures; M. Lenotre gives us the whole account of his wretched career. His wife (she was his second wife) was not quite as poor as he was himself. The Simons lived in the same quarter as Danton, as Doctor Marat, as Fabre d'Églantine, as the butcher Legendre; as two printers, one of whom became Marshal Brune, and the other Momoro, the husband of the future goddess of Reason; as Chaumette. In the Revolutionary days this quarter lived in a sort of continual delirium. Danton, the popular lawyer, who shook hands with everybody in the quarter, became Minister, and Simon was named Commissary of the Commune. We find him at all the popular demonstrations. His chief patron was Chaumette, who was charged by the Convention to take care of the Dauphin; and Chaumette chose Simon as the guardian of the child. He knew that the wife of Simon was an active woman, and expected, says M. Lenotre, that she would prove to be a good nurse. He held Rousseau's views on education, and thought it right that the child should learn some manual trade. Lenotre does not believe that there was at first any intention of martyrizing the child; Chaumette's idea was to educate the Prince "as a common man," and to give him a nurse capable of taking good care of him and of his health.

The National Archives have the account of the money which was spent for mending Simon's clothes when he entered upon his functions "with a blue coat, *color of the nation*, lined with scarlet red." The woman Simon was also dressed anew. Simon was to have a salary of 6,000 livres, an extraordinary sum for him; and his wife a salary of 4,000 livres. On the 3d of July, 1793, in the evening, the Dauphin, already asleep, was taken away from his mother and given to his two guardians. We can easily understand with what repugnance he looked on those who were to be his constant companions. If we read, in one of the court almanacs of the years preceding the Revolution, the pages concerning the household of the Dauphin, we see none but the greatest names of France. The woman Simon was very different from the ladies who had formed the society of the little Prince.

"What," says M. Lenotre, "seemed to him a sinister prison and a penitential requiem seemed to his keepers the last word of comfort and of high living. They were installed in the second floor of the Tower, in the apartment which had been left vacant since the death of Louis XVI.; they had never known such soft chairs nor eaten so well. The small court of the Temple, with its meagre trees, which seemed to the Simons to be the real country, accustomed as they were to the mephitic smells of the dark courts and alleys of the street of the Cordeliers, must have saddened their prisoner, full of the memories of Versailles, with its infinite perspectives of chestnut trees in flower, and its distant woods joining the blue of the horizon."

This perpetual contrast seems to M. Lenotre to have been the cause of the child's sufferings more than the systematic barbarity of the keepers; he seems to consider the bad treatment of the Dauphin by the Simons as a legend. He tells, however, immediately afterwards an anecdote which proves that the education given to the Dauphin by his keepers had had its worst effect.

"I know an anecdote," he says, "reported by Daujon, an eye-witness, Commissioner of the Commune, an honest man and a rabid republican. Here it is as it was told me. I change only a word, too brutal to be reproduced. 'I was once playing with him,' says Daujon (in an original relation, kept in the collection of autographs of M. Victorien Sardou, the dramatist), 'at a little game of ball. It was after the death of his father, and he was separated from his mother and his aunt. . . . The room where we were was under the apartment of his family, and one heard a great noise as of chairs being dragged overhead. The child said, in a moment of impatience, "Have these women not yet been guillotined?" I would hear no more, and I left the place.' "

The anecdote is horrible, yet M. Lenotre believes it. It is more than I can do. The murderers of Louis XVI. and his family were, some consciously, some unconsciously, desirous to make them appear as uninteresting as possible. M. Lenotre believes that Simon discharged his function only with some reluctance; he was afraid of a political reaction; he was not a Brutus. We see in a note preserved by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and written by an English agent, living in Paris in 1794, to Lord Granville, that "Simon, who had at first been very useful [to the royal cause], was so afraid of the danger he was incurring that he thought only of leaving his place." What was his danger? Had Simon been bribed by the royalists? Was he really engaged in a royalist plot? What is certain is, that the shoemaker suddenly resigned his post and left the Temple. "This determination," says M. Lenotre, "the causes of which are unknown, is one of the obscure points of this mysterious his-

tory. On the 19th of January, 1794, the Simons presented the child, which had been confided to them, to four Commissioners of the Convention, who gave them a receipt attesting that Simon and his wife had turned over to them "the person of the prisoner Capet, in good health."

The Simons did not return to their lodgings in the Rue des Cordeliers, but established themselves in old stables very near the Tower of the Temple, where already lived some of the servants of the Temple. The Commune had decided that the section commissaries should visit the young Dauphin in turn. Simon never reappeared before him. Was he suspected? If he was, it would mean that he had become an ardent politician; he was a member of the Section Marat, previously "Section des Cordeliers." On the 9th Thermidor he appeared at the Hôtel de Ville as a partisan of Robespierre, was arrested by order of the journalist Fiévée, and guillotined the same day as Robespierre. His wife fell into a state of complete poverty; she had an incurable malady, and was finally admitted to a hospital of Incurables in 1796. She sometimes made allusions to the Dauphin, and often pretended that he was alive and that she had saved him. She did so probably in order to be better treated by her companions in the hospital, who at first looked with horror on the wife of the shoemaker Simon. She would say that "the child is not dead," that "she had contributed to his escape." "Oh! if I had my little Charles, I should not be so unhappy." She liked to make confidences and revelations to the doctors of the hospital, and she succeeded in making herself important enough to receive visits from some exalted royalists after the return of the Bourbons. "Some people," says M. Lenotre, "returned from the visits perturbed and convinced, but with the delightful sort of conviction which is enveloped in doubt, and of which mystery makes the charm." An official inquest was held, and in their report the police officers confirmed the existence at the Incurables of the widow Simon and her identity with the guardian of Louis XVII., adding that "she boasts of having participated in the escape of his Majesty, but she seems not to have the enjoyment of all her reason, and her faculties are impaired." The police finally forbade her to make any more revelations; but she continued to be haunted by the memory of the Dauphin, and once gave the most minute details of the pretended escape. She died on the 10th of June, 1819, and with her "died, perhaps, the secret of one of the most excruciating enigmas of history."

I have spoken at some length of what is to me the most interesting chapter of M. Lenotre's new volume. There is much variety in this work. A curious chapter relates to the famous Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor under the Terror, and his wife. Fouquier-Tinville was an able but unsuccessful lawyer of the worst reputation. He was in such a wretched plight that, after the 20th of August, 1792, seeing the old world falling to ruins and his compatriot Camille Desmoulins made Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice, he asked for an office, alleging "his capacity for contentious matters." It was a time when there was a great dearth of magistrates; he was named "public prosecutor" to the Revolutionary tribunal, with a salary of 8,000 francs and lodgings in the Palais. His place was no sinecure. The National Archives possess the enormous mass of documents which passed under his eyes; there are as many as six hundred boxes of them. On each document is found the mark of his red pencil. He became the personification of the Terror. When he felt a little tired, he drank brandy with the members of his packed juries, those whom he called the *solides*. Day after day he sent victims to the scaffold; on the 14th Thermidor, while he was drinking a glass of brandy at the bar of the Palais, he heard that his arrest had been decided on; he did not try to run away or hide himself. We have letters which he wrote to his wife from prison. He was fully conscious of his infamy. "I know nobody who would speak in my defence. I could not find in any country an inch of ground where I could lay my head." He was executed on the 6th of May, 1795, with fifteen of the jurors whom he had most compromised. A young woman walked all the time behind the *charrette*, and did not cease to reproach the assassin of her husband. Madame Fouquier-Tinville died only in 1856; she had lived in great retirement. A medal of the Virgin was found among her effects, with a card on which was written with her own hand these words: "He had this medal round his neck when he obtained the condemnation of the Widow Capet."

Correspondence.

DE ARROGANTIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the 'United States' volume of Lord Acton's Cambridge Modern History series I observe that one Woodrow Wilson refers to "one John Brown," meaning the Man of Harper's Ferry. Can you tell me who Mr. Wilson may be? From his arguing for State rights in the Confederate sense, and from his palliation of slavery, I conclude that he is a Southerner, and that a pedigree of two centuries of man-stealing, woman-flogging, baby-snatching, and lustful and thrifty miscegenation is the possible pinnacle from which he affects to look down on the historic figure, descended from the *Mayflower*, whose soul is marching on. Can you give me any reasons for thinking that Mr. Wilson will be remembered, or will deserve to be remembered, as long as John Brown?

A White Man.

[We cannot answer for the future of the President of Princeton University.—Ed. Nation.]

JEWS AND FILIPINOS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: That the Government of Russia is strictly within its rights in refusing to receive any remonstrance against the treatment of the Jews is generally conceded by thoughtful men; and the remark has been often made, both here and in Europe, that President Roosevelt would not be disposed to listen to any remonstrance against lynchings or other acts of barbarity within our own borders, if made by Russia or any foreign power. To whom, then, is he bound to listen if acts contrary to humanity are perpetrated? To the remonstrance of his own fellow-citizens.

When the Emperor Alexander the First of Russia visited England in 1814 and attended a debate in Parliament, he expressed the opinion that the Opposition was a very valuable part of the English Constitution; but he thought it would be much better if its leaders would deliver their criticisms and remonstrances to the Ministers in private, instead of bringing them in public before Parliament and the nation. It was generally thought that the remark showed a truly Muscovite ignorance of free institutions in general and those of England in particular.

But at this hour in the United States to whom do the elected rulers of the people listen when they are urged to act with candor and justice by every mode of private, public and Congressional appeal? The Government of the United States has now held military occupation, for a period equal to a full Presidential term, of the Philippine Islands. There is every species of evidence, beginning with the reports of its own officers and agents, and going through an endless line of testimony, native and American, military and civilian, that soldiers and officers in the employ of the United States have perpetrated on the natives torture and suffering totally alien to the avowed theories of modern warfare, and miserably excused by the retort that the Filipinos did worse by us. The President, his Cabinet, and Congress have been appealed to, by every means, public and private, to investigate, to report, and, if need be, to punish. No general or effective investigations have been made, no open and complete report has been rendered, the responsibility for such barbarities as could not be denied has been allowed to waver from private to subaltern and from subaltern to commander, and no effective punishment has ever been rendered for actions which are a stain on our flag.

Let the wrongs of the Jews be left to Russia; let the lynchings be dealt with by the respective States; and let the President and his Cabinet awake at last to the uninvestigated, unreported, unpunished wrongs which his fellow-citizens know, if he does not, have been perpetrated on a "feeble folk" by those who came as deliverers and remain as despots. T.

REPUBLICANISM AND THE SO-CALLED RACE PROBLEM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Respected Friend: In view of the favor with which various propositions, to repeal, suspend, or circumvent the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments have been received in all parts of the country, it seems high time to ask the people of the United States to calmly reconsider the first principles of republicanism. It is safe to say that no other part of the Constitution is more essential to the perpetuation of republicanism than these two amendments. It is unfortunate that they are associated in the public mind with the unwise reconstruction policy which was imposed on the South for a short time after the civil war. The connection between them and that policy was apparent rather than real; and it is a great mistake to charge the deplorable results of that ill-

considered experiment to these additions to the Constitution. Whatever may have been the intention of those who drafted these amendments, an examination of their context will show that they may be enforced to the letter without working injustice to any man or any community. They do not prohibit any State from punishing all its criminals. They only prohibit the States from permitting prejudice and injustice to dominate the enactment and administration of the laws. They prevent no State from prescribing the qualifications of its own voters, except that the right to vote "shall not be denied . . . on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude"; and the Fourteenth Amendment provides that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." It seems as though these provisions must constitute the kernel of the alleged grievance; yet the only objection that can be urged against them is that they place all citizens on an equality in the eye of the law.

It is said that so large a proportion of the blacks are illiterate and criminally inclined that it is necessary to restrain them as a class in order to keep them from encroaching on the rights of the whites as a class; and it appears that the objection to the amendments is that they prohibit any restriction of the blacks that does not apply with equal force to the whites. In order to understand the full significance of this popular desire to segregate the negroes into a class by themselves, and to legislate for them as a "race problem," it is necessary to remember that justice deals with the individual, and cannot deal with the race except through the individuals that constitute it, and therefore can take no cognizance of race statistics. It follows that a "race problem," in regard to the treatment of its own citizens by the nation, cannot exist within the realm of justice. Under a system of government that is founded on justice, each man must be justified or condemned according to his own actions, and not according to his race; and a proper recognition of this fundamental principle of justice and of republicanism practically eliminates our present so-called "race problem" from the field of profitable discussion. It is palpably an outrage to deal out less than justice to a black man because a certain percentage of black men are criminals. A black man cannot be justly held responsible for the shortcomings of other black men, let the percentage of black criminals be what it may; and it is equally unjust to refuse to recognize the capacity of a black man because there are other black men less capable.

Assuming that it is true that the negroes as a race have less intellectual capacity and less basis for improvement than the whites as a race, that fact cannot militate against them either in the administration of justice or in regard to their legal rights as citizens. It is no province of the State to grade and classify its citizens, and deal out privileges to them, according to their intellectual capacities. Under a pure administration of justice, it is the lack of virtue alone that can place a citizen at a disadvantage in the eye of the law. The presence of a great number of criminals is undoubtedly a misfortune to the community in which they reside; but justice does not increase the punishment of a criminal because of his ignorance or of his lack of moral training, and to increase it on account of his race or of the color of his skin would, if possible, be a greater outrage. Even if there were a thousand negro criminals to one white criminal, that fact could make no difference in the administration of justice to each individual criminal, and certainly it could make no difference in the administration of justice to negroes who are not criminals at all. It follows that it would furnish no valid excuse for special treatment of the negroes as a race, or as a "race problem."

The contention—a contention with most respectable and influential sponsors at the present time—that only a comparatively small number of the white citizens of the United States are sufficiently acquainted with negro character to deal intelligently with the "race problem," is but a specious plea for the coveted privilege of dealing with the negroes as an inferior race. An acquaintance with justice, and with the principle of human equality in respect to the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is of far more importance than mere contactual acquaintance with the negro. It is enough to know that the negroes are human beings; that they have been close followers of the white man's example, and subjects of his compulsory guidance, for many generations, and that they must now live among us either as freemen under the full protection of the Constitution and the laws, or as servile suppliants for the white man's favor. Human nature is the same everywhere, and everywhere gives substantially the same response to brotherly kindness and encouragement, or to superciliousness and contemptuous depreciation, as the case may be. There is no essential difference between lust in the negro and lust in the white man, and covetousness is still covetousness in the one as in the other. Even if there are ten times as many lustful negroes as there are lustful white men, that fact creates no "race problem," because each individual is responsible only for his own sin, and no man can be justly treated as a sinner until he commits an overt act of sin. The only antidote for lust is self-restrained manhood; and the only method by which this antidote can be effectively applied is practically uniform throughout the world, regardless of race or condition. Surely, if ten righteous men were sufficient to have saved Sodom from destruction, the many thousands of righteous colored people in the United States should be sufficient to save the American negroes from being all stuffed together in a common matrix and treated as a "race problem." They have a right to be treated as responsible human beings—as men with a germ of the Christian religion in each of their souls. Even if there were no question of Constitutional law or of republicanism involved in the case, it should be obvious to every one that the treatment of the millions of colored people in the United States cannot be safely consigned to those who openly avow their belief that the negro is a menace to the welfare of the State except in the position of a fawning parasite. I do not mean to say that this is the belief of nearly all the white people of any section of the United States, but the favor with which the propositions to permit the whites of certain sections to legislate for the colored people as an inferior race are being received in all parts of the country, certainly does not prove that the negroes can be safely deprived of the full and unspecialized protection of Constitutional law in those sections where the prejudice against the political equality of the races is the greatest.

It were well if it could be recognized, once and for all, that there is no middle ground—no debatable land—between republicanism and a state of servitude or vassalage. Of course there are different degrees of vassalage, but the least degree is outside the bounds of republicanism. And when certain States of the Union demand the privilege of putting their negro citizens in a straitjacket and under leading-strings to the whites, it should be clearly understood that they are demanding the privilege of destroying republicanism. Republicanism consists in the equal representation of all citizens in the making of the laws, and in the uniform treatment of all citizens in the administration of the laws. To discriminate against a class of citizens in either respect is to destroy republicanism, at least so far as that class of citizens is concerned. It necessarily places a class of citizens in subjection to another class of citizens. It makes a class of freemen and a class of vassals; and at best the government becomes as a house which is divided against itself—republicanism on one side and despotism on the other. Hence "a white man's republic" spells negro bondage.

I do not deny that under certain abnormal conditions it may be expedient to so limit the right of suffrage as to exclude dense ignorance, but this must be done without discouraging any citizens from qualifying themselves, and without making it more difficult for some to qualify themselves than others. When it is thus possible for every man to qualify himself if he sees fit, all are still substantially on an equality in the eye of the law. But even this vitiates the purity of republicanism, and is permissible only as a temporary makeshift, or as the least of two portentous evils. In fact, the need of such an expedient is not so much because of the mass of ignorance as because the more intelligent part of the population have wofully neglected to gain the confidence of the ignorant by unselfish and enlightened leadership. It is the natural province of intelligence to guide ignorance, and the only possible basis for such guidance is mutual regard, with well-grounded confidence on the one side and untiring patience and self-sacrificing friendship on the other. And the selfish renunciation of this primary duty on the part of intelligence is infinitely more of a menace to the general welfare of the community than the full enfranchisement of the mass of ignorance itself. But, whatever may be the danger from enfranchised ignorance, it should not be forgotten that Caucasian ignorance is as dangerous as African ignorance; and to disqualify in any degree a large class of citizens "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," is to strike at the very root of republicanism. Moreover, if there is no desire to discrim-

inate against the negroes on these accounts, of what significance is the popular contention that the black race is inferior and subservient to the white race by natural law and divine ordination? There has recently been a strenuous revival of this theory, which was scarcely more in vogue or more popular fifty years ago, in the days of slavery, than it is to-day. The present talk about the "superior race" and the "inferior race" means master and vassal if it means anything at all. If the so-called "superior race" once assumes the right to treat the other as inferior in any degree, there is nothing to hinder it from assuming the right to treat it as inferior in every degree. To infringe on the principle of equality under the law in the least degree is to destroy it totally. To say that the "superior race" will use superior political power with wisdom and justice, is to say that a master will treat his slave with wisdom and justice. We have a bare promise, which, as the history of the world proves, is made to be broken or kept according to the temper, the interests, and the exigencies of the master.

Let there be a cordial, unprejudiced recognition and encouragement of self-restrained manhood, without regard to race; and let all ignorance be treated impartially, regardless of whether it is white, black, brown, or yellow; and let all criminals be treated according to the crime and the law, and the "race problem" may be safely left to solve itself. It should be remembered that the colored people are here, natives of the country, with as good a right to a living as any of the rest of us. We can keep the Chinese from coming into the country, and all other foreigners also, if we see fit; but our colored people are already with us, and with us to stay and to increase in numbers, and it is the duty as well as the interest of all to build up their self-respect and manhood. A man develops his self-respect and manhood under difficulties when he is constantly being told that he belongs to an inferior race, that he is merely a small piece of a disreputable "race problem" which the white man has in to soak; that the nation is disgraced by having him break bread at the same table with a white man, and that it is his duty to go through life with his hat in his hand, ready to wipe the earth with his forehead as an acknowledgment of his inferiority before every white man that he happens to meet on the highway. A "race problem" in regard to our own citizens is a gratuitous incumbrance—a superfluous issue—which cannot be entertained as a basis for legislation and government without making a mockery of justice and disintegrating republicanism.

No one should need to be told that the question of political equality is entirely distinct from the question of social commingling. The first is a matter of inexorable principle and justice; the latter of personal taste and congeniality.

ISAAC W. GRISCOM.

A CASE OF "LIFTING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you kindly inform your readers that the account of the admission of Franklin to the degree of LL.D. at Oxford in 1762, which appeared over the signature "D." in the *Nation* for June 25, was copied entirely from a work by me entitled 'Historic Side-Lights,' and published by Harper & Brothers in 1899? If so, you will much oblige,

Yours respectfully,

HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD.

PASADENA, CAL., July 14, 1903.

[We regret very much to have been imposed upon by a person privately signing himself "Nelson Weld." At the same time we are pleased not to have had falsehood palmed off on us, and to have given wider currency to Mr. Arnold's laudable researches.—ED. NATION.]

THE ETHICS OF BOOK-MAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Ranck's apparently correct explanation (at p. 50 of your current number) of the reason why the volume of maps in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica is taller than the other volumes, only increases the doubtfulness of the ethics of the case by making it appear that we, for instance, have unwittingly bought the same atlas twice, while being supplied with two ostensibly independent encyclopædias. (There are slight differences between the maps in the Century Atlas and the Encyclopædia Britannica volume, but they are very slight, and the maps are certainly, as Mr. Ranck says, "the same.")

If librarians and other buyers are shy of subscription books, is it not largely because their publishers plainly say, "Beware of our tricks and manners"? 'Tis indeed a pity that we should be taught this of so reputable a firm as that responsible for the Encyclopædia Britannica.

W. I. FLETCHER.

AMHERST COLLEGE LIBRARY,
July 17, 1903.

Notes.

The Outlook Company are preparing to publish 'The New American Navy,' in two volumes, by John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy; the 'Story of a Labor Agitator,' by Joseph R. Buchanan; 'Tolstoy the Man,' by Professor Steiner of Grinnell College; 'The Forest,' by Stewart Edward White; a 'Book of Trees,' by J. Horace McFarland; 'Backgrounds of Literature,' by Hamilton W. Mabie.

'Wild Fruits of the Countryside,' by Prof. F. E. Hulme, the initial volume in the illustrated "Woburn Library of Natural History," edited by the Duke of Bedford, will be published in this country by the New Amsterdam Book Company.

In default of a school of journalism, aspirants may look forward to a "thoroughly bright and readable" 'International Encyclopædia of Journalism' projected by William Hill (of the *Westminster Gazette*), Alfred Harmsworth (of the *Daily Mail*), and Maurice Ernst (of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*), and "to be published at a popular price, probably in two handy volumes on good thin paper." Its aim is historical for the rise and development of journalism, and practical upon all points affecting editing, publishing, ownership, general management and administration, processes of typesetting, the law of libel, and much more. The Secretary's address is Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W. C.

'Modern Civic Art,' by Charles Mulford Robinson (Putnams), relates to the planning and beautifying of cities. Its style is rather too eloquent—not to say grandiloquent—but its suggestions are almost uniformly sensible, and the examples cited are to the point. It should furnish ammunition to our various Municipal Art Societies and Art Commissions, but we could wish it a trifle quieter, while its usefulness would be greatly enhanced by illustration.

Prof. Harold N. Fowler has prepared a 'History of Roman Literature' for the Appleton series of "Twentieth Century Textbooks." It covers the field briefly from the earliest period down to the more important writers of the fourth and fifth centuries, and gives a well-selected bibliography as a guide for more extended study. The obvious criticism of the book, with relation to the pupil's highest interest, is that the attempt to supply a large store of information within the space limits allowed has been fatal to any adequate appreciation of the work of the really important authors.

Mr. Edwin M. Bacon's practised hand has been invoked once more to direct the stranger in the New England metropolis. For the late convention of the National Educational Association he prepared 'Boston: A Guide Book' (Boston: Ginn & Co.), very deftly put together and typographically elegant, subject to the drawback of fine type and the glazed paper demanded by the illustrations. These are numerous and well chosen, and equally commendable are the maps.

'The Poultry Book,' Parts I., II., by Harrison Weir, F.R.H.S., edited for this country by Willis Grant Johnson and George O. Brown (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is merely introductory to a work to be completed in eighteen parts. Harrison Weir, one of England's most noted animal draughtsmen, is also a recognized authority in the rearing and breeding of domestic fowl. The intention is to give the results of his fifty years' incubation on the subject. The American editors will devote their attention to our methods of breeding domestic fowl. These differ considerably from those pursued in England. As might be expected from Mr. Weir's skill as a draughtsman, the illustrations are of a high order of merit and accuracy. It is interesting to contrast his drawings with the American illustrations — process reproductions of photographs from life. Neither suffers by comparison. Part II. is a monograph on eggs by Miller Purvis of Illinois. They are considered from every standpoint. More attention might have been given, with advantage, to their infertility; for this is a subject which deeply concerns the chicken-raiser with incubators. The fertility of an egg cannot be established with approximate certainty until the fifth day of incubation. Even then apparently fertile eggs are subject to vicissitudes fatal to the production of vigorous chicks. The first loss through unfertile eggs is on an average about thirty-three and one-third per cent. Subsequent accidents increase this, so that only about half the eggs placed in incubators produce chicks which survive to reach maturity.

The 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria

Italiana (1847-1899)' (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) disposes of the letter L and makes a good stride in M in the two latest instalments. Among native writers some of the more prolific are Lombroso, Luigi Luzzatti, T. Mamiani, Paolo Mantegazza; and one is pleased to see a little group of the surname Marconi, writing upon education, agriculture, physics, medicine, and social reform. Editions of Machiavelli have been continuous from 1849 to 1899 (when the 'Discourse on the Tenth Decade of Livy' was edited for schools). 'The Prince' likewise has been frequently reprinted in the same period. Alessandro Manzoni fills two solid pages, with 'I Promessi Sposi' to the fore. Dr. Livingstone's works (to turn now to translations adventured in the peninsula) were called for in their time; Capt. Marryat's 'Snarleyyow' alone of all his novels has been taken over. Macaulay's Clive, Machiavelli, and History of England were appropriated, and his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' were essayed in 1869-72. Cardinal Manning, with half a column, outranks any of his compatriots in this particular section of the Catalogue, and shares with Longfellow the distinction of English-writing primacy in the Italian translation market. From 1866 to 1896 our poet's "Evangeline" (above all), his "Excelsior," "Wreck of the *Hesperus*," "Spanish Student," and "Miles Standish" have experienced many editions. It appears strange that nothing of Lowell's work has been attempted in Italian—a tribute, perhaps, to its American stamp. The inclusion of one of President Mahan's theological writings serves to emphasize Lowell's entire absence.

The Universal Technical Lexicon, 'Allgemeines Technisches Wörterbuch,' which the Society of German Engineers decided in the spring of 1901 to prepare and to issue in three languages—German, English, and French—is securing the enthusiastic support of the whole technical world. No fewer than 341 societies—namely, 271 German, 42 English and American, and 27 French—have undertaken to furnish systematic contributions to the work; and, according to the recent report of the general editor, Dr. Hubert Jansen, in Berlin, a million and a half of definition slips have been received with no further solicitation than the original request for collaboration published when the new enterprise was undertaken. It is noteworthy that no fewer than 2,185 business firms have promised their aid in gathering the necessary material. It is not proposed to print the work, which promises to be thorough and exhaustive, until 1905.

As a pendant to the Abbé Migne's famous 'Patrologiæ Cursus,' Latin and Greek, Dr. J. B. Chabot of Paris has begun the publication of a 'Corpus Scriptorum Christianorum Orientalium.' The editor himself has taken the Syriac texts in hand. In order not to come into conflict with any other series, the new Corpus will, for the present at least, publish only inedited texts, the departments to be covered including Exegesis, Liturgics, Ecclesiastical Jurisprudence, Dogmatics, Philosophy, History, and Hagiography. Each work is to be accompanied by a short introduction and notes. The Paris Imprimerie Nationale does the printing, and the cost of a sheet of Oriental text is to be one franc, and of the translated text half a franc. The undertaking is entirely one of Catholic scholars, and the list of contributors is international in character. It is the largest literary venture of the kind undertaken by Catholic savants for decades.

Numbers 2 and 3 of the *Burlington Magazine*, for April and May (London: Savile Publishing Co.; New York: Samuel Buckley & Co.), taken together, give a pretty complete idea of the scope and policy of the publication, which has nothing "popular" about it, and is distinctly, as its title states, "for connoisseurs." The superb quality of its reproductions and the seriousness of its text distinguish it from all other English art magazines, while it differs from Continental publications by the absence of any reference to the art of to-day. The editor, indeed, disclaims the intention of ignoring contemporary art, but so far nothing more recent than some of Rossetti's drawings of Miss Siddal, of about 1854, has been admitted. In another respect the scope of the magazine is broad enough, it having already included articles on Oriental carpets, English silverplate, and even tinder boxes, as well as on sculpture, painting, and engraving. The *Burlington Gazette* is published each month as a supplement to the *Magazine*, and contains accounts of sales, general art news and notes, etc., together with a "Bureau for Advice and Opinions" and Answers to Correspondents. The fine plates of newly discovered or little-known works of art will ensure the interest of artists; but the work as a whole is for the collector, to whom it should prove indispensable.

Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, who spent the time from March to October, 1902, in a personal examination of the work done by the German Orientgesellschaft in Babylon, with Dr. Koldewey as manager, has given this society, of which the Emperor is an enthusiastic member and a liberal contributor, and of which Delitzsch is the President, a detailed account of what he saw and learned. His address, originally delivered in the presence of their majesties in Berlin, has been published. Noticeable is his affirming that in the law of 235 tablets found in the recently begun excavations in Dhara, three days' journey from Babylon, proof is at hand that the cuneiform system of script, a product of the Sumerian civilization, was originally developed out of a pictorial writing. He also announces the discovery of the proclamation of Cyrus issued after the taking of Babylon, from which it appears that Herodotus's version of the capture is incorrect, and that the city fell into the hands of the conqueror by treachery.

The University of Jena has just celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of the birthday of its founder, the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, by the presentation, on a large scale, of an historical Luther play, written by Fräulein Dietrich, and entitled "Kurfürst Johann Friedrich der Grossmüthige." It is a singular fact that Jena, originally established to be the bulwark of orthodoxy, because even Wittenberg had lapsed from the true Lutheran faith, has now for many decades been the headquarters of advanced and progressive religious and theological thought.

"Economic Plants of Porto Rico" are described by O. F. Cook and G. N. Collins in a recent number of contributions from the United States National Herbarium, published by the National Museum. The list of all the native names of such plants which have been recorded contains references to their scientific names, so far as these have been determined. There is also miscellaneous information on the principal cultivated plants of the island, with notes on many of the minor economic plants. The English names have been included for the benefit of those who are familiar with the flora of other tropical countries. It is well known that the natives of Porto Rico have a longer series of popular names, and use them with more precision, than the inhabitants of other parts of the American tropics. Many species which in Cuba are not distinguished except by botanists, have received separate names in Porto Rico. This may be accounted for by the existence of a large rural population which has preserved names obtained from their Indian ancestors and from the Spanish settlers. In not a few cases these names are unknown outside the island, and are quite different from those used in Mexico and Cuba. The paper is illustrated by numerous half-tones and by figures in the text.

The cultivation of olives and the manufacture of olive-oil in France are the subject most fully treated in the Consular Reports for June, in response to a request for information from California olive-growers. Next in importance is the suggestive account of the German chambers of commerce, 145 in number, the Empire being divided into as many commercial districts. Their duties are to further the commercial and industrial interests of the district, to take the initiative in all promising new enterprises, especially such as relate to transportation, to establish commercial museums and to provide for technical education—one of the prime concerns, a deep interest being taken in the welfare of apprentices, and much being done to elevate their morals and habits. The annual reports are instructive, containing information as to the general state of trade and manufacture in the district, the condition of labor and the relations between the workingman and his employer, the schools, agricultural and food products, etc. Some reports "treat exhaustively the whole subject of the textile industry." Those of Hamburg and Bremen deal with shipping and foreign trade in general, and that of Frankfort-on-the-Main treats of chemicals, drugs, colors, and dyes. They exert a powerful influence on legislation, each chamber being regarded by the Government "as a full legal person, or corporation."

—Volume iv. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), covering the years 1576-1582, is at least not second in the amount of interesting material it contains to any of the preceding volumes of this extensive undertaking. This is due chiefly to the letters and documents forwarded by Doctor Francisco de Sande, third Governor-General of the Islands, 1576-1581, to the King of Spain (at that time Philip II). The larger part of the volume deals with the first expeditions undertaken by the Spaniards to subdue the Moros; and it is interesting to compare their accounts with the recent dispatches about our own Captain Pershing's undertakings in the Lake Lanao region. The Spaniards had not yet heard of that lake and its Moro settlements, but the expeditions in 1578 and 1579 to the Moro settlements up the delta of the great

"Mindanao River" (now known as the Rio Grande of Mindanao) at Cotabato were in every way comparable to the recent pioneer work in the Lanao country. We think we can foresee the failure of the Spanish attempts with the Moros, when we read of their going at these people at the very start with pious ejaculations as to the "error of their ways" and of their intention of converting them to the "true religion" (this to Mohammedans, even recent converts!). We find that Sande himself directed the first expedition, that of 1578, against the Moro strongholds of Borneo; had Spain followed up this expedition, especially after succeeding to the Portuguese possessions with the union of the two crowns in 1580, Borneo would doubtless now be one more large addition to the list of our Philippine problems. The Sultanate of Jolo was then, as now, connected with possessions in Borneo; and this expedition resulted in the submission to Spanish sovereignty of the then Sultan of Jolo, formal documentation of which was made the first of a long series of pacts between Spain and the successive Sultans of Jolo. The next year we find the good and careful, but fussy, Doctor Sande enjoining on the Sultan, through his emissary to secure the annual tribute, that he exercise diligence in pushing the business of pearl-fishing!

—Other sidelights on these early days of Spanish rule are shed by the repeated news of conflicts between the civil authorities, and accusations of dishonesty and incompetency made against each other. There are not yet enough friars to bring them into the strifes as bitterly as a little later; and most of those who come are eager to abandon the Philippines at once for the fresher and broader fields for missionary work in China and Japan. Indeed, they left so rapidly that, after Governor-General Sande had refused permission, and one party of friars had left secretly for China, his successor, Governor-General Ronquillo de Penalosa, in 1582 formally issued an ordinance restricting departure from the islands. It is interesting to note that most of the friars who first came to the islands could not say mass or otherwise supersede the secular priests, and that numbers of the latter were at first sent to assume charge of the parishes as formed, the friars being expected to confine themselves to missionary work. Governor-General Sande speaks in 1577 of having to send some of the friars back, and asks that those sent shall be "such as are missed in the places from which they come." He prefers to have the new comers "such as cannot possess property."

—Callaghan & Co., Chicago, have published in three volumes the centenary addresses and proceedings of "Marshall Day," 1901 ('John Marshall: Life, Character, and Judicial Services'). The whole is compiled and edited, with an introduction, by John F. Dillon, and illustrated with portraits and a facsimile letter. The portraits are those of St. Mémin, Sully, and Inman. The centenary was celebrated in some forty States and Territories. From the multitude of addresses and the introduction, the reader gets a very good idea of Marshall's life and character as well as of his judicial work. The latter is, of course, to be judged, as here, mainly by lawyers. It is to the *Federalist*, rather than to the opinions of the Supreme Court, that the ordinary reader goes for early constitutional exposition. Marshall's life, as was pointed out by the late E. J. Phelps, and as the present editor repeats, is still to be written. Perhaps, however, no great man has ever lived as to the main points of whose career there is so little controversy; and as to the soundness of the structure which he made the legal foundation of our system, we believe there is today hardly the trace of a difference of opinion. If the "judicial veto," as Jefferson called it, and to which the Democrats of that day were violently opposed, is today a commonplace of American constitutional law, the fact is by common agreement due to Marshall, and this principle, which places the courts above the Legislature, is the feature of our system most essentially American. His judgments on international law are not so important, but they are of the first rank; of American Constitutional law he may be called the founder. If Marbury vs. Madison had been decided the other way, and Congress left to decide what was and what was not Constitutional, it is impossible to calculate the consequences. As a contribution to the development of Constitutional government, it is difficult to know with what to compare Marshall's decision; in our eyes it is hardly less important than habeas corpus or trial by jury.

—'Home Life under the Stuarts, 1603-1649,' by Elizabeth Godfrey (Dutton), is a book of very considerable attractiveness. Its subjects are well chosen, it is agreeably written, and in point of information it rather more than fulfils the requirements of the general reader. The author modestly observes: "To do the subject justice needs unlimited time, wide acquaintance with the very large and important literature of a great period, and a power of selection and coördination that I cannot lay claim to. It has sometimes seemed to me that I ought to leave it for abler hands, or wait till time should increase and ripen the little store of material I have gathered." Wrested from the book itself, these words may sound perfunctory; but coupled with it, they reveal a consciousness of high standards. The character of the contents may be inferred in part from the following titles, which appear in the table of contents: "The Nursery," "Children's Games," "Public Schools," "The Private Tutor," "The University," "Girlhood," "Giving in Marriage," "Married Life," "The Housewife," "Needlework," "Dress and Fashion," and "Gardens." There are other topics, but we have selected those which are most representative. Miss Godfrey draws her illustrations largely from the correspondence of the time, levying tribute upon the Verney memoirs, the letters of Endymion Porter and Mary Rich, and the account which Mrs. Hutchinson has left of her beloved husband. Though the greater part of the material comes from Cavalier sources, the Puritans are treated with fairness, and no disposition is shown to neglect the milder aspects of their family life.

—The Arnamagnæan Commission has, under the title of 'Palæographic Atlas, Danish Section,' just sent out, through the Gyldendalske Boghandel in Copenhagen, a portfolio containing in 38 folio plates collotype reproductions of sample pages of 64 mediæval Danish manuscripts and documents. This publication, whose editor is the learned librarian of the Arnamagnæan collection of manuscripts in the Copenhagen University Library, Dr. Kr. Kaalund, will prove of the greatest value to all students interested in Danish mediæval literature, not to say in mediæval literature generally. Such a publication has hitherto been lacking in Danish literature. The more or less imperfect facsimiles of sample pages that have accompanied earlier editions of old Danish manuscripts by no means rendered a publication like the present one superfluous. It draws from the most important manuscripts of Danish mediæval literature, written some in Danish and some in Latin, chronologically arranged, so that the student, besides having in the plates the means of forming an independent judgment of the date of the several manuscripts, has an opportunity of studying at first hand the development of the Danish language during those three hundred years in which was laid the foundation of the present Danish literary language, as well as of following the development of Danish chirography. Among the more interesting manuscripts here reproduced may be mentioned the several Danish Provincial Laws (those of Scania, Jutland, and Zealand), the Angers Fragment of Saxo Grammaticus, mediæval handbooks of medicine, Mandeville's Travels, Lucidarius, etc. Opposite each phototype is set a description of the several manuscripts and a diplomatic rendering of the text, each different hand in the original being shown in a different style of type. Of the scientific value of these parts of the work the editor's name is a sufficient guarantee. The methods followed in this publication are generally those employed in the several series published by the English Palæographical Society, and the entire publication, to which will shortly be added an Old-Norse-Icelandic Section, is very creditable to the editor as well as to the Arnamagnæan Commissioners and the firms responsible for the mechanical part of the work.

—For the past thirty years, efforts have been made to improve the situation in Denmark with regard to family names. When, by an ordinance of 1828, the use of shifting patronymics was prohibited, a large proportion of the peasantry kept the patronymics of that generation; hence the immense number of Danish Hansens, Petersens, etc. It is estimated by the editor of the Copenhagen Directory, in an article published in a recent number of the *Berlingske Tidende*, that the 3,200 entries of the practically meaningless name Hansen represent no fewer than 30,000 Copenhageners who bear it. Several other -sen names press the Hansens closely. The first scientific attempt to effect relief was given in a pamphlet published in 1899 by a commission appointed by the Ministry of Justice. In this report, prepared by several eminent specialists, a full account of the development of Danish family names is given, with special reference to the present situation. This has now been supplemented by a list of 1,600 Danish family names no longer in use, compiled by Verner Dahlerup and Johannes Steenstrup. In order to encourage the substitution of these good old Danish names for the objection-

able patronymics, the Ministry of Justice has substantially reduced the registration charges, and the Genealogical Institute offers its services to discontented Hansens and Petersens at a correspondingly low rate. A similar crusade against patronymics is being conducted in Norway and by the Norwegian press in this country, the aim being to restore the old farm names, very few of which are now in use. It may be noted in this connection that the father of Björnstjerne Björnson was originally named Ske, from the farm on which he was born, and that he did not change it for the now famous patronymic until a few years before his marriage. Rasmus B. Anderson frequently uses his family name of Kvelve as a journalistic pseudonym.

—There are few historical events of the first rank which are involved in such obscurity as the Persian and Arab conquest of Egypt and even the whole period of the reign of Heraclius and his immediate successors. Especially the Muslim raid into Egypt and what followed it has lain hitherto in the most absolute uncertainty as to chronology, sequence, causes and end. This has been due to the contradictory and fragmentary character of the sources; the Greek chroniclers apparently did not know, and the Arabs did not care, how the matter had exactly gone. But the Egyptian Church did know and care, and now from its records, scanty as they are, in Coptic and Ethiopic, light is beginning to break. These scattered rays are skilfully brought together by Dr. A. J. Butler in his 'Arab Conquest of Egypt and the last Thirty Years of the Roman Dominion' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York; H. Frowde). Chronologically, Dr. Butler's period runs from the revolt of Heraclius in 609 to the death of Amr in 664. In events it takes account of that revolt, and of the importance of Egypt to it, of the Persian conquest of Syria and Egypt, of Heraclius's magnificent crusade against Persia, of the rise of Muhammad and the strange collapse of the so recently conquering Roman power, and of the Arab invasion and conquest of Egypt in detail. The two great figures in it are Heraclius and Amr, the one as conqueror and failure, the other as the founder of the Arab power in Africa. Another thread held firmly by Dr. Butler to the great advantage of his book is the ecclesiastical. Few are so well qualified as he to divide with safety the different sects and to trace their political affinities and discords. He can estimate, for example, the full weight of the error of Heraclius in attempting to compel ecclesiastical unity throughout the whole Empire. And so his history may also be said to be built round the long patriarchate of Benjamin, who was Jacobite Archbishop of Alexandria for thirty-nine years until his death in 662, and thus lived through the whole tragedy. On this side, too, lies Dr. Butler's most outstanding single contribution in his identification of the mysterious al-Muqawqis with Cyrus, the Melkite Archbishop of Alexandria, and the evil genius and riddle of the time. This identification, especially on the evidence of Severus of Ushmunain, must be regarded as complete, and the further explanation of the word "Muqawqis" approaches certainty. The silence or contradictions of the Arabic historians can have no weight against the Coptic evidence; on this point, as throughout, they were hopelessly in the dark.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A STATESMAN.

Life in a New England Town: 1787, 1788. Diary of John Quincy Adams while a Student in the Office of Theophilus Parsons at Newburyport [Mass.]. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1903.

We take leave to think that, in the matter of twin titles, this book puts the cart before the horse. Mr. Charles Francis Adams's prefatory excuse for publishing the present fragment of his great ancestor's Diary is that it gives a "graphic picture of social, everyday existence" in one of the most flourishing seaports of New England. Graphic we should hardly call it. His grandfather's descriptive faculty was among the least conspicuous of his admirable traits. The diarist nowhere undertakes to picture the general aspect of the town to which he came a perfect stranger, and, except for an occasional allusion, as to the "river" being "fast" in cold weather, his chronicle is as devoid of local color as could well be. We believe the Merrimack is not named in these pages, nor any street. How different this from President Dwight's portrayal and encomium of Newburyport less than ten years later; how like the young Adams's entry, on visiting Exeter, N. H., of his satisfaction with "the novelty of the town, which I never saw before"—and there an end. Both Providence and Newport, as stages on his way to New York, elicit more particular observation than Newburyport.

Part of the law student's satisfaction at Exeter consisted in having sleighed there "with an amiable girl"; and nothing is more striking than his occupation at this period with "the proper study of mankind," quite apart from its setting in nature. Not on familiar terms with a single household, as he records, he discharged his social duties with great assiduity. But what interests us is not the diversions in vogue, the musical entertainments, the rides, but John Quincy Adams in it all; here overdrinking with the men, there dancing or playing kissing games with the girls, and perambulating the streets with his flute, serenading till driven in by the rain. Why this interests us is because, Adams being an historic personage second to few others in American annals, we insensibly carry his mature repute into this diary. But then he was always mature. We are reading of the doings, observations, and reflections of a youth fresh from Harvard at the age of twenty; yet at scarcely any point on the intellectual side do they remind us of the graduate of to-day. How many of these would, after a day's gunning with no sport, hold such a colloquy with themselves as this?

"Game laws are said to be directly opposed to the liberties of the subject: I am well persuaded that they may be carried too far, and that they really are in most parts of Europe. But it is equally certain that where there are none, there never is any game; so that the difference between the country where laws of this kind exist and that where they are unknown, must be that in the former very few individuals will enjoy the privilege of hunting and eating venison, and in the latter this privilege will be enjoy'd by nobody."

Let forty-eight years elapse, and compare with the foregoing the following extract from the ex-President's diary (August 12, 1835):

"Mr. Abbott Lawrence told me that they were going to have a very great meeting at Boston to put down the anti-slavery abolitionists; but he said there was no diversity of opinion upon that subject here. That, I think, will depend upon the measures to be proposed. If the measures are vaporing resolutions, they will pass unanimously and be inefficient. If the measures are efficient, there will be diversity of opinion."

Plainly, the child is here the father of the man. But not yet is the *anti-slavery* paternity manifest. The Harvard bachelor was so much opposed to the pending adoption of the Federal Constitution as to incur the reproach of "anti-federalist." He said truly that, "if the Constitution be adopted, it will be a grand point gained in favor of the aristocratic party"; but the context shows that he had not in mind the slaveholding aristocracy, against whose intrenchment in the Constitution he afterwards inveighed in his Bridgewater address (1844)—"the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons." The youth makes no allusion to the proslavery compromises. He hears at Exeter, in the New Hampshire State Convention for ratifying the Constitution, the argument of Joshua Atherton, the leader of the opposition, who, "in a speech of more than an hour, recapitulated every objection that he could invent against the Constitution." Adams was now "converted but not convinced" in favor of acceptance, but he ridicules the speech as of "a miserable speaker and a worse reasoner." Nevertheless, we know that one of Atherton's titles to distinction is his having raised anti-slavery objections to the new instrument, and that he supported them in what some considered terms of pathos and eloquence, though perhaps on another occasion, as the Convention was adjourned. The curious juxtaposition was Adams in the audience listening despitefully to the grandfather of Charles G. Atherton, afterwards Representative in Congress and author of the "Gag Law" bearing his name directed against his then fellow-Representative, John Quincy Adams, the introducer of anti-slavery petitions. Only at Harvard's "exhibition" in 1788 was the returning graduate struck with Benjamin Abbot's "English Oration upon the Slave Trade [just limited in the new Constitution]." "I do not recollect," he says, "having heard any performances upon this subject at college, and it will afford a fruitful source for declamation." The next year he notes, without moralizing, that Newport's "former prosperity was chiefly owing to its extensive employment in the African slave-trade, of which some remnants still continue to support it."

Jefferson's 'Notes on Virginia,' half read before he went down to Newburyport, extort Adams's admiration for their learning and philosophy; but it is in the second half that the classic condemnation of slavery occurs. If ever reached in the two years of this diary, it elicited no comment. Adams's other reading, apart from his law books, did not differ greatly from what our present-day collegians might be found engaged in. But it is notable that the first book he took up in his new home was 'Tom Jones,' acutely characterized as "one of the best

novels in the language. The scenes are not only such as may have taken place, but they are similar to such as almost every person may have witnessed. This book cannot lead a person to form too favorable an opinion of human nature; but neither will it give a false one." A month later we find him "at home all the evening, reading Rousseau's Confessions. This is the most extraordinary book I ever read in my life." These are some of the unmistakable signs of young manhood, and the fair sex are very much in evidence in this diary. Following a propensity which Adams exhibited on graduating in writing a "character" for perhaps every member of his class (the footnotes contain specimens), he seldom fails to try his hand on the women of his acquaintance, having the idea that "it requires a much longer acquaintance to form a just opinion of the character of a man than of a woman; the distinguishing traits are deeper and much more numerous." It cannot be maintained, we think, that the Characters are brilliant or lifelike, being exercises rather than visualizations; but they testify along with so much else to the writer's maturity, and were confessedly penned with a view to enlivening the diary with some variety. "The day was spent in the usual uninteresting manner. Indeed, it may be generally observed that the more advantageously the day is employed for myself, the less I have to say at the close of it." This it was, together with ill health, that made him vote the diary a bore and interrupt it. It is eked out by the editor with letters, and we bid farewell to Adams at Newburyport on December 5, 1789, writing to his mother of his part in the reception of President Washington, his predecessor in office as time would prove: "I had the honor of writing the billet which the major-general of the county sent him to inform him of the military arrangements he had made for his reception. And I had the honour of draughting an address which, with many alterations and additions (commonly called amendments), was presented to him by the town of Newbury-Port." The latter task had been confided to the jurist Theophilus Parsons, whose "indolence was accommodated in shifting a part of the burthen upon his clerk."'

The sententiousness of young Adams's style freely marks and irradiates these pages, but we cannot indulge in many examples. In his Character of his classmate Learned, we read: "I would not give a fig for life, said he one day to me, if I could but plant immortality upon Ebenezer Learned. There is not at present any prospect that his name will obtain immortality; but he intends to be a preacher, when he may comfort himself with the idea that his soul may be immortal." Learned "acknowledges that his soul is tortured with ambition." Adams does not appear to have agonized on his own account, but lets you see his strong confidence in his own powers and his quiet aim to make his mark. After a day (December 11, 1787) over Blackstone he records:

"We had some conversation on the stale topic of self-love and disinterested benevolence. A subject upon which I have very frequently conversed with many different persons, and, notwithstanding everything that I have heard said upon the subject, I still retain the opinion which I adopted when I first reasoned upon it. I will not venture to say there is no such thing as disinterested benevolence, but I must say that, after searching as deeply as possible into my own mind, I cannot find a trace of it there."

Eighteen years afterwards, almost to a day (December 10, 1805), was born in Newburyport a shining exemplar of disinterested benevolence, never fully recognized as such by Adams, though they were fellow-soldiers against slavery, and though Adams had prayed in 1820 for a man to arise "with a genius capable of comprehending, a heart capable of supporting, and an utterance capable of communicating those eternal truths which belong to the question"; who had, as a youth, before his vocation was revealed, a pronounced ambition to be known, "at least to such an extent that common inquiry shall be unnecessary"; who presently edited in Vermont a paper in advocacy of Adams's re-election to the Presidency; who then deliberately forfeited advancement and reputation, and risked life itself, in behalf of the most helpless and degraded of his fellow-Americans; whose motto was, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind." As a pendant to John Quincy Adams at twenty-two greeting Washington in Newburyport—Washington, who died an emancipationist—the historical painter may some day depict Garrison at nineteen, in the same town, pressing forward with the throng to clasp the hand of Lafayette, who more than once assured Thomas Clarkson that he would never have drawn his sword in the cause of America if he could have conceived that he was thereby founding a land of slavery.

We must not part from this reprint from the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society without calling attention to the extraordinary diligence bestowed upon the notes, which throw a flood of light upon the topics of the text; and, above all, on the numerous personages who flit across the stage. Mr. C. F. Adams makes special acknowledgment of assistance rendered in this research by Miss J. C. Watts, a recent graduate of Radcliffe.

FOUR NOVELS.

The Under Dog. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Sacrifice of the Shannon. By W. Albert Hickman. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sinful Peck. By Morgan Robertson. Harper & Brothers.

The Captain's Toll-Gate. By Frank R. Stockton. D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's genius for sympathy finds full expression in his stories of human under-dogs of one sort and another. Some of them are not particularly far under, being only hardworking captains or cabdrivers or paperhangers or Parisian waiters or sleeping-car managers. But each serves as a centre for an episode, rapid, vivid, story-telling. The most dramatic of all the number are the first three, which tell of the heavy pressure of the law on the whiskey-makers and whiskey-sellers in the mountains of Kentucky. There are undoubtedly moving pictures of a young mother with her baby dragged from her cabin into jail, of an old man wrongly arrested, of a thief punished for robbing the mailbag in the cause of righteousness. All are pitiful instances of justice gone wrong. And yet, as it chances, the moment is not a happy one for lamenting the over-insistence of law in the South, whether as to the safety of the mails or as to the disposition of whiskey. In stories of those who are delightfully called "old men with the bark on them," and of the small adventures of travel, this versatile pen is always timely. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is triumphantly not a member of the class which he thus happily describes: "The 'buttoned-up' misses the best part of travelling. He is like a camera with the cap on—he never gets a new impression."

To story-readers bored with drawing-rooms, shrinking from medicine bottles, heavy-laden with problem, whom man delights not nor woman either, we offer the advice to read 'The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*.' Here may be imbibed the pure strong air of Nova Scotia and the wholesomeness of perils overcome without gloom. Here are outdoor living, outdoor thinking, and outdoor feeling. The three or four principal characters are drawn with such robust tenderness that indulgence is willingly given to the perfunctoriness of certain lesser persons. The phrase describing "Caribou" (otherwise Pictou) as a little town "all beauty and repose and climate," indicates the tone and style of the book in its softer phases. This is what is said in connection with the heroine: "But remember, I mean real frankness and real unconventionality, not the poses. Women of all ages who pose as frank or unconventional, or both, are as common as barnacles on the bottom of a ship when she's been three years out of dock." From this infer the writer's powers of observation. As to his humorous side, many quotations might be made from Donald McDonald, the bland man of iron and dialect. But, for the icefields and the noble labors of the mighty ice-crushers, the book itself must be read. There is enough of love, adventure, scenery, and machinery in the little volume to enthral the entire family circle, and so judiciously bestowed that it would not be surprising indeed if fathers and sons were found tolerant of the romance, and if mothers and daughters should not skip the perils of the stokehold.

"Sinful Peck's" marine adventures were the result of what a certain comrade of his justly called "a fool bet on the Bryan election." This comrade was known as Bigpig, and there were others with equally descriptive names, who were all made drunk by Sinful and carried off on a voyage to Singapore. The refinement and charm of this beginning are more than sustained during the narrative. No one knows his brine and his boat better than Mr. Robertson, and in Sinful Peck's ingenious wiles and quibbles are occasional gleams of amusement. For the rest the story is odiously brutal. It is to sea stories what 'Bob, Son of Battle' is to dog stories. High praise this will be thought by many, and to them this book may be commended. We write not with intent to praise, but to warn off readers possessed of either sense or sensibility, and those who remember with admiration the author's fine earlier book, 'Spun Yarn.'

'The Captain's Toll-Gate,' besides its own interest, which is ample, possesses touching significance as the final work of Frank Stockton, in order of publication, though not the last writing of his pen—a

pen that has added much to the rejoicing of mankind, and nothing to its vexations. A memorial sketch by Mrs. Stockton prefaces the story—a sketch made with perfect taste, and with an appreciation as clear as it had every right to be partial. Here, in the last story we shall receive from Stockton's hand and fancy, is a representative showing of his invention, his tenderness, his drollery, his love for the sea and the garden, his comfortable, comforting way of leading the reader through mysteries of which one need never be afraid; his light touch on all things grave and gay that holds and fulfils the promise of a sunny hour. Capt. Asher's reason for taking the position of toll-gate keeper after his retirement from sea service was that "he liked to meet with people, and he preferred that they should come to him rather than that he should go to them." This is deliciously typical, and suitably proclaims the motive of the story. Grave-faced oddities in character and situation touch happily as ever the sense of incongruity, nor are there lacking epigram and mere sheer fun. "All things come to those who cannot wait. They are in such a hurry that they take what they can get," sighs a rejected suitor in a fit of recuperation. To another his rival's swearing "uphill and down dale" in an unknown tongue sounds as if the cursing one were "calculating his last week's expenses." But humorist though Stockton is in many ways—in his own way and in the best other ways besides—equally his is the spirit of human tenderness and all gentle affection. In his garden greatly flourished aromatic mints and fragrant roses. Only to the sour and the bitter was its soil inhospitable.

Le Japon: Politique, Économique et Social. Par H. Dumolard. Paris: Armand Colin.

The writings of the accomplished and critical author of this work in the *Far East* and other periodicals are well known to those familiar with Eurasian literature. He spent three years in Japan, employed exclusively in the study of the questions which have occupied the attention of the Government of Japan and of those who are interested in its people. Instead of giving his time and thought to "the enigmatic *mousme*," who is the Japanese Circe that throws acorns to the modern followers of wandering Ulysses, he devoted himself seriously to penetrating the problems of modern Nippon. He quotes on his title page a text from Lafcadio Hearn: "Indeed, the results of the new culture have served more than aught else to show the immense force of healthy conservatism in that race." In temper, however, the Frenchman is at the antipodes of Hearn, for whereas the latter is admiringly sympathetic, the Frenchman is intensely alien, sarcastic, and cynical. His whole idea seems to be to prove the truth of the ancient dictum of the first dwellers in the ports of 1859, that "in Japan the birds do not sing, the flowers are without perfume, the men without honor, and the women without virtue." In his conclusion, he reëchoes the bon-mot of a fellow-countryman, "The Japan of to-day is a bad translation." Take, for example, his word-picture of the Prince Imperial (p. 56):

"A child scrofulous and debilitated, continually in the hands of the doctors, he has even come to the age of manhood without relations with the rest of the world. Unknown to the people, without any personal prestige, we may ask ourselves whether, when the responsibility of power is placed upon him, he will find the necessary energy to cope successfully with the formidable demagogy which has made onrush into the Japanese political world."

One does not read very far before he discovers the animus of this patriotic Frenchman, who wishes the French and Russian world to know just what kind of an antagonist Japan would be in time of war, and exactly what a rival Japan is in time of peace. Despite the author's ill-concealed prejudices, however, he has certainly made a thorough study of the situation. It is safe to say that there exists no book which gives so full and exact a picture of the Japan of 1903. Many of his chapters are enriched with statistics drawn from the most trustworthy sources, which he handles with skill and ease, making them interesting almost to eloquence. What is not usual with the average French author, he spells the names of foreigners correctly, though an occasional lapse shows a Gallic peculiarity. His long dwelling upon the ground, while in Japanese employ, gives a firmness of touch in handling, for example, such subjects as the Constitution and the political parties. He is very full on finance and agriculture, and, apart from what seems to be an exaggeration of the defects of the Japanese as colonizers, he treats ably of the commercial and industrial evolution of Japan, even while scouting the idea of the pretended "Yellow Peril." He knows too well the inherent defects, moral and otherwise, of the Japanese workman, and is unable to believe that the Japanese have sufficient stamina to hold their own in the competition which they must encounter in hoped-for conquests of the world's choicest markets.

It is quite certain that no book thus far published gives so scientific a view of the labor question and of pauperism as does this. It may be that if Mr. Dumolard had seen the beggary, the horrible hygienic conditions, and the very unequal state of the peasantry in the various provinces in old Japan of even the late sixties, he would have modified considerably some of his rather pessimistic judgments on the contemporary Japanese. Indeed, one defect of his work seems to be in his apparent lack of familiarity with the country at large outside of a few great cities. Nevertheless, it is true, as he points out with unsparing detail—quite equal to the report of a Salvation Army major—that a new sort of pauperism has come to stay in modern Japan, and that in addition to the herding at industrial centres of human beings who are simply so many "hands" in a factory, there have grown up in the large cities new neighborhoods of abject poverty, or, in a word, slums.

On the subject of public instruction, religion, feminism, and art, the author is suggestive and interesting. On foreign politics he speaks as a master, though he probably paints in too sombre colors those weaknesses of Japan which arise from the rising tide of demagogism. He insinuates that the time will come when party passion will be mistaken for patriotism, and Japan lose that unity which hitherto, in resisting the onset of the foreigners and in carrying through the war with China, has been her greatest strength. He shows remorselessly how the financial problems of Japan consequent upon her adoption of modern civilization, and especially since her deceptive victory over China in 1895, have grown beyond the power of the resources of the country to solve, or the statesmanship of the Mikado's ministers to master. He points out, also, probably with no disposition to minimize, the insubordination in the schools and the decay of the ancient habits of reverence and obedience among the young towards their elders and to lawful authority. On the subject of Christian missionary work, conducted mainly by English-speaking people, he reveals the prejudices of one doubly an alien. His pictures of peninsular politics, in his chapter on Japan and Korea, are despairingly pessimistic, as though to hint that it would be a blessing to the world if Russia would step in and govern the little country where "in reality the most absolute anarchy reigns in the court and higher administration," and in which, over an utterly apathetic people, rules a good-natured puppet without will, energy, or ideas. Unfortunately, his picture is too true. The author intimates that the Japanese would in all probability strain their resources to the utmost to hold the upper hand in Korea, which country, as well as the Chinese province of Fu Kien, is deemed vital to their interests to control.

It would be hard to mention an important subject in contemporary Japan which Mr. Dumolard does not discuss with vigor, in his highly suggestive, informing, and well-written book.

Rural England. By H. Rider Haggard. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

Those who have read Mr. Haggard's novels would not have chosen him for an office requiring sobriety of judgment and accuracy of statement. They would have feared that his exuberant imagination and flamboyant eloquence might tend to make the record of his observations somewhat too fantastic for the purposes of science. A glance at these volumes, however, will convince any one that such apprehensions have not been justified. There is not a trace of exaggeration in the style, nor a suggestion of the influence of any motive except the desire to tell the plain truth. Regarded as a narrative of what Mr. Haggard has seen and heard, his book deserves hearty praise; and while he has not always seen and asked about the things concerning which we are most curious, his descriptions are generally instructive as well as interesting.

Yet we hesitate to recommend this book to American readers. Twelve hundred pages are too much; the condition of English agriculture interests few persons to that extent. Only such Americans as understand our agriculture and have occasion to travel through rural England will appreciate the elaborate county maps, and the minute particulars concerning numberless farms which are here presented. But it is not more than fair to say that every one who cares for rural life will find it hard to lay the book down after he has read a little way in it. Mr. Haggard's travels may lead nowhere in particular, but he is too agreeable a companion to part from willingly.

The picture drawn is that of a declining industry, and the causes of its decline are clearly disclosed. We might say the cause, for the lessened cost of transportation is the controlling element. Railroads and steamships have brought the prairies of America and the pastures of Australia alongside the farms of England. The price of corn has fallen, the profits of farmers have disappeared, rents have vanished; and in many cases both landlords and farmers have literally been swept away with their fortunes. Add to this the progressive income tax and death duties, and it is plain that the day of great estates is past. A few of the nobility still hold out, and by the practice of enlightened husbandry enjoy a precarious prosperity. But their days are numbered. Two or three deaths at short intervals in an English landed family would mean its ruin. New men may buy their lands, but they will not maintain the tenantry. The farmers will die or emigrate; laborers will abandon their falling cottages; the land will return in great measure to pasture, to forest, to waste.

The resistance to this process is enormous. Family pride dies hard; many of the gentry have kept their tenants long after their rents began to fail, and many tenants have clung to holdings that no longer supported them, because they had been the homes of their fathers for many generations. Even the laborers have remained on the land until the higher wages which the town could pay and the country could not, have drawn them away. Nor has there been a lack of ingenuity on the part of the farmers in struggling to meet competition. Manures are imported in vast quantities; every variety of machine is employed to reduce the cost of production. On good land and on land near the market, agriculture pays and will pay. Elsewhere it cannot, and its cessation is only a question of time. Something may be done by improving transportation, and something by introducing small holdings and market gardening. We fail to see why dairying and poultry farming are not more prosecuted, and why the coöperative creamery does not more prevail. But, on the whole, the agriculture of the past is doomed, and that which is to come will be on a smaller scale, employing different methods and devoted to other products.

As a matter of fact, the changes that have taken place are no greater, although more impressive, than those of the last sixty years in New England. The culture of wheat has declined in England; it has ceased altogether in Massachusetts. The farmers of the Eastern States buy their flour and much of their feed from the West. More land has been abandoned here than there; more families have been thrust from their ancestral acres. The changes have been little noticed, comparatively, because there was nothing dramatic about them. No order of nobility was overthrown; no tenants were exiled over the seas. Where there is nothing old enough to arouse reverence, the most revolutionary changes scarcely excite attention; and the New England farmers so plainly bettered themselves when they preempted the rich lands of the West as to make it vain to deplore their forced emigration. And as the growth of manufactures has given new value to much farming land here, so it has been in England. Probably the English farmer has been slower to give up unprofitable crops; almost as much wheat is raised in England as ever. At all events, the worst is over. Cost of production is not likely to fall much lower, and if it rises, rural England may renew its prosperity.

The Dispatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Selected and Arranged by Walter Wood. Dutton. 1903.

In an age of anthologies and short cuts, one need not feel surprised at the sight of anything in the way of an abridgment. Were it not for this expectant state of mind, we should hardly be prepared, it must be confessed, for a *précis* of Wellington's dispatches. The complete edition, brought out by Col. Gurwood, occupies twelve large volumes, and was a work involving so much labor that immediately upon its completion the overwrought editor took his own life. Now we have a compilation in one volume which is based upon Col. Gurwood's *opus*, and is designed to exclude the dull and tedious parts of the bulky original. Mr. Wood contributes a few notes, but avows his book to be in other respects a piece of condensation. Apart from the Peninsular war, which is the great subject, Wellington's career in India is illustrated by extracts from his official correspondence, while the episode of his service in Denmark is noticed, and the Waterloo campaign is dealt with at considerable length. We must not neglect to state that a special section is devoted to the Duke's dispatches on American affairs during the war of 1812.

This book will be of slight service to the general reader; and as the student of military history will use the unabridged version of Gurwood, we can discover a field for Mr. Wood only among those who are particularly interested in Wellington himself, or among historians who simply wish to study the annals of warfare in their effect upon politics. Dispatches unaccompanied by extensive notes produce a disjointed effect; and where, in addition to omission, there is abridgment, the lack of unity becomes more apparent still. Fortunately for Mr. Wood, Wellington was a direct and characteristic writer. According to Lord Roberts's opinion, he has been underestimated as a general and overestimated as a man. His dispatches certainly strengthen the impression of his administrative capacity, and at times he even appears in the light of a politician—or, at least, in the light of a soldier with political opinions in the broad sense of the word. For example, he advocates the prosecution of the Peninsular war on the ground that no other expedient is so likely to prevent a Napoleonic invasion of England. Writing to the Earl of Liverpool nearly five years after Trafalgar, he says:

"From what I have seen of the objects of the French Government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French Government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his Majesty's dominions. Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest; then would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge, and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations."

This passage is worth quoting for the phrase about "the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants," but it also shows that Wellington, while not fit to be styled a politician in comparison with Napoleon, could, at least, address a telling political argument to the home authorities. Some of the dispatches relating to the American war are energetic in diction, and show how disturbed Wellington was at the posture of things in 1813. For example, he writes to Marshal C. Beresford: "I have been very uneasy about the American naval successes. I think we should have peace with America before the season for opening the campaign in Canada, if we could take one or two of these d—d frigates."

We may conclude by stating what we have already implied, namely, that this abridgment will probably prove useful to those whose business it is to know something of the connection between war and politics during the opening years of the nineteenth century.

Sexual Dimorphism in the Animal Kingdom: A Theory of the Evolution of Secondary Sexual Characters. By J. T. Cunningham, M.A. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 8vo, pp. xi, 317. Illustrated.

The theory of Sexual Selection was a postscript to that of Natural Selection, the idea being that, after having survived among the fittest, the male must compete with other males to obtain a female and leave progeny. In connection with fighting, courting, nesting, and other differences in the habits of the sexes, there are structural differences, secondary sexual characters, comprised in what is known as sexual dimorphism. These, in the Darwinian belief, originated through sexual selection, which is not to be separated from natural selection and does not account for origins. The volume in hand is a very comprehensive and convincing presentation of a Lamarckian explanation of the same phenomena and of their origin.

The structural differences of animals are arranged by the author as (1) structural peculiarities by which relationships and classifications are determined, Diversity; (2) the structural differences of individuals in the same species, Polymorphism; and (3) the structural changes undergone by the individual, Metamorphism. The special field of this discussion is the most common case under polymorphism, sexual dimorphism. The topics include such features as distinguish one sex from the other, horns, with shedding and renewal, callosities, ornaments, etc., etc. Gleaning from the conclusions, it is learned that the peculiarities are all intelligible if regarded as consequences of life and growth; stimulation of certain kinds by external forces causes growth to take certain directions, and that new growth has a tendency inherent in the processes of life, hereditarily, to resemble old growths in form; the variations occur when the particular habits and conditions produce them, and the real explanation of evolution lies in the explanation of individual variation. Evolution of secondary sexual characters is attributed to physiological principles of growth and modification.

A fundamental objection to the theory of

sexual selection, or to any selection theory, is that it does not account for the origin of the variations it assumes, and throws no light whatever on the facts (1) that the characters do not appear till the individual is sexually mature, and (2) that they are inherited only by the sex which possesses them. The true explanation is that heredity causes the development of acquired characters for the most part only in that period of life and in that class of individuals in which they were originally acquired; heredity being a tendency in the new individual to pass successively through the same stages of growth as its parent, the inheritance being a process rather than a state, and the special processes occurring by heredity in subsequent generations when the body is in the same condition, not otherwise. The view favored by our author is, that the direct effects of regularly occurrent stimulations are sooner or later developed by heredity, but only in connection with the physiological condition under which they were originally produced. This view is claimed to be new and original in its special details; in general it differs little from the theory of variational tendencies transmitted by heredity repeatedly suggested in this journal in comments on Darwinism.

In structure this book is an improvement on the works originally advocating the theories to which it is opposed; it is filled with instances formerly urged in support of those theories, but these same instances are now used to disprove the Darwinian contention, and have become thoroughly and effectively Lamarckian.

British Political Portraits. By Justin McCarthy. The Outlook Co.

The title of this book challenges a comparison with the late Mr. Frank H. Hill's 'Political Portraits.' Unfortunately, the result of the test is not what might have been expected from Mr. McCarthy's reputation. Neither in insight nor in literary skill does it come near Mr. Hill's brilliant series of studies. It is below the level of the book of the same type written by the late Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the political sketches in the volume called 'Modern Men,' and, indeed, of a great deal of contemporary journalism issuing from the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. The critical part of the book is sadly inadequate. There is practically no attempt, for example, to explain the secret of Mr. Chamberlain's success, or to show why Lord Rosebery's leadership, in spite of his many gifts, has been so ineffectual. In a single sentence of Mr. Massingham's in the *Speaker*—"Lord Rosebery is the chameleon of politics"—we are told more of Lord Rosebery than we get from the twenty-two pages Mr. McCarthy devotes to him.

Possibly it is because Mr. McCarthy is of too kindly a disposition to be critical. His optimism respecting the future of almost everybody becomes nothing short of amusing as one makes one's way through the book. Lord Rosebery has not yet done his appointed work (p. 69), but the time for him to take his real position will come soon (p. 72); Mr. Chamberlain "may well feel proud in the consciousness that the close attention of the political world will follow with eager curiosity his further career" (p. 98); Mr. Morley "has still, we may hope, a long political career before him" (p. 148); Lord Aberdeen "has yet, I trust, a long and fruitful career before him" (p. 174); John Burns "has good and great work yet to do" (p. 201): Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, though sixty-five years of age and not in robust health, "will before long begin a new administrative career" (p. 227); Mr. John Redmond "is still young enough to have a career before him, and I feel the fullest confidence in his future" (p. 253); "the best of Sir William Harcourt's work"—he is seventy-five years of age, we must remember—"is yet to be done by him" (p. 279); and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "is destined to do great service yet to the Liberal cause, and to win an honorable place in British history" (p. 331). Evidently, for the next generation or so, there will be little chance for Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Wyndham, and other younger politicians, who are popularly supposed to be coming to the front.

The greater part of the book is taken up with biographical matter, presented in a readable fashion, but of no particular novelty or importance except in those instances where Mr. McCarthy has some reminiscence of his own to relate. The principal value of the volume consists in these incidents. We obtain, for example, first-hand particulars of Mr. Chamberlain's relations to the Nationalist party at the time of the Phœnix Park murders (p. 93); of Mr. McCarthy's intercourse with Mr. Morley, and its peculiar limitations, while the latter was Chief Secretary (p. 140); of a conversation between the writer and Mr. Gladstone, which did much to convert the English statesman to home rule (p. 269); and of the effect upon Mr. Morley of Gladstone's farewell speech in the House of Commons (p. 319).

In Mr. McCarthy's account of that speech he represents Mr. Gladstone as calling the question of the position of the House of Lords "a question which has become profoundly a truth." What he actually said was, of course, "a question which has become profoundly acute." The blunder suggests that Mr. McCarthy's book was dictated to a stenographer, and there are other indications of a certain carelessness in compilation in keeping with this theory. "Lord Viscount Cranborne" (p. 35) can scarcely have been passed by the author himself in the proofs. Mr. Balfour is represented on page 6 as having published his 'Foundations of Belief' during the Fourth Party days; actually, it appeared in 1895. In each of three distinct places (pp. 22, 71, 227) Mr. McCarthy spends a page or more in speculating on the prospects of the next election and the chances of a reaction against Jingoism. Twice he estimates the importance of the House of Lords in the Government (pp. 55 and 166); twice he shows the disadvantage of a Premier's being in that House (pp. 63 and 321); and twice he describes the change in London Government from the Board of Works to the County Council (pp. 57 and 190).

On the whole, these sketches make creditable journalism, but are a disappointment if judged by a higher test.

On the Polar Star in the Arctic Sea. By H. R. H. Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. Translated by William Le Queux. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903. 2 vols., imp. 8vo, pp. xxii, 346, xii, 347-702. Maps and illustrations.

We have already summarized the itinerary of the Italian Polar expedition of 1899-1900, including the heroic struggle by which Commander Umberto Cagni succeeded in reaching over the ice the highest latitude yet attained. We now have, in two ponderous volumes, the official narrative of the expedition, together with a report on his ice journey by Commander Cagni, and another by Dr. Molinelli on the work of the second detachment and the state of health of the party during the whole expedition. The work is dedicated to the memory of King Umberto in a few moving lines addressed to the queen mother of Italy. The book is written in an admirable spirit, without pretence or egotism, and the translation is smooth and idiomatic. For those not especially familiar with Arctic literature the details given will be full of interest. For the Arctic expert there is little that is new. The equipment of the ship, the gathering of West Siberian dogs called for at Archangel, the encounters with the ice, the struggle northward over the floes—all this has for the expert little that is novel or remarkable, nor was the contrary to be expected. Once a land-margin is abandoned, the only differences which can be looked for between the narratives of one party and another lie in the latitude attained and the personal characteristics of the individuals concerned. Brave men encountering identical difficulties with similar equipment and aims must in the nature of things have very much the same story to tell. The party was composed of Italians and Norwegians, who, according to their commander, behaved through this voyage as though the crew were composed of one nationality. The courage, perseverance, moral and physical endurance of every sort of privation shown by the Italians composing the sledge expedition of Commander Cagni placed them in the same rank with the best explorers of more northern origin, and earned the gratitude and hearty appreciation of their officers.

It would seem after the experience of so many parties, including the present one, that one lesson might have been learned, *i. e.*, the inadvisability of too warm and heavy clothing. The difficulties experienced by the travellers from moisture within their clothing, footgear, and sleeping bags, point unerringly to the conclusion that the men were too warmly dressed, and too heavily covered at night. Relatively light clothing while engaged in active exercise, with an extra jumper of down or rabbit skin to put on while quiescent, are prescribed by the experience of expert sledge drivers during low temperatures. Other than this there is little to criticise in the conduct of affairs as detailed by the author. The experience of this expedition confirms the estimate made on data afforded by previous expeditions, that the best equipped and manned sledge parties cannot expect on long journeys over the ice floes to average more than three miles a day. A greater average, with present ideas of equipment, must be merely a lucky accident.

The book is issued from imported sheets printed on paper heavily clay-faced, and the weight of it is a weariness to the flesh. It can be read only while supported on a table or stand. This paper,

which crumbles into dust as one cuts the leaves, and sticks like chalk to the fingers, is not necessary to the proper printing of photo-engravings, but is offensive to every person of taste. The illustrations are of varied quality, some very good, the majority mediocre, none striking. The maps are excellent, and there is a fair index.

Texas: A Contest of Civilization. By George P. Garrison. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. Pp. v., 320.

Of all the authors who have contributed to the "Commonwealths Series," certainly none has had a more inviting subject than Mr. Garrison. Here, one would think, there was little necessity for a mere chronicling of the small beer of cross-roads politics; little difficulty in keeping in the main travelled roads of American historical development. If the subject is an attractive one, the writer's opportunities as professor of history in the University of Texas must have been equally exceptional. The result, however, is somewhat disappointing. While the book is far from being the poorest in the series, it does not level up with the best. If this is an unfair standard, it still remains true that Professor Garrison's 'Texas' is not as valuable a work as might justly have been expected by those who are familiar with the series as a whole; it neither gives us a great deal of new or detailed information (which the author states has not been his object), nor reveals any very suggestive or illuminative thought in dealing with the history of Texas as an incident in the expansion of the United States.

The book may be divided into three parts —the history of Texas to 1821, the history of the relations of Texas and Mexico from 1821 to 1837, the history of Texas from 1837 to the present time.

The first part is satisfactory. The description of the rivalry between France and Spain for possession, and the discussion of the types of Spanish settlement, the weaknesses and failure of Spanish colonizing methods, constitute the best treatment of the subject in English in brief space. While a fuller statement of the governmental organization of the *Provincias Internas* after 1775 would have been serviceable, the brief outline here given stands out in clear relief when compared with the vague, ill-informed treatment of the same subject in English generally. In treating of the relations of Texas and Mexico from 1821 to 1837, to which something over a third of the book is devoted, the result is still in the main satisfactory. The author traces in some detail the internal history of Mexico from the establishment of the Republic of 1824 to the centralizing reaction under Santa Anna; shows how the location and physical character of Texas made colonization from the United States inevitable; gives in detail the history of Austin's settlement; and then relates the story of the war between Texas and Mexico until the achievement of independence by the former in 1837. This struggle, the author impresses upon us, was the irrepressible conflict of two radically different types of civilization; slavery was merely one, not especially important, element in the difference. The war was entered into by Texas at first for the purpose of restoring the Constitution of 1824, which Santa Anna had virtually overthrown; not until this was found to be impossible did independence become the object.

This is very well, and doubtless this point of view needs emphasizing. But in emphasizing it we think Professor Garrison has underestimated the importance of slavery in Texas and of the slavery question in the United States. "The idea that it [*i. e.*, the colonization and revolutionizing of Texas] was consciously inaugurated and carried out with that object in view [extension of slave territory] is too palpably mistaken to be worth discussion," he says (p. 216). This is too curt a dismissal of a difficult matter. One may sympathize with the author's obvious dislike of the term "slavocracy," and still regret that he has not found it worth while to say anything about Sam Houston previous to his arrival in Texas. It was indeed a contest of two opposing civilizations that severed Texas from Mexico, rather than a contest between Mexico and the "slavocracy," but the contest was influenced not only by the existence of slavery in Texas, but also by the existence of the slavery question in the United States. The South needed new territory to protect the institution of slavery, and because of this fact there existed a community of interest between the slaveholding States and the slaveholding Texans, which made revolution more desirable and easier than it would have been otherwise. Not the existence of slavery in the United States, so much as the existence of slavery *in the Southern States only*, was the fact of vital importance in the history of Texas. If the author has failed to emphasize this fact, it is doubtless because of his anxiety to avoid the "slavocracy" ardor of Von Holst.

The last part of the book is, to say the least, inadequate. It is with a sense of bewilderment, deepening to positive amazement, that one reads chapter after chapter with scarcely more than a hint here and there of the tremendous issues that were producing civil war in the United States. The question of annexation is dispatched in the briefest, most perfunctory fashion. One might suppose that the issue depended upon the series of pointless battles which were fought by the Texan and Mexican armies, rather than upon events occurring in the United States. The civil war and reconstruction are susceptible, it appears, of a similarly conventional consideration. With every approach to the slavery question, indeed, the treatment becomes gingerly in the extreme. In a word, it is obvious that Professor Garrison has persistently fought shy of the historical problem presented by slavery in the United States. Whatever the real or fancied necessity for this method, it has proved almost fatal to what otherwise might have been one of the best books of an excellent series.

The index is fairly good. No bibliography has been prepared, and no references are given. The comparative inaccessibility of the material makes it desirable that the author should have performed this essential service for students of American history.

Inorganic Chemistry: With the Elements of Physical and Theoretical Chemistry. By J. I. D. Hinds. John Wiley & Sons. 1902. 8vo, pp. 566.

A dweller in town can do very well with no knowledge of zoölogy or botany; but everyday life nowadays demands acquaintance with a very considerable body of chemical facts, principles, and methods. For a first introduction to the subject, we have a work of genius, Mendeléef's 'Principles.' For physical chemistry there is the treatise of Professor Jones. We cannot see why it would not be better to begin one's descriptive study with the simpler, more instructive, and better understood—albeit the bulkier—organic branch. The reverse is the universal practice. It is a tradition from a time when the Berzelian theory appeared to render inorganic bodies the simplest things in the world, while organic chemistry was a chaos. However, all the books are written on the assumption that the student takes up inorganic chemistry first, and thus he is well-nigh compelled to do so. It is just as it is with geometry, all mathematics being written on the assumption that metrical geometry is studied first, projective geometry next, and topical geometry last of all, although no fundamental understanding of metrical geometry is possible except on a basis of projective geometry, nor of projective geometry except on a basis of topical geometry. The force of history asserts itself even in pure science. But arrange the curriculum as one will, there comes a day when the young chemist has to sit down and commit to memory a vast load of facts about the elements and their compounds. For that severe labor we have seen no single volume better adapted than this of Professor Hinds. It is well packed with well-chosen facts stated with the utmost simplicity; and there is not one that it will not pay a modern man to know by heart. A considerable number of extremely easy experiments are suggested, and the preface to this volume informs us that there is another for use in the laboratory. Such a volume is wanted.

One of the features which particularly adapts this treatise to memorizing is its strict adherence to Mendeléef's arrangement of the elements. Just here, too, is the principal fault of the book. It not only never suggests the inadequacies of that arrangement, as even Mendeléef himself often does, but it stuffs the new earthy metals into the Mendeléefian pigeonholes in a manner to make Procrustes grin. Praseodymium and neodymium, two elements so much alike that years of fractional crystallization are required to effect the separation of them, are here placed in different groups with a black line running between them to show that one of them is basic, the other acidic. Gadolinium and thulium are earthy metals whose elementary nature is not the most certain of facts. They both come from the same mineral and are difficult for an ordinary chemist to distinguish. One of them is made by Prof. Hinds to be intermediate between silver and gold, while the other is grouped with chlorine, bromine and iodine; and there is no reason whatsoever for this except that their atomic weights, which are dubious to the last degree, bring them into those places. There are other cases just as bad. In short, the "periodic law" of the elements is treated as if it stood on a par with the three laws of motion.

No chemist who thoroughly comprehends the logic of such inquiries and who

knows the history of attempts to classify the elements as it is set forth in Professor Venable's 'Development of the Periodic Law,' can fail to admire supremely the wonderful discovery of Mendeléef. But in physical inquiries it often happens that the student notices a regularity which, upon following it up, continues to be fulfilled, but only in a roughly approximate sense. This state of things shows that there really is some such regularity, but that it has not been correctly formulated. There must really be such a law, or it would not continue to be fulfilled at all. It cannot be correctly formulated, or it would be fulfilled more exactly. Such a law often goes on very satisfactorily for a long time, if one is not too particular, and then suddenly goes quite to pieces, though perhaps later it may come out clear and definite again. This is what we ought to expect in the case of Mendeléef's law; for throughout it is quite wanting in anything like numerical definiteness. It should be regarded as proved that the relations between the metals of the rare earths are not represented at all in Mendeléef's table; and if its lower lines can be regarded as fitting the facts at all, the fit is a mighty loose one, a sort of ready-made fit that would suit very different facts just as well. We ought to add that any complete discussion of the evidences of the periodic law ought to take account of several other considerations which we have not space to notice here.

It is a serious fault in Professor Hinds's work that it treats the law as if it were perfect. It not only teaches what is not proved to be true, but even what is proved not to be true. It may be said that the table, at any rate, lends a support to the memory. So it does; but it would do so all the better if its inadequacies were pointed out. They would forcibly strike the student's attention and serve as landmarks, so to speak, in what otherwise might appear to him as a desert of uniformity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Cannan, Edwin. Theories of Production and Distribution. London: P. S. King & Son. 10s. 6d. net.
Carpenter, J. E., and Wicksteed, P. H. Studies in Theology. Putnams. $2 net.
Cooke, G. A. A Text-Book of North-Semitic Inscriptions. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $5.35 net.
Duff, Rt. Hon. Sir Mounstuart E. Grant. Out of the Past. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. 5s. net.
Hammer, William J. Radium and Other Radioactive Substances. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.
Heermans, Josephine W. Stories from the Hebrew. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Hilton, Harold. Mathematical Crystallography. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $4.75 net.
Hulbert, Archer B. Boone's Wilderness Road. (Historic Highways of America, Vol. 6.) Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $2.50 net.
Jastrow, Morris, jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Part III. Giessen: J. Ricker'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung (Alfred Töpelmann). M. 1.50.
Jones, L. H. The Jones First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Reader. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Kingsley, Charles. Westward Ho! 2 vols. J. F. Taylor & Co.
Learned, Marion D. A New German Grammar. D. Appleton & Co. $1.15 net.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. Modern Views on Matter. (The Romanes Lecture, 1903.) Oxford: The Clarendon Press: New York: Henry Frowde.
Lupke, Robert. The Elements of Electro-Chemistry. Second English Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Miller, Joaquin. As It Was in the Beginning. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.
Palgrave R. H. Inglis. Bank Rate and the Money Market in England, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium: 1844-1900. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association, Vol. VI., July, 1902, to April, 1903. Austin, Tex.: Published by the Association.
Representative Art of Our Time. Part VIII. "The Studio" Library. John Lane. $1 net each part.
Ruskin, John. Letters to M. G. and H. G. Harpers.
Sanday, W. Sacred Sites of the Gospels. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $4.50 net.
Sinclair, Samuel B. The Possibility of a Scientific Education. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
St. Augustine. The City of God. Translated by John Healey. 3 vols. Macmillan. 50c. per vol.
Stevenson, Robert Louis. Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Printed in the Pitman style of phonography. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Co.
Swift, Lindsay. Literary Landmarks of Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
The Burlington Magazine. Vol. II., Number IV. London: The Saville Publishing Co.; New York: Samuel Buckley & Co.
Van Zile, Edward S. A. Duke and his Double. Henry Holt & Co. 75c.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903.

The Week.

One of the half-battle words of Gov. Durbin of Indiana was "treason," as applied to the action of labor unions who forced their members to resign from the militia for having fired on a mob. The thing is spreading. In Texas and in Pennsylvania, organized labor is showing its teeth in the same way. The idea is growing among trades unions that the power of the State to suppress domestic violence is a power inimical to their plans and purposes; and accordingly they are laying down the doctrine that a man cannot be both a unionist and a militiaman. There could not well be a franker admission that the union programme, say what the leaders will in public, is founded upon force. As it is not possible to win by violence when there is an arm of the Executive power expressly designed to put down violence, the unions make their attack upon the militia—indirectly, for the present. What they will do later, if unchecked, may be inferred from their constantly betrayed assumption that they are above the law and above the State itself. They have set up a sovereignty within a sovereignty, and hope in the end to make Labor supreme over Government. Of course they will not succeed, and of course the labor movement will in time be compelled to disavow the rebellious and treasonable elements now so strong within it; but the present duty of good citizens is none the less obvious. That is, to resist at all costs a tyrannous power which would erect itself above the State.

The reinstatement of Foreman Miller of the Government Printing-Office put the union employees who brought about his illegal dismissal in the following dilemma: Since the constitution of their union forbids them to work with a non-union man, they must either disobey (or amend their constitution) or else stop work. For the moment they have evaded the issue by continuing to work "under protest." Protest against what? Against the law of the nation which requires that civil-service appointments shall not be restricted to any favored class of citizens. To-day the workmen under Foreman Miller have formally put themselves on record as opposed to that law, and for to-morrow or next day they contemplate the possibility of trying conclusions between two constitutions—that of the International Bookbinders' Union and that of the United States. Such pretensions would be merely absurd were they not alarming. Granted that the snarling of the Washington bookbinders is merely bad temper for the shrewd rap they have received, it certainly does indicate a conviction that their union has especial and superior rights, with which even the Government may not interfere.

An unsuspected depth of corrupt trades unionism is exposed in the trial of Lawrence Murphy, formerly treasurer of the Brooklyn Stone Cutters' Union, and, curiously, the telling evidence of Murphy's various extortions is brought out by the counsel for the defence. Murphy and his "secret committee" have outdone anything charged against Parks and Carvel. Where it is alleged that these individual walking delegates have blackmailed employers in the name of the unions, it appears by Murphy's own testimony that he had a small syndicate which collected strike money from many contractors, and voted the proceeds into its own pockets for "advances of salary." To employers this little band of extortioners represented the unions; in reality, it was a piratical enterprise, for convenience flying the union flag. As yet it is not known how far these secret committeemen had the support of the union, but it is significant that most of them had affiliations with organized labor. Murphy's conviction on a charge of grand larceny is perhaps the least important result of his extraordinary trial. Judge Newburger, in his charge to the jury, very properly ruled that the question of how the labor organization came by the money which Murphy took was not the one to be decided, but it is distinctly fortunate that the defence was of such a nature that testimony on this point was adjudged material and was admitted. Murphy staked his case on the assertion that the money which he was accused of appropriating never was in the possession of the union—a curious defence, but probably the only chance he had of escaping. If the judge had permitted this question to go to the jury it might have constituted a possible basis for some such verdict as Western juries used to give: "Not guilty if the prisoner immediately leaves town." But at any rate, it opened the door for an account by witnesses of the holding up by walking delegates of the Brooklyn Bosses' Association, which paid $10,000 in cash to a "secret committee" to have a strike declared off.

The views of Congressman Lovering of Massachusetts on the tariff question are important, not only because he is one of the few Republicans of the House who can be got to speak out on the subject, but also because he has something definite to propose. In his address before the Furniture Association in this city on Thursday evening he announced some truths which, however, we fear his party associates in Congress will regard as rank heresies. He spoke, for instance, of "the great and growing sentiment in favor of tariff revision." The "stand-patters" are pretty sure to lift their eyebrows at this, and ask disagreeably why they have never heard of it, if it is so great. Mr. Lovering's particular panacea is a more liberal law relating to drawbacks on imported material used in the manufacture of goods for export. At present, the material has to be positively identified in the exported article, and the manufacturer is never sure that he will be able to convince the authorities and get his money back. "Nothing less than a liberal drawback law, enacted at the next session of Congress," says Mr. Lovering, "will save the protective tariff from a fearful onslaught, if not utter demolition." But, knowing of old the sensitiveness of the protectionists, we suspect that they will regard Mr. Lovering's bill as in itself an onslaught which must be repelled.

The Furniture Association of America associates itself with the Boston Board of Trade and the millers of the Northwest in urging the reconvening of the Joint High Commission and the passing of a reciprocity treaty with Canada. Of course, these furniture makers will be absolved of anything like free-trade sentimentality. They are practically all, as their President, Mr. Shearer, said last Friday, protectionists; but they find themselves oppressed by duties which bear more heavily upon their raw material than in favor of the finished product. Naturally, they would like to be in the favored position of the shipping industry, which enjoys free entry of building materials; but, knowing that this is impossible, they would welcome a revision of duties which would reduce their cost of production and increase their export trade. It seems likely that this conservative sentiment for tariff revision will grow. In fact, sentimental attachment to protectionism as such cannot long survive real considerations of commercial expediency. Then, the old alarmist arguments have worn thin. Here we have the stock market in total collapse—not as a result of Clevelandism or free-trade agitation, but in the piping times of the "stand-pat" evangel.

The dismissal of Charles Hedges, Superintendent of Free Delivery, is a fresh reminder that the postal inquiry has by no means come to an end. By all odds

one of the worst features of the Hedges case is the additional proof it gives of the lax tone of the entire Department. That precious official shows no signs of shame at having defrauded the Government, but only anger that he has been found out and betrayed by one who was his confidential clerk for three years. This clerk, it seems, gave information to the inspectors, in the shape of private letters from Hedges, which proved that he had collected per-diem expenses for days when he was attending to his private affairs many miles from the places where he swore he was. In defence of his practice of lending his travelling commission, Hedges alleges that he was authorized to do so by the high-minded but indicted Mr. Machen. Moreover, he protests that his alleged offences are practices too familiar in the Department to warrant his being singled out for punishment. The time for the promised Presidential review of the entire investigation is rapidly approaching.

Mr. Charles Emory Smith is left in a still more pitiable plight by Commissioner Procter's replies to his latest attempts to wriggle out of the responsibility for some of the flagrant violations of the Civil Service law which went on during his administration under the excuse of a war necessity. Not content with his letter to the Postmaster-General, Mr. Smith had attacked Mr. Procter in the editorial columns of the Philadelphia *Press*, personally abusing him and charging him with seeking exceptions to the civil-service rules on behalf of his own relatives and friends "more than any other man in Washington." It is not difficult for Mr. Procter to refute this malicious statement, which he does in the flattest and most explicit way. In another letter he then takes up Mr. Smith's defence and disposes of it in a way which will, we believe, be convincing to every unbiassed reader—that is, to every one who does not feel with the Washington *Post* that Mr. Smith's defence and counter accusations belong in the field of genuinely humorous writing. Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, lightly dismissed the violations of law in the Washington city post-office by saying that they were the concern of the Postmaster and not of the Postmaster-General. But, as the Tulloch revelations brought out, the worst offences in the Washington office were directly attributable to the Department and its first assistant secretary.

Two more pleas of guilty in the Alabama peonage cases were entered on Monday. This shows not only that the proof against the accused men was overwhelming, but that the energy of the prosecuting officers and the determination of Judge Jones, the Federal Justice presiding, have taken the heart out of the defence. The lawyers have even given up the attempt to get a hung jury, on the ground of political prejudice, as they succeeded in doing in the first trial of Fletcher Turner. One of the men who pleaded guilty on Monday had fled from Alabama to Texas. That took him out of the jurisdiction of the State courts, but the arm of the national Government was long enough and strong enough to bring him back. Indeed, we think that it will now be generally admitted by the Alabama newspapers—as it was by some of them before the trials—that nothing but the intervention of the Federal power could have brought the guilty men to justice. Thus a potent precedent has been set for like action by the general Government in dealing with other forms of oppression of its negro citizens.

The benevolent societies interested in protecting women immigrants and in preventing the importation of immoral persons into this country are not satisfied with the action taken by Mr. Williams, the Commissioner of Immigration, in doing away with the women inspectors who were recently employed for a period of ninety days and then discharged. It will be remembered that, in April, thirty-eight societies were represented at a conference in this city, and that they heartily approved the appointment of the women inspectors, and sent their thanks to President Roosevelt. Unfortunately, the new inspectors entered upon their duties in a blaze of publicity, which made the beginning of their work unnecessarily embarrassing and difficult. But, even in the short period of their employment, they were able to render some services of value, one of them saving a young French girl of sixteen who was being brought to this city for a life of shame. Naturally, the sudden ending of the experiment satisfied no one really concerned in stopping the white slave traffic. A year's test might perhaps have demonstrated the true value of women inspectors, but certainly no shorter period. As we understand the matter, it is now to come before Secretary Cortelyou, in such a way, it is to be hoped, that he will give his personal attention to the subject. If women are not fitted for this delicate work, then the proper men should be found. All over Europe, people and societies are moving against this traffic. The recent occurrences on a steamer bound for this port afford proof, if nineteen responsible passengers are to be believed, that the gates are by no means as tightly closed to immoral persons as they ought to be.

The immigration figures for the year are of a kind to cause solicitude. Of a total of 921,000, including some 600,000 aliens not of the immigrant class, the enormous number of 672,000 came from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. These are aliens, indeed, in a sense in which the word cannot fairly be applied to the German and Scandinavian immigrants. The Northern immigrants come with a conscious intention of becoming Americans, and often with some knowledge of what that implies. The Russians, Austrians, and Italians arrive with but very vague ideas of bettering their condition, and with absolutely no sense of what republican institutions mean. They are, as soon as naturalized, easy game for the political organizer, and will be, when once they get beyond the grade of manual labor, plastic material for the union agitator. For the four great immigration years beginning with 1900, and including this year, the total immigration from these three countries has been 1,680,848, or 2 per cent. of our entire population. Evidently the problem of assimilating this mass is a serious one. It takes, roughly speaking, a period of forty years for assimilation to become complete, and immigration at the rate of a million a year for forty years would be formidable indeed. But there is every reason to believe that, just as German and British immigration dropped sharply after 1893, and has continued to diminish, so the present flood from Austria, Italy, and Russia will in turn decrease.

The really striking fact about the Stock Exchange failures is that failures should have been so long delayed. Depreciation of values, during the four past months, has been exceptionally great, and since bankers and brokers use their security holdings as a basis for further borrowing, a shrinkage of 20 or 30 per cent. in the value of such collateral means that the amount thus cut from values must be made up by selling or pledging other securities. The absence of insolvencies, therefore, means either that stock brokers as a class have been borrowing very little recently, or else that they had abundant reserve resources still unpledged. As a matter of fact, both suppositions are correct if applied to the Stock Exchange as a whole. Both brokers and customers had their danger signal eight or nine months ago, and both took the warning properly to heart, retiring prudently from the speculative market. It is also true that the windfalls of recent years have left the bank accounts of Wall Street commission houses well provided against the present time of need. This, and the very intelligent attitude of the "outside public," during the past two years, explain why, even with the long decline and the multiplying failures, nobody talks of such a thing as "panic."

Probably the last man whom the Democratic machine in Missouri would think

of nominating for Governor is Circuit Attorney Folk, but he may yet be nominated. The Kansas City *Times* prints a list of seventy-nine rural newspapers of the State which have come out in favor of Mr. Folk's nomination, and it is said that the list is growing daily. The Circuit Attorney began sending his party associates to jail very soon after he was elected. He turned a deaf ear to those who spoke to him of "gratitude" to those who elected him, or of the hope of political preferment in the future. In fact, he committed what the politicians describe in awesome tones as "political suicide." They told him that after this he could not be elected even a justice of the peace, but he replied that it made no difference so long as he did his duty as Circuit Attorney. In the face of advice, threats, and pleadings of all sorts, he went ahead collecting evidence against evil-doers and making them pay the price of their misdeeds. And now, strange to say, it is discovered that his "political suicide" was all a mistake, and that he may live to be the next Governor of Missouri.

The first bye-election in England since Mr. Chamberlain flung his bomb can be interpreted only as a rude blow to his hopes. Not only did the Conservative vote at Barnard Castle fall off, but the adverse polling was so heavy that even with the Opposition split into two factions the Chamberlain candidate was unable to slip in. The fact that the successful man was a labor candidate is also full of ominous significance for the Colonial Secretary. He has made his bid especially to workingmen. Their wages he was going to increase by protective tariffs, while their old age he was to provide for by pensions out of the huge surplus that was to be heaped up. But in this particular constituency, at any rate, the laborers not only refused to be captured by his blandishments, but turned in and elected their own representative over his head. The result will do much, we think, to help Mr. Balfour come to a "settled conviction" about preferential tariffs—a conviction that they spell political defeat.

With the passage of the London Education bill through the Commons, the whole of England and Wales has for the first time a comprehensive school system. Executive authority is lodged in the County Councils, subject, however, to the approval of the Central Board of Education. A real grievance in the bill is the fact that it takes in all the Church of England schools at the public expense, while it leaves such schools almost wholly in the hands of their private managers. Already this imposition has been resisted by the refusal of many dissenters to pay the school rates, and eventually the State must in justice treat all public schools alike. Sir William Anson reported recently on the progress made in a year under the first Education bill. Some two-thirds of the County Councils had presented satisfactory programmes, and generally the new system was replacing the old without undue friction. From individual localities, where frequently the Church school is the only one, a different story is heard. Sir William Anson showed a wholly conciliatory spirit towards such complainants. But, as the school system develops, it will become apparent that many of the weaker Church schools which are now thrown on the public funds should be secularized, or put back upon their own resources. In London, where the old School Board was singularly well-organized and successful, there will be much just resentment at the transfer of authority to the County Council. If that body will have the wisdom to use old members of the board on the borough and local committees, the application of the new system will be facilitated. All in all, the country will gain by the Education act—not that the system is a good one, but that any system was preferable to the old confusion of authority. Time will make Mr. Balfour's bargain with the Bishops about the Church schools seem not only unjust, but intolerable.

Mr. Wyndham's land-purchase bill, as it passed the third reading, last week, bore only a general resemblance to the original act. Mr. John Redmond and the Irish Secretary have debated the bill, clause by clause, and in most cases the Irish Secretary has cheerfully accepted Mr. Redmond's view. In this manner the clause which provided for a perpetual rent charge has been abolished; the minimum purchase price has been removed; the Government bonus extended to a much larger class of transactions than was at first contemplated, and the sporting rights made transferable to tenant purchasers. All these changes have had the common effect of favoring the peasant proprietors as against their landlords. If Mr. Wyndham has given the impression of being rather helplessly in the hands of his Irish friends, he yet deserves the heartiest congratulation for a patience, good humor, and tact not often exemplified on the Government benches. Only those who supposed that the land question and the Irish question were identical have reason to be disappointed. To such the expense of the law will appear out of proportion to its ulterior political benefits, which seem likely to be small. Mr. Redmond, with polished irony one must believe, thanks the Government for putting Ireland in a position to work advantageously for Home Rule. Prof. Goldwin Smith, an old Liberal Unionist, has recently, in the *Evening Post*, expressed despair of any solution short of independence. And even Mr. Balfour admits that the fight is yet to come, and only asks the Irish, in view of the removal of their worst material grievance, to fight fair.

A number of members of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies are preparing, it seems, a counter-blast to the recent House of Commons manifesto. This is to prove to the world that all the horrible revelations which have come out of the Congo Free State in the last five years are pure inventions. There is no such thing as impressing cannibals into the native army. Mr. Morrison's accounts of the native chief who dried eighty-one human hands over a fire to show that his officially inspired raid was successful; of the carloads of slaves he himself saw; of the cannibalism permitted by those wearing the Belgian uniform; of unrestrained massacres and wholesale pillaging of village after village—all these are pure fictions of the stout-hearted American missionary who has ventured to speak out. When Sir Charles Dilke declares the Free State an open sore, and Mr. Stead denounces the King of the Belgians as being "guilty of one of the most shameless breaches of trust of which a crowned head has ever been guilty," they are, of course, merely jesting. The main thing is, that the King and the great land monopolies which have divided up nearly the whole of the Free State among themselves shall continue undisturbed in their process of imposing the benefits of a superior civilization upon the natives, and at the same time filling their own pockets.

The official Belgian replies to the charges of cruelty in the Congo Free State remind one of those which emanated from Washington in regard to the water-cure tortures. For years the Belgian Government denied the existence of any outrages. Then it set on foot bogus investigations, even sending out a commission of Protestant and Catholic missionaries, who could not see the wrongs before their eyes. Now we learn that the Government "regrets the existence of sporadic cases of cruelty and wrongdoing." Well it may, in the face of such strong testimony to the gross abuses under Belgian rule as has been given by the Rev. W. M. Morrison. This he now repeats in the current *Review of Reviews*. In time, Mr. Morrison and the few like him who have dared to tell the truth may even get the Belgians to admit that the outrages have been more than "sporadic." Meanwhile, it is charged in Belgium that Mr. Morrison is complaining because he was denied certain privileges he asked for. This is the characteristic attitude of Imperialism. If you cannot refute your critic, proclaim that he is disgruntled, or that he desires to encourage your enemies, or that he would befoul his own nest. These and other stock phrases may be counted on to appear in all such cases.

HOW TO PUT DOWN LYNCHING.

Scarcely had Prof. William James's acute analysis of the lynching mania got into type when another horrible example of it came to prove his words true. The skilled psychologist had said that lynching is now in this country "a profound social disease," and that it is "certain to become endemic in every corner of our country, North and South, unless heroic remedies are swiftly adopted to check it." He added that "the North is already almost as fully inoculated as the South," and predicted that such riots as that at Evansville might be expected any day in any other Northern city.

Danville, in Illinois, on Saturday fulfilled Professor James's prophecy almost as soon as it was published. This Northern city of 15,000 people, amply provided with schools and churches and newspapers, the home of the designated Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, suddenly found itself at the mercy of a bloodthirsty mob. It was the usual story. A negro accused of infamous crime; the officers of the law duly arresting him; a frenzied mob shrieking for his blood; collisions and murders in the streets; the jail attacked and a courageous sheriff fighting off the respectable miscreants; the latter rushing off to glut their fury on another negro, who was lynched with every circumstance of atrocity; the militia called out, and Danville saved by military rule from being sacked by its own citizens—it is the familiar and disgraceful round that was run. The same newspapers that make us sup on these horrors bring also news of two simultaneous lynchings in the South—one of them of a woman, the other of "the wrong negro"—and of another threatned and barely averted in Pennsylvania.

The whole phenomenon, with the steady march of lawlessness and ferocity to the North, is enough to stagger the stoutest patriot. We are in the presence of a new national peril. Senator Tillman is quite right in maintaining that lynching can no longer be said to be sectional. As a nation, we are disgraced by it. As a nation, we are also put in imminent danger by it. For let no man attempt to deceive the people with smooth words. Professor James is irrefragable. A plague worse than the cholera is upon us. Epidemic lawlessness, stamped all over with fiendish brutality, is a thousand-fold more to be dreaded than epidemic disease. There is no need to waste breath in either describing or denouncing the frightful evil. Every man not steeped in ignorance or lapped in delusion knows what it is—knows that it is not merely making us a hissing and scorn in the eyes of the world, but is undermining our own safety, and causing American society to revert to the time when no man knew at what moment a savage foe might not spring upon him from ambush. The time has passed to apologize for lynching, or even to explain it; and we must all unite to put it down if we would not see it topple all our laws and courts into the abyss.

That the sharpest and sternest measures against lynching mobs should everywhere be adopted by the officers of the law goes without saying. Professor James seems to desire some form of special legislation *ad hoc*. But there are laws enough. The statutes against murder are ample—and lynching is murder. If governors and sheriffs and police officers will enforce the present laws up to the hilt, we need ask no further enactments against lynchers. Let every officer who refuses to parley with the mob, and talks to it in the only language it can understand, receive a special meed of praise from his fellow-citizens. That sheriff in Danville who stood to his guns and disabled a dozen of the rioters, deserves well not only of his county and State, but of the entire nation. He did what he could to strike down an enemy more formidable than any foreign levy. It was upon the fanged head of the new domestic treason that he set his heel. If the citizens of Illinois know what becomes them at such a moment, they will find some means of testifying their gratitude to Sheriff Whitlock for his great public service. Sheriffs everywhere must be given to understand that this is what is expected of them. It is said that an "ungovernable homicidal instinct" takes possession of the mob; a vision of blood is before them. But if they are made to know that the blood will, in every case, be their own, and not that of a trembling and helpless victim, they will find a way to govern their instincts. It is good psychology as well as good patriotism which calls for the putting down everywhere of the lynching madness with an iron hand that knows no faltering.

But there is also a great duty laid upon every law-abiding citizen, whether directly in contact with the lynching spirit or not. He must do his part to bring about a correct state of public sentiment. Against all forms of race discrimination he must set his face like a flint; for he will see, if he keeps his eyes open, that the prime initiative of all this shameful access of lynching has been, as Professor James says, the notion, which has spread with "appalling rapidity," that "any negro accused of crime is public spoil, to be played with as long as the fun lasts." This is the fruitful mother of all our woes. Even if we thought the negro always a brute beyond the pale of the law, we should be bound not to assert it, or ever to say thoughtlessly, "Served him right," since through the negro the licensed mob is striking at our national life, and no man will be safe if the thing goes on. So we affirm that every form of apologetic reference to the lynching mob is, as the case stands to-day, a kind of participation in the crime from which every good citizen will refrain. Let us hear no more about "passional crimes," and "If we were only in their places," or "Could we but see the woman's face." The terrible fact is that we are face to face with a kind of national dementia. We are in danger of going mad. An individual over whom such a peril hangs observes the strictest regimen. So must the nation. We must all desist from countenancing, even in our private speech, even in our secret thoughts, anything but the severest and most sweeping condemnation of lynching. Only so can we nerve the officers of the law to do their duty and prevent all our institutions from tumbling into the pit. In the present hour of peril from furious mobs driven by wild obsessions, we can only denounce as a recreant any man who is able to find words of extenuation or tolerance for them.

THE SENSE OF PUBLIC OBLIGATION.

Recent exposures of the varied activities of some of our leading statesmen have revealed a dulled sense of the obligation attaching to public office. "Do you want me to be a drone?" indignantly demanded Congressman Hull in the House of Representatives, when called upon to explain his connection with timber purchases in the Philippines. Congressman Littauer would doubtless echo the scornful inquiry, and so would Mr. Driggs of Brooklyn. A host of less painfully conspicuous public servants would sustain them in chorus, including those "literary" Congressmen, Grosvenor and Richardson. A Congressman receives a pitiful salary of $5,000 a year. Does anybody think he can live on that? Besides, men who get elected to high office are certain to be men of force and restless energy. They must be active; they must be up and doing. Shall they turn their back on business opportunities merely because they are in a public position? If they are lawyers, shall they refuse retainers? To some of them the very idea seems absurd; to others it is disquieting. Considerable confusion regarding the whole matter exists also in the public mind.

It is in the legislative branches of government that the question presents itself most frequently and with the greatest urgency. We know of United States Senators who, during their term of service—not only while Congress is in session, but also in recess—steadily refuse to be employed by corporations which they would, under different circumstances, be glad to serve. On the other hand, there are many Senators who frequently accept such employment during the intervals between sessions,

and occasionally even while the Senate is sitting. The view of the first sort is that they must be absolutely removed from all personal interest in corporation affairs, since these may at any moment become subjects of proposed legislation. The view of the other kind is that, so long as they do not neglect their legislative duties, they have a perfect right to continue their ordinary pursuits; and they feel competent to hold themselves free from bias notwithstanding. There is, of course, a third class, which need not be discussed, since the endeavor of its members is not so much to avoid falling below even well-established ethical standards as to escape the provisions of the Penal Code.

Many of the nicer scruples thus raised must in the end be referred to the conscience of the individual. The public, if it ever hears of it, may applaud the Senator who refuses the corporation retainer; but there is now no open complaint of the Senator who accepts it. Even in less doubtful cases, where, for instance, a Congressman successfully evades the law about Government contracts but is clearly a party to one, though nominally and legally not so, the public is powerless to get at him immediately and effectively, except through his sensibilities. But not every man who dodges legal penalty is entitled to escape public censure. If for some technical reason the law cannot step in, the legal impunity imposes no obligation to look upon it as a moral acquittal. A contrary opinion, we are aware, is prevalent, but it rests on no sound basis. The man who pleads that the statute of limitations has relieved him of responsibility for a misdemeanor, is entitled to be set free, but society has a right, even a duty, to draw its own conclusions.

In other words, two classes of obligation are accepted by the man who takes public office. One is legal, and will be enforced by the courts; the other is moral, and will be enforced by his conscience and by public sentiment. The extent to which the latter affects his conduct will, of course, depend upon his own enlightenment and that of the community. The moral obligation can be violated without conflict with the courts. The legal obligation, on the other hand, being a statutory expression of the more crude and patent of the ethical considerations involved, cannot be broken save by utter disregard of the moral.

What course, then, must a public officer pursue? First, he must obey the law. We hear the excuse made for the Littauers and the Gaffneys and the Driggses that, after all, they have only "technically" violated the law, if at all. But, we ask, in order technically to violate the law, what amount of moral obligation have they not cut through ruthlessly? The Federal law says that a Congressman may not be interested directly or indirectly in a contract with the United States, but that he may be a stockholder in a corporation which is interested in such a contract. This may not strike one as a particularly intelligent distinction, but it is the law. Shall we, consequently, ask a kindly public sympathy for one who becomes legally involved simply because he failed to incorporate his company and thus get around the law? Or shall we merely regard the letter of the law as the whole of his obligation, and be content with holding him rigidly to that? Loose thinking lies back of all our loose practice in these matters. The times call for the nicest sense of honor on the part of public men. Especially in such a get-rich-quick epoch as the present, do we need to hold up the standards of an elder and severer day—of an Adams and a Bayard. A commercial age laughs at their nice scrupulosity in dividing the private business interest from that of the commonwealth; but it is the only salt which can keep our public life sweet.

EMERGENCY CIRCULATION.

Senator Lodge's interview with President Roosevelt has led to a fresh discussion of plans for currency legislation at the next session of Congress. All that the President said was, that he hoped the subject would be brought up for early consideration. He had said as much or more last spring in a written communication to the President of the American Bankers' Association. That body, at its convention last November, had provided for the appointment of a committee to report a plan for currency reform to be presented at its next annual meeting, and President Roosevelt had taken occasion a few months later to express, in a private way, his general concurrence in the movement and his hope that it might lead to some beneficial result. His position now is little more than a repetition of what he said in that communication, and also in a speech made subsequently at Keokuk, Iowa. In the latter he spoke of the want of elasticity in the currency as now constituted, and of the need of a change in the laws to secure "such expansion and contraction as will promptly and automatically respond to the varying demands of commerce."

This expression pointed to a concurrence in the principles rather of the House bill of last session—the Fowler bill—than of the Senate measure, commonly called the Aldrich bill. The former embraced a plan for banknote issues based upon the general assets of the banks, instead of bonds deposited in the Treasury. The latter provided for the substitution of State and railroad bonds of a certain grade in place of United States bonds as security for Government deposits in the banks, and made no change in the system of banknote issues. It was inferred by some persons that the Aldrich bill, if passed, would become a stepping-stone for a change in the national bank system, substituting the same classes of bonds as security for note issues.

Both the Fowler bill and the Aldrich bill failed in the last Congress. In the meantime a new factor has entered the House of Representatives. Mr. Cannon of Illinois has been selected by the dominant party for the Speakership, and he is said to be opposed to any currency legislation at all. It is possible for him to organize the committees against currency reform. He may block the way for both the Fowler bill and the Aldrich bill. Another obstacle to currency legislation will be the hesitancy of the Republican leaders to take any definite step on the eve of a Presidential election. Against this inertia, born of timidity, the President's pushing, if he should push, might prove as ineffectual as his urgency for Cuban reciprocity was in the last Congress.

Yet the President's suggestion is backed by a considerable public demand for what is commonly called "emergency circulation." This term is not clearly defined in the minds of those who use it. Emergencies are of all kinds and dimensions, and may occur at any time. They may be of considerable importance and urgency without attracting any public notice. They may be coincident with the harvest season—they most commonly are—but they may come midway between two such seasons. If there be such a thing as a normal circulation, any deviation from it is an emergency, greater or less. Therefore, those who desire an emergency circulation should ask for one which will be responsive to all the variations of demand for currency, large or small, and that is what the Fowler bill and other measures proposed for "assets currency" seek to supply. Yet the popular desire for an emergency circulation does not go quite so far. It has in contemplation only the larger emergencies, the more pressing demands, such as the harvest season or an unexpected panic brings.

Most bankers and even some economists would draw a line between normal and emergency circulation by imposing a heavy tax on all note issues in excess of 60 or 80 per cent. of the bank's capital. They would allow banks to discount commercial paper to the extent of four or five times their capital (as they generally do), provided the liability so incurred is in the form of deposits. They consider a bank's liability in the form of notes far more dangerous to the bank itself and to the community than the same liability in the form of deposits. This is a superstition handed down to us from a former generation. In fact, the note liability is less dangerous to the bank than the de-

posit. The danger in either case consists in the chance of a demand for payment made suddenly and unexpectedly. In every emergency the notes lie scattered in the hands of the public. The very occasion which calls them out is a demand for purposes of circulation. So long as the emergency lasts, it will be difficult to collect notes for presentation at the bank's counter. Deposits, on the other hand, exist in solid masses. They can be drawn *en bloc*. In times of emergency they are liable to be so drawn. The bank, if called upon to pay its deposits in an emergency, would be very glad to have its customers drawing its notes instead of depleting its reserves of legal tender. A check drawn for $100,000, for example, if paid in cash, weakens the bank so much. If paid in the bank's notes, there has been a mere change in the form of liability, which can have no disturbing effect on the cash reserve until the notes have performed their office in the circulation and returned to the bank, which will commonly be some weeks later. Therefore, the theory that any note issues in excess of 50 per cent. or some other per cent. of a bank's capital ought to be heavily taxed is based on a misconception, or on popular doubt as to whether all banks would use their new powers wisely and conservatively. Yet it will probably be found in the foreground of any legislation for "assets currency."

OUR CHAOTIC FOOD LAWS.

Professor Wiley's report on his "poison-squad" experiments is not to be made public, it seems, until October. But last week, in an address at St. Paul, he made it pretty plain that they have only confirmed the position of the German Government—namely, that the use of food preservatives is harmful to health. Some preservatives, at any rate, Professor Wiley admits to be "deleterious," and he urges legislation, both national and State, to prevent food adulteration and the use of pernicious preservatives.

The safeguards provided by the new law against impure or falsely labelled foods and wines imported from abroad are, indeed, in striking contrast with the inadequate and confusing statutes which are supposed to protect us from adulterated and injurious food products at home. By the act which went into effect on July 1, the Secretary of Agriculture is clothed with authority to confiscate any shipments of objectionable foreign foods at the Custom House, although, in the Attorney-General's opinion, his jurisdiction does not apply to such as are imported in the pure state, and adulterated or falsely branded afterwards. It is a law which, wisely and thoroughly enforced, should shield effectually the customers of the "fancy grocery store."

Meanwhile, how do we stand with reference to domestic products, compared with which imported food is trifling in quantity? Many of the States, especially in the East, have food laws. Some have good laws, earnestly enforced; some good laws with no machinery to carry them out; some lax laws, and some no laws at all. There is no uniformity except in so far as the States have copied one another's statutes. It is a remark of Professor Wiley, Chief of the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Chemistry, that a food manufacturer requires the services of a lawyer to see that the laws of the different States are complied with merely in the matter of printing labels. Take the case of a jam or a jelly containing glucose in place of cane sugar: in Ohio or Massachusetts its label must show the exact proportion of each ingredient according to analysis. In Minnesota, the label "adulterated mixture" must be affixed to this same jam, in Pennsylvania "compound," and in Illinois "imitation." In New York State, the law can be complied with by the declaration in fine type around the edge of the label in the guise of an ornamental border that the preserve "contains a small amount of corn syrup [glucose] to prevent crystallization." It is often illegal to sell in one State a product which was put up in strict conformity with the law of its next neighbor.

Toward remedying this chaotic condition, Congress has done almost nothing. The Hepburn National Pure Food bill, which passed the House last winter, reached the Senate late in the session and died there. At the demand of the dairy interests, however, a discriminating tax was placed on oleomargarine colored as butter is colored, though this is a perfectly wholesome article of food. Protection against one form of deception is also afforded by the act which makes it a misdemeanor to introduce into any State a dairy or food product falsely labelled as to the locality of its production. This law was introduced by Representative Sherman of this State, and was designed especially to prevent the branding of cheeses produced elsewhere, as the famous "New York full cream cheese." So far as the national law is concerned, it makes no difference whether the product is or is not really a full cream cheese, provided it were made in New York.

The fortified wines, then, the borax-preserved sausage, the reimported cottonseed oil masquerading in the guise of "pure olive," and the French peas colored with copper, Congress is resolved to keep from our tables. It does not concern itself with the "pure maple sugar" which never saw a maple tree, the "comb honey" made of paraffin and the indispensable glucose, the low-grade flour whitened with alum, the dilute acetic acid which passes as vinegar, the red wood and charred peanut shells in spice boxes, or the strawberry jam made of flavored and tinted glucose and gelatin mixed with timothy seed, all of which are domestic products. The workingman may be sure that his *petits pois* and cognac are all that could be desired, however much doubt there may be as to his bread and salt.

The consumer of impure food is cheated even when he is not poisoned. If he wishes to economize by using oleo or the euphemistic "corn syrup" on his table, that is his own concern, but it is unfair to both manufacturers and buyers if these things can be put on the market as maple sugar and butter. If all the States had good food laws and enforced them, a national law might be unnecessary. As it is, one of the chief difficulties of city health departments is to hunt down the impure food products brought in from other localities. It is comparatively easy to hold the manufacturers to account, and a single rigid inspection of a factory may result in keeping back from the market large quantities of deleterious food products. It is a very different matter to seize a half-dozen packages of this same food at a corner grocery store, and then throw the responsibility back upon the maker who may have violated no law of his own State. The national statute would not only stop shipments of the harmful commodities from one State to another, but would also furnish a model for those States which have not yet passed food laws of their own.

KNOWING ABOUT THINGS.

President Eliot has published his notable address, "The New Definition of the Cultivated Man," in *Science*. This choice of a medium recalls the late Gen. Francis A. Walker's assertion that his scientific graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were as liberally educated as the average college man, while it emphasizes President Eliot's well-known views on the value of science in culture. From his main theses, that culture depends upon a proper balance of interest between nature and man, that it presupposes some knowledge of science, and some acquaintance with languages and literatures, no dissent is possible. His view of the availability of the whole "store of knowledge," however, is more questionable. He points out how until recent times the idea of an all-round education has been cherished. To-day, says President Eliot of the whole store of knowledge:

> "It is too vast for any man to master, though he had a hundred lives instead of one; and its growth in the nineteenth century was greater than in all the thirty preceding centuries put together. . . . Culture, therefore, can no longer imply a knowledge of everything—not even a little knowledge of everything. It must be content with general knowledge of some things, and a real mastery of some small portion of the human store."

Obviously, these words are intended to apply to collegiate education. They

imply, first, a law of sacrifice—limitation of studies; second, a law of concentration—mastery of one. As regards life as a whole, both laws are a truism; as regards college studies, the law of sacrifice is an illusion, and the law of concentration a fetish. That is, in any proper interpretation of the words, the college student may still take all knowledge for his province, while it is equally true that in his college years he may not hope to attain mastery of any one subject. The paradox is only apparent. Whatever have been the ramifications of special research, the liberal and exact sciences are still reducible to a few types. It has not yet come to the point that we cannot see the forest of the Muses for the trees. No complete enumeration of studies is necessary here, but it is plain that under mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, and botany, language and literature, history and economics, psychology, ethics, philosophy, the main types are compris ed. It is needless to say that any subdivision of any one of these subjects is a field for a life work; but it is equally true that a reasonably clever lad can study something under each head and learn, in a school and college course, what a cultivated man needs to know about the great divisions of human knowledge.

The difficulty is that educators will not admit the value of knowing about things. They remember the Misses Bertram of Mansfield Park, who knew little more than the rhymed chronology of the British Kings, and insist upon real knowledge. That they take to be, for example, the knowledge which a lineman, an Edison, or a Lord Kelvin has of electricity. But little of that, from the point of view of college education, is real —that is, reasonably attainable—knowledge. Our student knows sufficiently about electricity when he has a general acquaintance with its theory, and has seen or even made a few typical experiments. The professor who cannot teach a class as much as this in a few weeks is unworthy of his pittance. This modicum of electrical instruction, if it is given understandingly, will enable the student to know what the linemen, Edison and Lord Kelvin are about. An electrician would need to know vastly more; no cultivated man should know less.

So all studies, if they be taught in their broader and more philosophical aspects, are at the student's disposal nearly as much as they ever were. On the other hand, no study can possibly be mastered by a student in the college years. Take the most favorable case: every student before the elective and group systems had been invented knew something about Latin literature. Would the most optimistic professor in Harvard itself assert that the young man who in school and college had passed his eleven years of Latin, really *knew* Latin literature? With a reasonable concentration we have no quarrel, but the "mastery" of which President Eliot speaks comes certainly not in the college, and hardly in the professional school; it comes only in the greater university of the world, and it may be regarded rather as a product of culture than as its condition. In college one is fortunate to get so much as a clear inclination for mastery along a definite line.

Clearing our mind of misapprehension as to the unwieldiness of the store of knowledge, and of impractical ideas about "mastery," we come to the real problem of college education, which is: Shall something be taught about many things, or somewhat more be taught about a few things? It is at bottom a choice between an education of larger or smaller scraps, and there is no reason for assuming that the larger scraps afford the better mental pabulum. No gourmet would commend a dinner which, at the sacrifice of bread, olives, and salad, offered heroic portions of pudding and roast beef. But we fear that education is in danger of yielding to some such fallacy. Where the student has any marked bent for a single branch of study, he may perhaps safely choose for himself; only the smallest part of our undergraduates have it in any pronounced form. They will drink of the Heliconian fount, but you must coax or flog them up to it. Under these conditions, does it not seem likely that the old discursive ideal of an education including all the main branches of human learning is still of value?

No sensible person would look over an audience of the engaging young men who fill our colleges and find the audacity to bid them achieve "mastery" by senior year. Should he tell them that they were to learn about a great number of things and so far as possible were to draw upon the whole store of knowledge, he would set forth an ideal at once pedagogically practicable and likely to attract the ever generous and curious imagination of youth. But no such appeal will be made until persons of academic importance see that, while to know things is the privilege of a few, to know about many things is valuable for all of us—including even college students.

A LIBRARY OF LIBRARIES.

At the recent meeting of the American Library Association, Mr. George Iles, whose services to critical cataloguing have won him the gratitude of many readers, made a plea, now published in pamphlet form, for a headquarters for the Association. By gaining such a home the Association, which now conducts an occasional dress parade, would organize itself into a working staff to direct and promote library interests throughout the country all the year round. Such an institution as a repository of all kinds of information on preserving and circulating books would be a library of libraries. Its usefulness will appear as its various departments are enumerated.

At headquarters would naturally be collected all manner of information about library buildings—photographs, plans, and description of furnishings. Thus a great number of examples to follow or to avoid would be furnished to library committees; and in order that the profusion of material should not cause bewilderment, the central officials would appraise each building from the point of view of library economy, pointing out in detail its advantages and defects. In some of our greatest library buildings the architects have signally failed to grasp the practical needs of the situation. Clearly it would be well if, before putting pencil to paper, every architect with a library to build should first seek the fountain-head of modern library lore. Undoubtedly, the necessary materials would be sent on liberal conditions to those who could not make the pilgrimage in person.

In its department of administration the general staff would merely continue under more favorable circumstances the work already excellently begun by the American Library Association. Here one approaches mystery. The layman must be content to believe that the science of classification grows wider and deeper with the process of the suns, and he must accept on faith, too, that gentle moral suasion by which communities are weaned from the novelette and put upon adult diet of poetry, history, and biography. Again, the competing claims of book-stack and open shelves may not be weighed by the inexpert. But there is doctrine for all these matters, and a central authority alone could hope to build up a set of dogmas sufficiently flexible and exact to have authoritative weight. It is certain that the broad lines of library polity might be established by such a body, and many defects due to inexperience and the absence of authorities done away with.

Naturally, Mr. Iles spoke in behalf of the work with which his name is peculiarly associated—that of appraisal of books. This means, in short, that beyond the usual indications, library catalogues should briefly characterize each book and estimate its value. A good beginning has been made in Mr. J. N. Larned's creditable work, 'The Literature of American History,' but Mr. Iles looks forward to a time when all "working books" shall be thus appraised. As things are to-day, the average reader is helpless before the list of hundreds of titles under each subject head. A note on each catalogue card giving the character of the book would yield the assistance now necessarily imperfectly supplied by the library attendants. But evidently the preparation of such criti

cal notes requires expert skill and involves considerable expense. Probably no single library could afford to undertake it. A central library committee, however, could do this useful work for the country at large—issuing either the complete "appraisal" cards or pasters to be used on the present library cards. As literature accumulates upon all subjects, such evaluation becomes increasingly more imperative. It could be managed nowhere so economically as by a committee with specialist collaborators, which might reasonably hope to sell its cards and catalogues throughout the country.

Finally, the proposed general library staff might coördinate and control the work of library extension. "Travelling libraries" are already familiar to our readers. Circulating Art Exhibitions, composed of carefully selected reproductions of fine examples, have been inaugurated with success by several States. There is a comic suggestion about the "circulating lecture," but the thing itself is sensible enough. Carefully prepared lectures with the necessary lantern slides are sent about, and the lecture is read by a member of the local association. One might feel that it would be far better to select for illustration essays and printed lectures from standard literature; but as to the general practicability of the plan there is no doubt. At the central repository are kept slides and manuscripts, and the lectures are usually accompanied by a small collection of books on the subject of the course. Last winter, Professor Penhallow, from his headquarters at Montreal, thus conducted free lectures in fifty-one towns, villages, mining, and lumber camps throughout the Dominion. It is highly desirable that some skilled body should have the care of all such movements, for nowhere is half-culture more out of place than in popular education. The people fare ill when they exchange carelessness of the things of the mind for the sentimentality of the faddist or the vulgarity of the intellectual quack. In all these matters a committee of library extension might exercise a very tonic influence.

Mr. Iles saves to the last his estimate of the cost and conditions of an effective Library of Libraries. Some great central library must give it, if not house room, at least the freedom of the premises; and some benefactor or benefactors must start it with an endowment of a million dollars. When the usefulness of such an institution is once fully understood, we do not anticipate any difficulty on either score.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 16, 1903.

England has for well-nigh sixty years pursued, alone among the civilized States of the world, a policy of free trade. In 1903 a Government whose special mission it has been to maintain the union with Ireland and to carry through the war with the Boers in South Africa, have proposed to the English people to reconsider their ways and to examine whether it be not expedient to adopt a protective tariff. This is the salient feature of English public life. With the personal and transitory aspects of a serious crisis it is not my intention to deal at all. Nor do I propose to restate the arguments used for or against a momentous revolution in the traditional policy of England; it is idle to repeat things which, thanks to newspapers and telegraphs, are as well and as soon known in New York as in London. My wish is to analyze some of the causes that have produced in England a revolution of opinion which is really strange, and presents the appearance, though only the appearance, of suddenness. It is fair to warn your readers that I look at the matter in hand from the point of view of one who, though not in any strict sense an economist, accepts the general doctrine of free trade, and, as a constitutionalist, is convinced that preferential tariffs are far more likely to dissolve than to increase the unity of the British Empire.

To what causes, then, are we to attribute the revival of the protectionist creed? They may be brought under three heads.

(1.) The so-called revival is, as often happens, in truth a survival.

When, some ten or fifteen years ago, the demand arose that free trade should be exchanged for fair trade, Dr. Dale of Birmingham, I am told, said to John Bright: "We shall have to fight the battle of free trade over again." The orator of the Anti-Corn-Law League dissented, and held that the nation had been converted from protection in 1846. "No," retorted Dr. Dale, "the protectionists were not converted, they were thrashed." For the accuracy of this anecdote I cannot vouch; but I am certain that the dictum of the Birmingham preacher contains a truth constantly overlooked by politicians. By a salutary fiction of public life, the voice of the majority is treated as the voice of the nation; but we are too apt to forget that a useful fiction is not the same thing as a fact. A defeated minority is not a minority which has ceased to exist; and even the majority of any party—in this instance of free traders—contains individuals who, though they assent to a particular course of action, as, *e. g.*, the repeal of the corn laws, do not necessarily accept the principles on which a policy is defended by its thorough-going adherents. This was certain to be the case as regards the repeal of the corn laws. It required no careful study of political economy to perceive the practical inexpediency of a tax on the bread of the poor which raised the rents of the rich; and common sense condemned fiscal arrangements which added bitterness to the almost inevitable hostility between poverty and wealth. The prophet or rhetorician who invented the nickname of the "dismal science," himself (if I mistake not) condemned protection.

Free trade, further, involves in itself a paradox. Every man engaged in business, be he farmer or merchant, knows, or fancies he knows, that if his own business were protected he would be the gainer. It takes some thought to realize that arrangements which would be a gain to each man separately, may bring loss on the whole nation. The benefits, in short, of protection are obvious; its evils, though real, are latent. Even when free trade was triumphant, there remained much latent protectionism, and the real converts to the doctrine of free exchange were naturally and reasonably obtained not so much by the force of argument as by the weight of authority. The economists of sixty years ago were convinced free traders.

(2.) A curious combination of circumstances has diminished the authority of economical experts, and has taken from the argument in support of free trade much of its rhetorical impressiveness.

The experts are no longer unanimous, they are no longer dogmatic and confident. We have heard much in the field of theology of the disintegration of beliefs, and of the scepticism of which this disintegration is the cause. It has been insufficiently observed that what is true in the sphere of theology holds good in other spheres of thought. Dogmatic systems of all kinds have, under the dissolving influence of absolutely free discussion, tended to break up. Bodies of economical doctrine have lost their coherence. When Mill pointed out that protection may, under peculiar circumstances, be a benefit to a country, he went far further than he intended or realized to shake the faith in free trade. When a later writer of eminence declared that there are no "fixed principles" in legislation, he fostered, whether he intended it or not, fundamental scepticism.

To ordinary men, dogmas and axioms are intelligible and attractive. General statements which are cut down by qualifications, limitations or exceptions are to the crowd unintelligible. It is, in short, confidence, not candor, which creates proselytism; the hesitation of teachers means the scepticism of disciples. Then, too, the state of the world has changed greatly during the half century. No one can blame Cobden and his associates for failing to anticipate the effect of steamships and telegraphs in bringing different parts of the world nearer together. Still less could any man be expected to foresee in 1845 the rise of great states such as United Germany or United Italy. The result, however, has been that some of the definite anticipations of free traders have met with disappointment. The example of England as a great free-trade state has not induced other nations to forego protection; and English farmers whose fathers were told that they would not suffer from free trade, know that, as a fact, the corn growers of Essex are compelled to compete with the corn growers of Illinois. It is hardly necessary to add that, in accordance with the most ordinary laws of human nature, whilst the inconveniences or the losses caused by free trade are vividly felt, the evils which flowed from protection are forgotten.

(3.) The revival of the protectionist creed has been encouraged by the actual course of English legislation during the last thirty or forty years.

Free trade is merely a marked illustration of the policy, so often successful and so constantly descried, of *laissez faire*. Now English statesmen—and this remark applies to politicians of all parties—have shown, rightly it may be in many cases,

less and less faith in the wisdom of leaving things alone; they have encouraged the natural tendency of all men, and especially of the poor, to rely for their prosperity or comfort not on self-help, but on State aid. Trade in labor has become, under the Factory Acts, a matter of State regulation. Year by year it has become more difficult to enforce the rigid principles of the Poor Law; hardly is the attempt made to restrain outdoor relief; wholly is the hope, certainly entertained by the reformers of 1834, that outdoor relief might entirely come to an end, given up. The politician would be deemed a madman who should avow that the Poor Law itself is a necessary evil, and an evil admitting of ultimate abolition. In Ireland the price of land is fixed not by the haggling of the market, but by courts and commissioners. The State, in effect, compels employers to insure their workmen against accidents, and leading statesmen hold out to artisans the hope of old-age pensions. Under the Agricultural Holdings Acts a tenant is not even allowed to make his own bargain as to the terms on which he will hire land. Many politicians listen with favor to the demand for a compulsory eight-hour working day; and the man who dares to say that the price of labor, like that of other commodities, depends upon demand and supply, who murmurs a word in favor of Malthusianism, or who hints that picketing may be an undue interference with individual liberty, is supposed to believe in obsolete shibboleths, and has assuredly no chance of securing a seat in Parliament.

It is not my business nor my intention to argue that all or any of the laws or ideas to which I have referred are opposed to the public welfare. Some of them, at any rate, are, in my judgment, beneficial. What I wish to bring home to the readers of the *Nation* is that these laws and ideas are all inconsistent with the doctrine of *laissez faire*, and all tend towards Socialism. One thing is certain: Socialistic legislation creates an atmosphere favorable to the growth of protection.

A change, then, of sentiment which is probably, however, not so widespread as it may at first sight appear, is not really sudden, but is the tardy result of causes which have been operating for more than a generation. AN OBSERVER.

GREEK ART AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

LONDON, July 13, 1903.

A remarkable exhibition of works of Greek art, gathered almost entirely from private collections in England, is now open at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The exhibition is due to the labors of an excellent committee, and especially to the taste and energy of Mrs. S. Arthur Strong (formerly Miss Eugénie Sellers). Mrs. Strong is also the author of the greater part of the excellent catalogue. In this work she was aided by Mr. Cecil Smith and Professor Furtwängler. Mr. G. F. Hill describes the coins, and Mr. Charles Newton-Robinson the gems, except in so far as Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. N. Story-Maskelyne, and Professor Furtwängler describe the gems which they respectively exhibit, and Mrs. Strong for special reasons describes six gems. An illustrated edition of the catalogue, at the price of four guineas, is to be published by subscription. Of the hundred exhibitors all but five are English, and of the five foreigners two, Mr. E. P. Warren and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, are Americans. Mr. Warren exhibits sixty-two gems and thirteen other monuments of various kinds, while Mr. Morgan lends the exhibition eleven works, chiefly bronzes. The works exhibited cover the period from the close of the sixth century B. C. to the Augustan Age, and among them are some which would ordinarily be classed as Roman rather than Greek. But, as Mrs. Strong remarks, these works, if not actually of Greek manufacture, are the products of Greek artistic tradition, and should not be excluded from an exhibition designed to illustrate the life and influence of Greek art. Some Etruscan works also are included for similar reasons.

Almost every object exhibited is an exceptionally fine specimen of its kind, so that a selection of those that can be mentioned in a short letter must be made more or less at haphazard. One of the best known and most beautiful works of sculpture is without doubt the head of Aphrodite in the Petworth collection. Mrs. Strong does not hesitate to call this an original work by Praxiteles. It certainly is Praxitelean in type, and it may well be fourth-century work; but the execution, especially the treatment of the hair, differs so much from that of the Hermes of Olympia as to make the ascription of the Aphrodite to Praxiteles himself somewhat doubtful. Another work of exceptional interest is a "marvellously beautiful" head of a young girl lent by Mr. Warren. The head, which is of the purest white Parian marble, was found at Chios, and two slight sketches of it were published by Studniczka, with a brief description, in the Athenian *Mittheilungen*, 1888, page 188. As it is soon to be republished and discussed by Mr. Marshall, a detailed description would be out of place here. Mrs. Strong, in the preface to her catalogue, regrets the transitory character of Mr. Warren's collection at Lewes. It may not be improper to hope that this head, "the subtlety of which brings it near to the achievements of the Renaissance," may at some future time grace an American museum. Another treasure from Mr. Warren's collection is a fine marble statuette of Heracles, a copy of Hadrian's time after a work ascribed by Furtwängler to Myron. A beautiful late archaic Attic head of Aphrodite, lent by Mr. T. Humphry Ward, the superb bronze head of Apollo (Furtwängler, *Intermezzi*, pls. i.-iv.) lent by the Duke of Devonshire, a fine replica of the head of the "Westmacott Athlete" lent by Sir Edgar Vincent, and a remarkably fine example of a realistic head of the third century B. C., of the class formerly regarded as portraits of Seneca, deserve special mention. A large bronze statuette of winged Eros holding the socket of a torch in his extended left hand and springing forward with the toes of his right foot on the ground, is a fine example of the life of Greek art in the second or first century B. C. This admirable work was found at Boscoreale, and belongs to Mr. Morgan.

Unusual attention is attracted by a terra-cotta head of Zeus somewhat less than half life-size. It is said to have been found in Greece, and Athens is mentioned as the place of provenance. The description of this work is written by Professor Furtwängler, who says:

"It is a Greek work of the period of Pheidias (450-440 B. C.). Certain forms seem in the manner of Myron (the head, for instance); while, on the other hand, the infinite repose and still sublimity of the whole is rather in the spirit of Pheidias. . . . It may be conjectured that the head belonged to the model for a large statue. It is, in any case, by the hand of one of the first masters of Greece, and a work entirely *unique* in character; I know of nothing similar to or comparable with it."

The impression made by this head upon other beholders is by no means uniformly like that experienced by Professor Furtwängler. The composite nature of the work produces an effect of artificiality which arouses suspicion, and certain technical peculiarities, especially in the treatment of the hair at the top and back of the head, point to the nineteenth century after Christ as the most probable date of manufacture. The almost universal conviction among English connoisseurs is that the head is a forgery. This is, however, the only object in the entire exhibition which cannot be unhesitatingly accepted as genuine.

Among the small bronzes and miscellaneous objects exhibited are many of exceptional beauty and importance. Indeed, the standard maintained is so high that it would be useless to single out this or that specimen. The whole period from the sixth century B. C. to the Roman imperial epoch is represented, though much more than half of the bronzes exhibited (somewhat over one hundred in all) belong to the Hellenistic times. The terra-cottas are for the most part of the Tanagra period and style, and among them are some of the most charming specimens of that charming work. The vases (eighty-eight in all) are mostly black-figured and red-figured Attic ware, dating from 560 to 400 B. C. There are also fourteen Attic white lecythi and a few vases of other classes. One vase (No. 46) is a hydria with a representation of the "toilet of Aphrodite," in delicate red-figured style. This represents a class which Furtwängler has recently assigned to the Alexandrian period, though the date usually assigned is the end of the fifth or beginning of the fourth century B. C. Another interesting vase is an œnochoe covered with a white slip and decorated in black-figured technique with incised lines. Upon it is represented a tree in the branches of which a man is hiding from a lion and a boar that approach from either side. The work is of great delicacy and the representation realistic and true to nature. It is interesting to compare the figures on this vase with a small bronze boar and lion in much the same attitudes from Mr. Warren's collection. In general, it may be said that while the vases exhibited do not give a good idea of the entire history of Greek vase-painting and still less of vase-making, they are admirably selected specimens of the vase-painter's art at its best.

The coins exhibited are from the collections of Mr. Arthur Evans (1-211), Mr. John Ward (212-311), Sir Hermann Weber (312-428), and the Rev. S. A. Thompson Yates (429-437). Mr. Evans exhibits only coins of the western Greeks, and a few Cretan coins. No. 127 is a magnificent Syracusan decadrachm by the "new artist," the only other known specimen of which is

that exhibited (No. 432) by Mr. Thompson Yates. Mr. Ward's Syracusan series supplements Mr. Evans's most admirably. Among Mr. Ward's other coins, those of the Macedonian and Syrian kings are especially noteworthy. Greece proper is best represented in the collection of Sir Hermann Weber, though he also exhibits fine specimens from Sicily and Italy and other parts of the Greek world. All the coins exhibited are fine specimens, and they belong, with few exceptions, to the period when Greek coinage was at its best.

The exhibition of engraved gems covers the long period from the "Mycenæan" era to the Augustan age, and even later. Mr. Arthur Evans contributes a case of 152 gems ranging in date from 3000 B. C. to Antoninus Pius; Mr. Story-Maskelyne's seventy specimens represent various stages from "island stones" to the time of Augustus; and the gems contributed by Mr. Cook, Professor Furtwängler, Mr. Newton-Robinson, Mr. Wallis, and Mr. Warren are for the most part, though by no means exclusively, Hellenistic and Roman. The new light which Mr. Evans's excavations at Cnossus have thrown upon pre-Hellenic civilization lends especial interest to the earlier gems here exhibited, but no student of the gem engraver's art could fail to be interested in the Asiatic gems contributed by Professor Furtwängler, and the remarkably fine specimens of Greek work in Mr. Warren's and Mr. Evans's cases. The entire exhibition of gems repays minute examination and is most instructive.

There are many miscellaneous objects which deserve careful study, but which cannot be mentioned here. The large cameo, however, formerly in the Bessborough collection, representing the heads of Claudius and Agrippina, cannot be omitted, for this superb work, showing clearly the Greek spirit animating the artist who represents the imperial Romans, is alone a complete justification of the course of the committee in including Roman works in an exhibition of Greek art. It may be well to mention also that three colored casts of fragments of stucco sculpture from the palace at Cnossus and a series of Cockerell's drawings are shown.

This exhibition is exceedingly popular, and the room of the Burlington Fine Arts Club is crowded by midday. It is to be hoped that this success will lead to further efforts. There are many works of Greek art hidden away in private houses, where they serve no useful purpose except as they may give their possessors an occasional moment of pleasure. If these could be occasionally exhibited in London, the gain would be—from this year's exhibition it already has been—great. Perhaps it is too much to expect that a loan exhibition of Greek art can be arranged anywhere in the United States, but there are some interesting monuments in private possession in America, and it may be permitted to hope that at some time and in some way they may be made of use to others than their owners.

HAROLD N. FOWLER.

Correspondence.

THE SOPHISTRY OF OPPRESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

RESPECTED FRIEND: In *Harper's Weekly* of the 11th instant, the editor defends and augments the popular clamor for the disfranchisement of the negroes in the United States in these terms:

"A repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment would leave the suffrage where the Constitution originally placed it, to wit, in the hands of the States. Such States as chose might give the suffrage to the negroes, just as they can, if they choose, give the suffrage to women. In those States which should withhold the suffrage from the negro, he would be no worse off than women are in all except four of the States. . . . The withholding of the suffrage would not deprive the negro of civil rights which are enjoyed by women in most of the States. His position would be precisely analogous to that occupied by many white men who lacked the property qualification which was prescribed for the franchise in most of the Northern States for many years after the formation of the Union."

If the editor had given the subject a moment of impartial reflection he would have perceived that a disfranchised race is in a very different position from that of the disfranchised women of a governing race. A disfranchised race necessarily involves a subject race and a governing race which is possessed of irresponsible power in respect to the disfranchised race. In other words, a disfranchised race, in a republic, is a race in a state of vassalage. But the women of each race are an integral factor of the race. The interests and the welfare of the women and of the men are identical and inseparable, and therefore the enfranchisement of the men of any race is virtually the enfranchisement of the women also. It is plain that the men and women of the same race bear a radically different relation to each other from the relation between two races. Possibly it would be better if women had the privilege of voting with the men; but, in the present order of things in the world, the men of each race are the public representatives of the race; and when a nation is composed of two distinct races, to deny the men of one of those races the right of representation in making and administering the laws that govern the nation, is practically to condemn that race to servitude. A little consideration would also have shown the editor that a property qualification for voting involves radically different principles from the disfranchisement of a race.

We are told in the same article:

"Nothing but the growing frequency in the Northern States of the new negro crime—by which is meant the crime against white women—and the conviction that this crime is due to the notion of political and social equality implanted by the gift of the suffrage, is likely to cause such a revolution of Northern sentiment as to lead to the wholesale disfranchisement of the blacks on the ground of their race or color."

Of course this only means that, except for the crime in question, the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment would probably result in disfranchising the negroes in the Southern States, but not in the Northern. As nearly all the negroes are in the Southern States, the suggestion has very little significance, except in regard to this crime. On the other hand, there is not a scintilla of valid evidence that the enfranchisement of the negroes is the cause of this crime. It is not a crime of sentiment, but of brute lust and sensuality. It is not the result of exercising the intellect on political and social problems, but of giving an unbridled license to the animal passions. We are told by a Southern correspondent in *Harper's Weekly* of the 18th inst. that this crime was unknown in the days of slavery. This being so, it is clear that it is a result, not of the privilege of voting, but of emancipation. It is the result of the restraints of slavery being removed from a few extremely depraved and brutal human beings. Although the criminal may have been born since the system of slavery was abolished, he has inherited his brutal nature from brutal slaves, and that nature is now free from the restraints of slavery. To a superficial mind it may seem that the obvious remedy is a return to the system of slavery. But slavery is not a remedy at all. Slavery is only the covering of ashes which keeps a smouldering fire from breaking forth into a consuming conflagration. There is but one remedy, and that is the development of self-respect and self-restrained manhood in the negroes. This has been the only possible remedy from the beginning; and now it behooves the white people of the United States to examine themselves to see what they have done, and are doing, to promote, or to hinder, the development of self-respect and self-restrained manhood in the negroes. If the white man has yielded to false pride and prejudice and insisted on the negro's maintaining an attitude of obsequious servility, then let the white man remember that just so far as he has done this the guilt of the unspeakable crime in question is branded on his own forehead.

ISAAC W. GRISCOM.

PHILADELPHIA, 7th mo., 24th, 1903.

THE TEACHERS OF THE MOB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article, "The Lynching Madness," brings up with uncomfortable force the suggestion that perhaps the blame for such a disgraceful moral level must be very widely spread.

When the war with Spain was threatening, a suggestion that the killing of Spaniards by the hundred was a poor way to obtain redress for the wrong of the *Maine*, when the Spanish Government had offered to make most humble amends, was met with scorn, and the advocates of war cried aloud for blood—for the spilling of blood in order to make our nation respected among its sisters. After Spain had been defeated, the claim that in trying to conquer a foreign people we were breaking with some of our oldest and best traditions, were violating the Declaration of Independence and the principles of our own Constitution, was met, as you have said more than once, by the boast that we had outgrown the Declaration of Independence; and even if it were against the theory of our Government, "We will do it anyhow."

If, then, we as a nation have thus departed from some of our most valued precedents; if we as a people have deliberately trodden upon some of our most honored laws, and have refused to abide in peace with a weak neighbor ready to make all possible reparation, can we expect to avoid the blame and disgrace that must follow? Are we reasonable to expect that such example, set by the nation, will not be followed by the masses?

How much is the man of education or of high social or business standing, who has

approved such revenge and justified such lawlessness, above the ignorant mob howling for the life of the wretch? Has the citizen, has the official, who justifies the torture of a man who sees fit to struggle, in his own country, for that country's liberty, a shadow of a claim to superiority over the degraded lynchers who descend to the level of cruelty found in the savage Indian? The mob seems to have learned well the lesson taught by its betters—if *betters* they may still be called.

Yours, etc., F. J. Le Moyne.

Isham, Tenn., July 21, 1903.

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 16th inst., in an article on "Political Agnostics," you say: "Our fathers went into that death struggle [the war for the Union] not merely to make an end of slavery, but to guarantee to the emancipated slaves every opportunity which a land of freedom can offer to any man."

I am sure that no one who remembers the political contest of 1860 and the succeeding events culminating in war can agree that "our fathers *went into*" that struggle with any intent to free the slaves or guarantee them anything. If the South had been overcome in the ninety days Secretary Seward talked about, or had not put up so stiff a fight, "our fathers" never would have approved the emancipation policy about which President Lincoln delayed till he could be sure he had the country with him.

Any one who sympathizes with you in the stand you are taking against the disfranchisement of the negro must wish that you had not mistaken the post-bellum sentiment of the North for that which existed before the war.—Yours very truly,

Gorham D. Williams.

Boston, July 20, 1903.

[Our expression was too loose. Objects and means alike changed as the war proceeded. At the close of hostilities there was a general agreement that the complete extinction of slavery was necessary to prevent a recurrence of civil strife. Hence the Constitutional guarantees and the investment of the freedmen with the suffrage. After the lapse of nearly forty years, it becomes clear how superficial was the Northern anti-slavery sentiment at large which sustained Lincoln in his emancipation proclamation. Moral convictions and moral fervor are not easily transmissible from generation to generation. It must be now apparent that the homage hitherto paid to the Declaration of Independence owed more to the spectacle of the Revolution—to sires who "fought and bled"—than to any real comprehension or acceptance of the doctrine of liberty, equality, and fraternity.—Ed. Nation.]

THE SUFFRAGE AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The remedy for the many evils flowing from a democratic form of government is to be found, according to Mr. Edwin B. Smith in a recent communication to the *Nation*, "not in less, but in more democracy." However political theorists may view the proposition, it is manifest that the average American—the man in the street—does not crave further extension of gratuitous suffrage. He doubts the wisdom of thrusting the ballot on the negro in the past; he is opposed to its extension to the Filipino without positive evidence of fitness; he scrutinizes jealously the political qualifications of the "greasers" in Arizona and New Mexico, and probably sympathizes (at least covertly) with the efforts of the South to limit the voting power of the ignorant and irresponsible blacks. He feels that we have been very generous in the past, and that it is about time to call a halt.

It has often been alleged, and taken for granted, that these views were held exclusively by the so-called upper classes, the "silk stocking" element of society. Careful study and observation for many years has convinced me that this is an error. I have had the good fortune to know personally and intimately a large number of workmen in the South Chicago steel mills, living among them, working beside them at the furnaces, carrying my tin dinner-bucket and standing my night shift with the rest. The skilled workman, as I have found him, is a thoroughly wide-awake, tolerant, sane, and conscientious man, with a large measure of self-respect and pride in his work. Abstruse speculations are not his forte, but what he sees with his own eyes and hears with his own ears he feels that he knows. The man who can roll a rail, build a boiler, set up structural iron for a bridge, a furnace, or a ship, has a low opinion of the man the sum total of whose skill and ambition is to shovel hematite into an iron barrow year after year, while the plant is enlarging and the company is hunting high and low for good men. Perfectly willing to extend the glad hand to the man who does ascend from the ranks of unskilled labor, the skilled workman counts him a nonentity until he does rise. In councils of the men looking to adjustment of hours of labor, wages, and similar matters the opinion of the unskilled laborer is not considered. He simply does not count. He has no vote, and nobody would dream of thrusting one on him. If he knows still less about the American Government than he does about the steel mill, why, argues the skilled workman, should he have a voice in its management, especially if "he can't talk United States"? In no association of men, partnership, or corporation, large or small, for pecuniary profit or otherwise, would the opinions of men notoriously and palpably unfamiliar with the work in hand be considered of equal moment with those whose antecedents and training enabled them to form more intelligent opinions. The workman applies the same common-sense principles to political matters that he applies to his daily life.

The skilled clerical workman holds the same views regarding suffrage as does the skilled manual workman. The man who makes a living by adding up columns in a ledger, drawing way-bills, buying and selling land for a principal, or putting up prescriptions, holds equally decided (and identical) views, based on personal experience and observation.

It is true that the schools, public and private, are doing much to prepare the coming generation for citizenship, but it is equally true that there is a numerically large class of people who unfortunately, through no fault of theirs, have never had the advantage of American schools. There is also a large class, especially in large cities, who through degeneracy have never availed themselves of such opportunities for improvement as came in their way. No man in his senses who has first-hand acquaintance with these classes would maintain that the South Clark Street bum or the ignorant laborer (infinitely his moral superior) who makes a scanty living on the iron-ore, salt, gypsum, coal, and lumber docks of South Chicago, is a capable judge of the learning, temperament, and character of rival claimants to the bench of Cook County. They may happen to vote right occasionally, but the considerations that move them and the arguments that appeal to them are not those contemplated by our political forefathers, and are not those that make republics successful.

The conviction is slowly shaping itself in the minds of intelligent wage-earners that mere physical existence is not a sufficient qualification for suffrage; that what is needed is some positive proof of suitable mental equipment, some actual demonstration of reasonable fitness, some common-sense application to the question of suffrage of the universally recognized business principles of every-day life. E. L. C. Morse.

South Chicago, July 20, 1903.

ALGER FIRST, THE REST NOWHERE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While there are some things connected with General Alger's administration of the War Department which are still unknown, there are some things which are very definitely known. In view of the things which are known, the following extract from ex-Senator John M. Thurston's speech in Detroit last week deserves a permanent record in your columns. For its kind of measured accuracy it is unsurpassable:

"Blind as bats in the serene sunshine of his success, they have swarmed in the darkness and flung their puny ink-blots at the shining splendor of his stainless shield. But the country knows, and the world knows, and impartial history will declare, that the war administration of Russell A. Alger stands first in all the annals of recorded time."

J.

July 19, 1903.

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many members of the American Philological Association will be sorry to read, in your report of the recent meeting, that the proposition to change the annual meeting from July to "Convention Week" was voted down. July is an impossible date for anything more than a mere fraction of the membership. Not one in eight attended the recent meeting. The New England States themselves have considerably more than twice as many members as the total attendance of that session, and New York and New Jersey number about as many more. Many of those in attendance were

from more distant places, so it is safe to assume that not one in five of those located in the States named found it convenient to attend. I have seen no statistics of the postal-card vote taken some months ago, but the pitiable, meagre attendance of recent years certainly suggests the advisability of making the change.

A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

July 24, 1903.

Notes.

Original articles by Booker T. Washington, Professor Du Bois, C. W. Chesnutt, and T. Thomas Fortune, combined under the title, 'The Negro Problem,' will be published by James Pott & Co.

'Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec,' a critical study by Prof. Justin H. Smith; and 'Francis Adrian van der Kemp, 1752-1829,' an autobiography, edited by Mrs. Helen Lincklaen Fairchild, are just issuing from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

'Thomas Moore,' a biography in the English Men of Letters series, by Stephen Gwynn, and 'The Foe of Compromise, and Other Essays,' by William Garrott Brown, are forthcoming from Macmillan Co.

Benziger Brothers of this city have nearly ready a translation of the best encyclical letters of the late Pope, with a preface by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J.

Dr. John Louis Haney of the Central High School, Philadelphia, has printed privately 'A Bibliography of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' of which a feature not obviously implied in the title is a list of more than 340 volumes annotated marginally by the poet, with indication of their present whereabouts when known. "Political Tributes" is another section, along with "Parodies and Imitations" and "Portraits." The edition is limited, in two forms.

The Library of Congress has issued a "Calendar of the John Paul Jones Manuscripts" which came to it in the collections of Peter Force. This calendar, prepared by Charles H. Lincoln, is extremely full, and pays particular attention to names and places. So far as the summaries of the documents are concerned, the work has been well and thoroughly done; but the index is very clumsy, due to excessive minuteness and bad arrangement. The volume contains an excellent reproduction of the Houdon bust of Jones.

'Westward Ho!' in two volumes continues the Library Edition of Charles Kingsley's Novels, Poems, and Memories undertaken by J. F. Taylor & Co. of this city. Raleigh, Elizabeth, and Sir Richard Grenville are the genuine historical illustrations. The Dent-Macmillan Thackeray proceeds with 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond, etc.,' and 'The Adventures of Philip,' in two volumes. Besides Mr. Brock's designs, there are the curious crayon portrait sketch by Samuel Lawrence, and Maclise's group of Fraserians, including Thackeray.

In the Dent-Macmillan "Temple Classics" John Healey's Elizabethan translation of St. Augustine's 'City of God' fills three volumes, with as many photogravure frontispieces after Botticelli, Fra Angelico, and Fra Filippo Lippi. This version, with all its scholarly shortcomings, held the field alone for two centuries and a half, and is now a monument to its English as much as to St. Augustine.

"The Temple Bible" (Dent-Lippincott) adds, in the uncanonical field, the First and Second Books of Esdras in one volume, edited by Dr. Archibald Duff, who breaks a lance for the Apocrypha.

Since its first appearance in 1889, Professor Merriman's 'Treatise on Hydraulics' has been very considerably expanded in order to keep pace with the recent advance of hydraulic engineering. Its usefulness has been correspondingly increased, and the eighth edition (John Wiley & Sons) is valuable as a text-book for engineering students or a reference book for practising engineers.

The late convention of the National Educational Association in Boston was well provided with local information. Of Mr. Bacon's Boston Guide we spoke last week. Mr. Lindsay Swift compiled for Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a little volume entitled 'Literary Landmarks of Boston,' an almost house-to-house census of writers, great and little, deceased and living, arranged by quarters and streets, with excellent illustrations. "Boston" is found to stand for the Greater Boston, with a reach to Salem and Beverly. No portraits are given.

We read in the *Library Journal* that a new edition of the American *Library Association's* 'Catalogue of 5,000 Volumes' for a small library is undergoing a transforming revision under the direction of Mr. Dewey of the New York State Library, and will be ready for the St. Louis Exposition next year. In the same number (for June) is a paper by Bowdoin's librarian, Mr. George T. Little, describing his new domain, Hubbard Hall, and his adaptation of British Museum methods of compact storage for the less used books. Noticeable in this connection is Mr. William E. Foster's allusion, in his latest report for the Providence Public Library, to the books "which are discarded on account of being superseded." This "sifting process," of course, makes trouble when such books are called for, and also for the cataloguing department. The rational policy of exclusion finds expression in the current report of the Cleveland Public Library. "The purchase of new novels has been based upon written opinions of members of the reading committee, and the best reviews. No attempt has been made to meet the great demand for the popular novels of the day." Some help to the building up of a more permanent collection Mr. Brett finds in the much criticised reduction of discounts enforced by the American Publishers' Association. In connection with the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, the Cleveland Public has prepared an analytical dictionary and catalogue of children's books, to be printed at the expense of the former institution. The librarian of the John Crerar Library, Chicago, in his eighth report enumerates the advantages of the card system of the Library of Congress, yet doubts if, in place of his subscription for twenty-one copies of each title, he might not economize by subscribing for one to be used as copy by his own printer. The Crerar Library, by the way, has just published a supplement to its valuable 'List of Serials in Public Libraries of Chicago and Evanston,' corrected to April, 1903. The undertaking has abundantly proved its usefulness in unexpected ways. Thus, it has led to the completion of defective sets.

The Massachusetts Historical Society's sixteenth volume (new series) of Proceedings contains the record of meetings from March to December, 1902, as well as several papers of interest. Among these are the exhaustive account of the "Registers of Probate for the County of Suffolk," by the late John T. Hassam, and "The Historical Conception of the United States Constitution and Union," by Daniel H. Chamberlain. Of the Newburyport Diary of John Quincy Adams, from 1787 to 1789, furnished by his grandson, Charles F. Adams, we have already spoken. Other papers are "Some Early Religious Matters at the Piscataqua," by James De Normandie; "The Condition of Naval Affairs in Boston in 1812," by James F. Hunnewell; "Cotton's 'Moses and his Judicials,'" by Worthington C. Ford, and "A Glance at Suicide as dealt with in the Colony and in the Province of Massachusetts Bay," by John Noble. A series of letters from James Parker, one of the best-known colonial printers, to Benjamin Franklin, is communicated by W. Ford, together with some letters of Richard Lechmere, by Charles C. Smith. Remarks by Gamaliel Bradford on historic evolution in Massachusetts, by William W. Crapo on Gosnold's voyage, by Samuel A. Green on the Cardiff giant, and by Warren P. Upham on some rare books in shorthand, are reported in full. A biographical memoir of Lincoln Flagg Brigham, with portrait, is contributed by Solomon Lincoln, and there are informal tributes to the memory of Samuel R. Gardiner, James B. Thayer, Horace Gray, Charles G. Loring, and other deceased members. The frontispiece to the volume is a photogravure from a portrait of John Quincy Adams, painted by Copley in 1796, which reappears in Little, Brown & Co.'s reprint of the Diary.

The Geological Survey of Canada has recently published Volume XII. (new series) of its Annual Reports, comprising 972 pages, and containing 8 maps and 13 plates, as well as 29 half-tone illustrations and numerous figures in the text. It opens with a summary of operations by the director, the late Dr. George M. Dawson, which incidentally points out the pressing need of a new museum building for the collections of the Survey. Elfric Drew Ingall contributes a "Report on the Iron Ore Deposits along the Kingston and Pembroke Railway in Eastern Ontario." It gives the results of investigations undertaken with a view to ascertaining the quantity and the quality of available ore from immediately accessible localities in that district. The supply appears to be almost entirely magnetite, with some hæmatite or bog-ore. The district would probably yield 100 tons daily. "A Report on the Geology of Argenteuil, Ottawa, and part of Pontiac Counties, Province of Quebec, and portions of Carleton, Russell, and Prescott Counties, Province of Ontario," by R. W. Ells, describes an area of about 4,000 square miles. Incorporated with this report are the results of important exploratory work done nearly twenty-five years ago by L. R. Ord, but never before published. Dr. Ells also contributes a "Report on the Geology and Natural Resources of the Area Included in the Map of the City of Ottawa and Vicinity," containing

about 450 square miles, and most interesting from a geological standpoint. All the palæozoic formations are present, from the base of the Potsdam sandstone to the Medina, and most of these are highly fossiliferous. A. Osann's "Notes on Certain Archæan Rocks of the Ottawa Valley" deal with the principal types of gneisses and the technically important minerals apatite, mica, and graphite. In the "Report of the Section of Mineral Statistics and Mines" Mr. Ingall shows that the growth of Canada's mineral industry continues to be satisfactory. The increase of 1899 over 1898 amounted to nearly $11,000,000, or upwards of 28 per cent.

The Annual Report of the Department of Mines, New South Wales, for 1902, embraces reports from the Under Secretary for Mines and Agriculture, the Chief Inspector of Metalliferous Mines, the Chief Inspector of Coal and Shale Mines, and the Government Geologist. It appears that the aggregate value of metals and minerals produced in the State to the end of 1902 is £152,280,312. The value of the production for 1902 is £5,368,145, and falls short of that of the previous year by £368,490. This is attributable to the drought, one of the worst and most prolonged which have ever visited Australia, and to the low price of silver and lead. The coal-mining industry has made satisfactory progress, the value of the production amounting to £2,206,598.

The sum of $300 will be paid for accurate information indicating the present whereabouts (with permission to copy the same) of the MS. work, written by the Rev. Lewis Rou, entitled 'Critical Remarks upon the Letter to the *Craftsman* on the Game of Chess,' being a closely written, thin, small quarto of twenty-four pages, beginning with a dedicatory letter: "To His Excellency, William Cosby, Esq., Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Provinces of New York and New Jersey." At the end of this dedicatory epistle is the date: "New York, ye 13th of Decemb. 1734," which date is virtually repeated at the end of the MS. This unpublished tract was, during 1858-9, for a while in the possession of the late Dr. George H. Moore, then librarian of the New York Historical Society, to whom it had been lent by the now unknown owner. Information concerning it may be sent to the Librarian of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

—The August *Century* is a number of unusual interest. Andrew D. White begins the reminiscences of his diplomatic career, dealing with his first mission to Germany, 1879-1881. Like Lowell in England, Mr. White found himself obliged to devote too much of his time to ambitious Americans wanting to be presented at court, seekers after fabulous fortunes supposed to be waiting for American heirs, Germans seeking to evade the requirements of German law through the aid of hastily acquired American citizenship, and the various other troublesome classes which international courtesy tends to create and international law has as yet found no way to abolish. Mr. White seizes the opportunity to plead for a better trained and more permanent diplomatic force, and incidentally expresses himself strongly against the proposal, so often agitated, to give our Cabinet secretaries a seat in Congress. He prefers to contemplate American Cabinet officers "sitting quietly in their offices, giving calm thought to Government business, and allowing the heathen to rage at their own sweet will in both houses of Congress." Alice Katharine Fallows describes in a very complete and lucid manner the great advance of the past three years in securing for New York city a healthful milk supply. Ray Stannard Baker contributes an article on the oft-described Yellowstone Park, and F. W. Stokes, the artist, gives an account of his voyage with the Swedish South Polar Expedition, which sailed from Gottenburg in the autumn of 1901. The article is accompanied by four color reproductions of the sketches which Mr. Stokes made on the spot. As the magazine is held in the hand the effect seems unnatural; but, seen under proper conditions of distance and light, one can easily imagine these pictures to be very lifelike representations of the marvellous polar sunlight. Professor Winchester finishes his admirable sketch of Wesley in this number, and the Editor, considering the wholesome effect of Wesley's preaching in breaking up smuggling, bribery at elections, etc., calls for another Wesley to lead the much needed ethical revival of the present age. The Walter Scott letters to Mrs. Hughes are also completed.

—'A Political History of Slavery,' by William Henry Smith (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is, according to the title-page, "an account of the slavery controversy from the earliest agitations in the eighteenth century to the close of the Reconstruction period in America." Mr. Whitelaw Reid furnishes an introduction and a short biographical sketch of the author, who was Collector of the Port of Chicago under President Hayes, but better known as an editor, and for having been for many years manager of the Associated Press. The concluding chapter, on "The Failure of Reconstruction," is by Prof. John J. Halsey. Mr. Reid, in his introduction, gives an account of the origin and purpose of the work. It seems that President Hayes requested the author to act as his literary executor and prepare an account of his life and times. The early part of Mr. Hayes's career brought him "into a centre of the anti-slavery movements which preceded the organization of the Republican party," and thus his biographer was compelled to study the political side of the genesis of the anti-slavery movement. The result is the present book, which is to be followed by the 'Life of President Hayes.' This, though left incomplete by Mr. Smith, will be finished and published by his son-in-law, Mr. Charles R. Williams. The present volumes go over well-worn ground, but Mr. Reid in his introduction mentions two points which he thinks gives the book its special claim to attention: first, that, in the view here presented, relatively small importance is attached to "sentimental agitations and agitators," and greater honor awarded to "those who, instead of brilliantly saying things that alienated support, soberly did things that compelled it," and, second, that the author "is careful to correct the notion," set forth by Mr. Henry Wilson, that the anti-slavery sentiment in Ohio was chiefly due to the New England emigrants. The book is not controversial. The author merely devotes himself to showing the political agencies by which slavery was abolished, and the result is that we hear a great deal of Ohio and the Middle West, and the part played by Chase, Brough, McLean, Morton, Hayes and others, and almost nothing of the abolitionists or of anti-slavery literature, with entire neglect of the genetic relation between the moral anti-slavery agitation and the first political organization. This is one-sided "history." The book goes back to the eighteenth century, and seems to profess to deal with the slavery controversy as a whole.

—Since Townsend Harris, after study and collection of materials, gave up his idea of writing a book on Formosa, there has been little attempt in English in the way of description of this island, except the Rev. William Campbell's 'Missionary Success in Formosa' and the late E. H. House's 'The Japanese Expedition to Formosa,' both of which were reviewed at length in these columns. We have now, happily for those interested, a portly volume of nearly seven hundred pages, which, besides being crammed with information, is well illustrated and indexed. It is by James W. Davidson, Consul of the United States for Formosa, and issues from the press of Macmillan & Co. Among the eight-score or more illustrations are colored reproductions of two Chinese posters, and a frontispiece showing the peaks of Mount Morrison, now the highest in the Empire of Japan (13,880 feet). It is snow-clad and its slopes are abundantly timbered. Nitaka Yama, as the Japanese name it, is the lord of the range which dominates the whole island from north to south, precipitous on the ocean flank and with a long slope and wide littoral on the side toward Asia Most of the other pictures, except the reproductions from old Dutch books and a few Japanese and Chinese sketches, are modern photographs, clear, informing, and splendidly reinforcing the text. There is also a very well executed map in colors, on which the habitat of the different groups of savages in the eastern or ultramontane part, the railways, roads, lighthouses, harbors, towns, villages, seats of authority, and the districts once notorious for head hunting but now under complete Japanese control, are marked.

—In such an encyclopædic work, admirable for its wealth of information, one need not expect many literary attractions, yet the narrative of the Japanese invasion of 1874, of the short-lived Formosan Republic, and of the Japanese occupation of 1895, is spirited and interesting. Mr. Davidson pictures the "beautiful isle" under the Hollanders, 1514-1655 (the Dutch literary authorities here being abundant), the kingdom of Koxinga, 1662-1683, and Formosa as a Chinese possession and under mandarin rule. He goes into much detail about foreign intercourse and shipwrecks, showing that citizens of the United States were more than once held not only as captives, but as slaves, and how the landing of an American expedition in 1867, with a "fight in a furnace" among the bamboo jungles, resulted in another of the many disasters which were common to Western waifs or visitors until the Japanese occupation of 1874. The story of the French campaign of 1884-'85, and of the progress of the islanders under the Chinese, is told with fulness and fairness. Then comes the detailed story of the Chinese cession and costly Japanese conquest, followed by colonization, exploration, and

government, remarkable for economic and general success. This half of the volume contains good accounts of great industries, with their production of tea, camphor, sugar, gold, coal, petroleum, sulphur, and salt. Naturally the literary treatment of the aborigines and later inhabitants is left until the last, in order to utilize as far as possible the results of the explorations which are still in progress. The Japanese seem to have accomplished wonders, which the photograph will help the skeptical to believe. The details of administration, enterprises, and trade of the Formosa of to-day, with account of the birds, beasts, and climate of the wonderful island, are up to date, and the abundant, painstaking index opens easily the treasures of what will probably be the standard work for a generation to come.

—'The Story of General Bacon,' by Alnod J. Boger (Methuen), is the biography and vindication of a brilliant cavalry officer whose courage and professional capacity were admitted on all sides, but whose independence of spirit prevented him from rising to high rank in the British service. Anthony Bacon was a descendant in direct line of Anthony Bacon, the brother of Lord Verulam, and had for his father one of the richest commoners in England. His wife was Lady Charlotte Harley, the "Ianthe" to whom Byron dedicated "Childe Harold." The two things that caused Bacon most trouble and proved the greatest bar to his worldly success were an impracticable temper when dealing with superiors, and a total ignorance of the value of money. Constantly in debt from the day he entered Eton, he quarrelled with his father—or his father with him—whenever the day of reckoning came. The elder Anthony paid but growled, and finally left his first-born with an estate which was heavily burdened by provision for younger children. In 1812, at the age of sixteen, Bacon received a commission in the Sixteenth Light Dragoons, and saw considerable service before the close of the Peninsular War. At Waterloo he charged with conspicuous bravery, and was severely wounded. During the next seventeen years he devoted himself with considerable diligence to the theoretical work of his profession, and became convinced of the superiority which the single-rank system of cavalry formation possessed over that of the double-rank. Mr. Boger prints some interesting letters from the Duke of Wellington, Sir Hussey Vivian, and Lord William Russell to Gen. Bacon, in criticism and general commendation of his idea. When the war with the Miguelites began, Bacon joined the forces of Dom Pedro, and equipped a force of lancers which rendered important service to the Constitutional cause in 1832-1834. His share in this Portuguese war is the most striking part of his career as a soldier. Not only was he given a chance to carry out his theory of cavalry tactics, but he held his men together by a daring and generosity that appealed to their hearts. There can be no doubt regarding the value of the foreign troops to the Constitutional cause, or of Bacon's eminence as the best cavalry officer among the foreigners. Unfortunately he became involved in troubles with Saldanha, which led to his withdrawal from the Portuguese army, and the later part of his life was largely occupied with efforts to recover back pay, together with money which he had expended to keep his troops together. Though he had friends in the Duke of York and the Duke of Cambridge, Bacon never established himself in the good graces of the War Office. Thus, in spite of his recognized skill as a commander of cavalry, he had no part in the Crimean war. He was admired for dashing courage and personal beauty, but he was also impracticable. Mr. Boger is a grandson of Bacon, and possesses the virtue of complete sympathy with his subject. At the same time he is too uncritical, his constructions are very loose, and his use of the verb is not always accurate.

—'Wesley and his Preachers: Their Conquest of Britain,' by G. Holden Pike (London: T. Fisher Unwin; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), is one of many signs that the Wesley bi-centenary is upon us. It is to be hoped that this will give us something better than we had before, but it will be a difficult matter with such a careful life as Tyerman's and such a brilliant study as Julia Wedgwood's already in the field. If the quality of the harvest is indicated by such first-fruits as Mr. Pike's we shall be little richer when it is gathered in than we are now. What he has done, he has done with a view to speedily economizing the interest in Wesley appropriate to his great anniversary. The arrangement is topical, and under each head we have many particulars huddled together with little reference to their congruity or effective presentation. We have first "Some Characteristics of the Man," and much of the chapter is devoted to Wesley's opinions of his distinguished contemporaries. Whitefield, as "one of those who wore out fast," is compared with himself with comfortable self-satisfaction. In the second chapter we have a series of brief sketches of Wesley's more famous preachers. Other topics are "Travelling and Travellers," "Some Phases of Town and Village Life," "The Common People," "The Upper Classes," "Prisons and Prisoners." Wesley's credulity is illustrated by many examples under the head, "Belief in the Supernatural." We are less confident than Mr. Pike that our own time is less credulous than Wesley's. In general the touch is casual, the treatment superficial, and there is an absence of profound engagement on the part of the writer with his subject. Under the cover of these details the real greatness of the man and of his work somehow escapes our grasp.

A CONTEMPORARY VIEW OF RECENT FRENCH HISTORY.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated by John Charles Turner. With Portraits. Vol. I. (1870-1873.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

This book belongs to that class of histories whereof the work of Thucydides is a famous example among the ancients, as the works of Philip of Commines and Lord Clarendon are among the moderns, viz.: a narrative written by a contemporary of events which passed in his own time, not in the form of a chronicle in which those events are entered as they happened, but in the form of a treatise setting them forth after a lapse of time sufficient to give some perspective. No kind of history is more interesting, none more instructive. The frequently erroneous impressions of the moment are avoided, while at the same time there is that perception of contemporary feeling, that comprehension of the leading figures as they actually appeared in the intercourse of daily life, which gives a sense of reality. True it is that eminent men are constantly misunderstood and therefore misjudged by their contemporaries. The newspapers, sometimes deliberately, more often unintentionally, misrepresent the characters and motives of the persons with whom they occupy themselves. Any one who has had opportunities of closely watching and personally knowing prominent actors in the politics of the day, is astonished to find how little the ordinary citizen who gets his notions from the daily or weekly press apprehends the truth about them. He credits them with merits they do not possess, and attributes to them motives very different from those which really sway them. Still, when allowance has been made for all this, a contemporary history, if produced by a vigorous and penetrating mind, has a kind of freshness and worth which the best writer who comes long after and relies upon the records of his predecessors cannot impart to his work.

M. Hanotaux is a good specimen of a type which has usually been well represented in France and England, and was at one time well represented in the United States also, the man of letters who is also a statesman, or at least a politician; the class to which belonged Royer Collard and Guizot and Tocqueville and Thiers, Burke and Maekintosh and Macaulay, and, in the United States, Jefferson and Benton, and in a sense even Alexander Hamilton. Trained in the French civil service, M. Hanotaux was some years ago Minister of Foreign Affairs for nearly three years. He is known in the field of literature by his elaborate work on the career and policy of Cardinal Richelieu, which secured his election to the French Academy. In the present book one discovers the diplomatist as well as the historian. The author understands how negotiations are conducted, and how much the personality of the envoy may affect the results of his mission. He has also seized the historical point of view, and thus can see in the minor incidents the larger issues involved and the general trend of events. One also discovers the practical politician, for many pages are dedicated to the debates in the French Assembly, and they are among the most interesting pages, because they present both the strategy of the leaders and the swift changes of feeling in an excitable body with that freshness and insight which spring out of familiarity with parliamentary life. As a rule, nothing is drearier than a record of debates when the excitement of the moment has passed. Here, however, the great issue of the form of government was constantly before a practically sovereign assembly. The magnitude of the stake gives importance even to the smaller moves in the game; and it was a game as full of sudden and unexpected alternations of fortune as if it had been determined by the turning up of good or bad cards on the table.

The period covered by this first volume extends from the meeting at Bordeaux of the National Assembly elected in February,

1871, to the fall of M. Thiers after the hostile vote of that Assembly on May 24, 1873. These two years were full of great events. There was the conclusion of peace with Germany. There was the choice of Thiers as "Chief of the Executive Power" and afterwards President of the (provisional) Republic. There was the insurrection of the Commune in Paris, the siege and capture of the city by the troops of the Assembly now installed at Versailles. There were the negotiations with Bismarck about the evacuation of the eastern departments by the German army of occupation and the raising of the prodigious sum (five milliards of francs) by which Thiers ransomed the territory. Finally, there were the incessant intrigues and struggles over the settlement of a definitive form of government for the nation; and in the midst of all these troubles there is the amazing revival of France, a revival of material prosperity, a revival of moral force and self-confidence. With what sort of spirit does M. Hanotaux treat these events? The patent danger to which the contemporary historian is exposed, a danger which Thucydides did not wholly escape and before which Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet succumbed, is that of seeing things with the eyes of a partisan. The author makes gallant efforts to be fair, and on the whole is fair, to the Legitimists and the Orleanists, although himself a Republican.

A Legitimist or an Orleanist would, no doubt, tell the story somewhat differently, yet one discovers no attempt to pervert the facts or ignore the good points of the leading men in the monarchical parties. When M. Hanotaux comes to speak of Bismarck he is naturally less on his guard, and uses language which a patriotic Frenchman resenting the misfortunes of his country would be inclined to use, though an historian of another nation would be more dispassionate, even when recognizing the harshness which the German Chancellor showed to the vanquished. Of England and English statesmen M. Hanotaux has little to say, and that little is generally unfriendly. Here and there one finds odd little mistakes. Bismarck is called a Pomeranian, whereas he belonged to the Mark of Brandenburg. To say that "Alsace had been claimed by Germany in the assignments which in 1556 followed the disruption of the empire of Charles V.," is a statement extraordinary as coming from the pen of a trained historian, the errors in which it would take many sentences to explain fully. One is less surprised to find (p. 401) the remark; "Others were inclined to borrow the income tax from England and America," for American finance is little understood in Europe.

The translation, though it is generally clear and fairly spirited, is far from perfect. Expressions are sometimes used which do not convey the real sense of the original, and other expressions are bald and scarcely intelligible Gallicisms. Some, indeed, scarcely belong to the English language at all. The rendering ought to be carefully revised in another edition.

The hero of this volume is Thiers; nor have we anywhere seen a more vivid and lifelike picture of the eager, restless, vivacious, untiring, resourceful old man who took the helm at a moment of incomparable difficulty, and steered France out of the breakers that seemed ready to engulf her. French opinion seems to think that M. Hanotaux has judged rather too severely the conduct of Thiers in yielding so much to Germany for the sake of securing peace, and in raising on such high terms the money which purchased the evacuation of the country by the Germans. This is one of the cases in which it is easy to see the evils of the course that was taken, not so easy to estimate the evils that might have followed some other course. Be this as it may, M. Hanotaux does justice to the splendid courage, the ardent patriotism, the invincible patriotism of the "little bourgeois from Marseilles," or, as Thiers called himself, "the little tradesman with the fiery soul." His vanity, his desire to make every one recognize his universal competence, his littlenesses (including his "senile penuriousness"), are admitted. But the brightness and keenness of his mind, his inexhaustible ingenuity in extricating himself from "tight places," his amazing range of knowledge, his adroitness in debate—all these receive the praise they deserve. His management of the Assembly was a masterpiece, and if he committed errors which ultimately brought him to the ground, one is less surprised at these than at the tact which, in a position of incomparable difficulty, was betrayed into so few. Thiers was not a party leader, like the statesmen of the United States and England. There was no body of adherents behind him. He had to play off the three monarchical parties against one another and against the two Republican sections, conciliating sometimes one party, sometimes another, with the knowledge that every advance in any direction provoked antagonism in all the others. Of the many anecdotes told of his lively sallies we have space for one only, which illustrates his boldness as well as his quickness:

"An acid-tongued Orleanist was saying in a group that M. Thiers had tricked his former friends, and that, in spite of his protestations, he aspired to the dictatorship. M. Thiers heard, drew near, and, addressing the malcontent, said: 'My good friend, one day King Louis Philippe wanted to make me join a ministerial combination which did not suit me. I held my ground; the King insisted. "You would like to make me believe," said Louis Philippe sarcastically, "that you do not care for office?" I was a bit annoyed, and I replied to the King, "Sir, on all the occasions when your Majesty has told me that you only accepted the burden of the Crown in desperation, I have always believed you" ' " (pp. 55, 56).

It was said of Thiers that he interested more than he attracted. His soul was not lofty, his character not one to win affection. He was not greatly trusted, nor perhaps deeply respected. But he had the energy, the versatility, the power of commanding attention by the unfailing radiance of his intellect, which the time needed, added to an unrivalled experience and the reputation of having been constantly right in his frequent criticisms—criticisms often repeated—of the policy of Napoleon III.

None of the other persons who figure in the book is described with so much care or fulness as Thiers; yet light is thrown on Dufaure, Dupanloup, Jules Favre, Buffet, Gambetta, Count Arnim, and above all on the Count de Chambord, an admirable counterfoil to Thiers, as immovable in his principles and line of action as Thiers was flexible and various. One reads of the Count's repeated refusals of the crown of France—for it was practically within his grasp, so far as the Assembly could bestow it—with a mixture of admiration for his conscientious firmness, and impatience with the folly which sacrificed nearly every thing that he and his friends held dear because he could not have quite everything. To him the tricolor was the symbol of revolution. Revolution was that against which it was his highest duty to protest; so, because he clung to the white flag, monarchy was not reëstablished.

One of the most powerful chapters describes the revolt of the Communards in Paris, a frightful sequel to the war, in which both the victors and the vanquished showed a reckless cruelty worthy of 1794. Here the most striking figure is the aged Delescluze, who, after passing most of his life in prison for conspiracies against various governments, met his fate on a barricade when Paris was captured—a typical specimen of the intense, unswerving, and (in a sense) high-minded doctrinaire fanatic. The men who figured in the Commune movement had mostly been trained in the earlier days of revolution, some in 1830, some in 1848 and 1849. Revolutions form the spirit which breaks out in fresh revolutions; so it is lucky for France that as thirty-two years have now passed since the last fighting in the streets of Paris, the habit of flying to arms is beginning to wear out, and those who retain the recollection of *émeutes* are getting on in years and less likely to disturb the public peace. If M. Hanotaux does not add very much to our knowledge of that deplorable episode of April, 1871, he treats it in a spirit of historical candor and fairness.

The volume is interesting from the first page to the last, and raises high expectations of the value which the work will have when it has been completed down to the year 1900. The difficulties will not diminish as our own days are approached.

CHADWICK'S CHANNING.

William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion. By John White Chadwick. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. Pp. xvii, 463.

Mr. Chadwick's brilliant sketch of Theodore Parker had prepared us to look with anticipation for his brief biography of Channing, and this anticipation is in no way disappointed by the appearance of the volume itself. Though the author has less of sympathy with his subject than with Parker, and though Channing's personal qualities evidently attracted him less than those of the younger Boston minister, Mr. Chadwick's biography of Channing displays the same firmness of grasp of the historic situation, the same clearness and vividness in the delineation of the portrait which he makes central, and the same honesty of judgment regarding the virtues and defects alike of his subject, which marked his earlier biography.

Mr. Chadwick sketches briefly Channing's boyhood experiences at Newport and the little college world in which he found himself at Harvard, so unlike the experience of the university student at the present day. He makes evident the great significance for Channing of his Richmond tutorship, in his spiritual and reformatory development, and no less in the ruin of his health, which rendered him so largely an in-

valid the rest of his days. These topics lead, in natural chronological sequence, to a description of the provincial and self-centred Boston of Channing's early ministry and of the circumstances of his settlement over the Federal Street Society in the busy town of 25,000 inhabitants. The stipend of $1,200 seemed large to him in that frugal age; and Channing's Puritan conscience made him "afraid as ever of self-indulgence, and hence [he] took for his study the smallest room in the house, while a much better one was crying to be used, and for his sleeping-room the attic, which was ill-furnished, cheerless, cold, and every way ill suited to the condition of his health"—an asceticism which has almost wholly passed away in New England, but which continued, in a measure, even amid the extremely comfortable external surroundings of Channing's life after his marriage.

No portion of Mr. Chadwick's sketch is better drawn than that which pictures Channing's religious development during his early ministry and his relation to the Unitarian division. The author makes it evident that

"he arrived at liberal principles sooner than at Unitarian doctrines; that his larger and more characteristic thoughts anticipated the minor Unitarian expression. A noble confidence in reason, a fear of worse results from its repression or neglect than from its free exercise, distrust of theological precision as making for sectarian division, the insistence upon character as superior to creed, a lofty faith in the Eternal Fatherhood and in the dignity of human nature—such was the warp of his religion."

He justly lays emphasis on Channing's "devout biblicism." "It was because the Bible had no 'clear word of prophecy' about the nature of Christ and the Atonement that the liberals were vague and hesitating as to these matters; and Channing was so to a remarkable degree his whole life long." "He attained to liberality of temper while still semi-orthodox in thought. It was far less his intellectual, or even his moral, revulsion from Calvinism than his belief that new restraints were being forged for religious thought, that carried him into the Unitarian controversy." But though the author's sympathies are naturally and strongly with Channing's side of that great debate, it is evidence of our distance from the conflicts of that hour that he speaks with so full appreciation of the earnestness and seriousness of the "orthodox" reaction which drove Channing into the field of controversy in 1815. Controversy was, for Channing, always a painful experience. He had in his make-up none of the delight of battle. Mr. Chadwick well says of him:

"He was not, I think, a man of natural courage, but one of delicate and shrinking flesh and corresponding mind. His sermons and addresses abound in praises of moral courage, and he exemplified the trait he praised. But it was hard for him to do it. These praises were exhortations to himself to keep right on. They burned his ships; they cut off his retreat; they made any flinching on his part impossible. The things he said and did required *of him* a great deal of courage, however much or little they might have required of a quite different man."

What one misses, perhaps, in this sketch of Channing's theological development is due appreciation of the non-permanent and divisive effect of his extreme individualism, and of the degree in which conditions essentially local and provincial affected his religious thought. If the modern religious world has reached many of the conclusions at which Channing arrived, it has reached them not wholly by his road.

Channing's reformatory spirit, of which he gave such noble manifestation, sprang, as Mr. Chadwick shows, from his conviction of "the dignity of human nature." That conviction was to him so fundamental as to lead him to take, probably, the most positively sectarian position he ever assumed, when he held that in certain types of endeavor for the elevation of "the depressed classes" it would be a fettering compromise to be associated with those of other beliefs regarding this, to him, vital element of his creed. This conception of the dignity of human nature drove him into the anti-slavery conflict—a struggle, his part in which revealed his intense devotion to principles and his slight interest in individuals. His absence of all personal relation with Garrison, Mr. Chadwick points out as one of the curious manifestations of this trait of Channing's character. But his position towards the anti-slavery movement was, as Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven described a similar attitude, one of "betweenity." For slavery itself he had nothing but opposition; but his recollections of Newport and his acquaintance with the South had convinced him that not all slave-owners deserved denunciation for their connection with a system which, in itself, merited only condemnation. Nowhere more than in his opposition to slavery was his moral courage manifested; and nowhere did his principles cost him more hostility. From this same source of confidence in the dignity of human nature all of Channing's strong humanitarianism and reformatory interest sprang.

The description which the author gives of Channing's personal characteristics is admirably graphic, and sets the man as a sharply defined figure before the reader. One sees the constant care which his invalid health necessitated, the physical disability under which most of his labor was accomplished, and which limited his preaching to only occasional sermons during the latter part of his life. "It is hard to conceive that Channing was ever a good pastor, and he did not improve in proportion to his increasing engrossment in the large, social aspect of religion. 'I am strong,' he said, 'before the multitude, but weak before the individual.' He had no skill to meet his visitors halfway or to come down to the level of their interests."

Possessed of the respect and reverence of the community to a degree such as few men have enjoyed, his intimates were but a handful, though their attachment was lifelong. One of the closest of these few friends, Jonathan Phillips, remarked, with amusing moderation of judgment, regarding Channing, "I have known him long, I have studied his character, and I believe him capable of virtue." Certainly New England fear of exaggeration could not go further than this. Mr. Chadwick's characterization of Mr. Channing as a man deserves to be read as a whole. The conspicuous physical note he finds that of an "ill-constituted body":

"Intellectually, Channing has enjoyed the eminence which, like that of an isolated mountain, is relative to the low-lying plain. His measure was taken at a time when Boston was emerging from an intellectual mediocrity to which Fisher Ames bulked as another Burke or Cicero or Demosthenes, while denominational pride did much to aggravate the miscalculation and to pass it on. But, compared with the great intellects of the centuries, his intellectual ability makes as modest an appearance as his intellectual acquirements compared with those of the great scholars." . . .

"Channing's preëminence in his own generation, and his abiding claim upon our admiration and our reverence, are far less intellectual than moral and spiritual. It is, in fact, the moral temper of his mind, its openness to fresh conviction, that is its most impressive trait. The moral uses of the intellect were to him subjects of his constant interest. . . . He was a man of the beatitudes, so many of them found abundant illustration in the habits of his life. The blessing of the peacemakers was upon him; the blessing of the pure in heart. But his peculiar blessing was that of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. If Channing did not do this, no man ever did. And, according to the promise, he was filled."

Viewed as a whole, Mr. Chadwick has given us a compact, graphic, and satisfactory portrait of a leader who has grown to be generally recognized, outside of the Unitarian fold where he has always been reverenced, as one of the most lofty and admirable personalities of the New England of the first half of the nineteenth century—an age that seems in many of its aspects so remote from the present time.

CLERKE'S ASTROPHYSICS.

Problems in Astrophysics. By Agnes M. Clerke. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 1903. 8vo, pp. 567. With 31 plates and 50 figures in the text.

The signal merits of this work will be recognized at once, nor will it cease in future to be esteemed as a breathing portraiture of youthful twentieth-century science in the department of the physiology of suns. It is a book needed by all persons who endeavor to keep up an all-round intelligence of the advances of human knowledge, and will soon be found lying well worn on the tables in all observatories. Executed with a laborious thoroughness that never tires, it is brought to the polish of a popular style—if anything, too much so. Yet it is not a book of popular science: it is a popular book on professional science—a thing seldomer to be found and quite otherwise enlightening. It is not with knowledge, organized or not, that the active thoughts of the man of science are busy; but on the contrary with all sorts of hypotheses, the most dubious things in the world. To be acquainted with science as it lives in his mind will not help one to build a flying machine, a yacht, or a wireless telegraph, but will educate one in the conduct of inquiry. It is this side of astrophysics which is presented in this volume, by an author who, if not a very eminent astronomer, has participated in the life of an observatory, and who mingles with the ablest astronomers of England and of the world, recognized by them as one of their guild. No little astronomy can be learned by merely looking through the admirable illustrations to the volume, which, now that observation is so largely conducted through the medium of the camera, are in many cases as near the real thing that the astronomer uses as single prints can be to multiplied negatives.

Having thus had the pleasure of recording

the principal merits of the book, we are in duty bound to acquaint our readers with such of its apparent shortcomings as will chiefly concern them if they read it. One of these, we feel quite sure, is an error of judgment in the matter of style. Tables and algebraical formulæ are avoided almost entirely. Now tables and formulæ may be dry and hard to comprehend, in the sense that the relations that they are fitted to express are so; but when it is precisely such relations that must form the substance of the discourse, and not for a paragraph only, but for five hundred closely printed octavo pages, by all odds the least fatiguing way of apprehending them is the way that exhibits visual analogues of them —as tables and formulæ do—and then points out in these icons the special features upon which attention must be directed, with a measure of emphasis proportionate to the effort required. Instead of endeavoring to do this, our author painfully searches out ornamental ways of stating abstract relations, with a view to literature. If she has occasion to mention that the parallax of Procyon, as determined with the Yale heliometer by the admirable skill of its manipulator, is 0″.325, she will say that "Dr. Elkin has measured for it a parallactic shift of 0″.325." The idea of a shift of any kind being measured for the little dog! If she wants to suggest that every star presumably turns on an axis, the word "rotation"—not, after all, quite rustic—will not be half elegant enough for her. She must say "it has a movement of gyration." So it is in countless cases. In short bits to be read one at a time, like those of Smyth's 'Celestial Cycle,' such rococo expressions will merely excite a smile; but when it comes to five hundred solid pages of detail to be read consecutively, they add to the labor of lading the mind with it all. For at each such novel expression the reader has to stop and consider what can be meant; and it is often a little enigma.

The only other fault of the book to which we shall advert is a mere matter of individual opinion, provided logic is a matter of individual opinion, as some hold that it is, and some even that it ought to be. We might give a graded series of examples of what we mean. We are told (p. 204) that "Canopus may be no further off, but cannot be nearer than a light-journey of 296 years." The foundation for this statement is that an attempt to determine its parallax gave zero as the result, with a probable error of 0″.011, which parallax, according to Euclidean geometry (whose applicability to such vast triangles is open to question), corresponds to a distance of 296 light-years. But what is meant by the "probable error" of a determination is that value of the error (or rather of such part of the error as the method of least squares can take account of) which is equally likely to be greater or less than the real value. Therefore the inference (so far as any is justified) is that were the same inquiry pushed indefinitely it would be just as likely to make Canopus more than 296 light-years from us as less. It may be added, however, that such result would in all probability not be many times less.

Again, we are told that, "upon Doppler's principle" (or words to that effect), a certain star must be approaching or receding from the sun. In a memoir intended exclusively for professional astronomers such an expression would be innocent enough, but in writing for a larger public one has to guard against too literal interpretations. Doppler's principle does not necessitate any such thing, but only that *if* the star were approaching or receding, then, so long as no unknown cause acted, the spectral lines would all be shifted toward the red or toward the blue, as they are observed to be. But it is to be remarked that there is some reason to suspect that unknown causes do occasionally interfere with the effect.

Having had our scold at Miss Clerke's style, it will be but fair to give our reader a bit or two of it. Very likely in such doses its flavor will please:

"Sun-spots are not simply rents in a shining veil, exposing an obscure substratum. They are not superheated regions, where the processes of condensation are suspended. The photosphere is screened, not perforated, by them. Moreover, the screening is by interposed vapors. Umbral absorption is mainly, if not altogether, of the gaseous kind. It is essentially linear and banded. No part of it can be safely attributed to the action of a foggy precipitate such as modifies elsewhere the 'surpassing glory' of the disk. They probably differ in this respect from 'pores' and 'veiled spots,' but specific inquiries on the point have yet to be made. There are strong indications that spot-spectra originate under conditions of increased pressure and diminished temperature. Still, the coolest umbræ must be hotter than the reversing layer, for otherwise the Fraunhofer lines would show bright against them, and, as we know, they cross them in dusky array. This circumstance is fundamental in solar thermal relations, yet has been generally overlooked" (p. 96).

"Total eclipses have ceased to be indispensable for the prosecution of chromospheric studies. Day by day the red rim of the sun, with the strange forms protruding from it, can be viewed spectroscopically; and day by day the same objects vestured in violet can be photographed under the broad shelter of the Fraunhofer K-line. Nevertheless, noontide darkness, when it comes, brings very appreciable help. Differences are noticeable between what can be seen in and out of eclipse. According to the late Professor Tacchini, the chromosphere always appears deeper under cover of the interposing moon, because it is surmounted by a pink-white margin, giving continuous light, and therefore spectroscopically invisible in daylight. Some prominences are probably of analogous composition. Only their skeleton forms come out in the crimson radiance of hydrogen; they are compacted and clothed with white materials, the shining of which is effaced by the glare of common day. . . . The objects called 'white prominences' belong indeed wholly to the pageantry of eclipses. First noticed by Tacchini at Caroline Island, May 6, 1883, they showed as lucid jets about a hundred thousand miles high, with a surface like granulated silver. Attempts made, after the return of daylight, to view them prismatically proved fruitless; they gave forth no hydrogen or helium rays. Again, at Granada, 29th August, 1886, a gigantic helical structure, described by Mr. Maunder as 'of the intensest silver whiteness,' towered three hundred thousand miles above the limb of the moon" (pp. 109, 110).

The continuous reader would have been spared a pause if the author had printed *hĕlical*, to show she simply meant eddying. She could not be expected to employ so vulgar a term as that. Another hitch in the reader's thoughts takes place when this structure is said to "tower three hundred thousand miles from the limb of the moon," though near a hundred million miles from the moon. The *limb* of the moon exists only in the vision of the spectator, and distances from it are properly measurable in degrees, minutes, and seconds, not in miles.

"An eclipse, visible in the Western States of North America, 29th July, 1878, disclosed a surprising spectacle. In lieu of the ordinary radiated corona there were seen 'bristles' of light at the sun's poles, enormous 'wings' at each side of the equator. Professor Langley observed the phenomenon from the summit of Pike's Peak in Colorado, at an elevation of 14,000 feet in a stainless sky. Thus favorably circumstanced, he was able to trace one wide beam to a distance of about five millions of miles from the sun, the other fully twice as far. The direction in which they lay proved, when carefully measured, to agree closely with that of the zodiacal light, and 'a faint central rib' emphasized the coincidence. . . . At the time of this eclipse the sun was in a state of exceptional tranquillity, and a search through the solar archives brought out the notable fact that a similar apparition had, eleven years previously—spots then too being nearly extinct—been described and depicted by Grosch of Santiago. . . . The concurrence of these phenomena with critical epochs in the sun's activity started the idea, due, in the first instance, to Mr. Ranyard, of varying coronal types. It was amply borne out by subsequent experience. From eclipse to eclipse, throughout the eleven-year cycle, the corona exhibits changes of form in marked conformity to spot-vicissitudes" (p. 127).

The Fundamental Problem in Monetary Science. By Correa Moylan Walsh. The Macmillan Co. 1903. Pp. 383.

What is the quality in good money that constitutes its goodness? Mr. Walsh assumes without proof that it is stability of value—that this is, at all events, the primary quality. The reason why stability of value is the prime constituent of goodness, he contends, is that money is used as a store of value for longer or shorter periods of time by lenders and hoarders. But value is of different kinds. What do we mean by that term when we say that money should be stable in value?

The author finds four varieties of value swimming *in gurgite vasto* on the sea of economics: (1) Use-value, or utility; (2) esteem-value, which he defines as "the affection or attachment we have for things—the energy with which we cling to what we possess, and the effort we are willing to put forth to acquire things"; (3) cost-value, or the effort or labor which things cost their producers; (4) exchange-value, or purchasing power. Use-value is generally ignored by economists as not appertaining to their investigations, since things may be useful but not exchangeable, or exchangeable but not useful. The author rejects it since, in the case of money, use-value is identical with exchange-value. Esteem-value cuts a large figure, and a rather confusing one, in Mr. Walsh's discussions. The best trained reader will be under the necessity of turning back frequently to the definition of this kind of value (quoted above) in order to make sure that he understands the author's meaning. On page 222 he defines it again as "exchange value in, or purchasing power over, labor alone, . . . forming the wages standard or, better, the earnings standard or the income standard." In another place (p. 295) he speaks of "the true conception of esteem-value, out of several conceptions not yet

clarified." Cost-value of money means the cost of extracting from the earth and reducing the material of which it is composed. The old maxim that value is measured by cost of production has been much shaken of late. Even its advocates admit that it is only approximately true. "Value in exchange" is the only sense in which economic science here concerns itself with value. This is purchasing power—but the purchasing of what? Some say commodities, others say labor, still others say commodities and labor. Mr. Walsh gives good reasons (p. 322) for rejecting labor from this category altogether, thus making the value of money mean its command over the tangible things which are bought and sold in the world's markets.

Now the question which the author puts is this: "What kind of value is it that money measures and stores and should possess in a stable manner?" If it is exchange-value, the answer is that there is no such thing on this mundane sphere—that stability of value is impossible in any substance which is now, or ever has been, or ever can be, since value is a relation between variable things. What are we to understand by the word "should" in this query? It implies that if the thing which men are now using as money is not stable in value through the ages, it is not good money or not good enough. If so, it is open to any complainant to show us a better, and it is not necessary for this purpose to write a book of 400 pages to prove that all previous writers, except a few rather obscure ones, have tripped and stumbled in their use of the word value, giving it now the meaning of exchange-value, now that of esteem-value, and again that of cost-value, and passing from one to the other without seeming to be aware of the differences, and thus reaching conclusions which are non-sequiturs. Mr. Walsh finds this proneness to slipshod reasoning among French, German, Austrian, Italian, and Spanish, as well as English and American writers. He quotes from, or cites with chapter and verse, more than 300 writers, ranging from Harvey, the author of 'Coin's Financial School,' and R. G. Horr of the 'Great Debate,' to Adam Smith, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill. His acquaintance with the authors whom he quotes is not superficial, and his citations are not unfair, or not consciously so. Yet we think that he has introduced more confusion into the subject of debate than he has cleared up.

It is not true that stability of value is the quality in good money that constitutes its goodness. This is not the primary quality. Acceptableness is that quality. Whether money is stable, or divisible, or portable, or yellow, or white, or copper-colored, it must first of all be something that "passes" without dispute or delay. This facility of passing may be due to a variety of attributes, of which stability of value (in a greater or less degree) may be one, but it must have been the outcome of experimentation, of the unconscious kind, long continued and forming a custom eventually embedded in law. Aristotle, in his account of the origin of money, does not mention stability of value as one of its attributes, but only those qualities which fit it for a common medium of exchange, namely, ease of carriage, utility for other purposes than money, and the capability of receiving and retaining a stamp for identification. He says that the barter of one commodity for another preceded the use of money, and that the inconvenience of barter led to the choice of something possessing the three qualities named. He mentions iron and silver as examples. The use of money as a store of value by hoarders would naturally follow, provided the material of which it was composed would not readily decay or deteriorate. Its use as a standard of deferred payments would naturally follow, unless something more satisfactory to both borrower and lender could be agreed upon. But it is unlikely that either of these uses would antedate its use as a common medium of exchange.

If acceptableness, or the quality of passing, is the *sine qua non* and bottom fact of good money, the author's query should be stated thus: The common medium of exchange (*e. g.*, gold), being what it is, how should time-contracts be drawn to the best advantage of the parties? Or, if society has interests superior to, and different from, those of borrowers and lenders, or either of them, how should time-contracts be drawn to conserve its interests? We find no help between the covers of Mr. Walsh's treatise toward an answer to this concrete question. He makes frequent reference to the tabular standard of value (of Lowe, Scrope, and others), but nowhere advocates its adoption as a practical measure. Nor does he advocate any change except a change in the mental attitude of economists toward the definition of value. What that change should be he does not indicate, but merely that they should feel the need of a change. They should have a "conviction of sin."

In the last chapter but one a decided tendency is manifested to espouse the side of the debtor as against the creditor, and a lesser tendency to favor the employee as against the employer, without, however, any suggestion of means to do so in either case. But, after exhibiting this bias, the author proceeds (p. 362) to lay down the sound proposition that—

> "Money has not, properly speaking, any function of distributing wealth to the different classes of society. . . . Money is not properly an agent for the execution of anybody's theory as to what ought to be the proper distribution of the benefits of improvements [in production] between the several classes of society."

The question how time-contracts may be drawn so as to subserve the greatest good of the greatest number is an open one, to which we hope that Mr. Walsh may at some future time direct his dialectical powers and his learning, both of which call for our admiration even where we do not accept his judgments.

Dramatic Criticism. By A. B. Walkley. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

There is an old story of a sturdy English farmer who was asked by his landlord host, at a rent dinner, whether he liked the claret, to which he had been devoting himself most assiduously. "It is good drinking," he replied, "but somehow you don't seem to get much 'forrader.'" In a slightly altered form this remark might be applied to Mr. A. B. Walkley's little book, which is composed of three lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in London last February. They are very good reading, but leave the matter of which they treat pretty nearly where it was before. Perhaps they are most interesting as a demonstration of Mr. Walkley's wide acquaintance with theatrical and other literature and his ready command of apt quotation and illustration. He makes, indeed, a considerable display of erudition, filling his pages with plentiful and apposite excerpts from authors of various times and nationalities, from Aristotle to M. Filon. Thus he furnishes an excellent epitome, so far as it goes, of the opinions of successive ages on the value and functions of criticism, the structure and aim of drama, and other kindred topics.

But, after all, he does not succeed in throwing any new light upon the points which he discusses or in giving to the art of criticism a clearer definition, more precise laws, or a more assured position than it already possessed. The utility, the scope, and the limitations of criticism are tolerably well understood nowadays by all who are capable of employing or enjoying it. What he has to say about the composite character and moderate critical faculty of the average audience, or of the public in general, is approximately true—although his estimate of the popular intelligence may seem rather low to persons of longer theatrical experience than himself—but it certainly is not new. Nor is it necessary at this late day to explain that different critics, of equal capacity, are likely to regard the same thing from opposite points of view. The variety in the personal equation, of course, is infinite, and is never more strikingly manifest than in the consideration of questions of taste rather than of fact. But—and Mr. Walkley does not insist sufficiently upon this point—wherever there is a fixed standard of merit by which a work of art can be judged, or, in other words, in cases where the verdict is dependent upon knowledge and experience rather than upon sentiment or opinion, there is not likely to be any radical disagreement between properly equipped critics.

It is a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Walkley, instead of taking so much trouble to explain points which are not in dispute, did not pay more attention to the swarm of pseudo-critics who have brought upon the craft the contempt of which he complains, by assuming an office for which they are utterly unfitted. It is, unfortunately, notorious that a large proportion of what is commonly called dramatic criticism on both sides of the Atlantic is as contemptible in quality as only too often it is disgraceful in motive. But this foolish or venal stuff cannot be defended, and need not be explained. As for the varieties of genuine criticism, dogmatic, impressionistic, etc., any attempt to discriminate between their respective excellences is necessarily futile. Each is sure of its admirers if it be good of its kind. Mr. Walkley himself, for instance, who uses more methods than one very skilfully, will almost always give pleasure to his readers, even if they do not agree with him.

Obermann. By Étienne Pivert de Sénancour. With biographical and critical introduction by Arthur Edward Waite. Brentano's. 1903.

"J'ai avoué que, n'étant pas un érudit,

j'avais, en effet, le malheur d'aimer mieux les choses que les mots," says the melancholy dreamer whose meditations Mr. Waite has undertaken to render into English. Nevertheless, the style of De Sénancour, for all its dilution, offers in general such precision as might be expected in a writer who, in spite of himself, inherits the classical traditions of the eighteenth century; it were to be wished that something of the same spirit had animated his present translator. For Mr. Waite, singularly enough, succeeds in conveying the more remote and abstract views of his original, while again and again falling into the most unaccountable mistakes in translating simple everyday words or expressions.

The first hundred pages show a sufficient crop, with allowance for variants in the original text. 'Le *couchant vaporeux*, mais sans nuages": "The summit softened, but not clouded" (p. 11). Obermann remarks sarcastically that some people imagine themselves on a country ramble "lorsqu'ils marchent en ligne dans une *allée sablée*"; why should any one take this to refer to a "dusty lane" (p. 15)? Of the social ostentation which he detests, yet finds everywhere, the morose wanderer says: "Mais de gros villages, mais des maisons de pierre, mais de la *recherche*," etc.; the translator gives the last word as "quest" (p. 18). "L'air était calme, on n'apercevait *aucune voile* sur le lac" furnishes the unexpected statement that "no veil of mist was visible" (p. 20). When the mountain clouds "*brunissent* les sombres sapins," Obermann notes a specific effect in color, missed in the offered equivalent of "glooming" (p. 30). "Le Jorat, qui n'est qu'une butte auprès des Alpes" undergoes an unwarrantable transformation into "only a slope near the Alps" (p. 30)—an assertion not to be hazarded in the Canton de Vaud. An invitation to share quarters in a *campagne (maison fort jolie)* is tortured into an offer "to take up my residence on his property" (p. 32). Dislike of hugger-mugger, slovenly ways, leads Obermann to speak with some disdain of the cheap Stoic "qui se fait la barbe" before a cracked mirror, while the children's clouts are hanging "contre le tuyau du poêle." One can understand that an Englishman of to-day should confound "shaving" and "beard-trimming" as the result of an expression which Sainte-Beuve, sixty years ago, noted as a solecism in his study of Töpffer; but what, save an external resemblance in spelling, could suggest to any one the use of a "frying-pan handle" as a clothes-peg (p. 68)? If the errant philosopher in search of shelter declares "*J'enfonçai* la porte antique," he certainly did not "secure" it (p. 80). In matters of detail, this translation calls for sharp revision.

An introduction of some eighty pages gives Mr. Waite free room for expatiating on his own interest in mystic and theosophic speculation, the subject with which his voluminous contributions to occultism have long connected his name. As the result of independent investigation, his conclusion substantially agrees with that of M. Jules Levallois, who, in a monograph published in 1897, professed to have discovered in the work of De Sénancour much deeper characters of mystical tendency than any of the latter's earlier critics might have been willing to admit. Mr. Waite enlarges on the theme, and traces what appear to him a number of significant analogies between De Sénancour and the strange personality of the Marquis de Saint-Martin, the "Philosophe Inconnu" of the eighteenth century; for this purpose, frequent references are made to the scarce 'Libres Méditations,' which, under this illumination, may be made to appear as the natural, though incomplete, outgrowth of the most wayward reveries of 'Obermann.' "What we find is the sorrow, the aloofness, the loneliness of the mystics, but none of their unction. In his forty-eighth letter Obermann approaches them more intimately, for he comes very near to the confession of universal sacramentalism, within even the pronaos, and we see that he is also in search of the Lost Word" (Introduction, p. 59). One can but contrast so far-reaching a statement as this with the judicious reserve of Sainte-Beuve, who pointed out that De Sénancour had ultimately risen "à une sorte de théosophie morale, toute purgée de cette âcreté chagrine qu'il avait sucée avec son siècle contre le christianisme, et toute pleine, au contraire, de confiance, de prière et de douce conciliation."

The translator's eagerness for more or less veiled indications of sympathy with his own views reminds us of Coleridge's remarks on Sir Thomas Browne, who seemed to have detected "quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything." Insistence on the mystical as the vital attribute in De Sénancour's writings—as the one fact that justifies a complete version of 'Obermann' all but a century after its original appearance—involves the arbitrary displacement of the real centre of interest in the work of one whose intellectual filiations were both so multiple and so elusive that ample treatment of the influences which he either underwent or exercised would cover the literary history of nearly three generations.

The Life of Joseph Parker, Pastor of City Temple, London. By William Adamson, DD. With portraits and illustrations. Fleming H. Revell Co.

There is nothing in the appearance of this book to commend it, and there is something slovenly in its inward fashion. No pains have been taken to conform the preface, which expresses a desire for Dr. Parker's recovery and renewed activity, with the closing chapter, which contains an account of his last sickness and his death. The preface is dated September, 1902; he died November 28. The book, then, is not one of those written in hot haste to economize the funeral baked-meats for a feast so prompt that they will not get cold and tasteless. It was evidently intended to be written in the lifetime of the subject, and to minister to his pleasure with the warmth of its appreciation. It is probably less critical than it would have been if it had been written after Dr. Parker's death, much less so than if it had been a few years delayed. But clearly he was one of the great popular preachers of his time; much more a lighter Spurgeon or Beecher than a coarser Phillips Brooks, in lack of delicacy sometimes approximating Talmage, to whose level of character fortunately he did not tend. Called "the English Beecher," he was that even less aptly than Cooper was "the American Scott." Certainly there is nothing quoted by Dr. Adamson that so much as suggests the poetic quality of Beecher's mind or his inexhaustible humor. The most resembling feature—witness the portraits on pages 110, 192—is the full, loose upper lip, indexical of eloquence.

In his theology Dr. Parker was much more orthodox than Beecher, though hardly more sectarian. Born April 9, 1830, his father was a stonemason, a stern Calvinist, who broke with his Independent minister as a New Light, and joined the Wesleyan Methodists, a paradoxical proceeding. But at twenty-two the son found his way back into the Independent fold, and soon into a colleagueship in London with Dr. John Campbell, an "Auld Licht" of the severest type and the strong tower of the Congregational Union. Campbell's fervor heightened that which was natural to young Parker, revealed, as was his rhetorical exuberance, in his early choice of texts, one of them, "If I whet my glittering sword and mine hand take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and reward them that hate me." He soon went to Banbury; then to Manchester, where he was when our civil war came to an end. There could not be a better token of his characteristic manner than his remark on a collection for the freedmen, taken the Sunday before: "This city is designated Cottonopolis. There are manufacturers and merchants in it who have made their pile through the blood and marrow of these now liberated slaves, and yet it is with sorrow and pain that I cannot describe, that I am compelled to announce that the collection made here last Sunday was a disgrace to civilization."

He went up to London in 1869, first to the Poultry Chapel and soon to City Temple, by which he is named and known very much as Beecher is by Plymouth Church. There was much talk of him as Beecher's successor, but we are assured that no invitation was extended, though he came to this country, preached for Beecher's people, and pronounced a eulogy on him, the conclusion of which for depth of bathos could hardly be outdone. The higher criticism found in him an antagonist who did not mince his words, and perhaps he better understood the fundamental bearing of that criticism than those do who are working out its problems. A satire upon Huxley and Tyndall is quoted as a brilliant performance. If it was so, the quotations are unfortunate. But there is abundant evidence of the man's energy, vitality, sincerity, and warm humanity, and his qualities were such as to create and to deserve the popular success which he enjoyed.

De Necessariis Observantiis Scaccarii Dialogus. Commonly called Dialogues de Scaccario. By Richard, Son of Nigel, Treasurer of England and Bishop of London. Edited by Arthur Hughes, C. G. Crump and C. Johnson. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1902.

From time to time there issues from one

or the other of the English university presses a piece of editorial work so adequate and so definitive as to challenge the preëminence of German scholarship in economic writing. Thus, the lamented Miss Lamond's 'Walter of Henley,' and even more her 'Common Weal of England'; Mr. Cannan's 'Lectures of Adam Smith,' and our own Professor Hull's edition of Sir William Petty, indicate the highwater mark of scientific method combined with painstaking fidelity in the preparation of economic texts.

The volume before us takes rank easily in this splendid group. The editors, with a reserve that is almost depreciation, state that their chief object has been to secure an improved text, and to collect together the many stray references to the book and reduce them to the form of a commentary, adding such results of their own researches as have seemed to them to escape the notice of others. "No claim for originality," the preface states, "is made by any of the editors for any part of their work; but every effort has been made to trace suggestions to their original authors." Few economic students will acquiesce in this excessively modest estimate. It has long been recognized that the text of the treatise which Thomas Madox first printed in 1711 as an appendix to his 'History of the Exchequer,' and which Bishop Stubbs made more generally accessible in 1870 in the 'Select Charters,' is in important places corrupt and unreliable. The critical construction of a better text by fresh collation with primary manuscripts would in itself have been a service to students of English constitutional and economic history. When such a text is issued with a full but unobtrusive editorial apparatus of text variants, historical introduction, and critical annotations, the service becomes a boon.

The text of the present edition has been constructed from three sources, viz., the two Exchequer MSS., known as the Red Book (R) and the Black Book (N), and the Cotton MS. (C). In doubtful readings, the evidence of N and R combined have been considered as slightly superior to that of C alone. In the absence of agreement between N and R, the text has followed C, while the agreement of C with either N or R has been regarded as conclusive.

The editors have adopted as the proper title of the treatise the phrase which the author himself employs in referring to its contents—"de necessariis observantiis scaccarii." The accepted title "dialogus de scaccario" is explained as probably due to a misunderstanding of the titlepage prefixed by Madox to his edition. In connection with the question of authorship, an interesting suggestion is made that the association of the treatise with Gervase of Tilbury, which prevailed for many years before Madox, arose from a confusion of the work called 'Tricolumnis,' which the author of the 'Dialogus' speaks of as his own, with the 'Historia Tripartita' of Gervase of Tilbury. Madox's identification of the real author of the treatise with Richard, Bishop of London, is abundantly confirmed by the researches of the present editors.

The Arts in Early England. By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A., Watson Gordon Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. I.: The Life of Saxon England in its relation to the Arts. Pp. xiv., 388. Vol. II.: Ecclesiastical Architecture in England from the Conversion of the Saxons to the Norman Conquest. Pp. xviii., 350. Maps, plans, and illustrations. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

We have here a vivid picture of the England of Saxon days, with its life and art. The first volume lays a groundwork for the study of the artistic remains of the period, by examination of the relation of town to country a thousand years ago, and by an inquiry into the coming of Christianity into England and its influence on the life of the people as expressed in churches and monasteries. Although in no sense a history of Saxon England, the volume reconstructs from the scanty remains of the time a scene that is as convincing as it is interesting. The second volume deals exclusively with ecclesiastical architecture in England from the conversion of the Saxons to the Norman Conquest, and forms a treatise altogether more complete than anything that has appeared on that subject.

Since any satisfactory chronological classification of these buildings appears at present quite out of the question, Professor Brown treats his examples from the point of view of the types they offer, and thus we have in turn the nave and its proportions, openings, balusters, caps, the treatment of western ends with towers, etc., etc. In this way a vast amount of material is passed under review, and scarcely any considerable Saxon fragment escapes notice. The great number and wide distribution of churches that exhibit remains of Saxon building must be a source of surprise to many. On a map prepared to show such churches and included in the book we count almost 200 in England alone. No intimation is given in the work of other volumes yet to come, but it would seem safe to assume that, with so broad a foundation as that laid by the first volume, and with so worthy a treatment of Saxon architecture as that given in the second, there should be, to justify the work's title, at least a third dealing with the smaller objects on which the Saxon craftsman exercised his skill and taste—objects such as weapons, brooches with engraved enrichments, ornamented combs, cups of cunningly wrought glass, and a store of miscellaneous things found in graves and treasured in museums.

The illustrations, done in pen and ink, seem a bit crude as such things go nowadays, but the plans drawn to a uniform scale are excellent. The author's style is lucid and animated. Some of his descriptions, as the picture of mediæval England, in the introduction are altogether masterly.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barnard, Charles. Tools and Machines. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Bowack, William M. Another View of Industrialism. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.
Fleming, J. A. Waves and Ripples in Water, Air, and Ether. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Jackson, Lieut.-Col. Basil. Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff Officer. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.
Lamb, Charles. Works. Edited by William Macdonald. Vols. I. and II. (out of twelve). E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net per vol.
Mifflin, Lloyd. At the Gates of Song. Henry Frowde. $1.25 net.
Olschki, Leo S. Monumenta Typographica, Catalogus LIII. Primordii artis typographicae. Florence: Leo S. Olschki.
Paret, Thomas D. The Plays of Macronius ex Antiquitatis Angiportibus: Praxiteles. Jamaica, N. Y.: The Marion Press.

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Books on Scientific Socialism. Catalogue free. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

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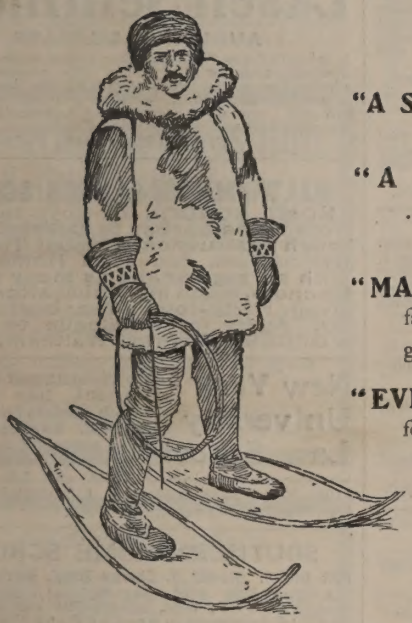

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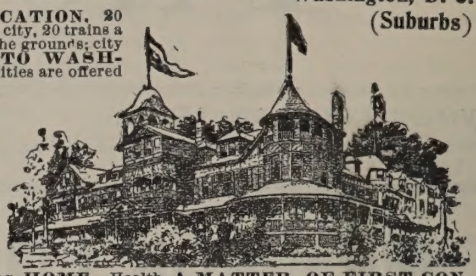

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1903.

The Week.

The new cable from Manila began its service by bringing an appeal for help for the Filipinos penned by Governor Taft, and seems destined to be the means of transmitting many a similar entreaty. On Thursday the newly organized Filipino Chamber of Commerce employed it to address Secretary Root, and "pray as salvation for critical condition of country that tariff upon our products be abolished." The stone for bread which Secretary Root is forced to give them because of the indifference of a Republican Congress, is an empty compliment. "We look," he cabled, "for the most beneficent results from the intelligent treatment of questions affecting the prosperity of the archipelago" by this new Chamber. Doubtless Señor Reyes and his associates will reply: "But that is exactly what we have looked to Congress for in vain." By the side of their freshly urgent appeal, the stereotyped bulletin about Philippine customs receipts showing a gain of $30,000 in the first four months of 1903 as compared with the same months of 1902, seems absurd. The truth is that, despite the three millions wrung from a reluctant Congress, the condition of the islands is still very far from satisfactory.

The renewed calling for free trade by the inconsiderate Filipinos is only one of the trials of the Republican "stand-patters." The Cuban reciprocity treaty is looming. It was especially to approve of it that the President determined to call an extra session of Congress. Eminent "stand-patters" had assured him at the time that a slight letting down of the tariff bars for the Cubans would not be inconsistent with the sacred doctrines of "stand-pattism." But trouble is now brewing. Protectionists on the watch-tower are saying that there is danger in any lowering of the tariff whatever, whether for Cubans or anybody else, and whether we promised it or not. They detect in the innocent-looking Cuban treaty that awful thing, the entering wedge, as well as the first step that costs and the camel's head inside the tent. Dropping figures of speech and coming down to hard legal claims, the contention is made that the Dingley tariff was of the nature of a contract between the Government and the parties benefited, and that the latter have in consequence a vested right with which no treaty and no international policy must be allowed to interfere. But this, gasps the pained *Tribune*, is to assert in the name of protection the worst that its enemies ever charged. Possibly, however, the said enemies have all along had a more correct idea of the unflinching greed of the protective system than its amiable and somewhat gullible defenders in the press.

"Prince of Grafters" is now the title bestowed upon August W. Machen, the former General Superintendent of Free Postal Delivery, who was again indicted in Washington on Friday. We must confess that he seems to have earned it, and to be of such abilities as would have made him a Parks among labor leaders or a "Napoleon of finance"—a certain kind of finance—in Wall Street. To him every letter-box that was painted brought a tribute; while every mail-bag, leather case, or satchel seems to have added to the contents of his purse. Sixty cents on every case is certainly a handsome royalty for this distinguished son of Ohio. We have heard much of that State's influence in Washington under the Presidency of the latest of its sons to enter the White House, but for the news of an Ohio "gang" we were not prepared. This combination had, it appears, a regular headquarters at the insurance office of one W. C. Long, for some time suspected and now also indicted. Machen, Hedges, Rand, Gartree, and others met there, doubtless merely to discuss the welfare of the nation and of its most favored State. As for Mr. Rand, that great confidential clerk in whom Mr. Payne has such tender confidence, he is, we regret to learn, absent without leave. The relentless Mr. Bristow on Friday bagged a mayor in his list of ten freshly indicted persons, and it is understood that there are still more to come. Mr. Payne, who has now returned, has nothing to say. Is it possible that there is no more "hot air" in Washington?

A correspondent writes to ask if there is no law in the country to prevent a cotton speculator from so cornering the market and putting up the price that the mills have to close down. We know of none, except economic law. The closing of the cotton mills in New England and elsewhere is, in fact, one way in which that economic law enforces itself. When the price of cotton is made so artificially high that the mills refuse to buy, the financial burdens of those who are "carrying" the corner are by so much increased, and their prospective profits diminished. The immediate losses are made those of speculators, not of manufacturers. Moreover, the shutting down of the mills now is the best guarantee that no serious effort will be made to corner the new crop. That will soon be coming along to relieve the situation. Incidental hardship there has undoubtedly been, with a fearful demoralization of the cotton market. We believe, however, that the proper remedies are being applied. Cotton is bought, after all, only to sell to the mills; and if the mills won't buy at a certain figure, the price is bound to come down.

Senator Platt agrees with Senator Gorman that it would be shocking to introduce the negro question into politics. The matter is too grave, too painful, too heart-rending for politicians to think of touching it. Politics being, in the Platt-Gorman definition, simply a scheme for dividing the offices, it is obvious that the intrusion of any such question as equal enforcement of the law or the vindication of elementary human rights, must seem to them a wild absurdity. Why disturb them in their statesmanlike broodings over the question who shall have this collectorship or who be put into that post-office? What has gross injustice to millions of American citizens to do with real politics? We observe, however, that one Senator is foolishly concerning himself with that negro problem from which the noble Gorman and the lofty-minded Platt turn away in such disgust. Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts has been addressing the summer students at Worcester, and strangely defending the doctrine that the laws of the country should be enforced among white and black alike. In this connection, he took occasion to refer to the decision of a Massachusetts man now sitting in the Supreme Court of the United States—Mr. Justice Holmes—and to say of his refusal to hear the prayer of the illegally disfranchised negroes of Alabama, that it was "a judgment more far-reaching and terrible" than the famous dictum of Taney in the Dred Scott decision.

If the Chicago *Tribune* is correctly informed, ten negroes have been legally executed in the State of Alabama since January 1, all for murder or robbery. During this period there has been only one lynching, which is certainly a remarkable and most encouraging showing, and one that should make the Governors of Indiana and Illinois extremely envious. We do not include Delaware, for, as the Rev. Dr. Babbitt pointed out in a letter to the New York *Tribune* on Sunday, its officials seem to be dead to all shame, if not actually in the position of consenting to and approving the Wilmington horror by their failure to seek out any of the lawbreakers. There are further signs in the South of a reaction against lynching. Sheriff Summers of Iredell has saved a negro accused of assaulting a white woman by taking him

to the jail at Charlotte, N. C., and keeping off the would-be lynchers at the point of his pistol. His name deserves to be written on the new roll of honor alongside that of Sheriff Whitlock of Danville, Ill., and of the Texas sheriff who outrode a mob of his neighbors and safely jailed his charge. The reason for the praiseworthy decrease in lynchings in Alabama is plain. Criminals in cases of violence are being promptly arrested, tried, and punished.

It is generally admitted that Judge Lochren's decision of Saturday at St. Paul, finding for the Northern Securities in the suit of the State of Minnesota, cannot directly affect either of the two main suits still pending. These are the Attorney-General's suit to dissolve the company under the Sherman act, and the suit of the State of Washington to restrain the company from doing within that State, under a New Jersey charter, acts prohibited by the Washington statute law. Both of those cases are now on the calendar of the United States Supreme Court. The gist of Judge Lochren's reasoning, as a result of which he reaches opinions contrary to those of the Circuit Court at St. Louis in April, may be learned from the following excerpts from his opinion:

"The Northern Securities Company is merely an investor in and owner of a majority of the stock of each of these two railroad companies. It has done no act and made no contract in restraint of trade or commerce. . . .

"I am compelled to reject the doctrine that any person can be held to have committed, or to be purposing and about to commit, a highly penal offence, merely because it can be shown that his pecuniary interests will be advanced thereby, and that he has the power, either directly by himself, or indirectly through persuasion or coercion of his agents, to compass the commission of the offence."

How broadly this conclusion of Judge Lochren opposes that of the Circuit Court, may be seen by the following paragraph from Judge Thayer's opinion on that occasion:

"The [Northern Securities] scheme . . . destroyed every motive for competition between two roads engaged in interstate traffic which were natural competitors for business, by pooling the earnings of the two roads for the common benefit of the stockholders of both companies; and, according to the familiar rule that every one is presumed to intend what is the necessary consequence of his own acts, when done wilfully and deliberately, we must conclude that those who conceived and executed the plan aforesaid intended, among other things, to accomplish those objects."

We shall not at present comment on this rather curious divergence of judicial reasoning further than to recall a paragraph from another decision under the Sherman act, rendered in 1897 by the Supreme Court itself. The Trans-Missouri Freight Association, formed for the purpose of "establishing and maintaining reasonable rates, etc.," was adjudged an illegal combination. The Association pleaded lack of proved violation of the Sherman act, or of proved intent to violate it. The court rejoined:

"The suit of the Government can be maintained without proof of the allegation that the agreement was entered into for the purpose of restraining trade and commerce, or for maintaining rates above what was reasonable. The necessary effect of the agreement is to restrain trade or commerce, no matter what the intent was on the part of those who signed it."

Populism must be at its last gasp or it would find more grandiloquent, more finely Bryanesque words to celebrate the union of its two factions. To be sure, the United People's Party, in conference at Denver, reaffirms its allegiance to that "immortal document," the Omaha platform, but its present resolutions lack rhetorical fervor. Time was when silver was never mentioned without a trope; now it slips modestly into the clause demanding "a money, whether stamped on gold, silver, or paper." Evidently these are regarded as equally valuable materials for monetary purposes; but since the world thinks otherwise, we predict that the Populists will gradually transfer their veneration to the most come-at-able of the three—namely, paper. The only thing that can prevent this painless lapse from silverism into the old greenback heresy is the carrying into effect of another demand made in the Denver resolutions, namely, for "a system for the transmission of intelligence." That system, the Populists think, should be owned and operated at cost by the Government; but other agencies will meanwhile have to devote themselves to what is certainly the pressing need of most members of the People's Party.

Mayor Johnson of Cleveland is meeting with unexpected opposition to his plan for a municipal electric lighting plant. He has been preparing, of course, to answer the usual arguments against a public enterprise of this character, but now the preliminary question is raised whether the city can at this time afford the luxury of the lighting plant, even if it is admitted to be something wholly desirable. The city's credit, it is being pointed out, is already strained to provide for improvements which are not in the least experimental in their nature. The sewer system, for instance, is incomplete. The water system badly needs the extension of a tunnel to an outer crib, so that all parts of the city may have pure water, and also so that the city may not be dependent upon a single source of supply subject to a breakdown at any minute. These, it will be noticed, are municipal enterprises already entered upon, and it is a fair argument that provision for their completion should have the first call on the public purse.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's plea for Canadian independence, in Ottawa on Thursday night, was dictated by political necessity. The transcontinental extension of the Grand Trunk, which he was advocating, is a contentious matter. In fact, the Minister of Railways, Mr. Blair, resigned because he disapproved of the Government's support of so costly a scheme. Very likely, then, Sir Wilfrid felt that it would stiffen up timid supporters of the plan to be told that the new line would make the railways of the United States less indispensable to Canada. Thus he sets transportation facilities against the alluring proffer of high protective duties made by the Opposition. But, political considerations aside, Sir Wilfrid expresses a real and growing sentiment. Canada has come to full national consciousness, and desires to be independent commercially and politically. Legislative bounties and the clamor for prohibitive duties are merely perversions of that feeling, with which whoever deals with Canada—whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Chamberlain—must reckon seriously. It would be unfortunate for both Canada and ourselves if this new nationalism should lead to tariff retaliation on their side. The present Government has been consistently the friend of reciprocity with the United States, and it is highly desirable that it should be secured before a change of Ministry.

One of the humors of the Chamberlain episode is the bugbear of an American export duty on cotton. Even the staid *Economist* mentions this as a possibility, and a group of Liberal protectionists, including the publicist, Benjamin Kidd, has delivered in the London *Times* a precious bit of economic wisdom. Dwelling on the defenceless condition of England, it fears especially that the United States cotton industry will demand protection. "The obvious form for that protection to take in the United States is an export duty upon the raw cotton supplied to our own competing factories—a contingency which we should have to meet at present without any instrument of defence or negotiation in our hands." It need not be said that the best "instrument of defence" to these embattled economists is the Constitution of the United States, art. i., section 9, where it is written that "No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State." The incident shows how grave men lose their heads when they begin to dabble in Mr. Chamberlain's doctrines of panic and retaliation. So bad a cause requires at least a modicum of information in its advocates, and Mr. Chamberlain would do well to circulate copies of our Constitution among all protectionists who are chilled at the prospect of American export duties.

As for the preferential scheme in gen-

eral, Mr. Chamberlain's denial, made to the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire, that he has proposed taxing raw materials, may mean much or little. If it means that the colonies are to receive preferential treatment only for their foodstuffs and finished products, the fabric of Imperial reciprocity would bear a very humble look. Canada would clearly profit by corn taxes, but where would the cotton of Egypt and India, or the wool of Australia and New Zealand, find their account in a tariff framed to enrich the wheat grower of the Northwest at the expense of the British laborer? Is all the talk about the colonies shoulder to shoulder, and England against the world, going to take effect merely in the reimposition of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's tax on corn, with its remission in favor of the colonies? Will the Brummagem mountain in labor bring forth so small a mouse? It would be unwise to conclude anything of the sort from Mr. Chamberlain's denial. He has studiously avoided committing himself to anything resembling a programme, and his fiscal inquiry may bring him out anywhere. It may be safely predicted, however, that he will be as reluctant to face the country, offering it only food taxes, as he has been to bear news of cotton duties to the Lancashire spinners.

The British Foreign Office has now published the text of the treaty ratified May 27 last at Teheran. By this agreement the Shah engages to give perpetually the treatment of the most-favored nation to Great Britain. Since English commerce already held this privilege under the treaty of 1828, which fixed all Persian customs duties at a level of 5 per cent., it is apparent that Lord Lansdowne has sought merely to forestall any revision of the tariff which might offer preferential treatment to Russia. It is, unlike the recent assertion of British preponderancy in the Persian Gulf, purely a defensive move, and carries the implication that Russia has got one move ahead. How completely Russia has beaten England in the commercial contest for Persia is now a matter of history. In 1872, when that adventurer-financier, Baron de Reuter, obtained the receivership of all Persian revenues and franchises, England might easily have bought the conveyance of the whole. But the chance passed, and when finally, in 1889, the Imperial Bank was launched with British capital, its conduct of the tobacco monopoly made it quickly odious, while its control of all the maritime imposts, as security for a Government loan, has always seemed oppressive. Meanwhile, the Russians built roads from the Caspian Sea to the trading centres of northern Persia, and gained (practically bought) moral control of the late Shah, whose Anglophile son, now the Zillu Sultan, was deprived of the succession. And the present Shah is surrounded by a bodyguard of 2,000 Cossacks, commanded by a Russian who is responsible to the War Ministry at St. Petersburg. To obtain these advantages Russia has not struck a blow or issued a threat.

But even more noteworthy than the advance of Russian trade along its own roads, or the insinuation of the Czar's influence at Teheran, is the method by which the Russian Loan Bank has gradually supplanted the English Imperial Bank. Towards a debtor nation the Russian Bank has shown something of that lavishness which the Czar has exercised towards his needy "cousin," the Shah. Without making unpopular demands for security, it has practically reorganized the customs service, and particularly has done away with the rebates which were formerly given to many classes of British imports. And the Russian Loan Bank has been thrifty also in its liberality. In 1900, for example, it loaned $11,000,000 to Persia, accepting 5 per cent. bonds at 85. But previously it had raised the whole sum in Paris by floating 3 per cent. bonds at 95. As a consequence of this loan, the Russian Bank took up all the national obligations held by the Imperial Bank; ousted that institution, except in the Persian Gulf and Farsistan, from control of the customs, and established its own position as sole money lender to the State. Subsequent advances have left Persia even more deeply mortgaged to her Russian men of business.

One of Leo XIII.'s attempted services to humanity was his endeavor to avert the Spanish-American war. New and illuminating details of his efforts on that occasion are given in an article published in the *Revue Historique* for July-August. The writer, A. Viallate, has had access to Spanish diplomatic correspondence, and clearly brings out certain facts only suspected before, and not at all disclosed in the official publications of our own Government. For example, on April 2, 1898, the Spanish Minister to the Vatican telegraphed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid that he had just had a call from Cardinal Rampolla. In behalf of the Holy Father, the Cardinal said:

"The news received from the United States is very alarming. The President is desirous of adjusting the controversy, but he is dragged along [*entraîné*] by Congress. The difficulty is to find some one who may request the suspension of hostilities. The President appears strongly disposed to accept the aid of the Pope."

His Holiness thereupon asked if his intervention would be acceptable to Spain.

The reply was favorable, and the result was that moving offer of the Queen Regent, "at the request of the Holy Father," to "proclaim an immediate and unconditional suspension of hostilities in the island of Cuba." This was telegraphed by Minister Woodford direct to President McKinley on April 5, 1898; but the latter was by that time so much further dragged along by Congress that he did not even mention the critical dispatch, nor was it deemed prudent to publish it at all until after the lapse of three years. The claim was set up that this Government had not really desired the good offices of the Pope. Another of M. Viallate's dispatches, however, shows how close we came to asking Papal intervention. On April 4 the Spanish Minister in the United States telegraphed that he had just had an interview with Archbishop Ireland. That prelate had come to Washington "on the orders of the Pope." He had seen the President twice, who "ardently desired peace," but was afraid that Congress would vote war, and that the helpless man would finally be obliged to yield. A final effort must be made, etc. All of which should somehow be commemorated in the McKinley monument. We suggest a bas-relief showing the President dragged along by Congress into a war from which he shrank, and which he might have prevented.

The outcome of the Conclave has been the elevation to the Papacy of Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, who takes the title of Pius X. While by no means a prominent candidate, he had long been recognized as *papabile*. His strength lay partly in the fact that he was a moderate and not identified with the struggle of factions, partly in his absence from the Curia. He has spent the greater part of his life in and near Venice, and it is beyond doubt that, upon the assembling of the present Conclave, there existed a widespread feeling in favor of some candidate who should have lived well outside the atmosphere of rivalry and intrigue prevailing within the shadow of the Vatican. The new Pope was one of two or three provincial Cardinals who met this requirement, while his piety, his scholarship, and his well-known success as a practical administrator in Venice were all in his favor. To the general public he has not been so widely known. He was overshadowed by the great names of Vannutelli and Rampolla. There were, however, far-seeing persons who predicted that this battle of the giants would end in a deadlock, to be resolved only by the election of some compromise candidate who would be acceptable to all parties. There is reason also to believe that the purely physical inconveniences of the Conclave, the great heat, and the prostration of a number of Cardinals, may have tended to hasten a decision.

BAD ADMINISTRATION.

It is impossible longer to say, after the latest revelation of swindling contracts and purchases of supplies steeped in fraud in the Post-Office Department, that the scandal does not seriously reflect upon the present Administration. The ready defence made by the President's friends has been that the rascals were his inheritance, not of his appointing. Machen was put in office by President Cleveland. Perry Heath was McKinley's appointee. Only one or two minor "grafters" were named by Mr. Roosevelt. In having them and all the others hunted down and made to suffer for their crimes, he is, it is said, doing his full duty and clearing his own skirts. He cannot be blamed, it is asserted, for having entered into a *damnosa hereditas* from two preceding Administrations.

But there is more in good executive capacity than the smoking out of rogues, your own or another's. Watchful control over expenditure is the first requisite. It will not do for the head of a great department, to go on signing papers in a routine way, without knowing what is in them, or to assure himself simply that contracts are regular in form. The alert and skilled executive will go behind the face of the public business to its essential nature. He will be constantly checking off and testing the work of his subordinates. Under such a chief, with a head for business and a genius for details, it would be impossible for the Government to go on being cheated as it has been all these years past in the Post-Office.

This is precisely the point at which the Administration, and particularly Postmaster - General Payne, appear blameworthy. They could not, indeed, prevent their predecessors from harboring corrupt conspirators, but they could have detected and frustrated the conspiracy. They could have gone behind the contracts under color of which the Treasury was being robbed, and discovered, by a little inquiry, the fraudulent nature of the whole business. Only consider how plain a trail the thieves left behind them. Their operations extended to nearly every article bought by the Department. Letter-boxes and mail-bags, carriers' satchels and straps, patent devices of all kinds, cash registers and time clocks—on all these and many other purchases the pilferers laid their greedy hands and exacted their share of the "graft." But what we maintain is that the slightest investigation would have betrayed the crookedness. The contracts were all at two or three times the market price of the articles purchased. A half-dozen questions put to dealers would have shown that there was fraud. But nobody in the Department asked those questions. No one took the trouble to inspect current price-lists to find out if the Government was being bled. Merely because the papers were correct in appearance, the higher officials sat blissfully in their fool's paradise.

There, we insist, was a failure to live up to the elementary principles of good administration. A vigilant executive officer would never have allowed undetected robberies to go on for months, as Postmaster-General Payne did. He, or some trusted chief under him, should have looked into these frauds in the purchasing department long ago. When Carl Schurz was Secretary of the Interior, he struck terror into the hearts of shady contractors, and brought joy to all friends of the Indian, by going behind the ostensible dealings of the Department and ascertaining what the facts really were, what savings could be made, what leaks stopped. That was but the plain duty of an executive officer. Even Napoleon, who lived on loot and fed his generals and favorites on it, dared not let public expenditure go uncontrolled. It was his habit to go incognito to the great dealers in order to find out the actual market price of Government supplies. Then he would go to his subordinate purchasing agent and say: "See here. You are paying twice too much. I can endure stealing up to one-third of the price, but this is too much."

Without such continued executive control there was, Napoleon was accustomed to say, no safety. No administration, we affirm, can be called good that does not exercise it. When the appointment of Mr. Payne to the Post-Office, and its unhappy consequences, come fairly to be reckoned up, we do not see how reproach can fail to rest both upon him and the President who put him in office, and kept him there after a demonstrated incapacity. Suppose a man like Bristow in Payne's place; would the tricksters have gone on with such impunity under his nose? The continuing frauds, so easy of detection, glaring as they did on the face of suspicious contracts, are themselves proof of bad administration. There was the greater obligation on the Postmaster-General to prevent these losses in that the Department has so long shown a deficit. Honest efforts to make it self-sustaining would alone have led to the discovery of the enormous drain through thievery. But, no; nothing was done. A Postmaster-General was named confessedly for political purposes, though the Department cried out for a fighting business man at its head. Although the ramifications of fraud undermined his whole Department, Mr. Payne was incredulous and indignant up to the very moment the floor fell in.

The moral of all for President Roosevelt is clear. He cannot run away under cover of the laches of other Administrations. His own has been grievously at fault in not having had a Posmaster-General with a keen scent for fraud. And as the President finds himself disappointed again and again in the broken promises and unfulfilled predictions of Mr. Payne, the need of supplanting that incompetent executive with a vigorous cleanser of the Department must, we should hope, become clearer to him every day.

THE JURY TO THE RESCUE.

At the Confederate reunion recently held at Brownsville, Tenn., a Federal Judge, Hammond, spoke of "cowardice in the jury-box" as a prime cause of the trouble now afflicting the nation. He reminded his old comrades in arms that the police power and the judiciary were powerless to deal with lynching mobs so long as juries would not convict upon evidence. This nation was organized upon the expectation that the people would be responsible for their own orderliness. It was in this confidence that the founders of the Constitution left the Government without the usual police powers. And for the same reason the States, in whom the police power constitutionally resides, have practically placed it in the feeble hands of the towns and villages, with the result that the general peace is not safeguarded by a constabulary such as patrols the roads of Europe, but depends upon the good will of the community in resisting mob mania, and upon the sternness of the community, expressing itself from the jury-box, in avenging under the law all crimes against its own peace. When that zeal for the law is absent, anarchy ensues.

Judge Hammond did not flinch from pointing out the alternative. If juries shall fail to rise above factional passions and treat the mad deeds of the mob as inflexibly as they decide the matter of a trespass, then the liberties of the community will be overridden. For mob violence is intolerable in a civilized nation, and the community that palliates it only courts a more drastic use of the police power by the State. The carbines of a State police cannot replace the civic courage of sheriffs and jurymen, but they can at least subdue by fear a community too demoralized to redeem itself by virtue. And there is a further danger, namely, that entire States may show themselves maniacal or pusillanimous where the evil passions of the multitude are engaged. In such case the nation would not long consent to be bound by the constitutional limitation of the police power; the bayonets of the regulars would enforce quiet where the State had failed, and the volleying of their rifles would signalize the downfall of a form of government too liberal for the unworthy citizens who enjoyed its privileges. Such in effect were the words that Judge Hammond spoke to his old comrades of the Confederate armies. They are the words, not of an alarmist, but of one who has seen the situation judicially and who foresees like a true patriot a

peril which the people must rouse themselves to avert.

The approbation with which his words were received must be taken as the sign that he required of jurors no impossible wisdom and fortitude. When twelve men are called together to pass upon the deeds of a man who has enslaved or cruelly slain the members of a despised race, they are no longer merely twelve individuals of the careless multitude that minimizes the wrong. Sworn to find upon the evidence, they speak the considerate voice of the community, that by which it must consent to be judged. This conviction it was that gave poignancy to Judge Jones's cry, when a jury refused to convict on overwhelming evidence in a peonage case. He exhorted the divided jurors that it would be said that a negro could not obtain justice in the State of Alabama. The corollary of this appeal Judge Hammond furnishes. It is that the community which will not render justice to the meanest of its citizens, cannot long retain the right to self-government.

The matter affects all parts of the country alike. The State of Indiana has brought some of the Evansville rioters before the courts; if the jury wriggles out of its responsibility of treating as public enemies those who defy the law, how will the condition of Indiana be better than that of Delaware or Alabama? Cowardice in the jury-box can bring to naught the heroism of Sheriff Whitlock, the patriotism of Gov. Durbin, and the energy of the prosecuting authorities. How shall we find jurors who will rise above sentimentalism and passion into an inexorable vision of the facts and an unfaltering performance of their sworn duty?

Clearly much may be done when our best citizens realize that to sit in the jury-box is to occupy the firing-line of our civilization. This post of honor should be sought, not avoided. Judges may do much to instil this sentiment, by refusing to accept frivolous excuses and to entertain the unnecessary objections of counsel. But even more may they give tone to their juries by setting forth the momentousness of their responsibility, and by presenting an inexorable front to their vacillations. In this respect Lord Russell of Killowen's conduct of the Jameson case was a model for all our judges. About the criminal adventure of "Dr. Jim" all the passions and prejudices of London gathered. The universal sentiment was for the weak and lenient policy. The jury hated to convict. It was precisely the situation that exists in the South when a white man is tried for peonage, or anywhere in the country where an amateur of that popular sport called lynching is arraigned. Under these circumstances the Lord Chief Justice thought it fitting to show the gravity of the charge. He said in addressing the jury:

> "In most criminal charges the consequences following upon the commission of the offence or crime charged terminate upon the completion of the acts which constitute the offence. Unhappily, however, in this case that is not so, and the offences charged may possibly entail consequences the end of which no one can foresee."

Certainly these words are applicable to every offence against public order and should be pronounced in every such case.

It will be recalled that when the Jameson jury found on all the facts charged but refused a verdict, and attempted to enter a rider recognizing "great provocation" for the raid, Lord Russell sternly refused to entertain their remarks, declared that their finding was equivalent to a verdict of guilty, and bade them report accordingly. It was an extraordinary instance of a wavering jury called back to its duty by an inflexible judge; the just verdict of guilty was reached without leaving the courtroom. Much of the reform which Judge Hammond rightly regards as necessary to the very existence of the State may be brought about by wise and fearless judges. The rest must be entrusted to a public sentiment that will treat cowardly jurors with contumely. We are glad to observe a readiness in the Southern press, commenting on Judge Hammond's appeal, to help create that sentiment.

BANK CONSOLIDATION.

The August *Atlantic* has an article by Prof. Charles J. Bullock on "The Concentration of Banking Interests in the United States." He takes, for purposes of illustration and comment, the drawing together of certain groups of banks and trust companies in New York city. They represent in part consolidations and in part affiliations. The two most conspicuous groups are under the dominance of the National City Bank and of the First National Bank, respectively; but these institutions are under the control of individuals whose chief business is not banking. The "Standard Oil crowd," so-called, are considered the most potent force in the councils of the National City Bank. The firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. is presumed to be the most influential voice in the other institution named. The two controlling groups are financiers, promoters, reorganizers, underwriters, and so on, rather than bankers. The National City group is supposed to have within its sphere of influence banking capital and surplus amounting to $92,000,000, deposits $377,000,000, and loans $266,000,000. The First National group, if the Bank of Commerce and its affiliations are included, stands for $97,000,000 of capital, $472,000,000 of deposits, and $299,000,000 of loans. These are the figures marshalled by Professor Bullock, but he acknowledges that they are partly guesswork. Probably the totals exceed his estimates, but actual control may be subject to some contingencies that do not appear on the surface.

These two groups are not the only ones formed or forming in the United States. There are others in New York and in other cities and States. They represent a movement of the financial waters. The questions raised by Professor Bullock and discussed by him with fairness and intelligence relate to the motives underlying this movement, and to its probable effects on the business of the country. He properly dismisses the thought that it can lead to any such thing as monopoly in banking or in money-lending. Those who talk of a "Money Trust" are either seeking the votes of ignorant people, or are deluded by their own catch-words. Money is the most mobile of the elements of trade and industry, and the least liable to be concentrated in a few hands. The money of Berlin can be loaned in New York on one day's notice, and vice versa. The money of the most obscure person in the world will be as readily taken and will command as good rates as that of the Bank of England. Any five men of good character in the United States can start a national bank with $25,000 capital, or more. They can start a State bank with $10,000, or even less. Any man may start a private bank to-day with as little ceremony as that observed by the goldsmith bankers of the Middle Ages.

It should be remembered, too, that money cannot be monopolized in the sense of withholding it from use, except at a loss to the monopolizers. As long as they hold it they lose the interest. As soon as they part with it they cease to monopolize it. The most that can be said on this score is that those who have large sums under their control can avail themselves of opportunities which sometimes occur to make large gains. This involves the exercise of judgment in the choice of investments, and if mistakes are made the expected gains may prove to be losses. There have been some notable cases of the latter kind recently in the affairs of the Consolidated Lake Superior and of the International Mercantile Marine. If money had been less plentiful, probably neither of these enterprises would have afflicted the present generation.

The chief motive prompting the bank combinations treated in Professor Bullock's article undoubtedly lies in the promoting, underwriting, reorganizing and speculating rage of the present day. Any man or group who can command vast sums of money at short notice, has a great advantage in affairs of this kind, since the persons or governments who have railroads to build or rebuild or extend, or mines to develop, or forests to exploit, or bonds to negotiate, go to them. They have the first pick of new enterprises because they are able to close a trade with cash down. By controlling a bank or a number of banks of large resources they can virtually direct the officers to underwrite the securities which

they expect, a little later, to sell to the public at an advanced price. Presuming that the two groups of capitalists named in Mr. Bullock's article have gained this commanding position, what has banking science to say about the matter? Are the tendencies for the public interest or otherwise?

It is not for the public interest that power should be separated from responsibility. In the case supposed, the power to dispose of the bank's funds, its credit, and its loans does not reside with the officers, but somewhere else—nobody knows exactly where. They transact its ordinary business and are supposed to treat all customers according to their deserts from the banking point of view, yet in extraordinary business and in extraordinary times they are not the masters of their own institutions, since there are persons elsewhere who can turn them out of their places. These persons are not ordinary shareholders, but large and imperative borrowers. The bank officers are responsible in the eye of the law and of public opinion for the prudent management of its affairs, and may be sent to prison for mismanagement, but they are fettered by an unseen power which they cannot resist. The safety of the bank in such a case depends not upon the prudence of its managers, but upon that of borrowers who are able to dictate their own terms. Such arrangements are in conflict with banking science.

PERSUASION WITH A CLUB.

Mr. Chamberlain was more adroit than accurate when he said last week that England would never have got the Continental sugar bounties in the way of being abolished, had she not threatened retaliation. British dislike of the bounties had something to do with the case, no doubt. They cry of the West Indian cane-growers had more. But the really effective destroyer of the bounties was the huge burden of taxation which they imposed on Germany, France, and Austria. The people and rulers of those countries had awakened to their own folly. They were producing enormous quantities of sugar, but all for the benefit of the foreigner. They sold it cheap abroad, thanks to the bounties, but at home the price was high and the consumption restricted. As Professor Sumner once put it, the Continent had the industry, but England had the sugar. The inherent absurdity of this policy, together with its enormous cost to the public treasury, had more to do with the abolition of sugar bounties than had the English threat of countervailing duties.

But it is not sugar, of course, that Mr. Chamberlain cares for now. He is trying to convince the British electorate that the way to get favorable tariff treatment abroad is to bluster about unfavorable treatment at home. "You see," he says, "how well retaliation worked in the case of the sugar bounties. Just let me have free swing with the same club, and I will speedily bring Germany and the United States to their knees." This is very taking, but it is an argument which will not bear examination in the light of either human nature or sound fiscal policy. Mr. Carnegie has, in fact, already told the English public what would be the sure effect of retaliatory tariff legislation directed against America. It would entrench our protectionists. High duties would be pushed higher. National sentiment would be skilfully inflamed and made use of to meet all reprisals with more stringent ones. We should at once hear talk about starving England or shutting up her cotton mills. This would be very foolish, of course, but it would be very natural. The course of things a hundred years ago, when successive orders in council fought with Napoleon's decrees, should have warned Mr. Chamberlain that countries can be as insensate and ferocious in a trade war as in one with fleets and armies. It has been said that a nation is capable of any folly, provided it be military. It might safely be added—provided that it be a tariff folly urged on by passion.

It was doubtless a perception of this truth which led Mr. Schuster of the Union Bank of London to speak the other day in opposition to any tampering with free trade in England. He is one of the highest financial authorities of the day, and has a singularly wide acquaintance with conditions in the United States. To him it is clear that our tariffs are in a fair way to be reduced by force of circumstances alone. Mr. Schuster's citation of a remark to that effect, privately made to him by Mr. McKinley, is, of course, only of a piece with what the late President said repeatedly in public during the last weeks of his life. Many of our high-tariff duties are simply humbugs; many are noxious; many are a distinct hindrance to that foreign trade which our manufacturers are more and more anxious to cultivate. Inevitably, as President McKinley said, "our tariff must be reduced"—if, that is, pugnacity is not added to folly by the swish of Mr. Chamberlain's club.

The truth is, that angry words and ugly deeds are most out of place in trade discussions. You cannot force people to buy of you. It will not do for nations to attempt to secure business by knocking down their customers. Trade may follow the flag, but it certainly runs away from the club. It is easy to interfere with an established commerce by meddlesome and offensive tariffs, but to build up trade by means of retaliation is impossible. Trade must be unforced, and founded in the mutual advantage of at least two parties, if it is to exist at all. A people with the true trading instinct perceives that the main thing is to keep commerce flowing in its natural channels. It knows that it can take toll of every argosy that it invites. The moment you begin to talk of the need of protection, that moment you confess that you are beaten and have to ask odds. Mr. Chamberlain's "retaliation" is ambiguous. He does not mean, he says, really to apply it; he desires it only as a means of forcible persuasion. But true protectionist retaliation, as we see in the case of our own countervailing duties against bounty-grown sugar, looks to keeping out the dangerously cheap article, and making the duties so much the more a sweet morsel for selfish interests. That is the kind of thing Mr. Chamberlain will have to come to if he once departs from the tried maxim of Sir Robert Peel. That statesman never allowed his feet to be taken in the snare of retaliation, but maintained that "the best way of fighting a hostile tariff is by reforming your own."

THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL.

It has just transpired that a company of Harvard graduates has been formed to buy the land between the college yard and the Charles River and control it in the interests of the University. The idea of thus securing a frontage upon the river was broached nearly a dozen years ago by an alumnus, but fruited in nothing more than a sketch for the laying out of such grounds, prepared by Mr. C. F. McKim, which for some time hung in the Treasurer's office. The times were hard, and the expense seemed prohibitory. For two centuries and a half Harvard has grown, or rather sprawled, out from Massachusetts Hall as a centre. Fine buildings have been the exception, and as they came they were planned and placed without regard to the others. Only recently efforts to put the hodge-podge under a commission which at least might direct future building wisely, met with scant encouragement from the Corporation. Thus the public-spirited action of her graduates comes as a kind of rebuke to the official indifference of Harvard University to considerations of academic seemliness; it is a sign as well that the haphazard period of college building in America is passing.

This truth is the burden of Professor Hamlin's interesting article in the *Outlook*, in which he reviews recent progress in American college architecture. We need only mention among comprehensive schemes those of Columbia, the University of New York, Chicago, and Stanford. Planned, but not yet fully executed, are similar groups for Washington University, Mo., the University of California, the College of the City of New York, and the Military Academy at West Point. The list of new buildings at old colleges would be inexhaustible,

and only the barest notice can be taken of the notable progress of Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania in this direction.

It is interesting to observe that the movement for better college architecture has been largely extra-academic. Enlightened graduates and their architect friends have generally brought such matters before college authorities, and have frequently planned and paid for the desired improvements. Naturally these innovators found their best opportunities in the newer foundations. Where a plan involved hundreds of acres of land and a score of buildings it seemed reasonable to employ the best skill. Mrs. Hearst, for example, obtained the plans for the University of California through an international competition. All this would have seemed strange, indeed, to old-school college presidents. Those pioneers, when the college grew, bought a new lot where they could, and put up such a building as the local carpenter and mason could furnish. Few colleges were fortunate enough to have a president like the Rev. Dr. Griffin of Williams, who designed the simple and admirable structure that still bears his name. In the main, as the Georgian style waned, all manner of quasi-Gothic or merely nondescript halls succeeded, so that the irregularity of the whole plan of a college was frequently less offensive than the general incongruousness and individual bad taste of its buildings. There were honorable exceptions, to be sure. We have hardly yet surpassed the standard that Jefferson set in the University of Virginia, of which his words, written in 1821, still hold: "I can assure you," he says, "there is no building in the United States so worthy of being seen, and which gives an idea so adequate of what is to be seen beyond the Atlantic. There, to be sure, they have immensely larger and more costly masses, but nothing handsomer or in chaster style." How slowly this example was followed, and how little progress had generally been made in the course of half a century, may be gathered from the words of one keenly sensitive to architectural excellence, Mr. James Bryce. Writing in 1888, he remarks: "Many of the newer ones [buildings] are handsome and well arranged." To-day, after twenty-five years there would be rather more to say.

Surely, the haphazard plan of our colleges, while often an immediate defect, is also an opportunity. Mr. Bryce attributes the multiplying of isolated buildings to our climate. In any case, the group of buildings with spacious grounds is quite as definitely the American plan for a college as the quadrangle is the English or the single monumental pile the Continental. Our problem is to harmonize the buildings with each other and with the natural features of the site. Thus landscape architecture is quite as important as her more formal sister. And there are opportunities for most charming composite effects, which should challenge the combined ingenuity of architects of both sorts. In Professor Hamlin's article there are no more interesting illustrations than those of memorial gateways guarding shaded alleys, at Bowdoin and Oberlin. We have before us as we write a dignified plan by which, in all future building, Washington and Lee University is to get the full advantage of its fine site. Williams College, after lining her park-like street with too many ugly or stupid buildings, is at length going to repair damages as far as possible and do better for the future. Amherst, with less to undo, is, by a recent class movement, setting about a similar task. These are typical cases out of many that might be cited.

Let no one say that this is merely a sign of the luxuriousness of the times. It is only ignorance or vulgarity that associates architecture with lavish expenditure. Jefferson's dome and colonnades at Charlottesville were inexpensive, even for their time. Respect for the natural beauty and architectural possibility of its site is the measure of the culture of an institution. The seemliness of its buildings denotes its intellectual atmosphere quite as plainly as dress betrays the wearer. It may fairly be urged that the formal education given at our American colleges has too much lacked grace and too little ministered to well-rounded culture. From this point of view, the stately buildings that are rising and the fair stretches of green and thicket and grove about our colleges are parables of the finer and more humane education that is to come.

OUR THEATRICAL DISPENSATION.

Whatever may be thought about the Theatrical Trust, it is impossible not to admire the executive skill and comprehensive grasp of its leading spirit. He has succeeded in practically consolidating the English and American stages, or, at all events, in making one set of entertainments serve for both sides of the Atlantic. This enlarges profits indefinitely, while greatly reducing the number of original productions, with all their varying elements of risk and cost. Never in the whole course of its history has the stage, from the box-office point of view, rested upon so solid a business basis.

Like many other monopolies, the Theatrical Trust, or Trusts—for there are more than one—started from small beginnings and developed by simple means. The first step was to secure a chain of theatres, and the second to provide a sufficient number of popular plays to keep the circuit full. From the first the men in control adopted the policy of taking as few chances as possible. They did not pretend to be prompted by any other ambition than that of making money. Let others dream of the elevation of the stage, the encouragement of literary and dramatic art, and the creation of a national school of dramatists and actors; their aim was to gratify, not to direct or improve, the public taste, and straightway began the search for conspicuous public successes of every description, with the wholesale importation of foreign men and material. A little later set in the process of the manufacture of stars, and the employment of authors skilled in dramatic tailoring, to fashion parts in which these extemporized geniuses might be displayed to the least possible disadvantage.

Few persons, perhaps, outside of those who have watched it, and feared it, and denounced it from the first, had any idea of the ramifications or power of the largest and most notorious of these theatrical organizations until Mr. Charles Frohman came home the other day, and, like a god, holding in his hands the gifts of good and evil, revealed to us the measures which he had devised for our winter's entertainment. His schedule, regarded merely as a business summary, is a most striking illustration of American keenness, energy, and business aptitude. It contains samples of everything that is offered in the contemporaneous theatrical market. Nor can he be accused of making injudicious selections. He seems to have secured nearly everything of known good quality that was to be had, and certainly deserves credit at least to that extent.

There are some very attractive features in his latest programme, together with much patent trash. Among the former must be included the two Phillips plays, "Herod" and "Ulysses"; Barrie's comedy, "The Admirable Crichton"; Davies's "Cousin Kate," the as yet unnamed comedy by Pinero, and the French piece "Crainquebille." There are also the promised pieces by Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Anthony Hope, Haddon Chambers, H. A. Jones, Capt. Marshall, and H. V. Esmond. Some of them, certainly, ought to turn out well. Upon the Sardou play "The Sorceress," professedly devised to give full play to all the wiles and furies of the later Bernhardt, it would not be wise to build much expectation. Better things are contained, probably, in the French plays by Henry Lavedan and others which Mr. Frohman owns. One of these is an adaptation of Poe's madhouse story, "The System of Dr. Gondron," which is being done into English by Richard Harding Davis. In addition to all these there are a number of so-called musical comedies, a collection of Drury Lane and other melodramas, and various plays, new and old, which may be catalogued as nondescript. Moreover, Mr. Frohman will superintend, as usual, the movements of an army of assorted stars of diminishing brilliancy from Sir Henry Irving down.

Now all this, at first sight, makes a very remarkable showing, and doubtless indicates a season of more than ordinary interest. But it is not very inspiring when any one begins to sum it all up and asks what it means. In the first place, it goes far to justify the worst apprehensions of those who from the beginning have understood and dreaded the tendencies of syndicate management. It is plain that the chief sources of miscellaneous drama—including poetic tragedy, problem plays, social comedies, melodrama, farce, and musical extravaganza—have come under the control of a theatrical commercial autocracy. Its policy is to limit the output, so far as possible, to the amount which is needed to supply its circuit of theatres, which includes practically the whole theatrical territory between London and San Francisco. There is no pretence of encouraging or looking for new literary talent. The essential element of real management—critical discrimination—has been eliminated altogether. The new plan is simply to provide a wider field for the exploitation of a popular success, no matter what the nature of that success may be, whether dramatic, sensational, lascivious, humorous, or frankly idiotic. Such pieces as have won favor in London, Paris, or Berlin, are transported in bulk a year or two later—having been kept in cold storage meanwhile—to American theatres corresponding in general character with those in which they were originally presented. The best comedies go to one set of houses, the second-rate to another, the melodramas and spectacles to a third group, the musical farces to a fourth; and in this way plays of inferior value, or no value at all, are kept alive for many months, instead of a few weeks. No doubt any syndicate manager could tell you what piece will be running in any designated house in his circuit in March, 1905.

In one sense, this is good business, and there can be no question that the scheme has been worked with great sagacity and rare executive ability. But what is the present effect of it and what will be the inevitable outcome? All wholesome competition has been killed; the American theatre, as a national institution, has been smothered in its cradle; ambitious dramatists—except the few who "arrived" years ago or have learned to write to order—have lost their occupation; the race of trained actors is almost extinct, and New York has to put up with frequently inferior performances of imported plays. The result, we believe, will be a grand crash when the erection of new theatres and the creation of opposition circuits, already begun, shall render the maintenance of a monopoly impossible. Succeeding the wreck, will come a period of chaos, in which the struggle for bare existence by individual actors and managers will lead to the renewal of competition and the reappearance of the stock companies; without these there can be no theatrical redemption. The day may be distant, but already there are signs of its dawn. Meanwhile, until we are able to spread a dramatic table of our own, we must philosophically enjoy the crumbs which fall from those of our richest European neighbors. Common justice compels the admission that our theatrical *deus ex machina* has garnered for us many of their daintiest morsels.

EGYPT.

CAIRO, 1903.

It is more than fifty years since Said Pasha, his family, and his friends, when endeavoring to absorb as their personal possession the land of Egypt, introduced large steam engines to irrigate their huge estates, and sugar factories to work up the product of their ill-gotten possessions; yet the small proprietors have till recently persistently adhered to all their ancient ways. But now, side by side with the sakieh or old-fashioned waterwheel, raising its string of earthenware jars with a dreamy, snoring groan as the drowsy cow or buffalo revolves it, or beside the still more archaic suspended pole or shadoof, balanced with a counterpoise of mud to assist the fellah in raising his leather bucket full of water, one sees occasionally a small portable boiler and steam pump. Still, steam is at a discount, for in 1897 there were in Egypt, raising water for irrigation, 622 stationary steam engines, 3,352 portable engines, 104,855 waterwheels moved by animal power, and innumerable shadoofs. Though the portable boiler and steam pump do more work than a village full of toiling peasants, yet as each proprietor of a little plot can raise what water he actually needs for his own crops, it could be only through coöperation that a steam pump would pay. Such an advanced stage of industrial life is still a long way off. Thus the picturesque will continue to resist for many a day the assaults of utilitarianism, and the common avocations of their ancestors for ages past, as depicted on the tombs, will continue to be repeated for generations to come in actual life.

The narrow strip of land on the banks of the Nile which constitutes Egypt has probably always been owned and worked under some tenure in small holdings. Today, of the 5,097,431 acres of arable land inscribed on the Government register, 43.47 per cent. are held by 11,952 so-called large proprietors, controlling over fifty acres, and 56.03 per cent. are held in lots of under fifty acres. Of the small proprietors, more than 600,000 own less than five acres. Among the large proprietors are several public companies which have acquired the Deira and other public lands only as brokers, and on conditions that require disposing of them in small lots within a given period to actual farmers; the object of the Government being by this as by other measures to encourage and assist the peasant proprietorship. A farmer with from one to ten acres—and ten acres is a large farm—will continue to raise water for irrigation by hand or ox power, as his forefathers have always done. Thus the past will be ever present.

If one wishes to breathe the atmosphere of ancient and of native modern Egypt, shun the tourist steamboat and take one of Cook's express boats. The first shock you receive is the blast of the whistle as you throw off from the first landing-place; the next is the babble of voices in the hot, close dining-room; the third is when you are herded like a flock of cattle and driven through tombs and temples under the lash of the dragoman lest you miss or detain the boat. After the first night passed with all the equanimity you can muster in a cupboard, without even a shelf to lay a book upon, comes the awful scramble for three baths by thirty or forty male passengers, some of whom consider themselves entitled, after such a struggle, to retain possession for half an hour. And so the journey proceeds, with irritation increasing with the distance travelled, and reaching its culmination at the First Cataract, where some of the passengers would be glad to escape by rail or by balloon, but find, if they have taken tickets for Wady Halfa, they must repeat the process or forfeit their money. Cook very wisely, and with perfect justice, sells his tickets with the express proviso that there shall be no refund: wisely, because some passengers, after the ordeal they have gone through, would go no further; justly, because the capital invested in the fleet of boats, which are in commission from December to March only, is large, and the service is liberally and admirably conducted, considering the difficulties of providing supplies, with no good local markets to draw from, and the high cost of fuel.

The better plan is not to book in advance for a round trip to Wady Halfa by any tourist steamer, but to take the journey by instalments, and run the slight risk (which certainly does exist, but only in the height of the season) of not being able to get a passage by one of the three boats between the First and Second Cataracts, if you are going as far as Wady Halfa, or, further still, to Khartum. There are now excellent hotels at Luxor and Assuan, which only in the very busy season are overtaxed. A railroad with *trains de luxe* between Cairo and Luxor skirts the Nile bank, and gives access to most points of interest. Cook runs three classes of boats, and two opposition lines compete with him for the passenger traffic to Assuan, and therefore it is unwise to commit yourself beyond hope of repentance by deciding on any plan of travel when Cairo is reached, and still more so to pay in advance for your ticket. Of course, if time and money are of no consequence, the dahabieh, without the horrid appendage of a steam launch, is still, and ever will be, the ideal mode of Nile travel; though, now that the Assuan Dam has converted the Nile for nearly the whole distance between the First and Second Cataracts into a lake during the tourist season, dahabieh navigation over this stretch of the river without a steam launch is very slow and precarious, because dependent on the winds. The tow-paths on the banks are submerged and the current has been arrested. Nevertheless, it is only on the dahabieh that, with your native dragoman, cook, and crew, you can keep aloof from the big hotels, with all their reminders of the busy, electrically-lighted, artificial world which you have left, come in

touch with modern Egypt, and get some faint conception of that very old Egyptian civilization and its people.

Fifty years ago, Cairo was a beautiful Eastern city, third in rank after Damascus and Constantinople. Around the old cemetery of the Ezbekiyeh, which Napoleon during his expedition of 1798 offended Arab susceptibility by turning from a graveyard into a garden, had gathered a European quarter. But there was only one street opening from the Ezbekiyeh to the citadel of Mohammed Ali through which a wheeled vehicle could travel. Now, in cutting streets for carriages and tramways, some of the finest architecture of the old town has been demolished, and gaping interiors and tottering minarets of mosques implore the lover of the picturesque to select the site for new streets at least with some regard to the claims of antiquity. One of the charms of the narrow streets of Cairo still resides in the exquisite wooden balconies protruding from the second stories and almost meeting midway. They shielded the passer-by from the fury of the sun while delighting him with the beauty of their design, and they enabled the ladies of the harem to see without being seen, and to gossip with their captive friends in their pretty cages opposite. Perhaps not without reason, the authorities, recognizing the danger to which these beautiful balconies expose the city from fire, have forbidden that any new houses be provided with them, while permitting existing balconies to remain. Thus, one after another of the architectural features which made Cairo so attractive is vanishing at the behest of money-making corporations or the exigencies of public safety.

Alexandria is of course more modern than ever. It never was a purely Oriental city. Founded by Alexander the Great, it was more Grecian than Egyptian. In the middle ages it was a Levantine depot. After the Portuguese opened up the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope it dwindled into an insignificant local port, and so remained until it came in the fourth decade of the last century to be the transfer station of the P. and O. steamers of the mails and passengers to and from India. When that astute founder of the present Khedival dynasty, Mohammed Ali Pasha, linked it to the Nile by the Mahmudiyeh Canal, it was the only seaport of Egypt capable of accommodating a large ship until, on the opening of the Suez Canal, Port Said, its Mediterranean terminus, threatened to become a dangerous rival. But the trade of Egypt has grown with such rapidity that, despite the traffic deflected to her competitor, Alexandria has increased in prosperity and in outward appearance beyond all anticipation. The bombardment of 1882 and the destruction of property by the incendiary fires which followed, swept away the original Frank portion around and including the huge open space known as the Grand Square of Mohammed Ali, which fifty years ago was a lake during heavy rains and a dusty plain in dry weather, surrounded by ugly barracks that accommodated the principal business firms, and approached by narrow streets bereft of all Oriental beauty and offering none of the conveniences and sanitary advantages of the West. But there stands debited to the Special and General Reserve Fund as an extraordinary expenditure an item of "Alexandria Indemnities," amounting to £4,143,956. As the Alexandria of to-day shows, there was thus returned to the sufferers from the bombardment and the conflagration an ample sum with which to rebuild the European quarter, and it was evidently used on brick and mortar, and must have been supplemented by a few millions more, for the European quarter, with its present wide streets and handsome shops, and the European suburbs in the direction of Ramleh have so overshadowed the native town that Alexandria is more than formerly a Western city. The native quarter possesses no interesting features and never did. Even the native ladies prefer the European shops and European dress, including high-heeled shoes, to their own bazaars and graceful native costume.

The harbor facilities and the safety of the port have been increased, a sea wall nearly two miles in length being only one of the recent improvements. But these have not been in excess of the requirements of the increasing traffic, for of a total of £14,814,688 of Egypt's imports in 1902, £13,093,017 came in through Alexandria, and of the £17,617,003 which Egypt sent into the markets of the world, £17,186,324 was shipped through Alexandria. Though the business of Egypt is transacted in and through Alexandria, Port Said draws the passenger traffic, and comparatively few travellers now see Alexandria, but are obliged to receive their first impressions of the land of the Pharaoh and the Khedive from the moral and physical filth of the mushroom, pasteboard town of Port Said. None of the boats with through passengers to the East now touch at either Malta or Alexandria, as they did of yore, and only tourists and Mediterranean coasting steamers discharge or receive passengers at what is the most interesting survival of the Old World's great mercantile marts.

One of my earliest experiences of the land of the kourbash was on the Mahmudiyeh Canal. Just after leaving Alexandria a freight boat interrupted the speed of the Government steamer conveying the Indian mails and passengers. It did not accelerate our journey, but it exhibited to his passengers the power and authority of the captain, when he had the unfortunate *reis* of the freight boat brought on board, held down and bastinadoed, to our helpless indignation. Such an exhibition of reckless cruelty could not be given to-day; still, the stick and the rhinoceros whip are in everybody's hand, and each class seems to think it inconsistent with its dignity not to whack away at the class below it. Summary punishment is perhaps preferable, even to the criminal, to punishment after the ordeal of a trial; and therefore it was probably on that principle that for a slight offence we saw one of the excellent force of mounted guardsmen seize a lad and hold him while the dragoman with his cane imposed light condign punishment. There was at any rate a recognition of the sanctity of law in the person of one of its officials. But in the old days, until the English occupation, the indiscriminate use of the kourbash was a lesser evil than the inhuman use of the corvée, or forced labor on public or privileged official works, and the wholesale compulsory enlistment of the villagers into the army. The Mahmudiyeh Canal—a work of the greatest public benefit, which Egypt owes to Mohammed Ali, and which, until the introduction of the railroad, and later until the Suez Canal was dug, enabled Egypt to be used as the highway to India—was constructed by forced labor at the cost of 30,000 lives. Even the Suez Canal was for a time dug on the same oppressive system. Said Pasha undertook to provide the Suez Canal Company with 25,000 laborers, to be replaced every three months by a fresh relay. They were to be paid and fed by the company, but the wages were a pittance and the food not overabundant, and the sanitary arrangements worse than defective. The results were so appalling that Ismail Pasha was moved to cancel that clause of the contract, but on conditions so onerous to his poor people that his merciful intervention simply shifted the burden from one shoulder to the other. Emperor Louis Napoleon, to whom was left the assessment of the damages, decided that £3,360,000 be paid to the Canal Company as compensation.

One of the first ameliorations in the condition of the peasantry after the occupation was the partial abolition of the corvée. From time immemorial everybody had been forced to do his share in cutting irrigation canals, cleaning them annually from the accumulation of mud deposited during the high Nile, and protecting the banks of the river. Certain privileged classes had obtained exemption, and through similar influences even public labor was expended on private property. Every male from eighteen to fifty years of age was liable to serve, and one-fourth of the total male population were expected to give their labor gratuitously for forty days each summer. But as so many exemptions were secured through corrupt influences, the burden fell with crushing weight on the helpless peasantry. To-day the only enforced labor is that required to protect the banks of the river itself during the flood, and this is more equitably imposed than formerly; and if Sir W. Willcocks's suggestions are carried out, it will be called for only when the flood is excessive and approaches the danger mark. In 1902, 4,970 men were obliged to give this gratuitous service for 100 days; but it was a low Nile year. Of course the suppression of the corvée and the payment of labor for cleaning and maintaining the irrigating ditches and reservoirs and for other public work has added about £400,000 to the expenditure side of the annual budget. Taxation is still inordinately heavy, because Egypt's debt is large out of all proportion to the resources of the country or the number of the population. An annual tribute to the Sultan was promised, which has imposed on the revenue of Egypt during the last twenty years a payment of over £13,000,000, or £665,000 a year. In spite, therefore, of a reduction in the rate of interest, through conversion of certain securities since Egypt's credit has revived, 48 per cent. of Egypt's revenue is absorbed by interest on debt and tribute to the Porte, and only 52 per cent. is available for administration and for public works.

Foreigners now no longer enjoy the unfair exemption from taxation which they once possessed, and the policy has been to relieve the fellah, or farmer, as much as possible without injustice to other interests. As a result of these ameliorations in the lot of the fellahin, there has been a marked improvement in the general air of

prosperity along the banks of the river, as well as in the fellah's personal appearance. His mud hut is the same as of yore, and he is clad with the same scanty garments; but both are suited to the climate, and he will be slow in discarding either. On the other hand, relieved from the fear of unjust requisitions, he has planted date trees in such number that, instead of an occasional grove, the river is now almost fringed with them, and the number of young plantations expresses his sense of security from the future. There is still a tax on every date tree, but he knows that his will not be counted twice and his neighbor's overlooked. Like all peasantry, he is an inveterate borrower, and there are usurers willing to lend, even on the security of next year's crops, at 2½ per cent. per month. But the Agricultural Bank is starting agencies in all the little hamlets, and lending money to all worthy creditors at an equitable rate. The Government has guaranteed 3 per cent. on the capital of the Agricultural Bank, an offshoot of the National Bank of Egypt, on the condition that it start such branches in the small agricultural towns and lend money in petty sums to the fellahin at 9 per cent. The results of the operation of the bank in 1902 are curious, as showing the small scale on which the small farmer works. Savings banks have also been opened and are well patronized, but not by the fellahin.

Compulsory enlistment is still necessary to recruit the army of 18,000 men which Egypt seems to need, but the same drastic measures, involving vicarious punishment in case of failure to supply the quotum or of desertion, are no longer resorted to. In the old days the sheikh of the village was responsible for the appearance of the recruit. If he failed to report, one month was allowed the sheikh to find him. Failing to produce him, he had to find three substitutes, and, failing that, he had to undergo personal punishment. If a man deserted, his family was also held responsible for his return, and a relative had to take his place in the ranks, or the next of kin was compelled to pay £100, which meant absolute ruin to the small landholder. The old army was a slovenly, ill-drilled, ill-paid, and spiritless body, whose inefficiency as soldiers was painfully manifest when Hicks Pasha and Baker Pasha's large commands were annihilated by the dervishes. The officers were hardly distinguishable from the men. To-day the army and the constabulary are neat in their dress and smart in their bearing, and both officers and men proved their courage in the last Sudan campaign. But whether the villager is any better pleased than formerly to leave his house and serve five years with the colors may well be doubted, though one sees fewer men with one eye or the trigger finger amputated than formerly, when, in addition to these mutilations, the absence of the front teeth, with which the end of the cartridge was bitten off, was very noticeable.

A feature of Egyptian life which a certain class of the people regard as a hardship, not as an amelioration, has almost entirely disappeared with the abolition of slavery. Fifty years ago the black slave market in Alexandria and Cairo was a show place open to all comers. That in which Georgian and Circassian girls were for sale was accessible only to intending purchasers or those with special admission. Within ten years from that date Egypt had agreed to the abolition of slavery, but slave boats descended the Nile with their cargoes of human beings without any pretence of concealment. Gradually, however, the force of European opinion and the necessity of propitiating it compelled the Egyptian Government to sincerely endeavor to repress the trade. At the same time Gordon's active measures in the Sudan cut off the supply. Abolition was to be gradual. Lord Cromer reports in 1902 94 males and 144 female slaves as manumitted; but that slaveholding is still adhered to with all the tenacity of a native habit is indicated by five convictions for kidnapping.

BALZAC'S PERFUMER.

PARIS, July 14, 1903.

Powerful as was the imagination of Balzac, it has been proved in recent times that the great novelist of the "Comédie Humaine" always found his heroes and heroines in real life. He used his human documents with the utmost freedom, but he never dispensed with them. Thus it is that his own life and its numerous incidents are intimately connected with his works; that there is such an intense sentiment of reality in his novels; that the actors in the "Comédie Humaine" are so alive that we cannot help remembering them as our personal acquaintances.

M. Lenotre, who lives among the archives of the police, has made curious discoveries about the royalist intrigues of the time of the Consulate, a period which furnished Balzac with elements for some of his greatest works:

"His heroes," says M. Lenotre, "are true, so true that, in looking over the police reports of the time, we think we see them appear before us, and we name them as they go by. This one is Marche-à-terre (a Chouan); this one is the councillor of state Malin; there is the *mouchard* (spy) Corentin; there is the heroic Michu, the noble damsel D'Esgrignon, the brothers Simeuse. Ah! how he knew them and painted them! What history can compete in truth with his novels!"

There is a novel of Balzac's, 'César Birotteau,' whose hero is a hairdresser. He was also mixed up with royalist intrigues and conspiracies. The art of hairdressing received a terrible shock at the time of the Revolution, when wigs were abolished as forming a part of the old régime. All the industries connected with hairdressing suffered in consequence of it. Powder *à la Reine* or *à la Maréchale* was considered aristocratic; it was no longer allowable to rouge. It was perhaps for this reason that Marie-Antoine Caron, *parfumeur*, established since 1778 in the Rue du Four-St. Germain, hated the Revolution with all his heart. Caron, who served as a model for Birotteau, came to Paris from his village with nothing but the clothes he had on. He became, in time, the head of a perfumer's shop in the quarter of the Abbaye. The Revolution ruined his trade, and he became a fanatical royalist. His lost clients were friends and emissaries of the Bourbons. His shop became a centre where letters were exchanged between the Chouans of the west of France and their friends in Paris.

At the time of the eighteenth Brumaire, Caron was fifty-five years old. He had lost his wife in 1787, and was living with two women, his relations, and a man servant; his house had a double entrance. During the bloody days of the Terror, he did not dare to play an active part in politics; after the famous day of the 13th Vendémiaire, when the royalists showed themselves armed in the streets of Paris, he became bolder. His part consisted in receiving in his house and concealing the agents of the Princes, who were sought by the police of the Directory. The first who found a lodging in his house was Pastoret; then came several others, among whom was probably Frotté. "A room was given to the proscribed in the upper part of the house, to which the only access was by a trap-door. The friends who came to see him entered the shop, bargained, in a conventional language, for some perfume, and, while Caron affected to weigh with much attention pastilles of benjamin or oil-of-pearls, the servant watched the street and the visitor took the stairs for the second story." The most constant guest was Hyde de Neuville. A price had been put on his head, but he went quietly, under a false name, from London to Paris and from Paris to Normandy. He spent about eight months in all in Caron's house; he had become quite a friend of the family; he tells in his Memoirs curious anecdotes about the life he led. There were, at the time, public *crieurs* who shouted the news in the streets. One day, while at breakfast, Caron and his family heard a man shouting: "Arrest and condemnation of the conspirator Hyde de Neuville, judged by a military commission and to be shot within twenty-four hours." Hyde de Neuville was at the table, and next to him was another royalist agent, unknown to him, to whom he had been presented as a refractory priest, and who exclaimed: "Oh! it is horrible! What an event, Monsieur l'Abbé! Poor man! he was my friend, my intimate friend!" Hyde de Neuville had much difficulty in not bursting with laughter.

The perfumer Caron was not as brave as Hyde de Neuville, and he finally became so alarmed that he shut the door of the "Queen of Flowers" to the *émigrés*. In March, 1804, a sort of duel took place between the First Consul and the famous Georges Cadoudal, who was hiding in Paris. Georges, who had made an attempt on the life of Bonaparte, and did not conceal his intention of killing him, was concealed at the house of a fruiterer, on the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, with two of his acolytes. Not feeling safe, he sent one of them to Caron, to ask for a refuge; after some resistance, Caron concluded to trust to Providence, and ordered a mass to be said. "The next day he gave 24 sous to the little Victoire to have one said at the Church of the Carmelites. She addressed herself to an old priest, the Abbé Enard, saying that Caron wished for a mass of the Holy Spirit in order to know God's will on an important decision which he had to take." The mass was celebrated at eleven o'clock. Françoise and Victoire were there, and Caron served it; on coming back he said that "his conscience was calm, and that he would lodge these gentlemen." In the afternoon came a vicar of Saint Sulpice, the Abbé de Kéravenan (who celebrated the marriage of Danton and his mistress and followed the famous Terrorist to the scaffold). This Abbé was probably

the model of the holy priest who appears in 'César Birotteau.' It was arranged that Cadoudal should arrive on the following Friday, in the morning, in a cabriolet, which would be driven by one of his men; his two friends would arrive an hour afterwards. On the day fixed, Caron and the two servants who lived with him were in a state of great excitement. Nobody arrived at the fixed hour; one of the women went out, and saw in the Place Saint-Sulpice a cabriolet, which was empty. She learned there that Georges Cadoudal, being followed by policemen, had jumped out of the cabriolet, had been followed and arrested.

Three days afterward, Caron was arrested. He declared that he did not know the names of the men who had been in his house, and played the part of an imbecile with so much skill that he was released after ten months of imprisonment. His shop had been closed; he received soon afterwards an order to leave Paris and to reside in Bourges, where the police kept an eye on him. He had time before leaving to marry his servant, Françoise, and he confided to her the "Reine des Fleurs." This woman, up to the end of the Empire, wrote petition after petition asking that her husband be allowed to come back to Paris; and protesting that the Emperor could have no more faithful and warm admirer. The police reports did not agree with her language, and Caron remained an exile from Paris till the return of the Bourbons.

His services to the royalist cause had been such that Louis XVIII. allowed him to come before him at the Tuileries and gave him a medal. The Duchess of Angoulême obtained for him the place of King's messenger, and he figured in that capacity in the official lists of the "Royal Almanac" after the dignitaries of the kingdom. He had lodgings in the Palais-Bourbon (now inhabited by the President of the Chamber of Deputies and close to the Palace of the Chamber). His functions were very simple: he accompanied the President of the Chamber from the door of the Palace to the chair; and once a year, in a fine costume, he announced to the House of Peers that the House of Deputies had opened its session.

Caron discharged these functions till he died. He lived to the age of eighty-seven years, and died in 1831. I have just reread 'César Birotteau,' and recognized Caron well in the perfumer who is the central figure in that novel. I admired the great reality and life Balzac gives to his characters. His powerful imagination, his faculty of seeing, so to speak, with the mind's eye, had not a little to do with it; but there is no doubt that Balzac drew much from real life and had living models constantly before him. He combined the traits which were thus furnished to him as a painter combines colors. He lived in a time when there were still many witnesses of the most extraordinary period in French history—men and women who had seen the splendors of the old monarchy, the troubles of the Revolution, the horrors of the Terror, the confusion of the Directory, the epic events of the Empire, the rise and downfall of Napoleon, the return of the Bourbons. This period has furnished ample documents to the historian, and, in one sense, Balzac may almost be called a historian, as he gives us the spirit of the times in which his heroes lived. The curious versatility of his mind allows him to understand the passions of men in all ranks of society. I will not speak here of the real historians of that momentous period. M. Lenotre has chosen in it very special elements; he seems to delight particularly in the study of the unknown and mysterious intrigues which are, so to speak, the subsoil of history. His latest volume, from which I could choose only episodes, adds much to this underground study of the Revolutionary period. I will say, also, that, though it reads sometimes like a novel, it has all the exactitude of real history.

Correspondence.

NOT A NEW CRIME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Speaking of what another writer calls "the new negro crime—by which is meant the crime against white women," Mr. I. W. Griscom says, in the *Nation* of July 30 (p. 92):

"We are told by a Southern correspondent in *'Harper's Weekly* of the 18th inst. that this crime was unknown in the days of slavery. This being so, it is clear that it is a result, not of the privilege of voting, but of emancipation. It is the result of the restraints of slavery being removed from a few extremely depraved and brutal human beings."

As the statement that the crime was unknown in the days of slavery is accepted by Mr. Griscom, and as this notion is widely entertained, may I be allowed to point out that the statement is untrue? The crime was known in this country for nearly two hundred years before the abolition of slavery, it was mentioned in legislative acts, and for a century and a half it appears to have been invariably punished by legal process. Hence the only "new" thing about the crime is the illegal and brutal punishment inflicted by white mobs. This is an outgrowth of the past two generations, for apparently not until about 1835 were negroes lynched for this or for any other crime. The earliest instance of the crime known to the present writer occurred in 1676, when a negro was executed at Boston for the rape of his master's daughter. (See 'Records of the Court of Assistants, Mass.,' 1901, p. 74.) Albert Matthews.

Boston, Mass., August 2, 1903.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think the Southern correspondent in *Harper's Weekly* (*Nation*, p. 92), is wrong in stating that the particular crime there alluded to was unknown in the days of slavery. There is, in fact, a distinct mention of such a case in Miss Martineau's 'Society in America.' Captain Marryat alludes to the same case. T. T.

A PSEUDONYM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many of your readers will have perused with interest your Paris correspondent's very admirable précis of Lucien Perey's recent volume dealing with the court of Charles of Lorraine at Brussels, reviewed in the *Nation* of July 9, 1903. Some will doubtless notice the slip by which this enchanting historical essay is attributed to a masculine pen. "Lucien Perey" is, as most people on this side know, the nom de plume of Mlle. Luce Herpin, whose studies of the eighteenth century are certainly familiar to those of your readers conversant with the French language.

Very truly yours,

Remsen Whitehouse.

Lausanne, July 20 1903.

Notes.

'Reading a Poem,' a sketch by Thackeray, written in 1841, is to be republished at an early date by A. Wessels Co., with a photogravure portrait, in a limited edition.

'The Nemesis of Froude,' which John Lane promises in another week, will keep the Carlyle controversy boiling a while longer.

'The History of Wethersfield, Conn.,' by Dr. Henry R. Stiles, is announced by the Grafton Press of this city.

A new poetical version of the text of Wagner's "Parsifal," by Oliver Huckel, will be brought out by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. in anticipation of the opera's first production in this city.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's 'Under Dog,' which we recently appraised, has promptly been reissued as part of the handsome "Beacon Edition" of the works of this versatile writer by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The forced humor of Mr. William Macdonald, who edits with a jaunty preface a twelve-volume edition of the 'Works of Charles Lamb' (London: Dent; New York: Dutton), we are loth to ascribe to being subdued to what he works in. If imitation, it is a poor tribute to the master. We incline to say nothing of it except that the writer compares himself with previous editors, showing how much more he intends to resurrect and rake and scrape together, and how it will be disposed in the series. Most of those who purchase on the faith of his representation will be content to get the most for their money, and let the particulars go. It remains to say that, judging from the first two volumes, 'Essays' and 'Last Essays of Elia,' any possessor of the set is to be congratulated. The Dent stamp of tasteful typography is on them, and Mr. C. E. Brock is in his element in the delightful illustrations. There is a frontispiece portrait from the familiar engraving by Henry Meyer, tinted in the good old fashion, and another, in profile and youthful, from a drawing by Hancock made in 1798.

The 'Biographical Annals of the Civil Government of the United States during its First Century,' compiled by the late Charles Lanman, and published in 1876, had among other valuable features a section of "Tabular Records" displaying the evolution of our Government from the Declaration of Independence to the completion of the Constitutional amendments; and the personnel of the several administrations (President, Vice-President, and Cabinet officers), with particulars as to date of appointment, term of service, origin of the several departments, etc. This useful task has now been performed anew in an independent manner and more fully and explicitly, on the whole, with citation of statutes only referred to by Lanman, and published in a

neat, clearly printed volume by Robert Brent Mosher of the Department of State. Many interesting documents have been introduced from the archives. The division is by Administrations, and that of President Roosevelt concludes the exhibit. The framework is thus laid for a periodical reissue, and the 'Executive Register of the United States' ought to find a place among the convenient and indispensable books of reference.

Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, head of the division of bibliography in the Library of Congress, has put forth a second edition of the 'List of Books (with references to periodicals) on Mercantile Marine Subsidies,' with an author's index; a 'Select List of References on Federal Control of Commerce and Corporations'; another on 'Anglo-Saxon Interests'; a third on 'Industrial Arbitration'; a fourth on 'Labor, Particularly Relating to Strikes,' with a valuable conspectus of the trend of public opinion during the progress of last year's coal strike; a fifth on 'Old-Age and Civil-Service Pensions'; a sixth on 'The Negro Question'; a seventh of books on the 'Constitution of the United States'; and an eighth on the 'Cabinets of England and America,' in which Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's gallant forlorn hope for the seating of Cabinet officers in Congress is not overlooked.

The eighth volume of the second series of the Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A., embraces the latter half of I and the whole of J and K, and is substantially alongside Volume VII. of the original series. Insanity claims 175 pages, the Intestines 106, the Kidneys 90; and Jaundice, Jaws, Joints, Knee, and even Jurisprudence (18 pages) make a formidable array. Insects demand 11 pages, and more than a tenth part of this space is given to patent specifications for insecticides. The mosquito does not figure here explicitly, nor under Kerosene. The Kneipp cure occupies a column and a half. Two editions of King James's 'Counterblast to Tobacco,' 1843, 1880, have been taken into the vast collection; and another monarch, Ivan the Terrible, has his mental condition studied in "psychiatric sketches from history," by a Russian author, Kovalevsky. Additions to medical incunabula are comparatively rare in this volume. The numerous works and editions of J. H. Jüngken lead off with one of 1684; of Joannes Ketam there are editions of 1500, 1509, the former with nine woodcuts. The rigid application of the cataloguer's rule to enter an anonymous work by the first significant word of the title, is here exemplified—not to the searcher's advantage, in our opinion—in Jeffries Wyman, John Call Dalton, John P. Phair, for Wyman, J., etc.

The showy Year Book of the Holland Society of New York for 1903 would scarcely merit so much outlay if its middle contents alone were considered—the dinner speeches of the year. The substantial portions for preservation and reference are, at the beginning, the transcripts, with index, of "Some Early Records of the Lutheran Church, New York," and, at the end, the obituaries of deceased members. Scattered through the volume are portraits of officers and speakers.

The third number of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin constitutes a guide to the Museum, with a better than dry introduction to the several rooms and their principal contents, and a plan of each floor.

The statement of business to June 30, 1903, by Thorvald Solberg, Register of Copyrights, shows the largest amount in the history of the office, whether fees or items of entry and deposit be considered. The fees for the year ending as above reached nearly $69,000, a gain of more than four thousand. As many as 3,427 titles were registered on the heaviest day.

We have received from Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London, a relief school wall-map of the world, combining the physical features with political outlines. This is the first of a series to be produced from actual relief models, printed in a low tint of sepia and hence very clear. The general appearance, too, is agreeable, and we can commend these maps for hanging where they will silently instruct the eye in geography.

A conference of leading colonial and British educators was held in London last month "to consider the coördination of university education throughout the Empire, the development of post-graduate courses in applied science, and the formation of an imperial council to deal permanently with these and other matters of special interest to university students." Mr. Bryce presided at the first session, making a most interesting and suggestive address. Referring to the fact that "wherever Britons had gone it had been a part of the British policy to establish universities," he said that "they now wished to correlate these seats of learning and to combine their efforts, . . . to increase their efficiency, partly by combination, and partly, where there was room for that process, by specialization also." These ends would be reached best through an interchange of students, towards which a very remarkable step had been taken by the magnificent endowment of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. This interchange would "help them, as perhaps nothing else would do, to follow the movements of public opinion in those regions, and to create what he might call a common public opinion of the British people—a public opinion which would occupy itself with questions which were common to all." Sir William Huggins expressed the high appreciation and sympathy of the Royal Society with the great objects of the conference, and Lord Kelvin welcomed it as an important step towards the unification of the Empire. Sir Oliver Lodge advocated coöperation, "not by uniformity but rather the opposite—each trying educational experiments in the training of teachers, methods of examination and so on, comparing results fully and freely, and then adopting the methods which were found to be the best."

An important step in the progress of Japan is apparently about to be taken in the compulsory teaching of the Roman alphabet, as well as a Romanized Japanese alphabet, in the Government primary schools. This work has been done to some extent already in the universities, but, if this proposal of the Education Department be adopted, the Romanization of the Japanese language is not far distant, for the next generation of Japanese of all classes will be familiar with the Latin alphabet. It is difficult to realize all that this will mean to the nation. It will simplify political and commercial relations, and will render Western thought and literature accessible to the bulk of the people. The scheme, if it find favor, will probably come into operation at the beginning of the next scholastic year, leaving a few months for the preparation of the readers and other handbooks.

—The August *Scribner's* is devoted as usual to fiction. The story of the great sea fight off Ushant, in 1794, is hardly an exception when one considers the form in which it is written, and the same might perhaps be said of Nelson Lloyd's article on "The County Fair," without depriving sociology of any highly valuable asset. In the selection of stories the editors have secured a goodly number of very distinctly marked types—the serious moral problem of Edith Wharton's "Sanctuary," the delicious satire of "The Burglar and the Lady," by Jesse Lynch Williams; the admirable fooling of Margaret Sherwood in "The Princess and the Microbe"; Anne O'Hagan's almost comical pathos in "Miss Martin's Hour," and the breezy love story by Mary R. S. Andrews, "The Little Revenge." In the field of art, Montgomery Schuyler considers the problem of the modern skyscraper. Of present achievements he speaks with deserved severity. "These things have turned the sky-line of New York into a horribly jagged Sierra, and converted the commercial quarters of all our chief commercial cities into gloomy and windy cañons." With intelligent legislative regulation, however, and intelligent effort on the part of architects, he sees the possibility of something better. "We can imagine quarters and avenues in New York in which a uniform bounding row of skyscrapers might be not merely inoffensive, but sublime. The editor makes our new relations with the Orient the occasion for a plea for more attention to "manners" according to the Emersonian definition—"the happy ways of doing things, hardened into usage."

—*Harper's* for August gives a liberal allowance to the fiction reader, but without exclusion of other interests. Brander Matthews writes of "Foreign Words in English Speech," pleading especially for the Anglicising of plurals brought in from other tongues. In alleging vainglorious freakishness, cheap effrontery, literary snobbishness, etc., against those who employ such plurals as *criteria*, *indices*, and *foci*, Professor Matthews strays wide of the fact. He seems to proceed on the theory that we borrow these words exclusively in the singular, and then pluralize them, either pedantically with the foreign termination, or naturally with the English. He is at one here with his colleague of the *Bookman*, whose chronic war against what he is pleased to call "the retained object" assumes that we think first in the *active* voice and then turn a mental somersault into the passive, thoughtlessly "retaining" in the new position an object to which we are not entitled. As a matter of fact, men think as spontaneously in the passive as in the active, in the plural as in the singular. While the nouns that are troubling Professor Matthews were still recognized as distinctly foreign, they were borrowed and used in the plural as well as the singular, and with some of them the plural form is distinctly the more familiar, as in the case of *alumni*, *bacteria*, *data*. If there is any room for an affected display of knowledge in the case of many of these words, it is in the use not of the universally familiar foreign form of the plural ending, but of the almost entirely unknown

English form. We venture that not many *alumnuses* of Columbia have ever heard the words *thesises* or *bacteriums*, even in their association with Professor Matthews. If it be pedantry to avoid such disagreeable forms and go on using that with which common usage has rendered us familiar, then by all means let us be pedantic.

—The *Atlantic* presents a gloomy picture of the Philippines in a letter from Arthur Stanley Riggs. There is practically no loyalty to the American cause anywhere; the north is suffering from a vigorous insurrection, while famine, cholera, ladronism, and the intractable Moro trouble the south. Commerce is dull, business houses are everywhere retrenching, and dissatisfaction is evident on every hand. In Mr. Riggs's opinion, the appearance of a really magnetic leader would bring us face to face with another general insurrection; and the temper of the American army is such, he thinks, that the Filipino forces would be "wiped out of existence in smoke and blood" with or without the consent of our officers. Mr. Riggs seems unable to rise to the conception of any other possible palliative than less sentiment and more force, and hence his letter is not significant except as another among the numerous evidences of the failure of the Imperialist programme down to the present date. Prof. Charles J. Bullock presents some striking facts as to the consolidation of banking interests in the United States during the past five years, showing that the Standard Oil and the Morgan alliances together control nearly half the capital invested in banking in the city of New York. He regards this concentration as capable of doing great good by steadying the market in times of possible panic, but only if more than ordinary conservatism be displayed in the management of such enormous power. He sees much potential evil, however, in a situation which ties up so large a proportion of available banking capital in close association with a few great corporate interests, and throws almost insuperable obstacles in the way of financing any new enterprise of great magnitude against the wishes of these interests. Louis C. Elson pleads for a revolution in our ideas of public education in music. Attention should also be given, he thinks, to the receptive rather than the constructive side, that unfortunates "who now howl dutifully twice a week" may be enabled really to enjoy music which they are not obliged to assist in making.

—The progress of the Oxford English Dictionary, under its now triple editorship, is like the line of wave upon the beach. Most in arrear is Mr. Bradley, with "L—Lap," "Lap—Leisurely" sections not yet attaining M; Dr. Murray, a little further up the strand, is on the confines of P; while Mr W. A. Craigie makes the highest reach before recession—"R—Reactive"—in the instalment just issued by the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde). We are with him in volume viii., with Dr. Murray in volume vii., with Mr. Bradley in volume vi. Two more, we are assured, and the mighty work will be rounded out, the tenth volume containing T—Z, "together with some additional matter." It falls to Mr. Craigie to discuss the origin and functions of the letter R. Its vowel relations are the most striking. "By southern [England] speakers *r* is frequently introduced in hiatus, especially in the phrase *the idea(r) of;* in vulgar speech it is heard even in such forms as *draw(r)ing*. In all periods of English *r* has exercised a marked effect upon a preceding vowel." "The R months," during which oysters are in season, find recognition as early as 1599. The phrase "The three R's" "is said to have originated with Sir W. Curtis (1752-1829), who proposed it as a toast"; the first occurrence of it in print, "Reading, Writing, and Rithmetic" bears date 1828. In 1879 the *Athenæum* ventured "Romanism, Ritualism, and Rationalism, the three 'r's' of theological controversy"; and some American colaborer might have supplied the Dictionary with Burchard's untimely "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Another Americanism we miss under Racks, the technical name for the side plankings or buffers of our ferry slips. Railroad was used by Smeaton in 1775, one year in advance of the first recorded use of Railway; and our preferred designation was, we are told, "at one time equally (or more) common in Great Britain, and [is] still usual in America." On the whole, it seems more available for derivatives than Railway—*e. g.*, Railroadiana, Railroadish, Railroadship, Railroader, Railroading, as against Railwayize, Railwayless. Chiefly in the United States may one hear the expression, to "raise" a child; but Mr. Craigie cites an English instance of 1744.

—It is curious that the two earliest examples of Rabblement (=Rabble), in 1548-9, are associated with translations of Erasmus. Raid was revived by Scott, along with Ransom. The ultimate origin of Rat is obscure, "but it seems probable that it was adopted first in the Teutonic languages when the animal came to be known in western Europe, and thence passed into the Romance tongues." Razzia, a French taking over from Algerian Arabic, and pronounced as if it rhymed with *has he a*, is in some recent dictionaries pronounced *ratsia*, "on the analogy of Italian words of similar form," probably from a mistaken etymology. Raillery, pronounced with long *a* in the first syllable, is a slightly younger form than Rallery, "a form which represents the older pronunciation given by Sheridan, Walker, Smart, etc., and still used by some (especially U. S.) speakers." Mr. Craig, coming to the prefix *re-*, gives a full display of its varied force in Latin compounds, and then shows how in English formations it is almost exclusively restricted to the sense of "again," but with such an infinite extension in compounding that no dictionary could cope with the vocabulary. This imposes upon the editor who is obliged to select, a hard task indeed. *Re-* may be prefixed to any English verb or verbal derivative; and "in all words of this type the prefix is pronounced with a clear *e*, and frequently with a certain degree of stress, whereas in words of Latin or Romanic origin the vowel is usually obscured or shortened. . . . In this way double forms arise, with difference of meaning, which in writing are usually distinguished by hyphening the prefix, as recoil, and re-coil . . .," as also happens "when emphasis is laid on the idea of repetition, as, bind and re-bind, or when the main element begins with a vowel." If that vowel be *e*, the hyphen is more apt to be used than the diæresis.

—It is doubtful whether any new edition of Arber's 'English Garner' could retain the charm of the volumes as originally issued between 1877 and 1890. In them Professor Arber brought together many of the most entertaining specimens of sixteenth and seventeenth-century English writing in such a way as to reproduce much of the spirit and the literary ideals of the years when modern England was coming into being. An edition in which the contents are to be rearranged for the sake of making them more practically useful will inevitably lose the very qualities which made those volumes a source of delight and of education to all who had occasion to look through their mazes. Professor Arber had many faults as an editor, and these the publishers of the new edition (London: A. Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) carefully preserve. They seem to think that their whole duty to the man who made the 'Garner' is done when, in a note on the back of the title-page (the only place where they mention Professor Arber's name), they refer to his preëminent virtue—that of accurate collation of texts. Judged by present-day standards of literary and historical editing, his faults are aggravating enough. Much may be said in favor of his modernized spelling, for he wished the general run of book-buyers to read these volumes. More serious matters are the insertion of particles to complete, and occasionally to destroy, the already sufficiently obvious sense; the use of a sort of yard-stick method for determining the modern equivalents for money-values, than which nothing is more uncertain; and his frequent blunders in facts and opinions, such as adding "Indian" as a synonym for "Blackamore." The editors of the new edition are apparently not to touch any of these things. But, with all its faults, Arber's 'Garner' possessed very unusual value, because he edited it precisely as if he were living and publishing in the sixteenth century. He had become so permeated with the feeling of that age that he treated its literary productions precisely as Eden or Hakluyt or Purchas might have done. His faults, like his method and his material, were those of three hundred years ago. As a consequence, the reader who ranges through his volumes finds therein the spirit and the character, the fascination of sixteenth-century England. The new edition of the 'Garner' will be infinitely more convenient if one is looking for information on any particular subject. The first two volumes, for example, contain all the narratives of "Voyages and Travels." These are edited by Raymond Beazley of Oxford, who has prefaced them with learned and scholarly introductions, very readable as well, supplying information necessary to an understanding of the various narratives. This is most desirable, but it cannot supply the more important understanding of the age as a whole, of what it is that gives to these expressions of the thought and action of that most virile age their undeniable charm. No one ever turned the pages of the old 'Garner' without acquiring a fresh and lively appreciation of what the English folk were like three hundred years ago. In comparison, the new edition seems almost as lifeless as a history for ready reference.

—In the death of Alfred Q. Collins, Amer-

ica has lost an artist who deserved a much wider reputation than he had attained. He was born in New England in 1855, and studied under Bonnat in Paris, returning to this country in 1883, and settling in New York in 1887, where he devoted himself to portrait painting. A fine specimen of his work, his portrait of Justice Van Brunt, may be seen in the Appellate Court room on Madison Square. His painting had few showy qualities, but his brother artists knew how to appreciate his firm drawing, solid workmanship, and powerful characterization; and though he seldom cared to exhibit and was little before the public, his professional standing was of the highest. His art was always perfectly straightforward and sincere, and the vitality of his likenesses was astonishing. At his best the material seemed to disappear and one was confronted with the living man. It is greatly to be hoped that a sufficient number of his works may be got together for exhibition, next winter, to give a clear idea of his extraordinary abilities.

BERENSON'S FLORENTINE DRAWINGS.

The Drawings of the Florentine Painters, Classified, Criticised, and Studied as Documents in the History and Appreciation of Tuscan Art. With a Copious *Catalogue Raisonné*. By Bernhard Berenson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Mr. Berenson's latest work, on which he has been engaged for many years, is truly, and in every way, monumental. The mere physical presence of the two great folio volumes is overwhelming. The page is about eighteen inches high by fourteen and a half inches wide, and the volumes are each about two and a half inches thick. The first volume contains more than three hundred pages of critical text, while the second is devoted to the Catalogue, which contains more than 2,800 numbers, the entries running from a line to a page of description and comment. Scattered through the two volumes are 180 plates of drawings "selected as specimens of Florentine draughtsmanship," and reproduced in facsimile by the best modern processes. In all but one or two cases these plates are the exact size of the original, and in almost every case they are so exact in color and the rendering of touch and method that they are, for purposes of study or pleasure, almost equal to the originals. To have done at once with this aspect of the book, let us add that the paper and printing are of the handsomest, and the text, considering the amount of it and its difficulties, remarkably correct, and that the binding, in khaki and brown morocco, is sober and substantial. As the edition is limited to 355 copies (of which 105 are for America) and the type has been distributed, the appeal to the bibliophile should be irresistible.

For the artist and art lover, the superb plates will be the great attraction; for the serious student the text and Catalogue are the important thing. Whatever opinion one may hold of Mr. Berenson's results, there can be but one as to his seriousness and industry, and it is worth while, at the outset, to try to form some idea of the prodigious amount of labor which the preparation of these volumes must have entailed. In the first place, the 2,800 numbers in the Catalogue give no just idea of the number of drawings actually examined. Some of the numbers include many separate sheets, such as No. 561, Botticelli's illustrations to Dante, in Berlin, or No. 1046, Leonardo's Codex Atlanticus in the Ambrosiana, and No. 1071, the same artist's manuscripts in the Institute of France, which have been published in six volumes. Many single sheets, including most of Michelangelo's, are drawn on both sides, and many more have several drawings on the one side, not always by the same hand. Besides all these, must have been seen, and studied more or less, many drawings which are not, for one reason or another, catalogued at all. For instance, the drawings of Leonardo's Milanese following, not being Florentine, are not catalogued, yet they must have been studied to avoid cataloguing them as Leonardo's own. It would be difficult to estimate how many separate drawings Mr. Berenson must have studied in the preparation of his book, but the number can hardly have been less than two or three times as great as that of the entries in his Catalogue.

This vast mass of drawings is scattered through the museums and libraries of Europe and many private collections; the greater part of it was uncatalogued or very insufficiently catalogued; only a part has ever been photographed; and the attribution to this or that master is often absurd, and oftener doubtful. All these drawings have had to be minutely studied and compared with each other and with the pictures with which they might be connected, and every artistic mannerism in the representation of nature or the use of material has been noted and looked for in other works, until the whole mass could be assorted into various groups representing so many "artistic personalities." Many such personalities could be at once connected with an historic name, but others could not; in such cases Mr. Berenson, feeling sure that the personality really existed, has not hesitated to invent a name that may answer as a convenient designation until, if ever, the name borne by the artist "in the flesh" shall be discovered. Finally, whatever documentary evidence has been discovered by the researches of the "archivists" had to be considered and reconciled with the internal evidence. In all this work Mr. Berenson has accepted nothing on trust, and admitted no authority, however respected, but has retested every attribution and reweighed every bit of evidence, and has not hesitated to announce any conclusion, however startling or revolutionary. The whole list has then been numbered consecutively, so that in future any sheet can be briefly identified by such a reference as "Berenson, Florentine Drawings, No. 758."

So far all this labor is strictly that of the cataloguer, but Mr. Berenson has not been content to be merely a cataloguer. All these drawings he has studied again—first, as a critic, for their own æsthetic value and the light they throw on the aims and qualities of Florentine art; second, as a psychologist, for their revelations (more intimate than those of completed work) of temperament and personality; third, in the case of the greater men, as an historian, for their record of the origin and evolution of this or that world-renowned masterpiece.

It is evident that half-a-dozen review articles would not suffice for the mere statement of Mr. Berenson's conclusions. Their discussion and proper criticism would require almost as much labor as Mr. Berenson's own, even if the critic had already something of that writer's expert knowledge. Even the 180 plates would not greatly simplify matters, for, as Mr. Berenson justly remarks, "ten times that number would scarcely suffice to illustrate the text." The true criticism of his book will occupy many years, and will be the work of many hands. At first those who cannot distinguish between conjecture and fact are likely to accept him wholesale; and there are to-day, perhaps, as many of these as of those who will sneer at all connoisseurship and "attribution-mongering," and refuse to consider him at all. Gradually, little by little, the whole of his work will be gone over, with here a rectification, and there an opposing argument or a confirmation, until there is something like a consensus of opinion and a definitive list. We, who have always inclined to a certain caution and natural scepticism in accepting the results of modern connoisseurship, may at least agree that the work of classifying the drawings of the old masters is necessary to be done; that no one is better fitted to inaugurate it than Mr. Berenson; and that the present book will prove the indispensable foundation upon which all future laborers must build. For the rest, we can but touch it here and there at such points as our interest and knowledge dictate.

One of the most startling of Mr. Berenson's achievements, the invention (in the old or new sense) of "Amico di Sandro," was a part of the work undertaken in preparation for these volumes, and the account of the paintings collected under that name was finally published separately because it had grown too long for the place it was meant to occupy. The drawings which Mr. Berenson believes to have been done by the same hand remained for discussion here, together with the work of one or two other like hypothetical personalities, such as "Alunno di Domenico" and "Andrea di Michelangelo." The latter seems certainly to have existed, and to have been named Andrea, whatever may have been his other name, and whether or not he made the drawings attributed to him. In an "addition" Mr. Berenson announces that the real name of "Alunno di Domenico" has been discovered, and that it is Bartolommeo di Giovanni. What may be accomplished by connoisseurship is shown by the fact that the date given by Mr. Berenson, purely on evidences of style, to Botticelli's "Fortezza" has since been proved by documentary evidence to be exact.

Mr. Berenson's own confidence in internal evidence is best shown in the case of the two Raffaellinos. It seems that the works of Raffaellino del Garbo and of Raffaellino di Carli have been confused by Vasari and every one else; also, that the family name of Raffaellino del Garbo was Capponi. Nevertheless, Mr. Berenson unhesitatingly ascribes the one picture signed Capponi to Carli, affirming that "Carli must have painted this altar-piece for Garbo, who had it inscribed with his own name." This is certainly possible; whether or not it is true must be decided by those who have the competence and the facility for an exhaustive study of all the works in ques-

tion. The whole problem of Garbo and Carli and "Alunno" seems to us to have rather the interest of a fascinating puzzle than any real importance. To the non-expert it seems that the three drawings published by Berenson under the name of Garbo are amazingly unlike each other in style, and that the head and drapery of the best of them, a study for the Resurrected Christ, in the British Museum, show precisely that Peruginesque influence which should, according to the hypothesis, characterize Carli.

The attempts to reconstruct the artistic personalities of second and third-rate artists become of real importance when these artists are of the following of a great master and when their work has been confused with his. It is something to say that this or that drawing is *not* by Botticelli or Michelangelo, but if one can say that it *is* by "Amico" or Raffaelle da Montelupo or another, it clinches the matter. One of Mr. Berenson's most important and interesting chapters, therefore, is Chapter X., which, with parts of Chapter IX., is devoted to the followers and imitators of Michelangelo; and here we can go almost all the way with him. The one plate attributed to "Andrea di Michelangelo" supplies, indeed, insufficient data for the examination of his claims to the authorship of the drawings attributed to him, but enough are published of the famous drawings now taken from Michelango and bestowed upon Sebastiano del Piombo to convince us that Mr. Berenson is probably right. The change of ownership enriches Sebastiano without impoverishing Michelangelo, and leaves both artists more clearly outlined. One is inclined to regret some of the drawings now given to Bandinelli; but something was always wrong with them, and, as they are assumed to be copies after lost originals, their present attribution takes little from the great man and adds nothing to the base one. The identification of a number of Michelangelesque drawings, in most of which the shading is done with strokes from left to right, as by the historically left-handed Raffaelle da Montelupo, seems to us one of Mr. Berenson's most brilliant and convincing achievements. Among these drawings is the so-called "Study for the Madonna in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo," which we ventured, many years ago, in our review of Symonds's 'Michelangelo,' to call a copy after the statue by an unknown hand.

In the case of certain architectural sketches, hitherto attributed to Michelangelo, Mr. Berenson has not insisted upon furnishing another artistic personality to father them, but has contented himself with the conjecture that they are by some follower of Aristotele da San Gallo, and that they are later fantasias on or attempted restorations of the earlier designs for the tomb of Julius rather than the original designs. His discussion of them and of the various stages of this tomb as well as of the Medici tombs is able and, we are inclined to think, conclusive. If it does not leave us with a much clearer conception of Michelangelo's intentions, it at least acquits him of some very bad taste. We could wish, however, that Mr. Berenson had been less openly scornful of the incompetence of others who have been misled by the traditional attribution.

In the manner of arriving at such conclusions as these we have noted—in the application of the methods of connoisseurship to the drawings under discussion—while the eye and the ear, the folds and the fingernails, still receive, as they must, a good deal of attention, we seem to see a growing tendency to rely upon "quality" as the final test of the work of the greater masters. A given drawing, attributed to, say, Leonardo, may have his forms, his types, his left-handed pen-stroke, but if it is not in itself a beautiful thing, Mr. Berenson "cannot so far abandon his sense of quality" as to accept it. Now the sense of quality may be cultivated but cannot be reasoned about—its exercise is a matter of artistic sensitiveness, not of scientific accuracy. Mr. Berenson has always believed in the necessity of such a sense, and the change may be more in the subjects dealt with than in him, but the result is a welcome humanization of studies which tend to aridity.

A somewhat similar change seems to be taking place in the manner of his æsthetic criticism. This has always been acute, but its effect has been marred by a certain harshness of style and a somewhat repellant, if scientific, vocabulary. In the present work that vocabulary has undergone some modification, and, though the thing meant is discussed many times, we have not once found the words "tactile values." He has evidently tried to put his ideas into the common literary language that the world understands, and in so doing has gone far to recommend them. At his best his criticism has become not only illuminating but inspiriting.

His love of spontaneity and swiftness of touch seems to us to lead to too great an admiration for mere sketching, and to a tendency to underrate the more finished drawings of the masters. Pollajuolo's "Hercules," which he praises highly, seems to us to approach dangerously near to penmanship; and his selection from Andrea del Sarto's drawings does not seem to us the best possible, the line being often more instantaneous than certain. Indeed, one or two of them are so formless, here and there, as to give the impression that some idle scribbler has attempted to carry out the parts which Andrea had omitted. On the other hand, Mr. Berenson seems fully to appreciate the exceeding beauty of some of Michelangelo's more finished drawings, such as "The Archers" at Windsor and "The Resurrection" in the British Museum—not to mention the wonderful head at Oxford (Pl. cxxx.), in which utmost delicacy of modelling is combined with utmost freedom and rapidity of handling; and he is quite right in finding a certain tameness in the show drawings made for Cavalieri. The analysis of the artistic aims and methods of Michelangelo is, indeed, almost wholly admirable, and the discussion of Leonardo as a draughtsman is scarcely less so.

In connection with this latter artist's more fluent sketches, as in discussing the work of Botticelli and the whole school of "linealists," Mr. Berenson has frequent occasion to refer to the finer qualities of Japanese art. In the days when we are all being sent to school to the Japanese, it is well to be reminded that these qualities have always existed in the art of Europe, but in combination with so many other qualities, unknown to the Orient, that they have been neglected. In swift flow and elegance of line, in pattern, and even in quality of color, Botticelli's "Primavera" is amazingly like a fine Japanese print, while the Far East has produced no greater marvels of pure handicraft than some of these Italian drawings.

Finally, Mr. Berenson gives an interesting analysis of the peculiar charm of the earlier decadents, such as Pontormo. We should like to take issue with him on what seems to us his somewhat extravagant valuation of that artist's sketch for a pierced lunette (Pl. clxx.), but our review is already long enough. If we have given any notion of the quantity and variety of more or less contentious matter which his book contains, we shall have fulfilled our purpose. Mr. Berenson is the only connoisseur who has general ideas, and the only critic who has the equipment of an expert. Our own bias leads us to prefer the critic in him to the connoisseur, but doubtless the one is necessary to the other. When, as the signs seem to show he will, he has learned to subordinate the connoisseur to the critic, if he can add to both a little more of the artist in letters he should become a distinct force in criticism.

BRET HARTE, AND SUNDRY NOVELS.

The Life of Bret Harte. By F. Edgar Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Trent's Trust, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Gentleman of the South. By William Garrott Brown. The Macmillan Co.

Ethel. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Bros.

To write the life of a famous man who has also been a personal friend, is such a difficult and delicate undertaking that it implies the possession of courage pushed to rashness. If the biographer strives to make an impartial portrait of the man and a critical estimate of the work that has won fame, he runs the risk of appearing to the public, if not in the light of an actual enemy, at best in that of a false friend; if he limits himself to an expression of warm admiration, nobody accepts his characterization of the man, and his estimate of the work has very little critical value.

Mr. Pemberton's attitude towards Bret Harte is frankly that of an enthusiastic, almost adoring friend. "It is easier," he says, "to begin than to finish a book in which each line is written under the consciousness of a personal sorrow." Whether this reflection be true or not, one wishes that he had resisted the temptation to begin so soon, because he seems to have been intimate with Harte, and, had he taken time to think, might have convinced some people that the subject of his eulogy was irreproachable in all the relations of life, a modest, courteous, unselfish gentleman and a slave to duty. Moreover, he would thus have avoided the suspicion of rushing into print animated chiefly by calculation of the commercial advantage of being first in the field. A note on the bibliography, which he says had Harte's approval, indicates Mr. Pemberton's disinclination to waste any time in preliminary preparations for writing a book. "I regret," he says, "that I am unable to give the name of American publishers."

Although his book is rather a ponderous one, he has also been unable to include any important facts that are not already matters of common knowledge. Some letters written to Mrs. Harte in the first years of her husband's life in foreign countries are interesting because they show a receptivity to new impressions noticeably absent in the fiction written after he had bidden America good-bye. For Germany he had little liking, and for German music a distaste so pronounced that it stirred him to vigorous and amusing denunciation. Plainly, from the beginning, he was captivated by England and by those English people with great names who welcomed him in their homes. From Froude's place in Devonshire he writes: "Imagine, if you can, something between 'Locksley Hall' and the 'high Hall garden' where Maud used to walk." And again, from a fine country-house: "I scarcely believe I am not reading an English novel or that I am not myself a wandering ghost." For a long time in the Old World he had a vivid sense of the unreality of landscape, city streets and buildings, feeling that he was moving among conventional stage settings which might be shifted at any moment. Since he never returned to America, it is hard to believe that his expressed preference for this country, frequently reported by Mr. Pemberton, was a genuine sentiment. His biographer, however, assumes that he positively pined for his native land, but was detained in foreign places by an extraordinary attachment to duty. By way of illustrating Harte's capacity for renunciation of selfish pleasure Mr. Pemberton writes solemnly:

"While London attracted him, the Consul felt bound to put in many appearances in Glasgow, and he spent much of his time in travelling over the long distance that separates the two great cities."

To construe such casual recognition of official requirement as devotion is indeed to take an airy view of consular duty.

All the comment there is on Harte's literary work eulogizes without discrimination. His later stories are declared to be often, if not always, as good as his earlier; and every page proclaims the undimmed genius of Mr. Pemberton's "fascinating, affectionate, lovable comrade." The only display of ill-feeling in the book is against those "good people who, while professing to admire Bret Harte, never tire of saying that he produced nothing but stories about California and gold-seekers." The responsibility for this statement can most charitably be laid upon Mr. Pemberton's hasty method of composition. He probably meant to say that many good people wish that Bret Harte had produced nothing but stories about California and gold-seekers, and contend that his later writings, whatever their subject, are not first-rate, not even remarkable. To assert that the poorest of Harte's work is better than the mass of current fiction is an unconscious concession to the good people who argue that it showed tremendous inequality. It would be sad indeed if a man of genius and great literary facility had ever fallen so low as to justify the institution of such comparison.

The latest and presumably final collection of his stories, entitled 'Trent's Trust,' is as indisputably superior to the common run of fiction as it is inferior to the author's highest standard. The title story has that faulty construction which is evident in all his efforts to pass the limits of a short story. Through a bewildering series of romantic accidents and extraordinary coincidences, the author pursues the rightful heir to estates voluntarily abandoned by an eccentric Englishman. The reader who, by independent effort, manages to keep up with the chase, may find reward in the proud recognition of his own uncommon intelligence. The shorter stories are more readable. Colonel Starbottle and Jack Hamlin reappear not ingloriously, and the top-heavy stage-coach whirls along through clouds of dust, with a driver calm and faithful as Yuba Bill. The tale entitled "Prosper's Old Mother" is unequivocally good. It has a touch of the author's youthful vividness and assurance, rarely lapsing into the vagueness of a reminiscence or feebleness of a réchauffé.

When Mr. Page began to write stories, he probably had no deliberate intention of becoming a social historian of the South; nevertheless, to-day a vivid and apparently truthful conception of Southern society—of the ruin of the old order and rise of the new—may be formed by reading his books in the order of their production. His early tales collectively stand as an idyll of the old South, enshrining the romantic aspects of its prosperity and the tragedy of its disruption. 'Red Rock' delineates the unhappy struggle for adjustment to new conditions which marked the period of Reconstruction, and 'Gordon Keith' heralds the dawn of an era of commercial and industrial development. This latest novel may be properly described as Mr. Page's most serious effort, but unfortunately (as often happens in the writing of fiction) a consciousness of important intention has choked the springs of inspiration and throttled the valves of spontaneous creation. At all events, we have no other way of accounting for the heaviness, the dulness, the lack of sustained interest of a book which has a broad and significant motive, a variety of contrasting characters, and an extraordinary number of exciting incidents.

Mr. Page's account of Keith from boyhood to middle age is tediously circumstantial, showing no sense of artistic selection, and with hardly a gleam of vivacity or a moment of strong, stirring emotion. Keith is never just a man, but always a hero—in defeat or victory always right. Ferdy Wickersham, with whom Keith comes constantly in contact and conflict, has, on the other hand, a quite unnatural talent for being always wrong. A bad son, a bad friend, a beguiler and betrayer of women, he might point an impressive moral were it not that he is just too bad to believe in at all. Most of the people in the book (and there are a great many) are like the two principal figures, too immaculate or too depraved. The clergyman, Mr. Rimmon, is a survival of eighteenth-century English fiction. We have met him in the pages of Fielding and Smollett, and learn with some surprise and horror that he is now actually a shepherd of aristocratic souls in the city of New York, and made welcome to a cup of tea any afternoon in houses of the highest fashion. Miss Lois Huntington, Keith's true love, to whom he returns after a period of worship of false goddesses, has all the virtues of the old-fashioned *ingénue*, combined with the priggishness of a modern superior girl. A foreigner confronted with the spectacle of Lois pointing the path of propriety to a somewhat skittish married friend, would give up in despair any faint hope he might hitherto have cherished of understanding the rights, privileges, and duties of the young girl in America. Mrs. Lancaster, for many years Keith's star of hope and oriflamme in the battle of life, is a much more natural figure than Lois, and shares with Squire Rawson the honors for individuality and forcible representation. The incidents through which Keith, his friends, and enemies pass to ultimate destiny are sometimes thrilling to a degree, sometimes so capricious, sometimes so hackneyed, that the reader's final impression is of having assisted at a high-flown, conventional melodrama. It is unfortunate that this impression is the strongest and most lasting derivable from a book to the writing of which thought and knowledge and patience have been given without stint.

Among the many surviving traditions of the old South none has more vitality than that the masters, the lords of great estates and many slaves, were gentlemen of a perfection rarely if ever attained in any other clime, at any other period of the world's history. Mr. Page makes his compliments to this tradition in the person of Gen. Keith, his hero's father, but his song of salutation is feeble in comparison with the fanfare of Mr. William Garrott Brown's trumpet. His story, entitled 'A Gentleman of the South,' puts all former representations of this American dodo to shame. In comparison with Henry Selden, Sir Charles Grandison is only gentlemanly. Nothing more need be said about Mr. Selden's character, and of the incidents in which he has a part, only that they are well chosen to exhibit it.

The quickly won vogue of 'Wee Macgreegor' probably impelled the author to tempt fortune in hot haste with another book. Like its predecessor, 'Ethel' is a series of dialogues, not, however, written in Glasgow dialect. Only two persons appear, Ethel and another, whom one should describe as her *fiancé*, or lover, but is driven by a sense of the greater fitness to call her young man. Mr. Bell contrives to characterize Ethel and her young man through their talk quite as clearly as he did the Robinson family, but the personalities revealed are far less engaging. They are very ordinary youngsters, perpetually chaffing each other, addicted to bad puns, and showing neither depth of sentiment nor brilliancy of intellect. Mr. Hope's 'Dolly Dialogues' may have inspired this work, which hardly deserves the measure of praise due to a good copy of a clever original.

ENGLISH VERSE.

English Verse. By Raymond Macdonald Alden. Henry Holt & Co.

A Study of Metre. By T. S. Omond. London: Grant Richards.

That the study of English versification is being prosecuted along promising and rational lines, likely to lead eventually to a satisfactory and comprehensive theory, seems indicated by the nearly simultaneous appearance of two books very different in other respects, but similar in being sensible, clear, and moderate in tone. Professor Alden's is made up largely of quoted ex-

amples from the poets. Its avowed aim is, by giving sufficient material in one voluume, to do away with the necessity for consulting a great variety of books in the inductive study of English verse. No scholar could possibly construct such a compilation to satisfy every one. Mr. Alden appears to have come as near to it as may be, for this anthology of illustrative excerpts seems judiciously made. If it err, it is chiefly in giving too much space to citations from the poets antedating Tottel's Miscellany; and in the chapter on artificial imitations of French forms the author seems less at home with his material than elsewhere in the book. No one, in 1903, should write of the sestina without citing Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp Royal," by far the easiest and most natural reproduction in English of Arnaud-Daniel's original unrhymed device. Austin Dobson's sestina quoted is labored and frigid, while Kipling's is the natural marriage of the complicated form to a theme which it conveys better than would any other expression.

The writer's own utterances are more interesting than the examples among which they are scattered. To not many of his statements can exception be taken, yet a few seem to call for comment. On page 19 he says: "Two varieties of the feminine cæsura are also distinguished; the Lyric, when the pause occurs inside a foot; the Epic, when the pause occurs after an extra (hypermetrical) light syllable." This would seem to imply that the Epic cæsura does not occur inside a foot, as of course it does. Not every one will agree with Mr. Alden when he says (page 24): "The fundamental rhythm of both iambic and trochaic verse is the same, as also that of both anapæstic and dactylic verse." This is an error common to most recent books on versification, and vitiates much of their criticism. It seems akin to the error of reading verse by eye rather than by ear. On pages 24, 25 it is not apparent why the terms "ascending" and "descending" are preferred to the shorter and more usual terms "rising" and "falling." We find on page 47, after a quotation from Swinburne, "In this last specimen we have a nine-accent line—very rare in English poetry." This statement is not borne out by the example; Swinburne's rhymes positively mark the words referred to as a line of eight accents followed by a coda-line of one accent. The book does not mention Tennyson's poem on Virgil, which is all nine-accent verses of a very marked structure.

Chapter III., on the stanza, ignores many interesting modern stanza-forms, and gives many middle-English stanzas of little interest in themselves and of small value for the history of the subject, as they exercised little or no influence on later compositions. In Chapter IV., under the heading "Assonance," it seems strange that no mention is made of Emily Dickinson, who often used consonances and assonances in place of rhymes, sometimes with an effect of novelty and charm. On page 129 we read: "These passages illustrate sufficiently the grotesque effects of double and triple rhyme in English—effects of which Byron and Browning are acknowledged masters." This is all very true, but what follows seems to imply that double and triple rhymes are in themselves grotesque or humorous. In fact, Mr. Alden gives throughout the book few if any examples of their dignified use. On page 121 he has said: "Triple rhyme is also recognized, though rare." He seems in this regard to have investigated his material insufficiently. Triple rhyme is much used in verse of the past thirty years, and it is safe to say that the combination of double and single rhymes, where the single rhyme closes the stanza, is the most melodious, emotional, and beautiful of English rhyme-effects; witness Swinburne's "Pastourelle." The dignified effect of triple rhymes, even final, is by no means unusual, as in Longfellow's "Chrysaor" and in Kipling's "The Miracles."

Mr. Alden cites, on page 156, and without comment, Luick's regret that modern rhymed verse requires the reduction to a uniform "tick-tack" of alternating stress and non-stress of the natural accent relations of the Germanic languages, which recognize two principal degrees of accent. The author seems as oblivious as most recent writers on prosody to the distinguishing feature of the development of English versification of late years, namely, the increasing volume of verse employing accents of two degrees; as Poe's "Raven," Kipling's "Last Chantey," and a host intermediate in date. The writers of verse produce this sort of rhythm with ever increasing ease and volume; the writers on verse still fail, generally, to recognize it.

On page 247 Browning's blank verse is characterized as sacrificing more of melody than Tennyson's in adapting itself to the thought. This is failing entirely to realize or express Browning's intentional abuse of discord as a metrical effect, though Mr. Alden does say (page 249), "What in Surrey is helplessness, seems the perversity of strength in Browning." It is difficult to agree with the latter half of his statement (page 391) that "English quantities, so far as they exist, are variable and (in part at least) subjective in character." Again, it is scarcely true, as stated on page 396, that "the number of syllables in the foot (in good modern English verse) is tolerably constant." Mr. Omond, for instance, clearly disposes of this view. On page 409 Mr. Alden says: "There is one defect, it may freely be admitted, in these classical names of feet. They provide no place for secondary accent." This is true indeed of the *names* of the classical feet, but not of the standard nomenclature that goes with them. Reference to so easily accessible a book as the translation of Schmidt's 'Rhythmik und Metrik' would show that such terms as "dipody" and "monometer," "octapody" and "tetrameter," furnish a complete and exact terminology for the distinction from ordinary measures of measures containing secondary accents, and for the accurate characterization of rhythms some of which are found in the specimens quoted on pages 49-55 under the heading "combinations."

Much in Mr. Alden's book is worthy of high praise. The essay on the "Time-Element in English Verse" is full of good things. The quoted utterances of many writers on the "Metrical Element in Poetry" are well chosen and serviceable. The author's statement of the general law of English verse (page 7) is just, and hardly to be improved upon. On page 24 he says: "The foot is determined by the distance from one accented syllable to another in the regular scheme of the metre." "Interval" would be an improvement on "distance" as a matter of wording, but the intention of the definition is excellent. At page 31, on the metre of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and on a similar metre used by Longfellow, the remarks show unusual insight and delicacy of ear. An instance of Mr. Alden's poise and caution appears on page 35, where he says of certain Elizabethan rhythms, "It is quite possible that the time to which these verses were sung may have affected the measure." On pages 55, 56, what is said of the terms "pyrrhic" and "spondee" is just and rational; and likewise of tone-color on page 136. Insight is again shown on page 226, where attention is called to Fletcher's many twelve-syllable lines as being ordinary lines with triple-endings, not Alexandrines.

On pages 394, 395, and again on 400, are some noteworthy observations on the relation between music and verse. On page 408 is another of the same kind, together with a good sample of Mr. Alden's acumen: "It has been suggested more than once that the great preponderance, among English dissyllables, of those accented on the first syllable, goes to explain our preference for iambic over trochaic measures; and that one reason why the rhythm of 'Hiawatha,' for example, so soon wearies the ear is because its metrical divisions and word-divisions so frequently coincide." Most writers on verse make too much fuss about metrical notation. Mr. Alden uses none at all; considering, apparently, that his general observations and his classification sufficiently indicate the metrical form of his examples.

Whereas Mr. Alden for the most part particularizes or lets his frequent citations speak for themselves, Mr. Omond's excerpts are relatively few, and he deals chiefly in generalizations or in theories. His theorizing differs from that of most writers of versification. Usually such an author begins by assuming that all other writers on the subject are dolts and all its students dullards. Then he states a theory as a universal panacea for all difficulties of verse criticism. Far otherwise is it with Mr. Omond. However much his readers may differ with him, no one can fail to be won by the disarming candor and unassuming moderation of his utterances. We note a few blunders, perhaps of the proof-reader. On page 58, in a long sentence, "as he chooses" is left hanging in the air, no person having been mentioned or referred to. On page 142, "in last paragraph" is not merely faulty English; it is not clear what is the last paragraph meant. Elsewhere Mr. Omond's English is noticeably good, nor do we recall any book on this subject written in a style so pleasing.

Mr. Omond's other theorizings we pass by, but nothing short of amazing is his most original theory (set forth especially on pages 52, 53), that our double rhythms correspond to the movement of such classic metres as the anapæstic and dactylic, while our triple rhythms correspond to the movement of such classic metres as the iambic and trochaic; thus reversing the relationship between our rhythms and classic metres, as it is generally understood and accepted, and as is reflected in the customary application to the feet of our rhythms of the names used for the feet of classic metres. We regard this theory as totaly wrong, but it is stated so modestly and plausibly that we rec-

ommend each reader to consider it for himself.

The book is full of quotable passages, some of which are almost epigrams. For instance (page 43): "A dropped accent, like a dropped syllable, may minister to our perception of periodic recurrence." Page 57: "Syllabic variety contrasted with temporal uniformity creates the charm of English metre"; and below: "When syllabic variety overpowers temporal recurrence, a line ceases to be metrical." Page 59: "The perfection of music lies in absolute accordance with time, that of verse in continual slight departures from time"; and again: "On the other hand, to suppose that this imperfection is in itself rhythmical—that these aberrations from type, variations of stress and quantity, and what not, constitute in themselves the law of verse—would be a still more fatal blunder." Page 60: "Variations are not rightly understood till it is known from what they vary." Page 75: "Pranks of new writers may demonstrate their authors' incapacity, not their readers' stupidity"; "Variation is successful only when it brings into relief, not obscures, our perception of underlying uniformity." Page 110: "Final rhyme, no doubt, accentuates to our ear the termination of a line, but it does not cause termination."

Sensible and well-judged are Mr. Omond's utterances on quantity in English. For instance (page 33): . . . "distinguish—as even eminent critics have not always done—the fact of quantity from the classic rules for its observance." Page 41: "We do seem to come upon traces of a real use of quantity . . . supplementing accent. . . ." Page 45: "Neglect of it, with us, rather deforms than destroys structure, making a line unmusical rather than unmetrical." Page 46: "It may be an added grace rather than a structural necessity." Pages 154, 155: "Greek dactylic lines of course begin with a long syllable. To imitate this, our hexametrists endeavor to begin their lines with a syllable of strong accentuation. But they never can keep it up for long. It is opposed to our habit of speech. All our native verse either begins with weak syllables or admits them as an alternative."

There are many instances, too, of almost epigrammatic expression of Mr. Omond's unassuming modesty, as (page 48): "No one can tell beforehand how English verse should be written; we can determine only how it has been written." Page 121: "My scansions must be taken as suggestions, not as *ex-cathedra* judgments." Page 139: "Prosodical pontiffs should least of all claim infallibility."

The kernel and gist of the book, the author's views on how English verse should be read, scanned and understood, may be gathered from such passages as (page 31): "Temporal periods, usually occupied by syllables and habitually denoted by stress, must be regarded as the true basis of our verse." Page 53: "Time-spaces exist apart from the syllables embedded in them." Page 84: "Syllables do not correspond precisely to beats. They do not keep perfect time, like notes of music, but the time itself is unvarying." Page 85: "Periods are the actual units, and the way to scan a poem is to discover its time-measure, and then consider the relation of syllables to time."

Mr. Omond's recognition of the existence of quadruple (what in the classical terminology are called pæonic) rhythms in English, and his allotment of a chapter to their consideration, mark him as possessing more insight than most writers on versification. His acumen is also unusual. For instances of its exhibition we refer to his treatment (page 27) of the method of scansion (?) which divides verse into the units of prose-phrasing; to his illuminating comparison (pages 91, 92) of the rhythm of Shelley's "Cloud" with that of his "Vision of the Sea"; to his keen analysis (page 129) of the rhythm of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic"; to his comprehension (pages 135, 136) of the subtleties of Christina Rossetti's rhythms; to his characterization (page 145) of the rhythm of Tennyson's "Alcaics."

The index it lacks, the book deserves. Mr. Alden's manual has a good index.

The Persian Problem: An Examination of the Rival Positions of Russia and Great Britain in Persia. With some account of the Persian Gulf and the Baghdad railway. By H. J. Whigham. Scribners. 1903. Pp. xvi., 424.

Events nowadays follow fast in the East, and that part of Mr. Whigham's book which deals with the Persian Gulf is now very fairly antiquated. Whatever the immediate cause was, England has at last spoken and unmistakably, and all others stand now warned off from attempted control of any part of the waters or shores of the Gulf. The Baghdad railway, therefore, unless it stops at al-Basra, can reach tidewater only at what will be virtually a British port. Thus that control of its southern end which Mr. Whigham desiderates is practically assured. Nor can there be any longer a question of Bunder Abbas or any other place being "given" to Russia by England—or whatever the correct word may be for the transfer of property by some one to whom it does not belong, to some one else who has no right to it. Further, what consequences will follow from this for the interior of Arabia and the century-old feud of the Wahhabite state at Riad and the family of Ibn Rashid at Haïl, is past the most daring prophecy. When England does abandon its traditional limitation to the coast and moves into the chaos of the interior of Arabia, strange things will undoubtedly happen. These Mr. Whigham only touches; his point is Koweit and its unruly chief, Mubarak, and he is confessedly shaky on the interior. His guess, then, that the power to be cultivated is the anti-Wahhabite one of the Ibn Rashids is all the more commendable.

Turning to Persia and the eastern side of the Gulf, his judgment seems equally clear. Although in close touch with Lord Curzon and an admirer of his classical book on Persia, he does not hesitate to criticise him and it. The great English error with Persia has lain in holding that the time had not yet come for railways; that roads must precede. Years ago, rather, railways built by British capital should have been run from the Gulf north and east. Given these, Russian railroad-carried goods could never possibly compete with English goods brought by sea; the essential difference of freight rates by sea and by rail must prevail. Further, the problem of Persian commerce, within and without, is one of communications; Persia cannot be opened up and developed as to minerals or cereals until it has a railway system. The natural riches are there, but the cost of carriage by caravan is prohibitive. So the mining corporation of twelve years ago found. Rich manganese ore was plentiful, but it cost £9 to £10 a ton to get it to the coast, while it sold in London for only £4. With a railway the freight would have been some ten shillings. As it is, Persian imports largely exceed exports, and the country must be approaching bankruptcy. All this, as put by Mr. Whigham, seems undeniably sound.

But is it worth England's while, it may be asked? Has English trade not already practically vanished? According to the figures in the 'Statesman's Year-Book' for 1902, England has only 24 per cent. of the exports as against Russia's 56.3 per cent., and 27.4 per cent. of the imports as against Russia's 55.9 per cent.—a truly deplorable showing, and one which has excited wide English comment. But, again, Mr. Whigham brings out that these figures are not official or trustworthy in any respect. He has his own set of figures, which make the British share in Persian imports from 40 to 42 per cent., a more respectable result.

Such are only a few points in this most readable book. Its grasp and insight, independence and clarity, make it a very real contribution to a very perplexed subject.

Experiments on Animals. By Stephen Paget. With an Introduction by Lord Lister. New and revised edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

The constant clamor of anti-vivisectionists, protestants against all operations upon the lower animals, whether for experiment, for illustration, or for the prevention of suffering among their own kind or in man, has inspired this authoritative account of the result of such experimental work. The objectors admit that pain may legitimately be inflicted when a substantial advantage is to be gained, but they deny that any good has ever resulted from the researches they condemn. The admission simplifies the question, for it thus becomes merely one of fact, and the facts do not accord with their contention. Galen proved that blood is contained in the arteries, which his predecessors did not believe; Harvey discovered its circulation, the cornerstone of animal physiology; and Malpighi observed the capillaries. Hales and Hunter, Poiseuille and Marey supplemented these observations, all necessarily experimental, and completed our knowledge of the subject. This is but the A B C of experimental physiology, which has been developed by the demonstration of digestion, of the formation of glycogen and sugar, of the action of the pancreas, of the development of bone, and of the functions of the nervous system—all by similar methods. Can it be imagined that the intimate operations of the body are to be thought out, instead of being wrought out under careful observation? Physiology secure, the practice of medicine has been enlightened by a knowledge of the action of remedies learned by experiment upon animals and by trial on man. Anthrax, tetanus, diphtheria, plague, rabies, tubercu-

losis—taken almost at random—are among those uniformly dangerous and generally fatal diseases some of which, at least, have had their power greatly limited, if not destroyed, by the very work which the well-meaning obstructionists so earnestly condemn.

Mr. Paget, as Lord Lister explains, is not personally engaged in researches involving experiments upon the lower animals, but, as Secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research, he has become well qualified to lay the actual facts plainly before the public. His book should be studied by both parties. For the general public, unconcerned with the ethics of the question whether animals should be utilized to preserve the lives of other animals and of men, there is an excellent account of the immunizations practised against diphtheria, rabies, tetanus, plague, cholera, and typhoid fever—with different degrees of success, it is true, but on the whole with a magnificent aggregate of lives saved.

In giving credit to Sommelweiss for his work upon the nature of puerperal fever Mr. Paget fails to note, doubtless from want of knowledge, that Oliver Wendell Holmes preceded him in the same field. He speaks with the customary derision of the "doctrine of organs and bumps," though the higher phrenology has no concern with "the bumps of the anti-phrenological buffoons," as Gall himself puts it, but with the localization of the mental functions. He has more faith in Sanarelli's *bacillus icteroides* and in his immunizing serum than we are disposed to yield; and on the strength of the Durham and Myers Commission he seems at one place (p. 283) to question the conclusions of the Walter Reed Commission, and therein is undoubtedly weak. In fact, that passes a little beyond his theme. For a minor detail Mr. Paget persists in styling Major (now Colonel) Gorgas "Surgeon-Major," a title not used in the United States army, and now obsolete even in Britain.

The Sculptures of the Parthenon. By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Dr. Murray is well known as a writer on classical archæology. He published in 1883 a history of Greek sculpture in two octavo volumes, and a Handbook of Greek Archæology in 1892, not to mention minor publications connected with his position in the British Museum. He is accepted as a trustworthy archæologist; but there is no evidence in his books above named, or in his rather numerous articles in English periodicals, that he possesses a very strong sense of the artistic side of Greek life. This would seem an almost obvious necessity, for to many persons it is a truism that archæology and art are different and opposed things; yet there are instances enough of the contrary condition—of men brought up as scholars developing a singularly keen sense of the beauty and the artistic character of classical sculpture. Dr. Murray's present work is valuable in that it substitutes photographic reproduction for the outline plates with which other books on the subject have been illustrated. If, for instance, we compare this book with the well-known stand-by, Michaelis's 'Der Parthenon,' we note that the latter, a folio, gives the famous frieze of the cella complete in sufficiently well-drawn outlines. Beginning with the western frieze, to which one double plate is devoted, passing to the frieze on the longer south side, to that on the north side, and finally to the culminating groups of the eastern frieze, the whole composition, or series of compositions, is revealed so far as they are preserved. The slabs may be in Athens, in Paris, or, more often, in the British Museum; they may even come to our knowledge only through the drawings of Carrey in the seventeenth century, or Stuart in the eighteenth century, the marbles themselves being destroyed; but all that is known of the frieze is spread before the reader, in rough but comprehensible engraving. Now in Dr. Murray's octavo there is to be found, in a pocket at the end, a very large folding plate (xiii.): and this gives "the four sides of the frieze as exhibited in the British Museum, and copies of Carrey's drawings from parts of the frieze now missing." These are shown in photography, drawings, and slabs alike. It is true that there is no statement in the legend of the plate to the effect that this representation "in the British Museum" is partly in the form of plaster casts from the slabs preserved elsewhere; but the difference for the student is not very great. To take it in detail and to use the numbers of the figures, men and women, adopted by Michaelis and followed by Dr. Murray, numbers one and two of the north frieze are known to us only by the Carrey drawings, and these, in the Murray plate, are separated from the rest of the frieze, whereas in Michaelis they have their place at the beginning of the long procession. Numbers three to eleven are from originals which are all in the Acropolis Museum at Athens, this embracing a portion of the frieze seven times as long as it is wide. Then follow slabs that are in the British Museum, and others that are in Athens, alternating, as it were, throughout the whole length of the frieze; for indeed it is just about half, or rather less than half, of that frieze as it was once, that is now in London. Except that the reader might be misled by the implied statement that the whole is "exhibited in the British Museum," into the belief that more of the frieze is there than is there in reality, there is no fault to be found, and the photographic reproduction of these slabs brought all together in sequence according to the latest rulings of archæologists is a really important contribution to the general knowledge of the subject among students of art.

So with the metopes. Folding plate x. gives photographs of the metopes of the south side, most of them from the marble or the plaster, but many from Carrey's valuable drawings; and the first pages of chapter four, which is devoted to the south metopes, tell the story of the relation of these to the modern world in a very complete fashion, besides dealing with their general subject. Chapter five is devoted to the metopes of the north side; but of all these sculptures only one is given in photography, a large picture occupying the whole of plate xi.; while plate xii. shows a few drawings made in the seventeenth century by another artist than Carrey, and a few by Carrey himself. As for the pediments, the very proper course has been taken of presenting the Carrey drawing of each, namely, in plates iii. and vi., with photographs in the following plates of the separate figures as far as they can be identified, or approximately identified, and one or two pieces of sculpture not of the Parthenon by way of further illustration. Folding plates iii. and vi., which, as above stated, give Carrey's pediment drawings, give also something more than they: that is to say, the front view of the pediment is completed, in a way, by work done upon what the early artist left for us. The architectural framework is put in, capitals of the columns, the entablature, and even the metopes "in their present state." Such a quasi-restoration must always be of doubtful propriety; it will help students to understand the situation, but also it will tend to mislead them as to what it was that we have under the well-known name of Carrey's drawings of 1674.

If, however, one will read the text of this book, he will not be misled. No doubt is left as to what is authentic and what is traditional or supposititious. The story is completely told; the great mass of sculpture is placed aright and the history of it related. To make this book all that we could wish it, we need, as we began by intimating, a much more profound sense of what the sculpture of the time of Phidias means to modern artists and lovers of art.

Financial History of the United States. By Davis Rich Dewey. (American Citizen Series. Edited by A. B. Hart.) Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. 8vo., pp. xxxvii, 530.

Examination of Dr. Dewey's annotated bibliography at once reveals a reason, perhaps a chief reason, for the unquestionable superiority of his book over its only rival in comprehensiveness. Since Bolles's 'Financial History of the United States' was written, almost twenty-five years ago, the studies of Bullock and Catterall and Kinley and Knox and Noyes and Sumner, not to mention others perhaps equally deserving, have prepared the way for a more intelligent account of our financial experience than could have been written in the eighties. Into the labors of these men Dr. Dewey has entered. But he has abundantly justified his inheritance. Not only has he coordinated the results reached by others; he has also labored on his own account. He has steadily endeavored, and not without success, to trace the relations between financial legislation and democratic sentiment in the different stages of our industrial progress. In other respects also he has supplemented the deficiencies and filled in the gaps of the monographic literature; and he has never allowed a convenient monograph to seduce him into the undue expansion of an episode. An admirable sense of proportion is everywhere in evidence, and gives to the newest 'Financial History of the United States' a unity which works of the sort too frequently lack.

Throughout the book, from the account of the beginnings of colonial taxation to the comment on the Currency Act of 1900, Dr. Dewey's open-mindedness is likewise conspicuous. Indeed, he is almost too open-minded. At times he maintains an attitude

of such resolute impartiality between the competing explanations of fact which he enumerates, or the conflicting arguments of politics which he epitomizes, as deliberately to leave us uncertain towards which side, in his opinion, the balance of probability really inclines. This course he defends on the ground that "historical study is more fruitful if the reader endeavors to interpret the past in accordance with the experience which was available at the time the occurrence took place." That depends, of course, upon the fruit which the student of history desires to gather. Believing, for our part, that the fruitfulness to the American Citizen of historical studies upon "the relation of financial legislation to democracy"—the very topic which Dr. Dewey has "kept constantly in mind"—must be found chiefly in the instruction which such studies may afford him for his future guidance, we regret that Dr. Dewey has not allowed himself occasionally to assume a more magistral air. We feel entitled to the assistance of his judgment.

We cannot help regretting, too, that, as in many another good book intended for use in our colleges, Dr. Dewey's five hundred pages of text have been chopped into some two hundred sections, each bearing a caption in black-faced type. By this device, to be sure, the eye of the indolent professor is caught, and the incipient American Citizen is saved the strain of analyzing for himself what his instructors may require him to read. But, on the other hand, a narrative which, if left to itself, would possess sequacious interest, is transformed, as far as possible, into a series of unattractive tasks. Dr. Dewey's narrative deserved more dignified treatment. It is, in substance, a book for men, in college or out; and the supposed commercial necessity of making it appear a book for college boys is not an encouraging sign. But this is a criticism rather of the times than of the book. The book itself is excellent. Scholarship and insight have gone into it. No careful student of American history can afford to neglect it.

A Journey to Lhasa and Central Thibet. By Sarat Chandra Das. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It stirs the imagination to think that there is still one "hermit nation" left in the world, which contains also the holy place the very name of which thrills at least one-third of the human population of the globe. Those who guard the pathways to Lhasa and keep the holy city inviolate know well the official and commercial value of mystery. So long as the guardians of the supreme Lama, the living incarnation of Buddha, allow only the elect and gift-laden pilgrims to gaze on "our Lord's" face, they can hope to keep up the lucrative mystery-play.

The hierarchy is proud of a "succession" beside which that in the Occident called "apostolic" is modern. The monks fiercely resist the entrance, on any pretext, into Lhasa of diplomatists, travellers, traders, explorers. So long as they can do this, the millions and hundreds of millions of vulgar but believing folk in Chinese Asia, including Japan, will hold to the "Western Paradise" as a concrete reality. Geographical conditions do not favor or point to the possibility of extensive pilgrimages from the ends of the Buddhist earth to the Thibetan plateau, though highland Asia still furnishes a pilgrim army of millions annually. Only a few score of hundreds of distinction —tribute-bearing devotees—see the face of the incarnate Buddha, most of those coming from afar being made content with the subordinate lamas, who derive the validity of their holy orders from the one Dalai at Lhasa.

The chief interest of this narrative of a Hindu pundit's journey into Thibet lies in his account of a visit to the Buddhist capital, Lhasa, and audience of the living Buddha, to whom he brought a present of gold, the tribute of the lamasery in which he was a student. He made the journey to Lhasa in 1881; and since 1890, at various times, much of what he learned and saw in his Thibetan travels has been made public in India and England. The publication of this volume, the second edition, revised, has probably been called forth by the special interest awakened in Thibet by the recent works of Rockhill, Landor, Reinhart, Sven Hedin, and others. It is edited with abundant notes by Hon. W. W. Rockhill, who met Sarat Chandra Das, now of the Bengal Educational Service, in Peking in 1885. There are a biography of the author and traveller; a good index, maps, plenty of illustrations reproduced from photographs; colored plans of Lhasa monasteries, and a fascinating chapter on Thibetan social life in a great variety of aspects. In a word, here is an excellent and satisfactory book for the student of contemporary Buddhism.

Making friends with the Lama who was a teacher of Tibetan in the Government school at Darjeling, in India, Mr. Chandra secured an invitation to visit Lhasa and enter his name as a student of theology in the Grand Monastery of that city. He spent fourteen months in Thibet. Only two natives of India, in the nineteenth century at least, had succeeded in entering the forbidden city. Even Mr. Chandra was unable, for prudential reasons, to see all he desired, but what he did see is of great interest to the student of religions. Those familiar with the artistic representations, within the temples of China, Japan, and Korea, of the various avatars of Buddha, will enjoy the descriptions here given of the ancient originals. One almost wonders whether Milton's figure of Sin, in 'Paradise Lost,' was not suggested by that of the terrific goddess Poldan Lhamo—offspring of a red ass and a winged mare—who is guardian of the Dalai Lama.

The rows of prayer wheels, the steep ladders by which the top floor of the nine-storied Potala (or Lama's palace) was climbed, the superb view of varied scenery, the gilded spires of the city's temples, the vast façade of lofty whitewashed wooden structures, the crowds of singing beggars in the streets, the rich brocade and hangings of the throne room, the eight rows of rugs on the floor, the golden censers, bowls of water, and other sacred utensils, the "bright and fair complexion and rosy cheeks" of the incarnate Buddha, the tea-drinking, rice-eating and saying of grace, the blessing of the auditors by the holy pope, the reception of the consecrated pills and neck-scrap of red silk in return for the presents—all show in what a real sense, to probably three hundred millions of people or more on this earth, lamaistic Buddhism is the true religion. Lhasa is still an actual rival to Rome, Constantinople, Moscow, and Canterbury.

The scientific student will enjoy reading of the babu's exact measurement of Lake Palti and his further explorations. Mr. Rockhill shows that, in both geography and literature, Sarat Chandra may safely receive the honors which belong to explorers and scholars in the West. He is now engaged on a Thibetan-English dictionary of two thousand pages, exclusive of the long-desired Sanskrit-English appendix of Buddhist terms.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

May, Lieut.-Col. Edward S. Principles and Problems of Imperial Defence. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 3s. net.
Shapcote, Emily M. Mary, the Perfect Woman. London: Burns & Oates. 2s. 6d.
Smith, Justin H. Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec. Putnams. $2.00 net.
Trumbull, J. Hammond. Natick-English Dictionary. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Wallis, Louis. An Examination of Society. Columbus, O.: The Argus Press. $1.75 net.
Wheeler, Marianna. Plain Hints for Busy Mothers. E. B. Treat & Co. 35c.

"It is worthy of Frank Stockton."

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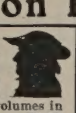

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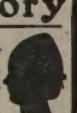

Sally Wister's Journal: *being a Quaker Maiden's Account of her Experiences with Officers of the Continental Army*, 1777-1778. A real historic manuscript of great value and charm. Now first puolished in full. Illustrated with over seventy portraits, views, and facsimiles. Edited by Albert Cook Myers, M.L. 12mo, cloth, 224 pages, . . $2.00

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FERRIS & LEACH, Publishers, Nos. 29-31 North Seventh Street, PHILADELPHIA.

FOR SALE.—Complete set of "Education." 23 vols.; 14 vols. in black cloth, 9 vols. unbound; prime condition. Charles S. Moore, Univ. 4, Cambridge, Mass.

THE SPOILSMEN. By Elliot Flower. *Endorsed by Grover Cleveland.* **L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, Pubs., Boston.**

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1903.

The Week.

If the naval war game just ended enables the people of the United States to realize how easy it is to defend our coast line with our present forces, it will have served a useful purpose. For the second time a squadron of the fleet has attempted to find its way undiscovered into one of several harbors in a long stretch of coast. Each time it has failed so ignominiously as to give a touch of the ludicrous to the whole performance. This should bring up afresh the question why this nation goes on building ship after ship if it be not for offensive purposes. Hitherto, and particularly because of the glamour of the successful war with Spain, there has been so little opposition to the piling up of our naval armament as to have brought us to the formation of navy leagues, and to proposed building programmes which would add yearly five or six costly vessels to our fleet. Now we are glad to note that there are growing signs of a reaction from the Rooseveltian extreme of a navy nearly if not actually as large as England's. His view of our needs is not that of our conservative navy officers, nor of Capt. Mahan. This well-known writer does not forget, in surveying the situation, to take into account the strategic advantages offered by the Atlantic Ocean, or the defensive qualities of our costly new coast fortifications, which we keep garrisoned by some 18,000 men. If we must have a "building programme," let it be one founded on common sense, and not one inspired by fatuous emulation of the follies of over-sea nations, whose ambitions and jealousies so sharply conflict.

Unwilling to believe the current press reports, particularly widespread in the South, that the Navy Department contemplated withdrawing all colored men from the service and stopping further enlistments, the *Evening Post* applied to headquarters, and received from the Acting Secretary an emphatic denial. "The question has never been proposed nor considered. The Department would not favor taking such a step, and it is difficult to understand how a person otherwise qualified could be denied enlistment on color ground alone." This should finally dispose of the canard. Matters would come to a pretty pass, indeed, if the army and navy of the United States were to be closed to the colored men who have fought well on every battlefield and in every naval action since 1862. In the army the negro regiments are in many respects the best in the service; certainly the black enlisted men are more faithful to their duty than the whites. In the navy, colored and white men fought side by side at Manila, as they did at Santiago. Not until the present unfortunate outbreak of race prejudice has there ever been a murmur of discontent from the navy, where blacks and whites from all sections of this country have always eaten and slept side by side without the slightest friction.

Mississippi's answer to President Roosevelt's assertion of the national supremacy at Indianola is the election, as Governor and Senator respectively, of two men who stand for the denial of education and opportunity to the negro. Senator Money, who triumphed in the primaries over his more liberally minded rival, Gov. Longino, put the race question to the front in all his speeches. It will be remembered that, in open Senate, he declared that "if every colored man in the South had been graduated from the finest university in Europe or America, he would not be fit for the obligations or duties of American citizenship." This is the man whom Mississippi delights to honor. And for Governor the State has chosen a candidate who advocates a division of the school fund between the races on the basis of taxes paid by each. This reactionary step was taken in the face of such appeals as that made in the course of the canvass by Judge Powell of the Lincoln County Court, who said:

> "I confess I can't understand this foolish hostility to the negro. . . . He has been eliminated by our Constitution and laws from all political control. He asks not for social recognition. He only asks the poor privilege of working for his daily bread in peace. . . . It strikes me that for us to oppress where we should protect, to debase where we might lift up, is unmanly and unworthy of the proud race to which we belong."

But, of course, it is only the North that is reopening the negro question.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, the commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has headed off an attempt to get up a veterans' meeting at Sulphur Springs, Alabama, in order to endorse peonage and to resent the unwarranted interference of the North in the affairs of the South. Writing to Gen. Harrison, the commander of the Alabama division, Gen Gordon said that any support of peonage would be "a sad mistake," and that even remotely touching upon the subject would impair the influence of the veterans. Gen. Harrison immediately called upon every Alabama veteran to heed "the timely admonition of Gen. Gordon," which is also endorsed by some of the leading Alabama newspapers. Thus, the Birmingham *Age-Herald* declares that it "fairly and fully voices public sentiment," and points out "that the line between personal sympathy for offenders and the practice of peonage itself is very thin." It is so thin that any extravagant expressions of sympathy or any criticisms of Judge Jones would be sure to react on the good name of the State.

In the confusion, anxiety, and apprehension of the investment markets, one fact stands forth unquestioned: this is no time for real holders of securities to sell. It is an unfortunate tradition of the markets that the public habitually buys at top prices in a "boom," and sells at low levels of depression. The one course of action is as senseless as the other; combined, they mean heavy and repeated losses to outside investors. Both the buying and the selling referred to have their inspiration, not in cool and observant good judgment, but in the psychology of the crowd. Because of the example of a lot of excited people, sober men do what they would not think of doing by themselves. It is time to warn the owners of investment securities most emphatically against such folly. With all its obscure elements, the situation as a whole is plain. People who make a business of dealing in securities have bought too many on borrowed money and have paid too much for what they bought. With stringency in the general money market, they have been forced to sell; some of them have confessed insolvency. As a consequence, securities have been marketed at any price obtainable, simply because the owner had to raise money. But all this is the clearest imaginable proof that the man who does not have to sell, who has paid for what he holds, should take no precipitate step. We make no prediction as to the future course of values, but we are very certain that sound securities are intrinsically at least as valuable as they were in the "boom days" of a year ago; that sane owners of property do not sell when bidders have withdrawn and other holders are being forced to liquidate; and that, if the investing public keeps its head, the Stock Exchange will prove only a temporary danger-point.

What induces the International Mercantile Marine Company to accede completely to the demands of the British Admiralty and Board of Trade is not wholly apparent. The company binds itself strictly in the matter of manning ships with British subjects and keeping subject to requisition, under the terms existing previous to the consolidation, all English lines now or to be controlled by

it. These substantial concessions to the Government fall curiously with the notice of withdrawal of subsidies from the lines in the combination, and of liberal aid extended to the independent Cunard Company. Pending an authoritative explanation, it would appear that the so-called Ocean Trust was open to legal attack, and prudently avoided having its organization tested in the British courts. It would have been an awkward pass had it turned out that the British ships taken over were entitled neither to American nor to British registry. The Belgian flag or the piratical status would have been an embarrassing alternative. Meanwhile, it should be said that the conditions imposed upon the company by the Government do not seem likely to interfere with the service of the various lines. The agreement does, however, finally reduce to absurdity the plea that the enterprise was everything but an international promotion. If the surrender is calculated to grieve those simple-minded Americans who divined a patriotic intention, it may mollify somewhat the ruffled British investor, whose good-will may be worth something even at this late hour.

The Cunard subsidy plan is an excellent example of a straightforward business agreement between a great steamship company and the nation whose flag it flies. Note that there is no pretence of fostering the British merchant marine; all is business. The Postal Department and the Admiralty require respectively transportation of mails and auxiliary cruisers officered and manned. For these services they offer the Cunard Steamship Company a specific consideration, which is not properly designated as a subsidy. Commendable features of the contract are a fixed price for carrying the mails instead of the usual arrangement by weight, and the means by which the Government secures the delivery of the ships with a large body of officers and men in time of war. It is advantageous, too, that the recompense for each service should be awarded separately. This prevents the confusion which arises when mail and naval subsidies are contained in one amount, nominally covering only one service. For twenty years the British Post-Office Department will pay $340,000 for a weekly fast delivery between Queenstown and New York; the Admiralty will pay a retaining fee of $375,000 a year on each of the new twenty-five-knot boats, and will virtually gain control of the entire Cunard fleet with the contingent use of all the officers and half the seamen. For this double service the Government advances $13,000,000 to the Cunard Company for construction purposes. While this arrangement was undoubtedly hastened by the formation of the so-called Shipping Trust, it bears no marks of rawness, and is safeguarded at every point in the Government's interest. A similar policy at Washington would be preferable to that of reckless increase of the navy, which is now in vogue. But such a contracting company must give a return for its pay—must, for example, run its six-day mail boats on a six-day basis; and not, as our heavily subsidized American Line does habitually, on a basis of seven or eight days.

The uselessness of hasty legislation to "curb the Trusts" is illustrated by the decision of an Ohio court, which has just declared the criminal section of the anti-Trust law of that State null and void. The statute was passed two or three years ago when such enactments were in fashion. It provided that the Attorney-General of the State, or the prosecuting attorney in any county in which a Trust existed, might forthwith institute quo-warranto proceedings to oust it from its charter or franchise, and, further, that any violation of the law might be punished by a fine of not less than $50 or more than $5,000, or by imprisonment for not less than six months or more than a year, or by both fine and imprisonment. Under the law each day of violation constituted a separate offence. Proceedings were instituted against seven members of the Coal Exchange of Massillon, it being alleged that they combined to prevent competition, restrict transportation facilities, and fix the price of coal. The defendants were found guilty in the lower court, but on appeal the penal provisions of the act were declared unconstitutional. One of the grounds of this decision was the indefinite language of the statute, which, it was held, did not define a Trust with sufficient accuracy for a penal statute.

It is not strange that the latest form of swindling concern to be exposed is an "underwriting" company. The public has read of the enormous cash fees and stock bonuses paid to launch the new industrial corporations, and has got the idea that "underwriting" will float the crankiest speculative craft. Equally large and vague is the common judgment of the proper sum to be paid for the injection of buoyancy into soggy securities. Staggering fees have been paid over by the United States Steel Corporation, for example, with little criticism. It has been assumed that no price could be set for this essential service. How can you appraise a life-belt in calmness of mind when you must swim far beyond your probable strength? Naturally, the owner of the belt charges all he thinks you will stand, and you pay what you must. Taking advantage of this haziness and hopefulness in the whole matter, the underwriters recently raided in Wall Street did a thriving business in petty swindling. Plenty of people wished to be underwritten. It is convenient whether one has a boarding-house to run, a mining prospect to exploit, or an inventive gimcrack to market, to have some one who will engage to supply the funds. This the new-style underwriters confidently agreed to do. As for fees, they charged them at random, sometimes in tens, occasionally in hundreds. Those who signed the checks must have chuckled when they compared the price of their underwriting with that recorded of the great corporations.

A new and interesting phase of the prevalent pure-food agitation is the effort which a Milwaukee Health Department official is making to bring the boarding-house tables of that city under inspection. He is preparing an ordinance which will soon be introduced in the Common Council, providing certain standards to which the food served in boarding houses and hotels must conform. In other words, just as commercial cream must contain a certain percentage of butter fat, so must the boarding-house hash (that delight of humorists since the days of Aristophanes) contain a fixed proportion of wholesome lean meat. The ratio between chicory and Mocha in the coffee will likewise be prescribed. There is, perhaps, no other place where the hungry man is under the same obligation to eat what is set before him as in a boarding-house. It is only right that he should know, however slender his purse may be, that some disinterested person kindly watches over the food on his table. There is usually some difficulty in carrying through a law of such a drastic character, but in this instance, as a Milwaukee paper pertinently points out, the number of voting boarders is so enormously in excess of the number of voting boarding-house keepers that no serious political reaction is to be feared.

An instance of the failure of labor unions to keep faith is reported from the Northwest. The *Spokesman-Review*, a daily newspaper of Spokane, Washington, entered into an arbitration agreement with the President of the International Typographical Union. Both sides bound themselves to submit to arbitration any and all differences over wages and hours of labor. There was to be a local board of arbitration, one member appointed by the newspaper, another by the local union, and a third by the two already selected. An appeal to a national board was provided for. The latter was to consist of President Lynch of the International Union, and Mr. Driscoll of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. If these two failed to agree, they were to select a disinterested umpire. A dispute over a wage-scale arose. The local union refused arbitration, but this was finally entered

upon after a ruling by the national board that the agreement was in force. The decision of the arbitration board was against the union, and an appeal was taken. The National Board could not agree, and Mr. Driscoll proposed the calling in of an umpire, as provided in the agreement. This was refused by President Lynch, on the extraordinary ground that the proceedings of the local board were irregular. He also declined to select an umpire to consider this question. The negotiations then failed, President Lynch leaving town. Yet the International Typographical Union expects to be "recognized" as a responsible organization!

The ease with which Sam Parks has detached the Portable and Safety Engineers from the arbitration agreement, speaks for his eloquence and personal force. Work on high buildings cannot be pursued without this union, and its defection from the new agreement is a notable victory for the walking delegate of the old Board of Building Trades. After this achievement, it was only natural that Parks should be the subject of eulogy at the Central Federated Union, and that Mr. Jerome should be attacked as a persecutor of organized labor. Of course, it is regrettable that a violent person awaiting sentence for assault, and trial for blackmail, should be hailed as a hero by an orderly and intelligent class of mechanics; but it is doubtful if there are many in the community who have the right to condemn this irrational hero-worship of the unions. To his constituents, Parks represents results and success—two deities to which we generally bow the knee. He has, by whatever questionable means, raised wages. How are the housesmiths or the engineers more blameworthy for supporting a barroom brawler than the church-going Republicans of Pennsylvania for upholding Matt Quay, or our trusted leaders in finance for accepting as one of themselves the latest highwayman who has had the stock market by the throat? Where broadcloth dearly loves a winner, why should overalls affect a superior virtue?

Nothing less than an arbitration treaty between France and England, in which Russia is subsequently to join, will satisfy Baron d'Estournelles de Constant. That eminent publicist has returned from the recent meeting at London, in which French and English parliamentarians took part, with the conviction that the time is ripe for negotiating such a treaty. Without taking what must be welcomed as a glorious dream too seriously, it must be admitted that the few outstanding differences between France and England are of a kind to be easily adjusted by arbitration. Except in the Hinterland of Morocco, along the western border of Anam, and on the "French coast" of Newfoundland, there is no real ground of friction between the two nations, and one may say that both are ready to settle these three remaining disputes in an amicable spirit. While it may thus be doubted if a formal arbitration treaty will seem necessary, it is wholly likely that the French and English will get the practical benefits of such a convention by direct negotiation. So it is only the imaginary adhesion of Russia to a triple alliance of peace which gives a Utopian character to the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant's inspiring project.

Not satisfied with a peace strength of 616,000 men formed into twenty-three army corps, the German military authorities are understood to be preparing to ask of the newly elected Reichstag a further increase of 351 officers and 8,400 men. They have the courage to do this in face of the refusal of the last Parliament to vote them 7,000 additional soldiers, and of the great increase in strength of the Social Democrat party, ever bitterly opposed to militarism in all its forms. The battle royal of the next session will unquestionably be fought over this issue, and many words like "traitor" and "little German" and "revolutionist" are doubtless in pickle for every member of the Reichstag who fails to give the War Lord the vote he asks. None the less, the Liberal press has already begun to protest against the proposed increase which is intended to strengthen the forces on the Russian frontier. Thus, the Königsberger *Handels-Zeitung*, while admitting that the increase may be needed from the military point of view, declares that the army must not be allowed to be the controlling factor in the Empire, and must be subordinated to its financial and industrial welfare. The Berlin *Tageblatt* is of the opinion that the Government will not dare to carry out its plan this year, particularly as it does not know just how much the rearmament of the light artillery is to cost. But who ever heard of a naval officer or of a soldier who believed his fleet or his army large enough, or who could refrain from appealing to Congress or Parliament for more men and ships?

With the resignation of the Hungarian Premier after a scant month of control, a very difficult position sinks into deeper confusion. The Governor of Croatia was called to Budapest in his capacity as a "strong man." He signalized his accession, however, by an attempt to defer all contentious measures for a period of several months. This left unsettled the status of Hungarians in the Imperial army, and the regulation of Austro-Hungarian fiscal relations under the Ausgleich. But it soon proved impossible to push the necessary supply bills through against the obstruction of the Independence party. To the threat that it would be necessary to go over the head of Parliament and govern by Imperial decree, the separatists replied that they preferred such absolutism to a régime that misrepresented them and failed to make head against Germanism in the army and schools. The incident displays strikingly the force of national sentiment in Hungary and the difficulty of maintaining the present federation with Austria. Premier Hedervary finds himself in a condition of complete discomfiture. He has promised more than his predecessor, M. de Szell, and now finds himself in the same *impasse*. There seems to be nothing left but the somewhat desperate expedient of dissolution and a general election.

The news from northern Turkey is characteristically vague and misleading, and yet certain novel features diversify a painful chronicle grown tedious through repetition. The Russian Consul at Monastir, like his predecessor, has been slain by a Turkish soldier. It is said that the assassination was provoked by M. Rostkovski's own arrogance, yet the incident shows how little the Turkish gendarmerie can be trusted in dealings with unbelievers. For some years past the Revolutionary Committee at Sofia has been promising a general outbreak. Now it asserts that the revolution has actually begun. The completion of the harvest has evidently permitted concentration of the bands, and their recent movements in the Okrida district have assumed rather a military than a guerilla aspect. Before this peril the somewhat hollow scheme of reform recently imposed upon the Porte has broken down. Turkish regulars are being hurried towards the Bulgarian border, and the dispatches tell already of bloody reprisals executed upon Christian villages. As to the future, the real factors in the situation are these: the bandit-patriots of Boris Sarafof, who seek to provoke the Turks to outrage and bring about such massacre in northern Turkey that Christian Europe will be forced to intervene; the Turkish Empire, strong enough to put down the revolt with a bloody hand, but little able to restrain the warring clans on the spot or its own savage soldiery; the Austro-Russian compact for the Balkans, which desires to maintain the *status quo* and is unwilling to attempt to cut out a new tier of Christian states south of Servia and Bulgaria. The revolutionaries are making any settlement of the Macedonian question by Turkey impossible. They cannot be treated, as perplexed Mr. Balfour seems to wish they could, as bad boys in need of a birching; they can sooner or later force European intervention.

THE PRESIDENT ON LYNCHING.

President Roosevelt has been stirred by the lynching epidemic to a wise exercise of his "right of speaking to the nation." In that phrase Mr. Bryce happily expresses one of the unenumerated Presidential powers. Besides his designated function of informing Congress of the state of the Union, the President has an inherent duty as the elect of the people to address the people direct when a national folly or peril furnishes the occasion. In speaking out as he has now done, Mr. Roosevelt has acted Lincoln-fashion. Often, during the civil war, there came from the White House an open letter, filled with the "brave old wisdom of sincerity." The famous letters of Lincoln to Horace Greeley, and to Erastus Corning *in re* Vallandigham, remind us of the effective use then made of this weapon of straightforward speech to the country. It is an excellent precedent, therefore, which the President has followed; and every one must see that his word, uttered at the psychological moment, will have a much wider reverberation and effect than could possibly have attended a mere paragraph in a Presidential message. Mr. McKinley tried the latter method, but his words fell at once by the wayside.

The letter to Governor Durbin is related to the President's duty in another way. He is the guardian of our foreign relations. Our lynching ferocities have more than once involved us unpleasantly with other nations. Italy and Austria and China have made their protests, and forced us to acknowledge the shame of our wild lawlessness. Such diplomatic situations may recur at any moment if lynching be not stamped out. The infuriated mob is no respecter of nationalities. A foreign subject is as ready material for slaughter as a black man enjoying the immunities of an American citizen. Thus the President is only displaying prudence as the head of the nation when he warns us against enormities that might so easily run into assaults upon foreigners resident here. This is to say nothing of our moral impeachment by the judgment of the civilized world. The President refers to this when he says that the prevalence of lynching in the United States disables us from speaking up in the old way against wrongs and cruelties in other lands.

As regards the matter itself of the President's letter, there is little in it that we cannot heartily commend. If he appears to protest too repeatedly that he has no sympathy with the crimes which rouse the mad passions of the lyncher, it must be remembered that he had to guard himself against misrepresentation. Leaders of the mob would have been ready to join with the Miss Nancys of the namby-pamby press in declaring that Mr. Roosevelt forgot the awful criminal, had he not been at pains to prove that he did not. That he should have anything particularly new to say, was not to be expected. The whole thing is a matter of elementary morals and of rudimentary civilization, and the arguments have all been stated many times. But the President's public service is none the less great. He has made it clear that his nature starts back in horror, as does that of every sane American, at the bloody and shameful spectacle of lynching. He sees in it, as Emerson saw in all action by the mob, "man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast." And his words of honest indignation and of wholesome warning will carry through the land as could those of no other man. The President occupies a pulpit commanding more hearers than that of any other preacher of righteousness in this country. He made no mistake when he mounted it to deliver this earnest and urgent message to his countrymen. After thus fearlessly freeing his own mind, he may with a better grace call upon every teacher and editor and clergyman in the United States to make their voices heard against the onset of anarchy.

"He can never again be the same man," writes the President impressively, of any one who has ever taken part in a lynching. Merely to have seen the hideous sight implies "degradation," he adds, and points out that the wrong done by the mob to the community is even greater than that done to its individual victims. We think that, if a severe logician were to apply the doctrine rigorously to the actions of this nation since 1898, he might find reason for saying that we have done lawless and cruel things to an "inferior" race which make it impossible for us ever to be the same nation again. We are firmly of the belief that the wholesale contempt for the rights of "niggers" in the Philippines, of which this Government has been guilty, has had a great deal to do with the outbreak of savagery against the colored man in this country. But we will not stop over this to-day. Mr. Roosevelt has boldly put his finger on the real motive of lynching. It is born in race prejudice and race hatred. It lays more emphasis upon the color of the criminal than upon his crime. Its prime assumption is that the negro is, as such, beyond the protection of the law. Therefore, the first duty of all who would set their faces against the torrent of lynching which threatens to sweep us away, is to fight race discrimination in all of its manifestations. That is the only way to make those bitter waters sweet at the fountain. By seeing and saying this, and by standing up so manfully for the inviolability of justice and the supremacy of the law, President Roosevelt has put us all in his debt. From his letter to Governor Durbin there might well date a new patriotic and civilizing impulse, leading honest men everywhere to unite, in word and deed, and with every instrument of persuasion and of power, to put down those lawless bands that are to-day our greatest national danger as they are our deepest disgrace.

THE PASSING OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL.

Far more interest attaches to the retirement, last Saturday, of Nelson A. Miles, for eight years commanding general of the army of the United States, than ordinarily to a change of army commanders. It is not merely the disappearance from the active list of an officer who has for decades figured prominently in the public prints. It practically marks also the passing of a high office first bestowed upon George Washington in 1798, upon what seemed to be the eve of war with France. Gen. S. B. M. Young, it is true, is to succeed to the title of Commanding General, but only for a week, when he becomes the first of what is doubtless to be a long line of "Chiefs of Staff." The event denotes as radical a change in army methods as any occurrence in our army's history.

With this reform Gen. Miles has never had any sympathy, despite his familiarity with European armies. He has perhaps failed to realize that the principle is correct, however dangerous the faults which it may have revealed in practice, as in the French army. In this and similar aversions to new-fangled military notions, Gen. Miles has been merely one of a number of civil-war veterans who could never be brought to see that the methods of 1865 were not those of 1885, and much less those of 1898. The future historian who reviews Gen. Miles's activity as the head of the service will doubtless find in this attitude the reason for his frequent failure to rise to the possibilities of his high office. He will look in vain for any stirring utterance against favoritism within the army, and will find few if any searching reforms due to Gen. Miles's advocacy.

If the historian then turn to this officer's purely military services he will find much to praise. Col. Miles of the Sixty-first New York Infantry was a gallant figure on the firing line at Fredericksburg on December 11, 1862, even though he was denied permission to lead one more desperate rush against the enemy's breastworks. At Chancellorsville he held, until wounded, a line of abattis and riflepits against a strong force of the enemy with such "distinguished gallantry" that the medal of honor was readily bestowed upon him. At Spottsylvania he bravely led his brigade into the renowned "Bloody Angle." In four years this Boston clerk of twenty-one years rose from a captaincy to a major-generalcy and the command of a division of the Army of the Potomac,

participating in all of that army's battles save one, which he missed because of one of his four wounds. In the West after the war his name became a household word because of his successful campaigns against Chief Joseph, and the Bannock Indians, and the Geronimo Apaches, during which he received the thanks of five States and Territories as voted by their Legislatures.

With his services in the Pine Ridge campaign, in the Chicago strikes of 1894, and in the war with Spain, our readers are familiar. Whatever judgment may be passed upon them in the future, and however much they have been marred by several instances of insubordination and a total inability to get on with his civilian superiors, the fact remains that Gen. Miles has frequently incurred the dislike of those in power because of his desire to serve his country well. As to this it suffices to cite the "embalmed beef" inquiry of 1899, and his recent bold criticism of the army for its ghastly cruelties in the Philippines. For daring to speak out as he did in this matter Gen. Miles deserved the thanks of Legislatures quite as much as for his successful campaigns.

It must not be overlooked, however, that Gen. Miles was, like many of his predecessors, to a large extent the victim of his office. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were nearly as uncomfortable in their relations to their Secretaries and Presidents. Even when Grant the soldier became Grant the President, there was no change for the better. Sherman moved the headquarters of the army to St. Louis in despair. Not until Mr. Elihu Root became Secretary of War was the source of the trouble clearly recognized. The position of "commanding general" was, in reality, merely titular. Its incumbent, while able to exercise a little influence over the line of the army, never had the slightest control over the ten heads of staff departments, long supreme in their influential spheres, who paid as little attention to the "Commanding General" as they did to each other, save to issue orders in his name—often without his knowledge. The staff has thus been virtually paramount, to its own injury as well as to that of the army, as was clearly demonstrated in 1898.

To remedy the state of affairs then revealed, there has been created a General Staff, presided over by a Chief of Staff, who need not be the senior general of the army, thus leaving the President free to choose his own chief, particularly as the office is to be held for four years only—not until retirement. The new order makes the Chief of Staff and all his officers agents of the Secretary of War, general officers, and other superior commanders, in coördinating the action of all the officers under the supervision of the Chief of Staff. Unlike the Commanding General, the Chief of Staff is the "supervisor" of the staff departments as well as of the line. While the detailed regulations for the new Staff, which comes into being next Saturday, have not yet been promulgated, it is evident that they will thus absorb many of the functions of the present adjutants-general and inspectors-general.

As a matter of fact, Gen. Corbin, by virtue of his undoubted abilities and friendly relations with Mr. Root, has been practically a chief of staff ever since 1898. Many of his powers and duties will now be assumed by Gen. Young, who will also have to face all the difficulties certain to be encountered by an intermediary between the Secretary of War and the chiefs of bureaus, who are already jealously eyeing the new official to whom they owe obedience. It is expected that all departmental and staff matters will go to the Secretary through the Chief of Staff, who will also supervise the instruction of officers and troops, the accumulation of military information, the War College, and the service schools, the planning of campaigns, etc. —all this regardless of whether the Chief of Staff is the lieutenant-general or not. In other words, in place of a long outgrown and outworn office there is created an officer who is a link between the Secretary and every branch of the service, and who can be held *responsible* for its efficiency. This was never the case with the Commanding General. In place of what was a mere sham there is now an office of dignity, power, and responsibility, full of opportunity for valuable service, in keeping with the best military traditions, and quite worthy of a Washington, a Scott, a Grant, a Sherman, or a Sheridan.

To end where we began, with Gen. Miles, we must add that the failure of Secretary Root to issue the usual complimentary special order upon his retirement has been, with justice, widely and severely criticised. It is an unheard-of slight, and one utterly unworthy of a Cabinet officer who has shown himself in many respects the ablest of our War Secretaries. It is also a serious reflection upon the President, if he lent his sanction to anything so petty and so unworthy. Gen. Miles at one time and another has caused the Administration great vexation. There was a period in the spring of 1902 when his forcible retirement seemed inevitable in the interests of peace and the discipline of the army. We have reason to believe that Mr. Root at that time used his influence to establish a *modus vivendi* which would save Gen. Miles from the humiliation inseparable from a forced retirement. It was Mr. Root, too, who had the date of the beginning of the General Staff set for a week after Gen. Miles's retirement, so that he should not be forced into connection with a body to which he was utterly opposed. In view of these magnanimous acts, the failure to give Gen. Miles his retiring order is incomprehensible. These documents are stilted and formal at best—merely a review of the officer's long service, his wounds, medals, etc. Mr. Root could have added to this the praise due to Gen. Miles's civil-war record, and then dropped the veil over the recent past. But he has chosen otherwise and not well.

OUR "COMMISSION OF EXCHANGE."

Occasional dispatches have kept the public informed of the travels of our "Commission of Exchange" to the various capitals of Europe, but none of them have told us the nature of their communications to the courts with which they have conferred. A general impression has gained currency that, whatever their suggestions were, they were unfavorably received at London, Paris, The Hague, and Berlin. According to a Berlin dispatch to the London *Times*, however, the mission has secured at least an academic assent to the proposal that the currency of the countries which still maintain the silver standard, shall be regulated according to the system adopted by British India in the year 1893. That system was the discontinuance of the coinage of silver for private persons —in other words, the demonetization of that metal, and its coinage for Government account only. The purpose was to reach the gold standard at some future period. In the meantime the Government agreed to give silver rupees in exchange for gold at the rate of 16d. per rupee, and to receive gold for taxes at the same rate; but no promise was made to give gold for rupees at any rate whatsoever. No such promise has yet been made, but the Government now gives gold for rupees at that rate, or at the current rate of exchange on London, which oscillates around 16d. within narrow limits. The status of the rupee is much the same as that of our silver dollar. Both Governments promise to redeem their legal-tender silver in taxes, and this kind of redemption suffices for the present to maintain parity. Whether it would suffice under all conditions of trade and industry, is uncertain.

Now it does not advance matters for us to secure the assent of any number of countries to the currency system of British India. We have already passed beyond that stage in our Philippine legislation. We have adopted for the islands a silver coinage of full legal tender, plus a subsidiary coinage of limited tender, both to be coined, issued, and redeemed in gold by the Government. This is an experiment involving needless expense and of very doubtful utility. It could never have passed Congress but for a Quixotic attempt on our part to help Mexico in her financial muddle, and at the same time to "do something for silver." The "Commission of Exchange" is the outcome of the latter proposition.

At the instance of a Silver Senator it was engrafted on an appropriation bill in an attenuated form, after it had been rejected by the House in its original shape. The question of immediate pertinence, however, is: How will it help us, or the Filipinos, if we secure the assent of other nations to the financial policy of British India? Great Britain gave her consent to it in 1893, and is not likely to withdraw it. We have no need to ask her cooperation in doing what she has already done. If Mexico desires to follow the example of British India, the way is open for her to do so. It is not necessary for her to ask the permission of Emperor William or of Czar Nicholas. Equally needless is it for us to introduce her envoys to the Imperial presence for that purpose.

If our "Commission of Exchange" has had the purpose at any time to ask foreign Governments to enter into a joint agreement with us to maintain parity between gold and silver at some ratio, that would be an attempt to accomplish what the three international monetary conferences of the last century failed to do, or even to attempt. The difficulty would be much greater now, since China would be the chief factor in the agreement, her silver currency being greater in volume than that of Mexico, the Philippines, the Straits Settlements and Tonquin added together. Who is to underwrite any agreements made by the Empress Dowäger, or any other potentate of the Celestial Empire, respecting coinage or anything else? But it is not necessary to go to Eastern Asia to find an example of the regulation of the monetary systems of nations by mutual agreement. The history of the Latin Monetary Union stands out as a perpetual warning against such experiments. Not one of the countries in that Union could be induced to enter it now, if they were well out of it; and France least of all. And what is the likelihood that we, the United States of America, would enter into an agreement with Mexico, China, or any other country to guarantee the parity of gold coins and silver coins at any ratio or at any number of ratios? The idea is preposterous. Not to examine the financial consequences, which are not easy of apprehension to the mass of mankind, let us ask what would be the effect upon our political parties. If such a treaty were brought forward by the present Administration, Mr. Bryan would immediately claim it as an endorsement of his policy by President Roosevelt, and Democrats would naturally favor the ratification of the treaty as being in general harmony with the Kansas City platform. The Republicans for the same reason would oppose it, and this issue might overshadow everything else in the next national election.

We need not pursue this matter further until we learn exactly what plan, if any, our "Commission of Exchange" has proposed to foreign governments. It may turn out that they have proposed none.

THE HOME MARKET CLUB AT SEA.

There has fallen into our hands a "circular of inquiry" sent out by our old friend, the Home Market Club of Boston. Being addressed only to "Governors, Presidents of Colleges, Railroads, and Banks, and principal Merchants and Manufacturers," it naturally did not come direct to this humble office. We owe sight of it to a Western business house, who pass it on as a curiosity. Such it must seem when we say that the circular reveals the Home Market Club putting out to sea. It is a spectacle to excite, if not "moaning at the bar," at least hilarity on shore.

What we have is a Club which is on record against all wicked imports from abroad, now working itself into a patriotic fever over what ships shall bring them in. It is, in other words, the "recovery of our carrying trade" to which the Home Market Club devotes its latest "canvass." It wants its distinguished correspondents to tell it how the thing is to be done, and puts to them the following questions (note the ingenious way in which a horrible alternative is brought in at the end):

> Is it your best judgment,
> First, that Constitutional means—that is to say, discriminating duties and other regulations of commerce—should be used?
> or
> Second, that a subsidy system should be applied?
> or
> Third, that nothing should be done, and that foreign nations shall be allowed to continue to appropriate our commerce and navigation, as it may please themselves or as chance may determine?

The Club's own preference is not left in doubt. Subsidies it dismisses as possibly "not warranted by the Constitution," and, in the light of "the recent attempts of Congress to enact a subsidy system," as open to "grave objections," and "inexpedient." Inexpedient, by the way, is a clever word for impossible. But the plan of laying discriminating duties on all goods not imported in American bottoms is just the kind of thing to be liked by an organization which likes what the Home Market Club does. It is Constitutional; it goes straight to the point; and, best of all, it would increase the tariff by 10 per cent. on all imports carried by foreign vessels. There are, to be sure, slight objections, such as treaty obligations; but the treaties can be "denounced." The measure would, of course, make ducks and drakes of our foreign trade, and set the hand of every mercantile nation against us; but those considerations have no weight with a Club whose only excuse for being is undying hostility to foreign trade.

It is, indeed, only the sure instinct of the Home Market Club for taking up lost causes that makes its advocacy of discriminating duties in favor of American shipping worth comment. That wild notion has had a few scattering champions; Senator Elkins regularly introduces a bill to put it into effect, and it is as regularly heard of no more. But its implications and affiliations are never so conclusively shown as when it is urged by the Home Market Club. That gives it the proper stamp. We see at once that it must be a benighted measure to commend itself in that quarter. For the shibboleth, "The home market for the home producer," besides having fallacies lurking in every word, carries one back to an almost prehistoric conception, so ignorant and uncivilized is it. In Sir Henry Maine's work on 'Village Communities,' he gives us a picture of that primitive absurdity, the home market. Each community aimed to be complete in itself, so as to be able to "continue their collective life without assistance from any person or body external to them." There was the true home market for the home producer in India, and what utter stagnation it meant we know. The idea persisted, of course, to modern times. Even as late as the first Napoleon, his financial adviser Mollien had to fight the foolish old superstitions about foreign trade which have been reincarnated in the Home Market Club. People thought, said Mollien, in words that seem as if written for the latitude of Boston to-day, "that the most important thing for our nation was that not one sou should ever leave France"; that taxation, wages, and the progress of the industrial arts did not matter in the least "provided always that one Frenchman gained what another Frenchman lost." There is the Home Market doctrine to the life; and one instantly sees how a Club professing such obsolete beliefs should be enamored of the almost equally obsolete idea of taxing every foreign steamer that insults us by bringing back the price, in goods, of what we have sold abroad.

But are we not patriotic? Would it not warm our hearts to see the flag of American merchantmen gladdening every sea? Assuredly; and there are shorter and more certain ways of bringing that about than are dreamed of in the Home Market Club's philosophy. Instead of reviving the antiquated discriminating tax, let us get rid of that other antiquated method which still torments us—our navigation laws. England found hers a big blunder, and repealed them; but we, having copied them, cling to them, though they are the ruin of our carrying trade. If the example of the steamers *Paris* and *New York* were extended, and Americans allowed freely to fly their own flag over their property, there would be little complaint about our ships being driven from the ocean. One thing is certain. If we are to become a great trading nation, taking toll and getting rich from "the

great commerce," we must escape from the caverns where the Home Market Club dwells among its owls and bats of yesterday.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN TARIFF SQUABBLE.

Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for Imperial reciprocity is supported mostly by such unassailable generalities as saving the Empire and retrieving the half lost colonies. Naturally, the Liberals and Unionist free traders find it hard to meet a propaganda which rests, not upon evidence, but upon despair. You cannot argue *de gustibus* in Parliament even when the predilection you are opposing is an obsession of national disaster. But the Chamberlainites and the "inquirers" have fortunately committed themselves to one concrete argument for Imperial protectionism—the case of Canada suffering under German tariff discrimination; and Canada "penalized" by Germany for granting a customs preferential to the mother country has many times served as Mr. Chamberlain's horrible example of the inconveniences of free trade. All the Ministry have echoed the Canadian theme; the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cranborne, and others have shaken their heads over it; on this account the suave Mr. Balfour promulgated his doctrine of "negotiation by retaliation," while Mr. Brodrick demanded metaphorically "a revolver" to draw on all protectionist bullies—meaning Germany.

As to the German-Canadian tariff controversy we are not left to conjecture. The whole correspondence in the case has recently been published, and Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons, has completely punctured the effigy of an indignant Ministerial Perseus descending to the rescue of a helpless Colonial Andromeda. The mere facts in the case, which Mr. Asquith displayed chronologically, brought Mr. Chamberlain to confusion, and showed the hollowness of his fuss and fury at Baron von Richthofen's hint of tariff discrimination made last May. The facts in brief are these: Canada, desiring, in 1898, to give the mother country a tariff preference of 25 per cent. (subsequently increased to 33 1-3 per cent.), found herself bound by treaties, among them that of 1865 with Germany, to give most-favored-nation treatment to a number of countries. This would have prevented the granting of the preferential to England. Accordingly, treaties to the contrary were denounced. That is, Canada voluntarily forfeited all treaty privileges, in Germany and elsewhere, coming automatically under the highest tariff in each case. This forfeiture was not a penalty, but was, as Baron von Richthofen shows, "necessitated by German law." To complain of it was obviously to ask Germany to nullify the treaty so far as it had been advantageous for herself, but to keep it alive so far as it might be advantageous to Canada. Canada, nevertheless, protested to Mr. Chamberlain, and received the significant reply that the remedy was in her own hands. Taking the hint, Canada, last April, imposed a retaliatory surtax on all German imports. The tariff duel was and remains an egregious folly, but it was conducted according to the code, and nobody could properly complain. Even the Canadian Minister of Finance, Mr. Fielding, admitted that it was a natural result of Canada's coming into the class of "non-treaty" countries.

The quarrel has continued through attempts at mystification on either side. Mr. Chamberlain and his faction have disingenuously held that tariff arrangements within the British Empire were domestic transactions with which foreign nations were not concerned. That was to act upon the theory that Mr. Chamberlain's dream of Imperial Federation is a present reality, and it was to require Germany, when she found her chief commercial rival favored in the Canadian market, to accept the situation amicably out of love for the British Imperial bond. Naturally Germany refused to dilute her schedules because British blood is thicker than water, but her spokesman unluckily committed indiscretions as glaring as Mr. Chamberlain's sophisms, by suggesting that Germany should retaliate against Canada in the person of the mother country. Since the old commercial treaty had been denounced by Great Britain, Germany had the technical right to apply any tariff schedule she chose to British imports. Yet when Baron von Richthofen made the suggestion of taking England off the most-favored-nation list, in a diplomatic note of April last, it was justly resented. For, first, the proposal was ungenerous and inexpedient (since England gives free entry to most German products), and second, it was palpably a bluff of an offensive kind. This the German Foreign Minister virtually admitted when, later, he apologetically described the proposal as "academic."'

But this *faux pas* came very opportunely for Mr. Chamberlain. Three years earlier, Baron von Richthofen had made the same offensive suggestion in the Reichstag, and, as Mr. Asquith cruelly reminded the Colonial Secretary, "the Government took it lying down." The Boer war found Joseph sober; three years later the same offence finds Joseph with a reciprocity campaign to launch, frantically seeking a weapon of retaliation, though he pay for it with the fiscal stability of the Empire, and grasping eagerly at a *casus belli* previously quite ignored.

We have gone into the German-Canadian matter somewhat in detail because it illustrates what must happen in every protectionist Colony of England before Mr. Chamberlain's plan can be put in effect. He is lashing every colony on to similar warfare, which apparently must upset every colonial budget, shake the basis of British manufacturing, and violently alter the channels of British trade. But, looking again at Canada from within, it is clear that the practical establishment of a British reciprocity convention is fraught with difficulties that would stagger those who shout wildly for a united Empire. Mr. Fielding has served notice "that we could not undertake to give that [Mr. Chamberlain's] preference in a manner which would operate to the disadvantage of our own industries." That means, in a concrete case, that Canada cannot on the one hand pay bounties to the iron and lead foundries, and on the other encourage the British metal industries to compete in a market thus artificially sustained. Far more valuable to Canada is the opportunity to send over to us her field, forest, and pasture products. It is this hope of facilitating her most promising trade that keeps official Canada notably cool towards further adventures in tariff warfare. Yet a certain crude nationalism which rejoices at, rather than regrets, the German imbroglio, is making itself felt. Sir Wilfrid Laurier may not be returned, and for many years there may be no such favorable opportunity for obtaining a reciprocity treaty with Canada. Its advantages once experienced, the Dominion would probably seek the ways of commercial peace. Every good citizen on both sides the border should urge that the matter receive the earnest consideration of the dormant Joint High Commission. And especially Americans should support the activities of the National Reciprocity League. For if Mr. Chamberlain's designs are little to be feared, Canadian aggressiveness and American indifference might quite as disastrously thwart a consummation dictated by all considerations of amity and mutual commercial profit.

TAINE AND HIS STATUE.

Posthumous recognition of great men ordinarily presents few difficulties. For even a prophet whom they do not like, men are usually willing to build a tomb when they are once assured that he is "thoroughly dead," as Motley horrified the Londoners by saying that he hoped Stonewall Jackson was. The common trouble is the failure of the world to know its own leaders of thought while they are alive. Even Dryden found a Minister to make him a grant—after he was dead. As Pope wrote satirically of this tardy rescuer:

"He helped to bury whom he helped to starve."

This general tendency of death to extinguish envy even in the matter of commemorative statues makes the contemporary agitation in France over the project thus to honor Taine, ten years after

his decease, all the more puzzling. The municipal councillors of Vouziers took the initiative in erecting a monument to their illustrious fellow-citizen, formed a committee of honor, and invited "adhesions" and subscriptions. Strangely enough, they encountered violent opposition in a quarter where it could least have been expected. Catholics objected to a public statue to Renan, and no wonder; but it is the Radicals, anxious to make themselves appear even more intolerant, who are made angry by the proposed tribute to Taine.

Their leading and most respectable spokesman is M. Aulard, a professor at the Sorbonne, himself a distinguished historian from whom large views and generous sentiments might well have been anticipated. He alleges a certain malign political significance in the proposed monument to Taine, finding, he says, a suspicious number of members of the "Patrie Française" in the list of adherents. But that is not his main grievance. He declares Taine unworthy of a public statue because, in his 'Origines de la France Contemporaine,' he "attacked the Revolution." It would, therefore, writes Professor Aulard, be wholly natural for Conservatives or Nationalists to "glorify the writer who so powerfully aided them in combating the republican spirit. . . . To bourgeois fears, to reactionary hates, he furnished so-called historic arguments." If, then; there is to be a statue to Taine at all, argues M. Aulard, "let it be subscribed for by the Conservatives, and above all by the Catholic Church."

Taine, of course, was, nominally at least, a Protestant. His funeral services were conducted by a Protestant clergyman. It would appear, however, that he had no strong religious prepossessions, any more than he had binding party affiliation. He wrote what he thought; was the professed servant of the truth as he found it, and of science as he understood it, not caring to flatter and not fearing to offend. To an outsider, the wonder is that his sheer intellectual distinction, the vast range of his attainments, and his extraordinary literary charm should not of themselves have been enough to still these partisan rancors, and cause France, in all her parties, to join without question in honoring one of her most famous sons. When one undertakes to characterize the mental greatness of the France of twenty years ago, the name of Taine leaps as inevitably to the lips as that of Renan or Pasteur.

If Taine "attacked the Revolution," he did so by throwing an extraordinary amount of new light upon it. The best historians, we believe, question his judgments upon some of its leading phenomena, but all of them agree about the importance of the new material he unearthed, and the fascinating way in which he treated it. It was a scientific method which Taine early espoused and long illustrated in his historical writings. He explained and enforced it in the Introduction to his 'History of English Literature.' It was, in a word, the realistic and literary treatment of history. In his own language, historians should seek, not an abstract result, but

> "the complete thing, the man in action, the bodily and visible man who eats, walks, fights, works. Put one side your theory and mechanism of constitutions as of religions, and endeavor to see men in their shops, their offices and fields, with their sky, their soil, their houses, dress, education, food, just as you do when, landing in England or in Italy, you scrutinize faces and gestures, streets, and inns, the city man on his promenade, and the workingman at his cups."

With this fixed glance upon the man behind the document, Taine was ready, as he wrote, to "give fifty volumes of charters and a hundred volumes of diplomatic documents for the memoirs of Cellini, the letters of St. Paul, the table-talk of Luther, or the comedies of Aristophanes." This explains not only his point of view, but his freshness, his infallible eye for the significant and picturesque detail. If to apply such a method as his to the French Revolution is to "attack" it, and to prove him undeserving of recognition by his countrymen, then the Revolution must have sunk to the level of a superstition or a fetish, and candor, tireless industry, and splendid literary gifts ceased to be a title to fame.

SOME FEATURES OF THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO.

MEXICO, 1903.

The west coast of Mexico is naturally divided into two very distinct regions between the Arizona border and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, a northern strip of coastal plain, and a southern zone of rugged mountainous country. The Sierra Madre extends from the north in a south-southeasterly direction into the State of Jalisco to about latitude 21° north, while the coastline bears more sharply to the eastward, narrowing the distance between the sea and the mountains to less than forty miles in the vicinity of Mazatlan. A considerable depression extends across into the central plateau of Mexico on a line from the port of San Blas to Guadalajara, in Jalisco, and below this an entirely distinct chain of mountains strikes east-southeast, traversing the States of Jalisco, Michoacan, Mexico, Morelos, and Puebla, to the confines of Vera Cruz. The great area between this range and the Pacific Ocean, including the States of Guerrero and Oaxaca, is broken by innumerable mountains, forming an intricate network of ranges, where volcanic activity in the past has been enormous. Vulcanism ceased here long ago, and the region has become seamed with metalliferous veins in almost every part. The indications are that it may become one of the greatest centres of mining in Mexico. The more distinct range from Jalisco to Vera Cruz is still a geologic line of weakness, notably subject to earthquakes and occasional volcanic outbursts, the most recent of which has been at the volcano of Colima, whose pranks are still a matter of interest, and afford some reason for local alarm.

The Sierra Madre, however, has settled down to a reposeful old age, and guards a coastal plain of great fertility, which is rapidly assuming importance in the production of sugar. This plain is practically embraced within the States of Sonora and Sinaloa, the more favored zone lying within the latter State. It is somewhat of a misnomer to call this a coastal plain, since it does not represent a seaward growth of the mainland resulting from the denudation of the mountain masses behind it. The valleys are broad, and widen toward the sea, but the country is mostly broken, and intersected by ranges of hills rising at times to a height of more than a thousand feet. The soil is generally thin in the uplands, the original rock lying only a few feet below the surface. This consists of ancient volcanic rocks, and altered sandstones and conglomerates. The volcanic rocks are profoundly altered, so that their original character is nearly effaced, and everywhere they are seamed with calcite and brilliant zeolites of many different species. Scarcely can an excavation be made in them anywhere without revealing these beautiful minerals with dainty stellate forms. The oxidation of the iron pyrites has also given to the rocks in places a yellowish tinge, in others reddish, producing every gradation from dark lavender to brick-red tints. The altered sandstones and conglomerates are similarly colored, so that above the brown bottom lands are constantly appearing broad slopes and furrowed hills where the rock lines are exposed, giving a characteristic warmth of color to the landscape. The higher hills consist of siliceous eruptive rocks, white or creamy in color, sometimes solitary towers, the necks of old volcanoes, or else forming escarpments of great length, where huge dikes had been thrust up from below. These bleached and barren walls of rhyolite, peering through the forest growth that climbs up their sloping bases and mounts into every breach which time has made in them, often assume a picturesque resemblance to ruined architecture.

Along two well-marked lines between the coast and the high mountains are found remains of the sandstones and conglomerates which formerly extended over this region, only slightly changed in character, but tilted in every direction. These, taken in connection with the great areas of volcanic rocks between, give a profound impression of the mighty forces which have been operative here, the vastness of the volcanic action, and the equally mighty effects of denudation which have quietly reduced what must have been important mountains to the condition of hills and rolling plains. The evidence is very strong that there once existed here a great coast range, lifted up so long before the Sierra Madre that its rivers had cut back through them into the continental plains, ready to drain the newer mountains directly to the Pacific along east and west lines, as soon as this new belt of orogenic movements was established, for it is a conspicuous feature of the region that no north and south valleys exist between these older mountains and the Sierra Madre. An apparent exception is the valley of the Humaya, whose river ultimately joins the Tamazula at Culiacan, forming the Culiacan River. The great western barrier of this valley, a range of

rhyolitic rocks rising to an altitude of over five thousand feet, was manifestly connected in its origin with the uplifting of the Sierra Madre, occupying the line of a huge rent through the conglomerates, which are found on both sides of the range. It is further remarkable in that it presents a rather rare example of sudden upheaval on a large scale in the Sierra Madre region, abruptly changing the old established drainage lines, which elsewhere have persisted, so that as a rule the Pacific waters rise on the eastern side of the continental backbone.

When one comes to the Sierra Madre, wonder ceases that a great coast range could have been worn away so that only vestiges of it remain to-day. The climate of western Mexico possesses destructive capabilities exceeding those of the frosty North. Such wrinkled slopes exist nowhere else in all the Americas. The fierce heat of the long dry season from March until the end of June draws every particle of moisture from the rocks to great distances from the surface, and expands them until the cohesion of the particles is overcome. Then follow torrential rains from July to October, carving deeply into these loosened masses, and sweeping the rock faces clean. Nature furthermore has endowed a curious vegetation with power to thrive under these extremes of moisture and drought, and the rugged, shrubby growth clings to the mountain sides, thrusting its roots deep into every crevice and parting-plane, rending the rocks asunder. Immense blocks of diorites, felsites, andesites may be seen at every turn split into countless pieces by the roots of single trees, held together by the roots of these same trees until they relax their grip in death and decay, when often a hundred tons of débris will shatter down from where some amapa, or copal, or tepehuaje tree had struggled for half a century to maintain its life.

The constant and uniform decay and erosion of the mountains has trimmed them all to the angle of rest, and this angle is steepened by the binding power of vegetation, so that the whole front of the Sierra Madre presents a complex of precipitous ridges. The roads accordingly follow the arroyos and the combs of the ridges as far as practicable. One can ride horseback at many places for miles along these narrow backbones, climbing by comparatively easy stages to such heights that these inaccessible slopes may be seen plunging sheer, on either side of a ten-foot roadway, to depths of one, two or three thousand feet. Where the roads zigzag up the mountain sides, or climb over some break or depression, it is common to see them washed out by the summer rains until they are like little twisted cañons, with walls twenty to thirty feet high, and barely wide enough for the horses' hoofs in the bottom. These break-neck slopes have enough thin soil gathered about the roots of the trees to produce one or two crops of corn, and the natives will laboriously clean what seems to be nothing more than the side wall of a mountain, fence it around with brush to keep out the cows, which in this country appear to develop scansorial faculties equalling those of a goat, patiently weed it, not once, but twice and even thrice, and finally gather a scanty harvest, which they then have to share with their invincible enemies, the rats and the weevils. This system of cultivation is an inheritance from the aborigines (here indiscriminately termed Aztecs in common speech), whence it happens that very little original woodland, or *monte*, exists in the vicinity of the rivers or permanent water holes where human habitations can be built. Thus the native has become a powerful factor in aiding the rapid denudation of these mountains, for where he once cuts the brush to make a *milpa*, the wash starts a series of new gullies that ere long lengthen into a gash which another generation will rightly call an *arroyito*. A level spot is rare, and where one exists it is sure to be inhabited by some mountaineer; and if it is big enough for a cluster of wattle huts (*jacales*), and a beanfield or two, it is called a *mesa;* and if very close to the water, very level and fertile, one will hear the suggestive old Spanish name of *vega*. These are oases, the very mention of which sounds musical to the worn traveller.

Such is the western edge of that great plateau known as the Sierra Madre. Farther north, in Chihuahua, the plateau has been graven into a complex of lofty mountains, but here in western Durango, along the Sinaloa border, it is only the edge of the plateau that is worn into ridge and pinnacle. Moreover, it would seem as if this had been the scene of more active vulcanism, where remnants of ancient volcanoes cluster along lines of gigantic outbursts which remain to-day as mountain-forming dikes. This zone is only from ten to thirty miles in width, beyond which comes the elevated tableland where one would scarcely suspect he was in a mountain region. The series of tertiary eruptive rocks is beautifully revealed in this western part of the Sierra Madre, where the anatomy of the mountains is exposed by erosion. The original core of the range was mostly a hard gray diorite, succeeded by intrusions of a less siliceous grano-diorite, in which are often seen included masses of the older diorite from a foot in diameter to blocks having a larger dimension of even forty feet. Through this mass of crystalline rocks were intruded vast dikes of rhyolite and trachyte, followed by very basic dark andesites and traps. The absence of mica is most striking. In the whole valley of the Humaya it is impossible to find a single scale of it, although it is fairly abundant in the valley of the Tamazula farther south. Faulting of the rocks since the latest volcanic eruptions has proceeded on a large scale, and is continuing to-day, as a result of the combined action of the chemical processes altering the rocks, and of the excessive denudation leaving the mountain masses unsupported by a sufficient width of base in proportion to their height. There is probably no better district in the world for the study of such phenomena.

The vegetation of the west coast is extremely varied. Cacti of many kinds abound, sometimes making veritable forests, and growing to heights of more than twenty feet. The *tuna*, the national plant of Mexico, is also universal, but not as magnificent in its development as in the central plateau. Many smaller forms exist, spiteful little balls of bristling spines which dispute the way through the woods and over the rocks. A stunted growth spreads uniformly from the sea high up into the mountains, forming almost impenetrable thickets. The *palo blanco* is conspicuous by its yellowish gray bark and petunia-like white flowers. The *pochote*, or silk-cotton tree, is also noticeable, not alone because of its huge bolls of fluffy cotton swinging pendulous like hang-birds' nests from the ends of the spreading branches, but because of its massive spiny armor, each spine from one to two inches long, and studded as thick as they can stand around the trunk from the ground to the branches. These spines develop curiously by an addition of cortex each year at their bases, and the relative thicknesses of these successive layers constitute a good index to the conditions for the growth of vegetation from one season to another. Brazil wood is so common as to be an article of export, and it is also largely used for firewood on account of its peculiarity of burning while green as readily as many other varieties when dry. But the paramount family is leguminous. It is very noticeable that whereas the *Leguminosæ* are represented in the mountains farther north by a great number of species of annuals, here in Sinaloa and western Durango almost every member of this family is arboreal. The first tree that greets one on landing at Altata is the fire tree *(Poinciana regia)—palo de fuego* in the vernacular—with its crown of dazzling scarlet, and its gigantic sword-beans still lingering from last year's fruiting. In the hill country the same genus is present in the form of a shrub, called *tahuachin*, which covers large areas from May until September with flaming scarlet and yellow. An American would instinctively term it the burning bush. These are the most conspicuous leguminous trees, but the woods are teeming with acacias of many species, each with some striking peculiarity of scented blossom, or grotesque spine, or lacy leaf, or brilliantly colored beans.

This forest growth affords unceasing interest as the seasons follow each other. During the summer rains the foliage is luxuriant. The hills turn green almost at the first touch of the rejuvenating showers. But nature had anticipated the coming of the rains. For a month before, while the earth was parched and the air heavy with dust, while the cattle were dying for want of food and water, and travellers gauged their day's journey by the distance between water holes across the desert, the forest was gradually changing its hue. The swelling buds cast an unusual warmth of reds and yellows across the landscape. Presently here and there a bud burst and a bit of green peeped forth. All through the glaring heat of June the signs of spring were gathering; and when the rains baptized the earth on St. John's Day, the woods were ready to respond by a sudden flash of green. This is not the season of flowers. It is the time for growing leaf and maturing fruit. When the rains are ended in September or October, and the leaves begin to wither and fall, then the blossoms appear. First the amapas like pink roses, each tree a great bouquet, illuminate the hills; then follow others, yellow, white, red, blooming persistently for months, the quantity of bloom increasing as the dry season reaches its height. There are no fairy dells for flowers. The woods themselves are a flower garden.

Above these hardwood forests are two other zones of vegetation, distinct and

characteristic. First come the oaks, usually associated with palmettos—gnarled, scrubby oaks, growing apart like apples in an orchard, with grassy areas between. Above these are the pines, keeping well up out of the lowland heat on the line of frost. Theoretically, these zones represent different altitudes, and the natives undertake to measure elevations by them. But Nature makes rules as Greek grammarians do, to illustrate their verity by exceptions. Grassy patches of oak forests will extend far down among the hardwoods, and make breaches in the pine groves high up in the Sierra. It is not altogether a question of northern or southern exposure, either, that settles these vagaries. It is partly due to peculiarities of soil, and partly to the amount of moisture present, which by evaporation makes a local difference in climate.

In the deep arroyos other changes in vegetation occur. Here the moisture-loving wild fig finds a congenial habitat. It has strayed away from its native tropical lowlands to its utmost northern limit. It is able to exist, to build its massive dome of green, and to produce its lavish harvest of nearly useless fruit, but it has also lost some of its majesty and independence. Let a seed fall near some stalwart *manto* or *tepehuaje*, and the young fig springs up, reaches out and fastens upon the older tree, gradually enveloping it and in time crushing it to death. Many other tropical plants thrive in these arroyos, showing how readily this land might be covered with jungle were rains abundant. The soil is fertile, the temperature high. Only water is needed to make it a productive region. Nature has adapted a vetetation to the prevalent conditions, but man is undertaking to reclaim extensive areas for his uses by irrigation, and a few years more will witness immense changes in the character of this country. A land that can produce both tropical and semi-tropical plants side by side, and which has broad valleys of virgin soil, cannot long remain untouched by the progressive spirit of the age.

COURTENAY DE KALB.

CHÂTEAU BAGATELLE.

PARIS, July 31, 1903.

I have never had so vivid an impression of a past age as in a recent visit I made to the château called Bagatelle, which is surrounded by a great park, close to the Bois de Boulogne. Enclosed by a high wall, it forms, in fact, a part of the Bois. The château looks over the broad valley of the Seine, a great open space, having for its horizon the hills on which Saint-Cloud is built.

Bagatelle is not open to the public, and is not inhabited at present. It has a certain air of mystery, and its graceful lines seem at times almost like a dream. It is a curious contrast to come from the parts of the Bois filled with crowds of people, with horses, carriages, and automobiles, and to enter into this "château de la Belle au Bois Dormant." Nothing has ever recalled to me so well as Bagatelle, with its elegance and its charm, the words of Talleyrand, who said that no one who had not lived in France during the years which preceded the Revolution knew "la douceur de vivre." This mysterious château was long inhabited by Sir Richard Wallace, who filled it with marvellous treasures which are now to be seen in the Wallace Museum in London. It is quite empty; there is no furniture, there are no carpets, no hangings, no pictures; but the decorations of the walls, of the ceilings, of the shutters, which, according to the fashion of the time, are of solid wood, remain, as do all the chimney-pieces with their beautiful marbles and bronzes, and each room is worthy of study. There is even in the emptiness and lifeless solitude of the place something that harmonizes with the general aspect of Bagatelle; you feel that it is all a thing of the past, a past which has left only traces of its grandeur. The garden, which is behind the château, is one of those—shall I say Italian or French gardens?—which accord so well with architecture, which have terraces and marble vases. It is well kept, and its colored rows of flowers reminded me of the verse, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

The history of Bagatelle and of the Bois de Boulogne is not without interest. There was already at the end of the seventeenth century a château (which was called Madrid) not far from the present Bagatelle. It was a royal mansion, and was given to Mademoiselle de Charolais, a daughter of the Prince de Condé and of Mademoiselle de Nantes, who was herself a daughter of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Montespan. Madrid was in bad preservation, and Mademoiselle de Charolais did not like it; the King gave her a piece of land on which she constructed a house, at first called "Mademoiselle's Pavilion," and soon after "Bagatelle." The name suited well that light and extraordinary person, very fond of pleasure. She gave many parties, and among her guests were often ladies who led a life far from austere in the Abbey of Longchamp. There is a curious portrait of Mademoiselle de Charolais, painted by Boucher, in which she wears the gown of the sister of Saint Francis, who lived with a cord round her waist. Voltaire wrote on the subject of this portrait a well-known quatrain:

> "Frère Ange de Charolais,
> Dis-nous par quelle aventure
> Le cordon de Saint-François
> Sert à Vénus de ceinture."

Madamoiselle de Charolais occupied Bagatelle for twenty years. She died on the 6th of April, 1758, at the age of sixty-three, and by her will left her fortune to her nephew, Louis-François-Joseph de Bourbon-Conti, Count de la Marche. Bagatelle is not mentioned in the will, as she had let it in 1745 to a M. Lévêque de Gravelle. In 1747, Louis XV., by a royal act, gave Bagatelle during her lifetime to the Marchioness of Mauconseil. Royal mansions could be transferred only in this way, and could not be alienated. Madame de Mauconseil remained in possession for thirty years, and had all sorts of difficulties with M. de Marigny, the superintendent of the royal domains. In 1770, the Prince de Chimay became the occupant of Bagatelle, but remained in it only a short time, and in 1775 the Count d'Artois bought the life interest, the garden, and the furniture for the small sum of 36,000 livres.

The Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) was the grandson of Louis XV. He was born in 1757, and was married at the age of seventeen to Marie Thérèse of Savoy. His eldest brothers were the prince who became Louis XVI., and the Count de Provence, who became Louis XVIII. The Count d'Artois was the most extravagant prince of his time. He had a number of domains, was a gambler, a betting man, and constantly in money difficulties, and his brother, Louis XVI., had several times to pay his heavy debts. He was a great Anglomaniac and kept racing horses for which he paid very large sums; he even appeared at some races as a gentleman rider. He openly kept mistresses, whom he chose among the ballet girls of the opera. He kept a gaming table in his own house; he was, in short, the most profligate prince of a very profligate period. He bought Bagatelle at the age of eighteen, and began two years afterward to improve it. He made great plans, took the King and Queen to visit the grounds, and described all that he projected. The Queen was amused by this description of imagined improvements, and he promised to give her a feast at the end of six weeks, when she would witness the realization of what he had portrayed. The new château was ready at the time fixed. The architects spent in this short interval more than a million of livres. The château, to be sure, is small; it is really a mere pavilion with a circular salon on the ground floor, and on both sides of it several boudoirs, a dining-room, a *salon de jeu*, besides a fine vestibule. Bellanger was the architect who constructed Bagatelle and its dependencies. Numerous plans and engravings of it are preserved at the Hôtel Carnavalet. The changes afterward made were very important, but the central pavilion and the long building called Trianon have not been altered.

The park was planted and designed by an English gardener of repute, Thomas Blaikie. It was very much admired, and deservedly. There was, of course, after the fashion of the time, a "Temple of Love," a pretty circular portico with a cupid and the device of Voltaire:

> "Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
> Il l'est, le fut, on le doit être."

There were also two little rivulets, filled with water drawn by machinery from the Seine. A small theatre was often improvised in the garden, where comedies and ballets were played. The Count d'Artois had a fine artistic taste, and employed at Bagatelle the best architects and artists of the time—Bellanger, Soufflot, Gabriel, Houdon, Hubert Robert, L'Huillier, Dusseaux, Callet. Most of the bronzes, which are still on the chimney-pieces, were the work of the famous Gouthière. The furniture was chiefly furnished by Jacob.

The Count d'Artois remained in France till the day after the storming of the Bastille. He refused to wear the tricolor cockade which was presented to Louis XVI. at the Hôtel de Ville by Bailly, the Mayor of Paris. He was the first to take the road of emigration. Curiously enough, he had engaged, for a game of tennis (*paume*) at Versailles, the place which became historical as the *Jeu de Paume*, on the very day when the Third Estate had its meeting there. When, in 1790, by order of the State, a list was made of the debts of the Prince (his property had been seized, in virtue of the laws against the *émigrés*), the liabilities amounted to thirty-nine millions two hundred and fifty thousand livres. Bagatelle was among the assets. The Convention decreed that "the houses and gardens of Saint-

Cloud, Bellevue, Mousseaux, Le Raincy, Versailles, Bagatelle, Sceaux, l'Isle-Adam, and Vanves, should not be sold, but should be maintained at the expense of the Republic, to furnish amusement to the people and form establishments useful to agriculture and the fine arts. Bagatelle was sold, however, very soon afterwards, as the Government was in need of money, and sold for a trifling sum. It became a place of public amusement; a theatre was built in the park. But the distance from Paris was too great; the place was again put up for sale to a restaurant-keeper. Napoleon reunited Bagatelle to the public domain, and gave as indemnity to the restaurateur the sum of 170,000 francs. Napoleon gave Bagatelle to his brother Lucien, and afterwards to Prince Eugène; the young King of Rome was often taken to it.

During the invasion the Allies camped in the wood. Wellington had the offer of Bagatelle for his headquarters, but declined it. As soon as peace was signed, the Count d'Artois again took possession of the house he had built in his youthful days. He was now quite another man, very grave and very religious. He allowed the public to visit the house and the park on given days. The Count de Chambord took his promenade in Bagatelle almost every day. In 1830 Charles X. returned into exile, and Bagatelle was added to the civil list of Louis-Philippe, in consequence of an exchange of land with the State. Louis-Philippe never entered it, and in 1832 a special law authorized the sale of Bagatelle. In 1835 it was acquired, for 300,000 francs, by Richard Seymour Conway, eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford, and from his hands the domain passed into those of Sir Richard Wallace.

Correspondence.

THE PENSION DEGRADATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Washington dispatches announce that

"Leaders in the Grand Army of the Republic are actively at work on a service pension bill that they think can be put through the next session of Congress. The bill calls for a monthly pension of $12 to every survivor of the civil war who fought on the Union side, and to pay a similar pension to the widow of every soldier.

"An effort will be made at the coming Grand Army encampment to secure endorsement of the scheme. Then pressure will be brought to bear on Congressmen to secure the passage of the bill; the leaders basing much of their hopes on the exigencies of the Presidential election."

Such a statement may well challenge attention. It should do more: it should bring into active opposition every citizen who has at heart the welfare of his country. Since the close of the civil war, we have seen the pension list growing, apparently without limit. Passing, by ten or twenty-fold, the sum that the most indulgent justice could give, and by a much larger ratio the amount granted by any other nation, the pension list for years past has entailed on us an annual expense equal to or greater than that required to support one of the great standing armies of Europe.

This debasement of the veterans of the North may be laid, in its beginning, to the charge of the pension agents: Keen for their fees, unscrupulous in their methods, and tireless in pursuit of their game, they undermined the moral standards of their victims. The veterans, to their disgrace, easily lost sight of their true relation to the national Government. The old soldiers forgot, and still forget, that at no time have they ever had a claim for one dollar in pensions, as a matter of right. The call to arms was one of the supreme acts of the sovereignty of their country, exercising, in its mortal agony, its unquestioned right to sacrifice its citizens for its own preservation. When they sprang forward to answer their nation's call, they knew that they owed her their wealth and life; and that all they were or hoped to be were advantages merely held in trust, to be surrendered when the proper summons came. But, after the services had been rendered, the veterans, grown strong by organization, dictated to politicians, controlled Congress, and dominated political parties, insolently claiming as a right what was merely the generous gift of their country. Of a poor quality, indeed, is the patriotism that rests on pecuniary gain; and we may read on many sinister pages of history the decay of nations whose armies misused their power to attain selfish ends. Now we may see the shame of the fathers reappear in the sons, as the lusty mob of young men who enrolled for the Spanish war clamor with steadily increasing numbers at the doors of the Pension Office.

If the veterans, in their age, could but feel the noble patriotism which throbbed in their veins with the drum-beats of forty years ago, they could cut down the pension lists themselves to reasonable figures. But they will not do it. It is therefore more than time for the community to set about self-protection. It is time that political parties be made to feel that they have urgent duties to perform in this matter and to set about it fearlessly. It is time for the public to realize that the old soldiers, with honor sadly tarnished, have sunk so low as to become a grand army of mendicants.

George Edwards.

San Francisco, August 2, 1903.

THE POST-OFFICE AS A DUMPING-GROUND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: About three years ago I wrote you calling attention to the noble patriotism of Senator Beveridge, as shown by his willingness to offer up his elderly father-in-law for the purpose of enabling the Post-Office Department to properly conduct postal affairs in Porto Rico.

It seems that the old gentleman was not able to hold his job in Porto Rico, and so he had to be provided for in the Indianapolis Post-Office. The enclosed clipping from the Indianapolis *News* is interesting, therefore, as showing further results of Mr. Beveridge's patriotic effort. Imperialist.

Indianapolis, August 3, 1903.

"I did not ask the Post-Office Department for the dismissal of George J. Langsdale, bookkeeper, from the staff of the local post-office," said Postmaster George McGinnis, discussing the reports that have come back from Washington concerning a letter which he forwarded to the Department. "I did, however, ask that he be permitted to do his light work at his home, so that we might have his desk in the office. We are badly cramped for space now."

Washington dispatches state that in his letter Gen. McGinnis severely criticised Langsdale, who is Senator Beveridge's father-in-law, and that this criticism has aroused the ire of Senator Beveridge, who has asked that no steps be taken until he and Langsdale have been heard, a request that has been granted.

Postmaster McGinnis this morning said that whatever he said about Mr. Langsdale's duties will be repeated in the investigation that, it is generally expected, will follow. Postmaster McGinnis leaves Monday for the East to attend a meeting of the first-class postmasters, and it is probable that he will then be called on by the Department for a personal interview regarding the Indianapolis office.

THE NEW CRIME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a book published in London, in 1864, entitled 'Forty Years of American Life,' I, a few days since, chanced upon the following part of a supposed dialogue between a Northern abolitionist and a Southern slave-owner:

"'Negroes have been burnt alive. You cannot justify such a horror.'

"'No. There is no law for such a proceeding, except Lynch law; and in the few cases in which it has been done, it was to punish a negro for an outrage upon a white woman—the same punishment that was formerly inflicted in England upon heretics and witches. I do not justify it in any case. It has always been the work of a lawless mob, excited by some terrible outrage. It is a cruel punishment; but one that hundreds of poor white women have brought upon themselves by no worse offence than wearing crinoline.'"

The book in question (2 volumes, John Maxwell & Co.) was written by Dr. Thomas L. Nichols, a warm sympathizer in the Secession movement although born and brought up in New Hampshire, and a sincere, as well as earnest, apologist for "the Institution."

I quote the paragraph in question merely to show how erroneous was the statement made by the Southern correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* referred to by Mr. Griscom in the *Nation* of July 30. Not only was the crime in question known in the South before emancipation, but even then, by an unwritten law, it was punished by burning at the stake. C. F. A.

Boston, August 4, 1903.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I doubt whether isolated instances of the "new negro crime" being an old one prove anything more than that there is a dormant beast in human nature—which requires no proof at present. However, if the fact is of any importance, in the winter or spring of 1852-3 a negro on the lower Mississippi, I think in Louisiana, committed an assault on a young white girl, and was burned alive by the people of the neighborhood. The occurrence was read to me from a local newspaper by a young married lady from that part of the country. On my expressing my horror at the lynching, she returned indignantly: "Why, the paper says the girl may die!" K.

August 10, 1903.

THE TEXAN REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are one or two points in the review of my 'Texas' in your issue of July 23 that I feel I ought not to pass over in

silence. Speaking of the colonization of Texas and the revolution, I said: "Naturally enough, the movement resulted in a wide extension of the slaveholding area; but the idea that it was consciously inaugurated and carried out with that end in view is too palpably mistaken to be worth discussion." This the reviewer calls "too curt a dismissal of a difficult matter."

I believe it will be impossible for any fair-minded man to go through the documents I have had to examine, without coming to the conclusion I have expressed. In all the mass of Austin's correspondence and the materials in existence relative to the general *empresario* movement, there is nothing to show that the Anglo-Americans came to Texas in order to win ground for slavery. Von Holst himself says ('Constitutional History of the United States,' II., 553) : "I can find no support for the assertion that back of it [the colonization of Texas] there was a definite plan of the 'South.' " In the various petitions to the Mexican Government and declarations of grievances that mark the progress of the revolution from 1830 onward, there is no mention of slavery. This is not because the Texans cared to avoid the subject, but because they did not regard the institution as in danger. Moreover, there is, in the private papers, diaries, etc., belonging to that period of the history of Texas, no evidence that slavery was one of the real causes of the revolution. The friction caused by the ineffective anti-slavery legislation of Mexico was threatening for only a moment, and that in 1829. Thereafter, as other issues grew more intense, it practically disappeared altogether. The documents make the actual causes of the revolution sufficiently clear, and these have been, as I believe, faithfully outlined in my 'Texas.'

As to Houston's connection with Jackson before he came to Texas, there is none but the flimsiest evidence to make out of it a conspiracy. Even if one could believe what Dr. Robert Mayo claims—that Houston was organizing a movement to revolutionize Texas, and that he was acting with Jackson's knowledge—certainly the scheme was never carried out as planned. Twice Houston appeared in Texas at critical moments when the revolution was gathering, once near the end of 1832 (when he stayed till after the convention in April, 1833), and again in the summmer of 1835, but in both cases only after trouble had already begun. In the interval he is lost to public view, so far as has hitherto appeared, except for one or two glimpses. The theory of a secret influence emanating from him during that period has no value, first, because the evidence to support it is wanting, and, second, because what happens is sufficiently accounted for without it. He organized no filibustering movement and brought no troops to Texas, and in no case was the initiation of resistance to Mexico due to his presence or effort. He simply assumed the leadership of a spontaneous popular movement well under way, and carried it to a successful termination. There is, throughout the struggle, nothing to show that he was consciously working for the "slavocracy."

I wish to speak briefly of two other faults that the reviewer finds in the book. He says that the latter part of it (dealing with the period subsequent to the revolution) is "inadequate," and he objects to the omission of a bibliography. When I undertook the work, Dr. Scudder, then the editor of the series, insisted on compactness, and I agreed with him. He set the ideal limit at 360 pages, and I tried to come as near it as possible. By an unfortunate miscalculation of my own, I lost fifty pages, but these would scarcely have sufficed to relieve a criticism made from the reviewer's standpoint. Detailed references in footnotes were avoided because of the popular nature of the book. A bibliography would have been either too voluminous to fit the condition of compactness, or too general and incomplete to be of any real value.

Further reply, strongly as I am tempted, I must forego. GEORGE P. GARRISON.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, AUSTIN, July 26, 1903.

[We had no belief in the idea that the revolution in Texas was consciously inaugurated or carried out by the "slavocracy." But the real problem for the historian of Texas is not even stated in this hypothesis, much less solved by denying the truth of it. That slavery did not cause the Texan revolution may be admitted; that there is no important historic relation between the Texan revolution and the slavery conflict in the United States is another matter. We must still take exception to a history of Texas that fails to exhibit at every point the vital connection between Texas and the United States. The first half of Professor Garrison's work exhibits that relation clearly; the last part all but ignores it.

No importance is to be attached to the Houston story, but it has been widely circulated in popular histories, and it would have been well to mention it, if for no other reason than to refute it. With reference to the omission of a bibliography, we were not aware of the author's miscalculations, and were under the impression that the forty or fifty pages of unused space might have proved sufficient for a useful discussion of at least the unprinted sources.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The Walker-Ellerson Publishing Company of this city have nearly ready a novel entitled 'The Curse of Caste,' by a Virginian.

Macmillan Co. announce 'J. McNeil Whistler and his Work,' by Alfred G. and Nancy Bell. They expect to publish next year the Life of Leo XIII. on which Mr. Marion Crawford has been engaged with the collaboration of Count Soderini.

The Life of Sidney Lanier in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "American Men of Letters" series is to be prepared by Prof. Edward Mims of Trinity College, N. C.

Something out of the ordinary run of academic dissertations is 'The Alchemist, by Ben Jonson,' edited by C. M. Hathaway (Yale Studies in English, XVII.), a well-printed octavo of some 375 pages (Henry Holt & Co.). Jonson is coming again into his proper share of attention. The Clarendon Press edition of his complete works, now in preparation, will doubtless do him full justice. Indeed, it will perhaps make such performances as this works of supererogation. Meanwhile, however, the opportunity was an open one and peculiarly tempting. 'The Alchemist' is important enough (Coleridge thought it one of the three best plots in all literature) and of such a nature as to cry aloud for full historical and explanatory apparatus. This Dr. Hathaway has abundantly supplied. There is an introduction, with much new material, dealing not only with questions of editions, dates, sources, and the like, but more especially with the history and literature of alchemy. It is a contribution to the always-to-be-continued history of swindling—"gulling" and "cony-catching," as it was called in Elizabethan slang. The text, so far as we have tested it by a partial comparison with a copy of the "Folio" of 1616 on which it is based, seems to be unusually accurate. The Notes and Glossary are copious and valuable.

'The Life and Letters of Charles Butler,' by Francis Hovey Stoddard (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a volume written (as Mr. Butler's daughter says in her preface) in commemoration of a life associated in such a way with the development of the country as to give the book "some value as a contribution to its history." Mr. Butler, whose marked figure and face made him familiar in New York to a generation who did not know much more of him than these and his name, may be said (he died in 1897 at the age of ninety-five) to have come down to us from the Jacksonian period. He was a younger brother of Attorney-General Benjamin Franklin Butler, and lived in the golden prime of those "internal improvements" which marked the beginning of the march of the United States to the West. He was honorably known as an able negotiator of arrangements between States involved in difficulties through these improvements, and their creditors, and also through a long and active connection with the University of New York.

'The Tramp's Handbook,' by Harry Roberts (John Lane), is an illustrated compendium designed for devotees of the open-air life. It is written for England, but contains a good deal of information useful anywhere, as to means of providing food and shelter, clothes, *impedimenta*, etc. There is a "defence of vagabondage" which sets forth the superiority of the free, peripatetic life over that of the poor wretches who dwell in cities and slave in order to pile up accursed wealth, or pore over miserable books, or let ambition gnaw their hearts. There is also some "weather wisdom," some astronomy, and an English "Floral Clock." In books of this sort we always look to see what the author deems absolutely essential in the way of baggage for those who walk for pleasure. Mr. Roberts declares that for himself he can put anything he needs into his pockets. But even among the things put down as "necessary" the critical reader will find a superfluity. What is the use of "a few envelopes"? If a tramp has to engage in correspondence, he must mail his letters, and this must generally be done in the vicinity of a post-office, where he can always, if necessary, obtain envelopes.

'Belgium and the Belgians,' by Cyril Scudamore (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is something

more than an illustrated guide-book, though much of it is information of the kind useful to tourists. It contains chapters on education, government, and folk-lore, and a detailed description of a tour made by the author in 1899 through the Liège district and the Ardennes—a part of Belgium probably not as well known to Americans as Flanders, Antwerp, and Brabant. To our mind Belgium as a holiday ground has never been thoroughly "written up." The country is full of interest, but the interest is of a kind not easily conveyed in books like this. Lists of pictures give a very faint idea of art; and to be properly awakened to the history and romance of Belgium the mind may be guided by Baedeker and by Mr. Scudamore, but must first be saturated with Motley and Scott. Belgium has not been as well *prepared* by the inhabitants for tourists as Germany; but then this may be said of every country other than Germany in the world.

'The Training of Wild Animals,' by Frank C. Bostock (Century Co.), deals chiefly with the carnivors, but touches also on elephants and snakes. It furnishes no very detailed account of the actual training of wild beasts for performance in the show ring, but dwells on the traits of animals in captivity and the hazardous lives of their trainers. The author is, in the opinion of high authority, the greatest of all wild-animal trainers. Any one who has seen his spirited lions, tigers, and jaguars in the arena will have noted the difference between them and the dull brutes of many other shows, whose performance consists in mounting pedestals. Mr. Bostock is very modest, giving all credit to the trainers under him, and not letting the reader see enough of himself, the trainer of trainers. He brings out many interesting facts about captive animals. He says that a quiet, sullen lion or tiger is more to be feared than a snarling, clawing one, and that a playful lion is a terrible thing in the arena. He tells how animals that have performed submissively for years, especially the large carnivors and elephants, may at last refuse to do their tricks and become frenzied, springing on their trainers with murderous intent. This violent transformation, the dread of all showmen, is called "going bad," and costs many a human life. One of the secrets vital to success in the ring is absolute uniformity in action, manner, and even dress. Deviation from the habitual routine is likely to result in accident. The book must hold the attention of any one who can appreciate the high order of courage demanded of the man who enters the arena with a beast that by one tap of its paw can crush his skull like an egg shell.

'Our Feathered Game,' by Dwight W. Huntington (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a treatise on land and water birds from the sportsman's point of view, and aims, like certain other recent works on the subject, to give enough ornithological description of each species to enable the layman to identify the birds he bags. What the author has to say about the absence of characters that should separate certain sub-species will appear footless to the systematic ornithologist, and the description of hunting wild turkeys may amuse sportsmen who have shot the king of our feathered game, but on the whole the book is remarkably free from slips. The parts devoted to the woodcock and the Wilson's snipe are especially good. The author's point about holding well ahead of a swift-flying game bird is one that old hands as well as novices should bear in mind. The subject most valuable, perhaps, and less adequately treated in other late books, is the preservation of game birds and the legislation therefor. Interesting accounts are given of various ducking clubs and their methods. The registers of several clubs are inserted, showing alarming decrease, during the last ten or more years, in the bag of our most valuable ducks. Upland game preserves are described, and game laws bearing on the limit of the bag and suppression of the market hunter are discussed. The author has attractively illustrated the book with his own colored drawings of hunting scenes.

A number of essays, under the title 'La Chronique de France,' are published annually by Baron Pierre de Coubertin. One may peruse, in the latest of these, reflections on the war on the congregations, the significance of the elections, religion in France, and the city of Paris; or critical estimates of Hugo, Comte, Dumas, and Balzac; or observations on national sports and three centuries of tapestry. The survey can hardly be called complete, but those who cannot spare time to read the French papers may obtain some idea of the course of events from these pages.

The finest of the plates in the June number of the *Burlington Magazine* (New York: Samuel Buckley & Co.) is an excellent photogravure after a Madonna and Child from the Leuchtenberg Gallery at St. Petersburg, where it passed as a Giorgione. It is now in the collection of Mr. George Salting, and is ascribed by Mr. Herbert Cook to Cariani. Without being in any sense a masterpiece, it is a delightful picture, especially in its richly decorative landscape background. The other "Giorgione," from the same source, is a very inferior performance and of little intrinsic interest. To us the most interesting work of art discussed is an Italian bas-relief recently acquired by the Louvre through the bequest of M. Paul Rattier; an almost feminine head, in highly decorative armour, inscribed "P. Scipioni." In the absence of any authenticated work in sculpture by Leonardo da Vinci with which it could be compared, it is doubtless wise to attribute this relief to his school only. Every line of it, as decoration, bears witness to his influence, and the face is of a type common in his drawings. As far as one may judge from the reproduction, the execution is not unworthy even of the great master himself. The "Gazette" gives the usual account of sales and prices.

With the issue of Parts VI., VII., and VIII., 'Representative Art of Our Time' ("The Studio" Library, John Lane) comes to an end. The best plate in the three numbers is the very able etching, "L'Abreuvoir au Pont Marie," by A. Lepère, best known for his original wood engravings; the worst we shall refrain from mentioning, in the hope that the clever illustrator who is guilty of it will refrain from doing the like again. The picture by G. F. Watts selected for reproduction seems to have all his technical weaknesses and none of his great qualities of composition; and the reproduction, at least, is very disagreeable in color. If the collection, as a whole, were really "representative" of contemporary art, we should have less faith in the artistic outlook than we have.

Even the first instalments sent us of 'Hundert Meister der Gegenwart' (Leipzig: E. A. Seemann; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) had not revealed to us, as do the eighth, ninth, and tenth numbers, the full horrors possible to modern color reproduction. It is safe to say that even handwork, guided by the strongest taste, could produce no more nerve-shattering results than are here attained by mechanical processes, and we doubt if the originals could stand comparison with the copies. It is one more glorious triumph for the age of invention.

Mr. George Iles's imagined department for library construction, in his Aladdin's palace headquarters of the American Library Association, has been in a way anticipated by the American Architect Company of Boston, who have just put forth the first number of a very taking *Public Library Monthly*. "As it is," says the salutatory, "to be a periodical 'devoted to libraries, books, and their makers,' it must naturally concern itself somewhat with the planning and decoration of library buildings, but its architectural character will go no farther than this. In reality it aims to bring librarians into closer touch not so much with one another or with book publishers—ends already satisfied by other existing publications of a literary complexion—but with the general public whom each library serves." The new monthly has even larger pages than the *American Architect*, and is handsomely illustrated, although it is difficult to see the appositeness of the fine view of Ratisbon from the Danube.

The articles of most general interest in the *Annales de Géographie* for July are upon the precipitation in Algeria, the results of observations begun in 1843, and an account of an expedition through the region bordering on the southern and eastern shores of Lake Chad. It is interesting to note that though the natives cultivate extensively wheat, rice, and corn, the most fertile land is reserved for cotton, and that strips of cotton form the medium of exchange among them. The other contents consist mainly of a study of topographical phenomena in the Alps ascribed by the author to the erosive power of glaciers, and a minute description of a small valley in France, its inhabitants, their social organization and industries. M. E. F. Gautier, who is now engaged in exploration in the Sahara, writes that he has discovered in one of the oases a vast number of rock drawings of men and animals. Among these are pictures of the giraffe, ostrich, and boar, which have disappeared from this region, while there are no representations of the elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo, "which have been found frequently farther north in the Atlas Mountains." Of perhaps greater importance is a Hebrew inscription, "très belle, profondément gravée," and some stone circles, "which it would be interesting to excavate; they have certainly nothing in common with the present inhabitants."

The last Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains the fourth quarterly report of the excavation of Gezer. Mr. Macalister reports nothing of special interest since the discovery of the great

pre-Israelitic megalithic temple. He summarizes the general results of one year's work of excavation as follows: Traces of the Levitical occupation mentioned in the Bible found in the evidence of Jewish worship at the Great Central Shrine of the town; the destruction of the city under Solomon, and its fortification by Bacchides in the time of the Maccabees, illustrated by the discovery of towers and walls belonging to those two periods respectively; the method of disposal of the dead by the pre-Israelites, that is, by burning, determined with certainty; the nature and extent of Mycenæan and Egyptian influences on the development of Palestinian culture illustrated; the period of the introduction of iron indicated. It must be said that the first two counts of this summary are extremely hypothetical. Mr. Macalister reports that unless the number of workmen can be increased, the excavation of this ruin cannot be completed within the limits of the firman. To increase the number of workmen requires an increase in the funds available for the work. It certainly seems that the Palestine Exploration Fund should obtain, in both England and this country, a more generous support in its work of excavation.

The fourth issue of Lidzbarski's *Ephemeris für Semitische Epigraphik* appears as the first part of Volume II. This periodical is issued at irregular intervals, when Professor Lidzbarski has secured enough material to complete a new part. It is of great value to the student of Semitic epigraphy and archæology, as it collects under one cover all the material in those fields which has appeared scattered through numerous books and publications, with illuminating notes and discussions. There is nothing of striking importance in the present number. In what may be called his editorial, Lidzbarski discusses at some length Semitic nick-names. It would appear that in Semitic antiquity abbreviated and nick-names were as common in use, especially among the plainer people, as they are with us to-day. Considerable space is given to a report on old north Arabic inscriptions. Here, and in the report on south Arabic inscriptions, with which this part closes, the author pursues Halévy relentlessly, for the purpose of controverting his views on the Egyptian origin of the Phœnician alphabet and its dissemination from south Arabia northward. According to Lidzbarski, Phœnicia or Syria was the home of the Phœnician alphabet, from which place it was carried directly to South Africa. From there it spread northward through Arabia as far as the Hauran.

We have received from Lemcke & Buechner a colored topographical map of Cairo and its environs, by R. von Grimm. It is on a scale of 1:100,000, and strikingly exhibits the Egyptian strip between the Arabian and the Libyan Deserts. Steam railroads, actual and proposed, tramways, ordinary roads "passables à dogcart," footpaths, canals, wadies, palm trees, towns, cemeteries, are shown together with contour levels, and much besides. Here is marked the scene of the battle of the Pyramids, July 21, 1798; here the tracts inundated in winter; here the deep caves in the heights back of Massarah; here the great petrified forest at the head of Wady el-Tih; here an arms manufactory; and all the pyramids.

—The Prince Society has printed a volume on 'Sir Humfrey Gylberte and his Enterprise of Colonization in America,' edited by the Rev. Carlos Slafter. What Hakluyt compiled for his Voyages forms the more important contents of this volume, but a number of papers concerning Gilbert has been found in the English archives, and they make a very interesting story, though far from complete. Personally, this famous and ill-fated voyager had little to commend him to our notice. Like so many other "discoverers," he was a pirate at heart, and cared nothing for the rights of another people when his own advantage was in question. That he was no gentle knight the record of his life shows. In Ireland he resorted to very harsh measures in meeting some opposition to land-grabbing schemes of a company of English adventurers, and put to the sword men, women, and children to attain his purpose: He has left his policy in writing: "being constantly of this opinion, that no conquered nation will ever yield willingly their obedience for love, but rather for fear." The result was a legacy of hatred among the Irish, and as stern measures when the natives were again in power; which leads the editor to the curious and unmoral statement that "retaliation, with added refinements of torture, took away all ground for complaint of his [Gilbert's] atrocity." In his schemes for maritime discovery he always considered the profit to be made; and a singular act of true piracy committed by the crew of one of his own vessels was unpunished by him, so far as is known. Perhaps his weakness was his desire for wealth, for it led him into a project for transmuting iron into copper, and was the foundation of his ventures towards the New World, though the spread of the faith was urged as prominently as the advantages of trade. His death has made us forget much in his career, and surrounded him with a truly romantic atmosphere. Mr. Slafter has performed his task with judgment and almost with a sympathy for his subject.

—Several writers have thrown the public into transports of virtuous indignation by their graphic accounts of the iniquities of the Standard Oil Company. Those who have read these descriptions with a desire to ascertain the truth have found that most of the evidence was worthless, and that there was hardly the pretence of impartiality. It has remained for Mr. Gilbert Holland Montague to treat one of the most interesting of industrial phenomena with scientific thoroughness and with judicial fairness. The results of his study were printed in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, and are now published in book form by Harper & Brothers under the title 'The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company.' It is impossible to understand this subject without knowing the conditions which governed transportation twenty-five or thirty years ago. As Mr. Montague says, the oil business, in its early phase, was the reflex of prevailing railway methods. "To attempt to judge the situation without first ascertaining the standards set by the railway management of the time is not merely unfair, it is subversive of all historical accuracy." The production of petroleum became of importance at a period when the trunk lines were competing fiercely for business. They were engaged in that competition which our Congressmen have declared by statute must prevail, and which not only railway managers, but also the business community, have found so disastrous as to compel agreement, lawfully or otherwise, for its cessation. The New York Central Railroad had to choose between abandoning the oil business of Cleveland or making rates which would equalize the advantages enjoyed by Pittsburg. The struggle was so desperate as nearly to ruin the railways. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railroads had to stop paying dividends. Such mad competition as this, which the law even now encourages, necessarily gives opportunities to men of ability to get the better of their rivals. The whole situation is admirably presented by Mr. Montague, whose book we must praise because it is brief, while it is so interesting that we could wish it longer.

—It is now about thirty-five years since the publication of 'The History of the Church from A. D. 313 to A. D. 451,' by William Bright, then an unknown name in Church literature. In that interval the learning and labor of half a lifetime had been spent by the late Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford University in accumulating materials for enriching his narrative. At his death the new book, rechristened 'The Age of the Fathers' (Longmans, Green & Co.), was left partly in the press, and partly in the form of notes; and it has been the task of Dr. Walter Lock and Mr. C. H. Turner to edit it. Their efforts and those of the publishers have succeeded in turning out two very attractive volumes, outwardly at least. They are intended for a larger audience than is generally to be enticed into the reading of Church literature, and so the scaffolding of footnotes which is thought by some to hinder popular appreciation of the text, has been cleared away. The narrative is lucid, and neither rhetoric nor theological discussion intrudes upon the straightforward story of the fortunes of the Church. Its very method of composition, however, renders it of no value to scholars who desire to learn the sources of their knowledge. The mechanism back of the work is essential to them, and, in leaving it out, the author and editors have considerably narrowed their sphere of influence. And yet, when we consider that, in so detailed a study, hardly a sign of German criticism or the influence of German thought can be found, we are inclined to think that it was wise, after all, to address this work to a popular audience—however unlikely it is that, in this age of short stories and monographs, many lay readers will read through a thousand pages on a single age of the early Church. A story of events rather than a picture of conditions emerges, and one never quite gets the impression of that tremendous age in which the Church took final form. We are watching the incidental and the individual rather than the full and intricate movement.

—'Birds in their Relation to Man,' by Messrs. Weed and Dearborn (J. B. Lippincott), is the first manual to be written on the food habits of birds, but it is so thorough and comprehensive as almost to preclude the need of others for a long time to come. It is not only a compilation of all the scat-

tered literature on the subject, but also a record of original work by the writers themselves. Unlike some other investigators, who lack breadth of knowledge, the present authors are ornithologists, botanists, and entomologists, and at least one of them understands the art of popular book-making, as is shown by Dr. Weed's former publications on biology for general readers. The book has many illustrations, and contains, in addition to food habits and their relation to agriculture, a treatise on the protection, preservation, and encouragement of birds. There is no attempt to enhance the value of the theme by touching lightly or not at all on the harm that native birds may do to crops. Other writers have sometimes kept this phase of the subject in the background, but here the treatment appears to be fair and square. Not only are certain species shown to commit depredations, but their destruction in some instances is advocated. Adverse criticism of the book is probably most valid where the knotty problem of the effect of the preying by birds on parasitic insects, and the much paraded but little understood "balance of nature," are treated.

—Among the many investigators whose long industry has made this compilation possible, the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture is particularly conspicuous, for the significant points of many of its publications are here skilfully massed. The Survey's methods of investigation have been watching birds as they fed in the fields, caging birds and offering them various insects, seeds, and berries, and, most important of all, examining the contents of birds' stomachs to determine the amount and character of the different elements of the diet. Most interest attaches to the writers' own observations. In one case the food brought to a brood of nestling chipping sparrows was noted from before sunrise till dark. In another, an adult captive crow is recorded to have eaten a quarter of its weight in minnows in one day—a performance which, translated into terms of man's diet, would mean the consumption by him of from thirty to forty pounds of beef a day. A general record of the animal and vegetable food of birds is followed by a discussion of the amount consumed and the effect of birds on the uprising of insect pests. The food habits of each species and their relation to agriculture are given in detail. The book is full of new knowledge, and should be in the library of every ornithologist, botanist, entomologist, general biologist, and agriculturist.

—The influence of Shakspere on Maeterlinck is most deeply marked in the philosophic essays. But in his dramas also his favorite hero is the Hamlet type, irresolute, repeating his words; like Sisyphus continually urging his stone upward, but it always falls back into the plain—the "ruthless stone." In his new play, "Joyzelle" (Paris: Librairie Charpentier), the Shaksperian dye is the more noticeable since the very texture is Shakspere's. It is a curious weave in which, as one reads, one instinctively dissentangles and identifies each separate *motif*. Merlin, the wizard of Arthurian legend, lives on an island attended by his "petite fée docile et familière," Arielle, the dainty, delicate Ariel of the "Tempest" transformed into a feminine sprite—a curious association of Merlin (who, in the 'Morte d'Arthur,' "sleeps and sighs in an old tree") with Shakspere's Ariel, who vented his groans in a cloven pine. He, too, was enslaved to the witch Sycorax, as Arielle is the servant of Merlin the enchanter. Merlin's son Lancéor is to be saved from death by a marvellous love—"un amour héroïque et plus doux qu'une fleur, . . . qui l'aperçoit partout, à travers toutes les formes et toutes les épreuves." Behold him, therefore, shipwrecked on the island like Ferdinand, and meeting there the shipwrecked Joyzelle, his Miranda. The ordeal of Joyzelle is the whole interest of the play. Threatened with death by Merlin, cast off by Lancéor, whom she knows to be unfaithful, she never wavers. A patient Griselda is Joyzelle, greatly enhanced by a noble gayety which one does not remember in her meek original. "All thy vexations were but my trials of thy love," says Prospero in the "Tempest." "Oui, ma pauvre Joyzelle," says Merlin, "le songe était horrible; mais le voilà vaincu et l'épreuve est passée."

—A certain setting and atmosphere one may count on in a play of Maeterlinck. A great "salle de marbre," a door which some one frantically calls to have opened, a seashore with strange shells and caves; above all, a sense of something vague and sinister, an invisible danger, the signs and omens of it thickening towards the end—all these are in "Joyzelle." Maeterlinck shares with D'Annunzio the power of leaving an impression of beauty amid horrors. From "Pelléas and Mélisande" on the stage one carried away a cool vision of a great cave with a floor of many-colored shells, opening on a misty sea. In "Joyzelle" the most vivid picture is the enchanted garden where the predestined lovers meet, a wild and neglected place as Joyzelle walks there alone; transformed at the coming of Lancéor into a garden out of a fairy tale, a marvel of flowers and fruits, birds and butterflies. This transformation "into something rich and strange" is more effective, one imagines, to the reader than it can be on the stage, where flowers are apt to be tawdry. The play had no great success in Paris last May, naturally enough. It is, in fact, a sort of morality play—the last thing that would appeal to the French taste, which clamors for the dramatic and, above all, the concrete.

HILPRECHT'S EXPLORATIONS IN BIBLE LANDS.

Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century. By H. V. Hilprecht. With the coöperation of Lic. Dr. Benzinger, Prof. Dr. Hommel, Prof. Dr. Jensen, Prof. Dr. Steindorff. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman & Co. 1903. Pp. xxiv., 793.

The main part of this volume consists of Professor Hilprecht's account of explorations and excavations in Assyria and Babylonia during the nineteenth century, traversing much of the ground already more extensively and yet more summarily covered in Rogers's 'History of Babylonia and Assyria.' Fully half of Hilprecht's contribution, one-third of the entire volume, is devoted to the work of the University of Pennsylvania expeditions to Nippur from 1888 to 1900. Professor Hilprecht was connected with the University of Pennsylvania work at Nippur from the outset, but the amount of time which he actually spent in the field was small. In 1888 he went out in a subordinate capacity as one of the Assyriologists, and was at the site of the excavations on this occasion for something over two months. In 1900 he again went out to take supreme charge of the work and to bring the excavations for the time being to a conclusion. On this occasion he again spent something more than two months there. His principal work in connection with the expedition has been, not in excavating, but in examining the antiquities secured, and especially in publishing the cuneiform records found at the ancient sacred city of Bel. His account of the excavations contained in this volume is, unfortunately, disfigured by constant and violent attacks upon the directors in the field under whom the excavations were conducted, and by an excessive introduction of the personal element. The reader is often impressed with the feeling that Dr. Hilprecht is more concerned to make prominent his own services and his own importance than to record facts and discoveries. As a true history of events, or as a correct statement of the plans and methods of his predecessors or collaborators in the work, this account cannot be accepted without much allowance for the author's personal equation. Its value lies in the fact that it is the first published statement of the extremely interesting and important discoveries of the University of Pennsylvania expedition in its last two campaigns (1893-'96 and 1898-1900).

There have been in all four campaigns of excavation at the site of Nippur: two under the direction of Peters (1888-'89, 1889-'90); a third under Haynes, who remained continuously in the field—the first time the experiment had ever been tried—from 1893 to 1896; and a fourth, again under Haynes, assisted during part of the time by two architects, Geere and Fisher (1899-1900), during the last ten weeks of which, as already stated, Professor Hilprecht was on the field and personally in charge of the excavations, for which he seems, however, to have had some responsibility throughout the whole of the last campaign as "scientific director."

The two most remarkable results of these expeditions have been the partial excavation of the great and most ancient temple of Bel at Nippur, with the discovery of remains of an almost incredible antiquity, and the recovery of immense numbers of inscribed clay tablets, including a "temple library." This library was found by Haynes on the last expedition, Hilprecht arriving on the field just as the excavation was completed and tablets boxed to be sent to Constantinople. Haynes, who was not an Assyriologist, could not, of course, be sure that the large deposit of tablets found by him was the long-sought-for library, and not a collection of archives such as had been found before in various parts of the mounds. It was Hilprecht who determined that they constituted a library; and one of the most interesting parts of the volume before us is that in which he gives an account (pp. 525-532) of the scope and contents of these tablets, so far as he has been able to examine them to the present time. There are numerous school exercises in which the students learn their *B-A ba*, very much after the fashion of boys at school to-day, word lists, grammatical ex-

ercises, multiplication tables, and the like. Apparently, also, something was done in the way of teaching line-drawing and clay-modelling. From this, Hilprecht concludes that there was a school or university connected with the Temple of Bel. Of the contents of the library proper, outside of the school-book exercises, he gives a rather meagre idea, informing us merely that there is a real library, and that the part so far found consists principally "of mathematical, astronomical, astrological, linguistic, grammatical," and to some extent religious texts. It is to be hoped that we may soon receive fuller information with regard to the contents of these ancient tablets, the greater part of which being, unfortunately, of unbaked clay, are, according to Professor Hilprecht's report, in a very bad condition, and that efforts will be made both to publish the texts and also to furnish translations as speedily as practicable. Hitherto the University of Pennsylvania has pursued, so far as the objects found in its excavations at Nippur are concerned, an unfortunately illiberal policy, which has prevented the speedier publication of results.

The great bulk of this library material belongs, according to Hilprecht, to an early period, namely, the third millennium B. C.; but the library also continued to exist into the late Babylonian period, and among the most interesting finds made in the "library mound" was a jar, which seems to have been the cabinet of a collector of antiquities at about the time of King Nabonidus, in the middle of the sixth century B. C. In this jar was found, among other things, a fragment of a "ground plan of the environments of Nippur," as it appears to be from the fact that the name Nippur is written in the centre. The reader could wish that the learned author had attempted some explanation of this interesting document in connection with his own scheme of the topography of ancient Nippur. Hilprecht believes that only a small part of the "temple library" has yet been excavated, and that the whole mound, several acres in extent, in which this deposit of tablets was found, constituted the libraries and schools of the temple; but the evidence furnished by himself and other excavators up to the present time does not seem altogether to support this view. Similarly his theory, expressed in his account of the topography of Nippur (pp. 541 ff.), that the ruins on the western side of the great canal which divided the city into two parts represented "the remains of the city proper, the eastern half the large complex of the temple of Bel," is not altogether supported by the facts, for considerable archives of temple records were found also on the western side of the canal, while on the eastern side was found a number of ordinary business records. In fact, the excavations so far conducted are not sufficiently complete to enable us to reach definite conclusions with regard to the contents of many parts of the great complex of mounds constituting the ruins of the ancient city of Nippur.

For the archæologist the material presented in this volume is too meagre to enable him to reach satisfactory conclusions regarding many of Professor Hilprecht's statements. The photographs are excellent, but the plans and drawings are few and small, and it is impossible to determine from them and the descriptions accompanying them how much was ascertained by actual excavation and how much is pure speculation. Thus, for example, on page 567, we find an interesting ground plan of a small Parthian palace. There is a difference of shading in the wall lines which leads to the supposition that part of this plan at least is speculation, but nothing in the text shows the actual facts. Again, on page 470 we have the "ground plan of Ekur, Temple of Bel at Nippur, restored and designed by Hilprecht, drawn by Fisher." This represents two courts of the temple, but we are not informed to what extent the lines of this restoration have been actually determined by excavation. In point of fact, a very considerable portion of it seems to be conjecture, and some parts do not appear to fit in with the statements of the author in other portions of the work. Professor Hilprecht announces the publication later of a fuller work on the temple with the drawings of Geere and Fisher, accompanied, presumably, by a descriptive text which will enable us to ascertain exactly what was actually excavated. Until such publication is made, it is impossible to determine the value of these speculative restorations, or of the statements with regard to the topography of the ruins in general.

The temple of Bel at Nippur was, according to all the records which we possess, the most ancient and greatest sanctuary of Babylonia, and it was this fact especially which determined the commencement of excavations at that site. The earlier excavations conducted at Nippur were naturally concerned principally with the upper strata of the immense accumulation of débris, and in the first years it was only by means of small wells and larger trenches, here and there reaching to virgin soil, that evidence was given of the existence beneath the later remains of a civilization almost incredibly ancient. The later excavations unearthed much larger parts of these earlier remains. As far as we can now determine, a great change took place in the temple of Nippur at the time of the famous Sargon of Akkad, whose date is variously estimated from 2800 to 3800 B. C. With him a new race and a new civilization seem to have become dominant at Nippur. All the buildings and constructions of any importance so far found belong to the later (Semitic) period, but the débris of the earlier (pre-Sargonic or Sumerian) period constitutes a full half of the entire accumulation in the temple mound. This pre-Sargonic débris is full from top to bottom, according to Hilprecht's account, of the remains of cremations of the dead. He believes that the temple was already at that time a temple or sanctuary, and that the characteristic *ziggurrat* or stage tower already existed; but, according to his account, this sanctuary was nothing but a necropolis or crematory. Strangely enough, also, the greater part of these pre-Sargonic remains are many feet below the level of the ancient plain—the lowest strata about twenty feet, which is much lower than the reported bottom of the bed of the canal that bisects the city. So far, therefore, as the account here given enables us to judge, the sanctuary must have occupied originally a huge hole in the "breast of the earth."

Such borings as have been carried down to the same low level in other parts of the mound, on the other side of the great canal, seem to show a condition of affairs similar to that found in the ruins of the temple. Here, too, the pre-Sargonic remains consist entirely of hopelessly broken fragments of walls, potsherds and ashes, the same evidences of a necropolis of cremation as was found on the temple site, the greater part descending below the ancient level of the plain. Was Nippur in those early days nothing but a necropolis, like some of the Babylonian sites explored by the Germans? Are there no pre-Sargonic homes of the living? And what is the meaning of the fact that these earliest remains are found many feet below even the "ancient level of the plain"?

With the time of Sargon, as already said, commences, so far as we now know, the era of really important constructions on the temple site, which ceases also to be used as a place of disposal of the dead. At this period, also, with the dominance of the new race, burning gives way to burial; but, according to Professor Hilprecht, we find at Nippur itself no burials until the Seleucidan period, in the fourth century B. C. The Babylonian burials from 2500 onward, found by the earlier explorers at Nippur, he declares are not Babylonian at all, but Parthian, and leaves us in the singular position of having, so far as Nippur is concerned, no knowledge and no trace of the method of burial during the entire Semitic period.

These excavations cannot be said to have settled the problems of Nippur. The history of the temple, its construction and its extent are by no means clear as yet, while as to the remains which underlie the old Semitic civilization at Nippur it must be said that Hilprecht's report raises more questions than it answers. It is, we repeat, to be hoped that we shall shortly have a fuller and more scientific statement of the results of the latest excavations, which have naturally overturned many of the theories derived from the earlier excavations and propounded by Peters in his 'Nippur' and by Hilprecht in his 'Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania'; and it is also eminently desirable that the University of Pennsylvania should push onward to its conclusion the great work of excavating the ruins of this most interesting and most ancient city of the old Babylonian world.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with the contributions of Dr. Benzinger on Palestine, Dr. Steindorff on Assyria, Dr. Hommel on Arabia, and Dr. Jensen on the Hittites. The two former are admirable summaries of what has been done in Palestine and Egypt. The latter two, on Arabia and the Hittites, are somewhat too technical for the ordinary reader, and are also liable to objection as presenting theories which have not been substantiated, and which, according to the opinion of most scholars, cannot be substantiated. For example, Hommel holds that the Phœnician alphabet originated in east Arabia, and that the earliest Arabian inscriptions antedate the oldest Phœnician inscriptions yet found. Scholars in general do not agree with him in these views. So also few would agree with him in his belief that "the name Ai or Ya, which was occasionally used alongside of *ilu* (comp. Ai-'ezer, Yo-chebed), meant originally 'moon.' Moses first gave this ancient name a new significance by changing it, in the spirit of popular ety-

mology, to Yahve, 'he who exists'" (pp. 745, 746).

Jensen believes that he has found the key to the decipherment of the Hittite inscriptions, and that the language in which they are written was a sort of proto-Armenian. He treats with scant respect the efforts at decipherment of those who have gone before him: "So much for the labors of my predecessors and their results. . . . Throughout my decipherings, which I now proceed to describe, I have endeavored as far as possible to keep the two problems apart" (p. 772). Few scholars have accepted Jensen's results, and he himself has not yet succeeded, by the use of his key, in really reading the inscriptions.

KING'S MAZZINI.

Mazzini. By Bolton King. (The Temple Biographies.) London: Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. King's study of Mazzini is often excellent on the personal side, and nearly always inadequate on the political side. What absorbs him is the prophet, the idealist, the moral regenerator. For Mazzini the conspirator who for thirty years was the terror of European governments and the marplot of every sane attempt to free Italy, he has only qualified enthusiasm. He sees Mazzini's mistakes, but he never shows their true relation to the evolution of the Italian cause, and he forgets that readers of Mazzini's biography have a right to know why it was that not only reactionary kings and cabinets, but devoted Italian patriots, the large majority of the men who finally created Italy, turned away from him.

The first impression one gets from Mr. King is that Mazzini's conspiracies were really unimportant, that the essential thing was his overpowering love of humanity, for which he sacrificed everything. Only when we have gone half-way through the book do we come on a passing reference to the "theory of the dagger," and to Mazzini's connivance in young Gallenga's purpose to assassinate Charles Albert. Mr. King dismisses both as if it were beneath an historian's dignity even to allude to them. To the expedition of the Bandiera brothers—whom he slurs as "sentimentalists and prigs"—he gives less than half a page, and in that he does not honestly state how heavy was Mazzini's responsibility; but to the opening of Mazzini's letters by the English Post-Office he devotes a page and a half. Yet historically the Bandiera episode was critical, because more than anything else it alienated the rising generation from Mazzini. Here is a leader, they said, who lures generous-hearted youths to their death while he stays safely in London, reminding his critics that no cause can prosper until it has had its martyrs. The implication that Mazzini spurred his disciples on to dangers which he did not dare to encounter himself was certainly unjust, but the fact that he utterly miscalculated the strength of the support which this attempt was to receive could not be gainsaid. Whenever he had an insurrection on foot, he saw myriads on myriads of friends rising at his signal, but the naïf Bandieras found not a dozen sympathizers ere they and their little band were betrayed and shot.

The established governments regarded Mazzini as we regard the practical Anarchist to-day—and, so far as his acts towards them went, they were not unjustified. So, too, were the great body of Italians who abandoned him after experience had taught them that, as a practical director of political insurrection, he was a mere will-o'-the-wisp leading to destruction. To bring these points out definitely was the first duty of Mazzini's biographer—a duty which Mr. King has not performed. Neither has he given a clear account of Young Italy, Mazzini's masterpiece of political propaganda; and when he comes to the Roman Republic of 1849, in which Mazzini had his one chance to display his talent as an administrator, Mr. King again misses his opportunity. His treatment of Mazzini's attitude towards the Piedmontese policy from 1850 to 1870 is wholly unsympathetic. He perpetually scolds Victor Emmanuel's Government for not allowing Mazzini to return to Italy—as if any Government is to be blamed for refusing to harbor persons who proclaim that they intend to destroy it if they can, and to set up one of a different kind. Let us be consistent: self-preservation is the first law of every government, no matter how bad it may be. But here, and indeed throughout the book, the biographer seems to forget that Mazzini's revolutionary plottings were not merely Pickwickian. They were transient, whereas the Gospel of Humanity still lives; but a biographer whose hero was both a discredited political sciolist and a noble prophet has no right to juggle with this dual nature so that the noble side alone comes into view. Mr. King admits the ineffectiveness of Mazzini's political intrigues, his lack of trustworthy information about the state of public opinion in Italy, his misjudgment of the Liberal Monarchists, to whom he attributed plans which they never dreamed of adopting; but, with an unlogic which is almost comical, he berates pretty nearly everybody—the King, Cavour, Garibaldi, Minghetti, and many more—for not accepting the leadership of the admittedly wrong Mazzini.

Mr. King's fundamental weakness is that he has never grasped the indispensable work of the Liberals in the redemption of Italy; so that in his criticisms he constantly reminds us of an anatomist who should try to set up a human skeleton without the backbone. He usually refers to Cavour in terms which might fit Jim Blaine or Joe Chamberlain; and except Ricasoli and Fanti—rather a strange choice—few actors in the *Risorgimento* get a good word from him.

A single quotation will show how unsound Mr. King is when he assumes the rôle of historian. After a cursory sketch of Mazzini's operations at Milan in the spring and early summer of 1848—operations which, he does not sufficiently state, tended all towards discord—Mr. King says:

> "Had Mazzini gone to Rome, he would have given a great impulse to the radicals and unitarians there. It would almost certainly have decided the Romagnuols; it would not impossibly have created such a force of opinion in all central Italy as would have overborne the autonomist parties and the King's [Charles Albert] own hesitations, and put all the Papal States and Tuscany under his suzerainty. Nay more, though the counter-revolution had triumphed at Naples, the nationalist elements were strong throughout the south, and had Mazzini organized them from Rome, and Garibaldi marched south in the name of Unity and Charles Albert, the work of 1860 might have been done twelve years earlier. Even had the bigger consummation failed, Mazzini could have forced the Pope to choose between a nationalist policy and deposition from his temporal throne; he would have thrown all the energies of the Roman Government into the war, and given Charles Albert another ten or twenty thousand men, enough to shift the scales of victory" (pp. 121, 122).

This is phantasmagoria, not history; it reads like one of Col. Sellers's prospectuses for Universal Eye-Wash. The wonder is that, having soared so far in cloudland, Mr. King stopped at all. He should have assured us that Mazzini and Garibaldi, having achieved these imaginary exploits in Italy, rowed across the Atlantic in a dory, landed at Charleston, and on New Year's Day, 1850, from Mr. Calhoun's front porch, proclaimed the abolition of slavery in the United States.

We regret to have thus to record the failure of Mr. King's biography of Mazzini on its political side, for it is time that the political Mazzini were adequately portrayed. The task should be done dispassionately, by some one who would hold up to view at any given moment not merely what the great conspirator was aiming at, but what his enemies thought he was aiming at; his misconceptions and theirs; and the real influence, to help or check, which he exerted on the Italian cause. Since Mr. King has not done this, it is a pleasure to be able to recommend that part of his book which concerns Mazzini the man and the prophet. Here Mr. King is on safe ground; he writes with the enthusiastic reverence of a disciple who has not forfeited his private judgment. He describes Mazzini's daily life so as to bring him before us in all his gentleness, his uprightness, his inflexible adherence to duty, his generosity, his charm. Especially vivid is the account of the terrible years between 1833 and 1840, when the exile had to bear not only hunger and cold, but regrets akin to remorse at the death of friends whom he had incited to conspiracy, and doubts as to the validity of his mission. Nowhere else in English has this been told so fully.

The last third of the volume Mr. King gives up to an analysis of Mazzini's religion, gospel of duty, views on the state, social theories, belief in nationality, and literary criticism. Mazzini wrote so much that to collect into a single chapter the upshot of his teachings on any one of these subjects, especially as he was not always consistent, required discrimination. Mr. King is right in emphasizing the religiousness of Mazzini's nature; from that sprang all his principles, and that gave intensity to all his actions. More than any other European of his time, his utterances had the "Thus saith the Lord" quality of the old Hebrew prophets; like them he was dogmatic, uncompromising, doctrinaire. He saw clearly that the new era on which mankind was entering called for a new religion which should satisfy men's souls as the old religions had satisfied men in other ages, and Mr. King has skilfully put together the various elements which Mazzini thought to be essential in the new faith.

In describing Mazzini's political and social doctrines, Mr. King candidly warns us that Mazzini based his conclusions on intuition rather than on exhaustive study.

The biographer, having himself a marked socialistic bias, discusses this part of his subject with unusual fervor, without neglecting those points (and they were many) on which Mazzini opposed socialism. Although his propaganda tended in every field—political, social, commercial, moral—towards collectivism, he always held a strong mental reservation in favor of individual liberty. He elaborated no consistent economic programme, but rather made many suggestions, which Mr. King sums up under two heads—"a radical reform of taxation, and the gradual supersession of capitalism by voluntary coöperative societies of workmen." To establish conditions in which each individual could reach the highest self-expression was his aim for society, just as he hoped to see each nation develop its individuality to the highest point, and thereby contribute its utmost to the commonwealth of nations. Nationality he regarded as an organ of immense importance, as necessary now for human progress as the ideal of the Church or of the Empire had been in other ages. He saw that the true foundations of nationality must be looked for not in geography, but in the deepest moral and spiritual elements—in common traditions, ideals, customs, hopes. One would like to know what forecast he would make, were he living today, of nationality in the United States.

Mr. King might have amplified his chapter on Mazzini's literary work without overestimating its value, for he was a critic of original force, whose essays on Byron, Goethe, and Carlyle, to mention only the best-known, have still to be reckoned with. We should lay much more stress than Mr. King does on the high literary quality of Mazzini's writings. Of all the European publicists of his century, not excepting Lamennais, he had style, and that will keep his best works alive for many a year to come. Scattered through Mr. King's book are quotations aggregating many pages, which of themselves would establish a reputation. "Where you cannot have victory," he wrote, "salute and bless martyrdom. The angels of Martyrdom and Victory are brothers, and both spread their wings above the cradle of your future life." "A nation's growth depends on the trust that other peoples place in it." "The artist is either a priest or a more or less practised mountebank." "Poetry is for me something like the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, which is action." "Art for art's sake" he branded as the "atheist formula"; and of spiritualism he said: "When men have ceased to believe in God, God pays them out by making them believe in Cagliostro or table-turning." Specimens such as these, taken at random, will give a hint of Mazzini's power of expression, which rarely flagged through nearly fifty years of continuous productivity.

Mr. King is fortunate in being able to print a sheaf of hitherto inedited letters. He also gives a bibliography of Mazzini's works, and of writings about him. The latter list is notably defective. In English alone we may cite four omissions: Mr. King makes no mention of Mr. R. M. Johnston's work on the Roman Republic of 1848, in which Mazzini's dictatorship is described in detail from an unsympathetic standpoint; nor of Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's pages on Mazzini in 'The Liberation of Italy'; nor of Mr. W. R. Thayer's chapters on Mazzini and Young Italy and on the events at Milan and Rome during the Revolution; nor of Mr. Marriott's admirable essay, from which a much truer idea can be had of Mazzini the agitator than from all that Mr. King gives. He is also ignorant of the German literature in this field.

But in taking leave of the book we wish to commend all save its political side to the new generation which knows not Mazzini. In his hatred of oppression, of luxury which enshrines selfishness, of what we now call imperialism—"I hate," he said, "the monopolist, usurping nation, that sees its own strength and greatness only in the weakness and poverty of others"—and even more in his refusal to admit that there shall be one moral standard for citizens and another for states, he has an urgent message to deliver in this day of reaction. And, finally, he has the gift peculiar to supreme guides of stimulating and uplifting souls that are in earnest with the great issues of life.

Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

Mr. Gilbert Murray, who until lately held the chair of Greek in the University of Glasgow, contributes this translation as the third volume of "The Athenian Drama" series. The translator is known to scholars as the writer of a short 'History of Greek Literature,' the brilliance of which was marred by a recklessly colloquial style; he has also written two plays, one purely modern, the other, the "Andromache," a curious attempt to reproduce in English prose and with the conventions of the English stage the effects of a Greek drama—without a chorus, which to Æschylus at any rate would have seemed little less strange than leaving out Hamlet.

The present series is advertised as "for English readers," and Mr. Murray, when he embarks on "a careful tracking of the spirit of Euripides" by means of the subtleties of the Euripidean language, proves a model of the Candid Translator. He does not hesitate to pit "Art" and the "spirit of Euripides" against the accuracy of mere scholarship, or to confess that, given the groundwork of a careful translation, he "thought no more of anything but the poetry." That is a perfectly admissible attitude, and it relieves the critic of a heavy weapon, if on the question of truth a translator declines to stay for an answer. The result in this case is a volume of amazingly good verse; lyrics that, here and there, could well be attributed to Mr. Swinburne, whose style they cleverly imitate; and a practical vindication of the rhymed couplet for the expression of the complexities of modern sentiment. It is Euripides brought up to date "with a vengeance," as Mr. Murray would say, but his English readers are to be congratulated, for here is a translator, one of very few, who can make the dry bones of a translation live; and, given a frank disregard of the letter, his "Hippolytus" and "Bacchæ" have a beauty and force unequalled in any other version.

These two plays may easily be translated more correctly; more beautifully they cannot unless Mr. Swinburne himself should undertake them. One only wishes that Mr. Murray would "Atticize a little," as Landor said of Browning. In saying this, we have in mind not only such expressions as "inspired damsels" or "Ho, varlets, loose the portal bars," or "a most black villain"; though these and their like, since they have other conventional literary associations, may possibly mislead the outsider who asks to envisage the color and atmosphere of Athenian stage dialogue as they are envisaged by the scholar.

A more serious question is whether the ideal translator will so far depart from the simplicity and restraint of the Greek that a reader who is familiar with the Greek text must constantly turn to the original to reconsider its meaning in the light of the English disguise. If we except Mr. Lang, who succeeds in being literal without baldness, we find among modern translators a tendency to excuse the freedom of their rendering on the plea that their English must be raised to a higher pitch than the original Greek. "I have often," says Mr. Murray, "used more elaborate diction than Euripides, because I found that, Greek being a very simple and austere language and modern English an ornate one, a direct translation produced an effect of baldness which was quite unlike the original." Translation is, of course, to a great extent subjective, so that every age must make its own translations of the Greek masterpieces, and every translator must lay stress on the qualities that appeal to his age, even as Chapman satisfied the soul of Keats. It is in fact quite conceivable that Keats would not have preferred Mr. Lang, who leaves so much less to the imagination. In his effort to appeal to his age and to make the most of the qualities in Euripides that will be expected from him by readers of Tennyson and Swinburne, Mr. Murray does indeed raise the pitch. We may compare a few passages in which the prose is literal Euripides and the verse is Mr. Murray's rendering:

> "Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
> In God's quiet garden by the sea,
> And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
> Joy among the meadows, like a tree."

This represents: "Where ambrosial springs of water flow near the resting-place of the halls of Zeus, and Earth, sacred and life-giving, increases the blessedness of the gods."

A charming paraphrase of the gnomic refrain of a "Bacchæ" chorus is the following:

> "What else is Wisdom? What of man's endeavor?
> Or God's high grace so lovely and so great?
> To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
> To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
> And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?"

which represents: "What is wisdom, what fairer gift of gods to men than to hold a strong hand over the head of one's foes? The beautiful is ever beloved."

Mr. Murray's

> "But sore it were
> Returning home to find his empty chair."

represents: "Yet sore grief would it be to me should he leave this house."

It is in the "Bacchæ" choruses that the translator's verse is at its best, and it would argue pedantry to demand greater literalness from a method that produces such a triumph of ornate English over austerity as the following:

> "Will they ever come to me, ever again,
> The long, long dances,
> On through the dark till the dim stars wane?

Shall I feel the dew on my throat, and the stream
Of wind in my hair? Shall our white feet gleam
In the dim expanses?
Oh, feet of a fawn to the greenwood fled,
Alone in the grass and the loveliness;
Leap of the hunted, no more in dread,
Beyond the snares and the deadly press:
Yet a voice still in the distance sounds,
A voice and a fear and a haste of hounds;
O wildly laboring, fiercely fleet,
Onward yet by river and glen . . .
Is it joy or terror, ye storm-swift feet? . . .
To the dear lone lands untroubled of men,
Where no voice sounds, and amid the shadowy green,
The little things of the woodland live unseen."

It is in this chorus above all that Mr. Murray finds the personal expression by Euripides, now safely in Macedonia, of the relief of escape from the fierce ambitions, the rivalries, the "arid irreligion" of that fourth-century Athens whose weaknesses were so unsparingly summed up by Thucydides—the Athens where "inferior characters succeeded best. The higher kinds of men were too thoughtful and were swept aside."

Mr. Murray includes in his volume a spirited translation of the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, which contains the classic criticism of Euripides. The English reader who can read his Aristophanes in Rogers would probably, like ourselves, have preferred a third play of Euripides. It is to be hoped that the translator will give us a second volume containing the "Medea" and the "Alcestis." To the three plays of the present work is added a useful appendix on the "Lost Plays" of Euripides, and a commentary with some discussion of obscure passages.

Light Waves and their Uses. By A. A. Michelson. (Volume III. of the Octavo Series of the Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago). Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1903. Pp. 166. With 108 figures in the text and 3 colored plates.

Waves and Ripples in Water, Air, and Æther. By J. A. Fleming. E. & J. B. Young & Co. 1902. 12mo, pp. 299. With 85 figures.

Professor Michelson's book is devoted exclusively to an account of his own researches, the great importance and beauty of which are well known. This compact outline of them in a handsome dress will be welcomed by everybody who is interested in optics. This investigator's whole course of thought and of experimentation has been the logical result of his looking at the action of all optical instruments from the point of view of interference. We only wish that the exposition had been even more strictly autobiographical than it is.

Professor Fleming's little volume embodies six lectures delivered to a juvenile audience at the Royal Institution. Two are devoted to water waves, two to air waves, two to Hertzian and other ether waves. In the first two of these three divisions the author displays a charming power of making things plain. How, for example, a group of waves can have a velocity much less than that of any of the waves that compose it is rendered entirely obvious. Here, too, we find various most interesting observations which, though already printed, were novelties to us and are certainly not easily accessible, unless one is provided with files of such things as *Pearson's*, *Cassier's*, and *Harmsworth's Magazines*, of various technological periodicals, and of other sources to which there is no admission for any rational being except on business. But when he comes to Hertzian waves, Professor Fleming is seriously handicapped by two circumstances unfavorable to lucid exposition. In the first place, he is himself in the very thick of the struggle to advance this subject. We are aware that people who consider the matter hastily often reason that active investigators ought to produce the most easily comprehensible expositions, because clear thought always produces clear expression. But this reasoning involves two very false assumptions—that clear expression is the only thing required to render an exposition easily intelligible, and that those who first succeed in thinking out a problem think the solution in the clearest possible way. The truth is, that every invention, in its first workable form, is unnecessarily complicated; and that which is complicated is hard to understand, however clearly it be explained. But, in the second place, Professor's Fleming's mind is full of the new electron theory. Now this theory, at the present moment, seems to be somewhat in the condition of the Copernican hypothesis before Kepler. That is to say, it seems to offer an immense simplification in one respect, while it leaves the details quite as complicated as before, if not more so. These two circumstances appear to us to have decidedly weighted down the author's explanation of wireless telegraphy. We take the liberty of doubting whether the juvenile audience really understood it. At any rate, we are confident the matter might have been rendered more comprehensible without the sacrifice of any important feature.

Real Things in Nature: A Reading Book of Science for American Boys and Girls. By Edward S. Holden, LL.D. Macmillan. 12mo, pp. xxxviii, 443. Illustrated.

Most of the matters of common knowledge with which these pages are filled are such as we used to learn from six or eight different elementary treatises. They have stood the tests of time and usage, and are generally accepted as facts that every one should know. The book is constructed for youths of eight to twelve or fourteen years; its articles are short descriptions, explanations, or narratives on topics of Astronomy, Physics, Meteorology, Chemistry, Geology, Zoölogy, Botany, Physiology, and the early History of Mankind. The items are well selected, fairly well treated, and tolerably well illustrated; they are full of entertainment, and are easily verified by means of observation, experiment, or reference to literature. A mastery of the contents of the work will give a pupil an excellent start in the way of an education.

In general this reading-book is to be commended. There are cases in which the lettering of drawings is not clear, and some of the figures need retouching. On page 286 a peculiar knob or pompon stands up from the top of the skull of the gorilla, like the apple to be shot from the boy's head in the old story. The Bad Lands are illustrated in more than ordinary badness, on page 138, by having the picture placed wrong side up. On page 212, again, the toad and other objects are made to cast their shadows vertically upward. The prattle on Natural Selection might have been advantageously displaced by something less subject to criticism and better adapted to the class of readers using the book. Sooner or later pupils will learn, if they do not know already, that it is incorrect to say, as Dr. Holden does on page 262, "The dandelion bears a solitary flower at the end of the stalk."

Three Centuries of English Book-trade Bibliography, etc. By A. Growoll. With a List of the Catalogues, etc., published for the English Book-trade from 1595 to 1902, by Wilberforce Eames. 8vo, pp. 195, xv. New York: Published for the Dibdin Club. 1903.

Every studious reader discerns the value of an alphabetized catalogue with subject-index, as a guide to the book he seeks. The librarian, and perhaps the amateur collector of rarities, asks for more of detail; he wants to know the size and shape of a given book, when and where it was printed, with other information about author, printer, or publisher. It is for this class that the above work has been written and compiled. With Mr. Eames's addition, it is practically a catalogue of English catalogues of books. Yet it is not all dry reading, for it contains curious items about books and bookselling that will be of interest even to the cursory and careless reader. The growth of the curt catalogues first issued by German printers, the book fairs at Leipzig and afterwards at Stourbridge (near Oxford) in England, the Company of Stationers at London, the early English critical book-trade journals, the licensing of printed books, old book auctions, and book-trade bibliography receive brief but discriminating notice.

The real need of a book like this is fairly indicated by the steadily increasing estimates of the number of early books. Hain's catalogue warrants the estimate that at least six million copies of books were printed in the fifteenth century, but Van der Linde and Dziatzko give good reasons for the belief that the number in that period was about one-half greater. In the beginning, English contributors to bibliography were few in number. One curiosity is *Weekly Memorials* [not *Mementos*, as quoted by Charles Knight] *for the Ingenious* (London, 1683), the first critical literary journal in the English language; but its review of contemporaneous books is more amusing than instructive.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashley, Roscoe L. American Government. The Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Blair, Emma H., and Robertson, James A. The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803. Vol. V. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Brigham, Clarence S. The Fourth Paper presented by Major Butler, with other papers edited and published by Roger Williams in London, 1652. Providence, R. I.: Club for Colonial Reprints.
Burnz, Eliza B. Pure Phonics for Home and Kindergarten. Burnz & Co.
Chambers, E. K. The Mediæval Stage. 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $8.35 net.
Charles, Cecil. Miss Sylvester's Marriage. The Smart Set Publishing Co. $1.00.
Crowninshield, Frederick. Tales in Metre and Other Poems. Robert Grier Cooke.
Davis, William S. The Saint of the Dragon's Dale. The Macmillan Co. 50c.
Delitzsch, Friedrich. Babel and Bible. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack and W. H. Carruth. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 75c. net.
Dickens, Charles. A Tale of Two Cities.—Hard Times.—Martin Chuzzlewit. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d. net each.
Dussaud, René. Notes de Mythologie Syrienne. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Ellerson, Mrs. C. C. The Vigilantes. Walker-Ellerson Publishing Co.
Fite, Warner. An Introductory Study of Ethics. Longmans, Green & Co.

Frater Occidentalis. The Failure of Jesus and His Triumph. Red Wing, Minn.: The Argus Press. $1.00.
Gifford, E. H. Eusebius: Preparation for the Gospel. 4 vols. Oxford: The University Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Kelman, John. The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
London, Jack. The Call of the Wild. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Macmillan, Hugh. The Deeper Teachings of Plant Life. Thomas Whittaker. $1.20.
Newell, Lyman C. Descriptive Chemistry. Part I. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.00.
Oman, Charles. A History of the Peninsular War. Vol. II. January-September, 1809. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $4.75.
Parr, G. D. A. Electrical Engineering Measuring Instruments. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.50 net.
Pike, G. Holden. Wesley and his Preachers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Potter, Rt. Rev. Henry C. Law and Loyalty. Edwin S. Gorham. $1.50 net.
Pratt, Edwin A. American Railways. The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d. net.
Walter, Robert. The Exact Science of Health. Vol. I. Edgar S. Werner Publishing Co. $2.00.
Willard, Rossiter. The Senator's Sweetheart. The Grafton Press.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1903.

The Week.

The belated and confused news from Bogota appears to signify the rejection of the canal treaty. In reality, it may turn out to be the Colombian way of advancing one step nearer its ratification. Minister Herran at Washington seems guardedly to take that view. So does the counsel of the Panama Company, not inexpert in the indirections of South American publicists. It was expected that the opponents of the treaty would make a great play for delay, and would assume temporarily defiant postures. This course has long been counted upon by the Washington Administration. But it has also been led to believe that, in the end and after many wry faces and impossible demands and despairing appeals, the treaty would be accepted. It may still reckon upon that result, for all that the latest developments actually imply. It has been well understood that the only real objection of the Colombian Congress to the treaty was that its terms were not as generous, pecuniarily, as would have been liked. All the talk about impaired sovereignty has been a blind. Colombian sovereignty was not impaired, strictly speaking, by the treaty, since there was no actual alienation of territory, and the United States was to acquire its rights over the strip by the canal under the form of a lease. But the thing that has rankled in the pure minds of the Colombians is the fact that a rich and lavish country, with a surplus of a couple of hundred millions in its Treasury, was offering them only a beggarly $10,000,000 when it might as well give $25,000,000. Indeed, we understand, they have really made it a point of honor with our Government, and consider that they are but flattering us, and paying a tribute to our magnanimity, by intimating that they are ready to accept a sum more consonant with our national grandeur.

From the army point of view, the retirement of Secretary Root will be a great loss to the service. There is a mistaken impression abroad that, because of the establishment of the General Staff, his work as a reorganizer is done. Such is by no means the case. Aside from the attention which the General Staff itself will need until it has had a practical trial, there is the whole question of the future of the old staff departments. There never was any good reason why the duty of supplying the army with food, pay, clothing, quarters, and cooking utensils should be in the hands of five separate departments, but it is, and each one of them is presided over by a general who goes his own way regardless of any one else. Common sense demands that these supply functions shall be in the hands of one set of officers, as is the custom in the navy. Mr. Root drafted a bill last year which was in the nature of a compromise, but its consideration by Congress was postponed until the coming session. This reform alone is almost as important as the creation of the General Staff. Moreover, the system of military education which Mr. Root has established still needs attention and further development. Finally, the service has not begun to settle down after its Cuban and Philippine campaigns, and to digest its unassimilated young officers who are only just learning the a b c of their profession, and who need careful weeding out. Along these lines there remains a great deal of constructive work quite worthy of Mr. Root's abilities. On the other hand, Judge Taft, if he should take the War Department, could be relied upon to deal with Philippine matters in a much better spirit, and would certainly be guilty of no such exhibition of petty spite as has marked the retirement of Gen. Miles.

The final withdrawal from active service of the navy's chief engineer, Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, merits greater attention than it has received. He was retired for age in January last, but was allowed to hold his office until the expiration of his term as chief of the Engineering Bureau, which occurred on August 8. This position he had held with satisfaction to the navy and the public for the unprecedented period of sixteen years, during which the new fleet has come into being. The transformation which he witnessed, and, to a large degree, guided, is comparable only to that which took place when sailing vessels gave way to steam. Under his direction have been not only the care and manning of these ships in commission, but the designing of the new ships. The visit of the *Kearsarge* to Europe has resulted in high praise of the ship's engine department and general mechanical arrangements, which seem to have impressed Germans and English where the appearance and discipline of the crew did not. Rear-Admiral Melville has possessed some rare qualities besides those of being able to recognize and employ capable assistants. He has, for instance, unlike most bureaucrats, been ready to admit his mistakes. He was the first officer to acknowledge that the amalgamation of the line and staff, which he favored, was a failure as matters are at present administered. Characteristically, he left office firing one more broadside at his brother officers who do not share his pet belief in triple screw warships.

The most serious scandal affecting the Government's relations to its Indian wards which has become public for at least a decade past, is now foreshadowed in the report of Samuel W. Brosius, general agent of the Indian Rights Association, in regard to land tenure in the Indian Territory. With the old stories of the cheating and robbing of Indians by white men we are all quite familiar; but that trusted agents of the Government, among them officials of the Dawes Commission, should be found to be profiting by other connections than those with the public service, is certainly startling. It was hoped that the spirit which animated the Beaverses and Machens of the Postal Department had spread into no other branches of the public service. Now it appears that most of the Federal officials in the Indian Territory were either stockholders or officers in a "Tribal Development Company" and a "Title and Trust Company" authorized to do business in the very lands which these officials, or some of them, were sworn to see properly allotted and distributed to the tribes which are rapidly being converted into American citizens. There is something radically wrong with our standards of office-holding when men of unblemished reputation like Inspector Wright could enter into such business relations even with the purest motives and best intentions. It is fortunate for all concerned that President Roosevelt has a personal interest in Indian questions, and is certain to insist upon a rigid investigation. In 1901 he removed Gov. Jenkins of Oklahoma after it had been proved that he held stock in a company furnishing supplies to Territorial institutions.

With Justice Brewer's belief that one desirable remedy for lynching is the abolition of the right of appeal in criminal cases, we cannot agree. Take the case of Molineux in this city. Convicted on his first trial, this man went free the second time he faced a judge and jury. Without the aid of the wrongfully introduced evidence of the first trial, the case against him collapsed. Yet he would have been done to death had Justice Brewer's plan of no appeal been the law. Before this change can be made, our judges of the lower courts must be of better stuff and freer from political influences. A comparison with English judges does not lie, but even if it did there should be some provision against human and judicial fallibility. By this we do not mean to say that there are no possible reforms in the procedure of our courts. President Roosevelt was right

in urging all possible expedition in criminal trials, but he would not advocate, we are sure, the breaking down of those safeguards with which our legal method of killing or punishing people has been hedged about by the slow growth of the common and statute law. Aside from this, Justice Brewer's strong words on lynching are most welcome. Like the utterances of Judges Woodward and Lore at Chautauqua, they are a fitting close to the public debate of the last few weeks in which the Chautauqua speeches have been so notable and valuable. With the strong statements of President Roosevelt and these judges on record, the "mighty fortress" of law and order is once more buttressed against its numerous enemies.

Such vigorous vindications of the sanctity of the law as Circuit Attorney Folk has been securing in Missouri have an indirect effect which is perhaps more far-reaching than their direct. Just now there are indications that St. Louis is about to abandon the policy of non-enforcement of excise laws so long in practice there, and which has earned for it the distinction of being one of the "wide open" towns of the West. The campaign has begun with the "wine rooms," which in St. Louis represent the means of approach to vice of all sorts. The old system was to permit these places to go on under the protection of the police and the politicians of the ward. Occasionally, when complaints grew too numerous, a license was taken away for a day or two, but it was invariably handed back again, either to the former proprietor or to his chief bartender. Now the wine rooms are being closed and kept closed in the face of all kinds of threats and protests. Another instance of the influence of Mr. Folk's crusade is reported by a St. Louis paper. A member of the municipal legislature was observed by a reporter at the ticket office in the railway station. "What," exclaimed the reporter, "you don't mean to say you pay your fare?" "Oh, yes, I do—now," replied the delegate.

John Wesley never seems quite so radiant as in Newgate jail preaching to the prisoners, and "Jersey justice" is never so awfully majestic as when it has corporation for its theme. The State is reputed a Botany Bay of shady corporations, and its courts get cases as delightful to the judicial mind as the most complicated bodily maladies are to the pathologist. Vice-Chancellor Pitney has fully lived up to his own opportunities and to the reputation of Jersey justice in the hearing on a receivership for the Universal Tobacco Company. As a matter of fact, the evidence of trickery in the formation of the company and in directors selling out their own stockholders was of a kind to provoke *obiter dicta* of a pungent kind. It may not have been narrowly judicial for Vice-Chancellor Pitney to berate the "tyranny of majority stockholders," and to allege fraud in the sale of treasury stock at absurdly low figures. But his outbursts expressed the natural indignation of an honest mind scandalized by irregularities which too many of us accept as the ordinary course of business. If such deliverances were commoner on and off the bench, there would be greater hope that delinquent States would be shamed out of the policy of seeking profit from the general demoralization of corporate business.

Through the repudiation of his recent strike orders by the Board of Building Trades, Sam Parks becomes a prophet without honor in his own country. It should be recalled that he was supposed to control the Board absolutely, and that on that account a number of the trade unions formerly represented have withdrawn, and are organizing a new central body. Apparently, then, Parks's formal support is reduced to that of his counsel in the extortion trial now proceeding, and of Devery, his bondsman. The particular action repudiated by the Board of Building Trades was Parks's triumphal progress after the first charges of extortion had been lodged against him. On that ocasion he led a band of walking delegates from building to building, and arbitrarily called out numbers of laborers who had returned to work pending the settlement of the dispute with the employers. Parks has the quality of inspiring fear among his fellows; he is perfectly capable of forcing the Board to vindicate him by rescinding its action. But the fact that they have chosen to reprimand him at a time when the courts are trying him for blackmail, shows that even his brother walking delegates are weary of his violent and unreasonable rule.

New York's Water Commissioner, Col. Monroe, is now able to report some of the results of the unremitting attention he has given to the question of water waste. To have reduced the daily use of water by 1,500,000 gallons—16,500,000, really, counting the normal increase—in a city which is growing so steadily as New York, is a remarkable achievement. It illustrates afresh the great benefits certain to follow a careful and scientific administration of any city department. This great saving of $803,000 a year—nearly one-half the cost of the entire Water Department payroll—has been made, not because of heavy outlays in improvements and new inventions, but by a careful study of the actual conditions and a stopping of the most noticeable instances of waste. It does not mean that there is nothing further to be done in this direction, or that Col. Monroe has reached the limit of his resources in getting a greater income for the city from the water which is actually consumed. If the right to instal meters in apartment houses, and even in private residences, were given to him, there would be further results of importance. Thus far Col. Monroe can boast of having saved to the city, or increased its income by, sums aggregating nearly three millions of dollars. Could the business men of New York ask any better proof of the fact that reform pays?

The *Evening Post* presents a striking parallel between the conditions at the port of Montreal and at New York. Export cargoes are plentiful at the former point; here the tramp steamer, the sure index of the state of trade, has almost disappeared, and the few which do frequent our port must remain here idly for days, perhaps weeks, waiting to be chartered. For the week ending June 20, 1903, more wheat went from Portland, Me., than from New York. Less than 260,000 bushels came this way for export, while more than 1,360,000 bushels went by way of Canadian ports and Boston. The same freight rates are offered by rail to Boston as to New York, though the distance is greater, and, besides this, free storage with insurance is provided in railroad warehouses at Boston. The rates to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newport News, and other Atlantic ports south of New York are lower than to this port, the result of a traffic arrangement between the trunk lines. As to the decline itself, there is no possible doubt. The annual report of the Chamber of Commerce for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, shows that there was a total decrease in the foreign commerce of the city of New York, as compared with 1901, amounting to $43,198,000. The figures for 1901 show a decrease of $23,756,000 over 1900. Instead of sharing in the great increase in the nation's foreign trade, the port of New York has fallen behind. Meantime, Montreal's exports have grown from $32,245,941 in 1880, to $64,040,982 in 1899, and her imports from $42,412,648 in 1880, to $65,018,544 in 1899. From statistics compiled by the New York Produce Exchange we learn that New York's percentage of the total exports of flour, wheat, and corn, in bushels, fell from 56.3 per cent. in 1880 to 32.9 per cent. in 1899, while Boston in the same period of time increased her exports of flour, wheat and corn from 7.9 per cent. to 13.3 per cent.; Philadelphia, from 13.7 per cent. to 16.3 per cent.; Baltimore from 22 per cent. to 26.6 per cent.; Norfolk from 1 per cent. to 2.8 per cent., and Newport News from nothing to 8.4 per cent. Since these figures have been compiled, the decline has been even more striking.

The foundation of a school of jour-

nalism, which Columbia University has accepted, marks the most ambitious attempt yet seen to give the profession full academic standing. We have had "courses" in journalism and several so-called "schools," but nothing hitherto which aimed so proudly at making the editor's calling one of the learned professions. We should be the last to decry any plan to regularize and dignify newspaper work—least of all to make it more intelligent and conscientious; but the attempt to mark off a distinct journalistic discipline in a university seems to us bound to fail, in the nature of the case. To show this we have only to look at the tentative curriculum. It embraces work almost completely covered already by existing faculties. Courses in history, economics, languages, ethics, government, finance, diplomacy, statistics, etc.—all good and many indispensable for the journalist, no doubt, but all provided without the need of a separate school. President Eliot frankly states as much when he writes that if a foundation in journalism were offered to Harvard, the money could best be used in strengthening courses "already given at the University every year." The same must be largely true at Columbia. Special journalistic studies cannot be set off in a sharply marked school. They overlap the courses of general education at a thousand points. The analogy of the other professions breaks down the moment you try to draft a special academic training for the journalist. And, of course, the law of parsimony will prevent, in the long run, the duplication of work, in the name of journalism, already done elsewhere under the name of history, economics, jurisprudence, etc. There is, of course, a certain amount of journalistic technique to be mastered, but it is not great in comparison with other professions, and it may be gravely doubted if it can be successfully taught outside of a newspaper office itself.

By a curious and incalculable misfortune, the Parliament prorogued on Friday at Westminster is likely to get comparatively little credit for its imposing roster of new laws. Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist campaign has so much overshadowed other interests that the London Education bill, the Irish Land bill, and the ratification of the Sugar convention are already almost forgotten. Of the sugar and education laws it can only be said that Mr. Balfour pushed them through by a strict party majority, and against the convictions of many of his supporters. Indeed, until Mr. Chamberlain made his witty defence of the Sugar convention, the other day, the advocacy of all Government bills had been of a most languid sort. It is doubtful if laws so important have ever been passed under like conditions of public and Parliamentary indifference. Mr. Wyndham's land bill was an exception, so far as its passage in the Commons was concerned, and any Ministerial laurels clearly belong to him, even if the land-purchase law should fall somewhat short of his expectations. Mr. Balfour's attempt to suppress discussion of the Chamberlain plan by Parliament is an unpleasant episode of the session. It was the one subject that always elicited good debating beyond the little specialist groups interested in single bills. That Mr. Balfour comes out with his political prestige sadly damaged cannot be denied. The country is taking sides for or against Mr. Chamberlain's protectionism, and there is no lack of conviction on either hand. Mr. Balfour's open-mindedness already bears a comically belated look, and does him harm. But he cannot decide for or against Chamberlain without precipitating a party rupture and his own retirement. Under these circumstances, dissolution is highly desirable. It will become imperative as Mr. Chamberlain's aggressiveness widens the rift in the Unionist party. Whether the next session be long or short, Mr. Chamberlain will dominate it. He has made his individual conviction a national issue, and has staked the life of his party upon his being right. That is a remarkable achievement, if not wholly a creditable one.

Premier Seddon of New Zealand has been Mr. Chamberlain's right-hand man in the new protectionist campaign. Mr. Seddon now promises that his colony will follow the example of Canada and give a tariff preference unconditionally to the mother country. That would hardly advance the Imperial reciprocity idea in England. It would be taken as the sign that colonial loyalty is possible without the inducements which Mr. Chamberlain regards as indispensable. Protectionist leagues would point out the shame of receiving such favors without doing something in return; but a campaign cry of that sort would fall before the common-sense comment, frequently cited in Canada, that England should not repay concessions which cost the colonies nothing, by taxing her own food beyond her ability to pay. Everything that one hears from the colonies indicates that Mr. Chamberlain is most wise in refusing to give Parliament the proceedings of the conference of colonial Premiers. It is likely that this report contains some of the most trenchant criticisms of the whole reciprocity scheme.

We are informed in the dispatches that the appointment of a Russian viceroy for northern Mantchuria is a triumph for M. Witte's policy of peace. In the sense that a civil ruler may be less likely to give cause of offence than a military governor-general, that may be true; but it is also apparent that the appointment of an admiral-viceroy, exercising both offices simultaneously, might be taken as a sign that a forward policy is to be adopted. Certainly, the Japanese will have small cause to rejoice that the admiral who is a possible foe of theirs adds vice-regal to naval dignities. It should be noted also that, in setting up a viceroy, the Russians impose upon their wards of the Amur the only kind of authority fully recognized by the Chinese. In the imagination of northern China, this step should soon give the *de facto* Russian rule a *de jure* acceptance. It is unfortunate for those who see a pacific purpose in the change of government that the dispatches which tell of Admiral Alexieff's promotion also report the increase of the army of occupation. Nominally a leasehold from China, a large district of Mantchuria is now formally taken over as a Russian province. This makes for peace only on condition that China and Japan submit to the eventual extension of the new viceroyalty from the northern Amur provinces into southern Mantchuria.

The Berlin *Nation* has no difficulty in finding reasons why the Social Democrats increased their vote by 990,000 in the last election. In its issue of August 1 it tells the story of a postal official who rejoices in the name of Richard Wagner. In his leisure moments this young man gave much time to a study of the writings of Darwin, Haeckel, and Schopenhauer, with the result that he produced and published a satirical book called the 'Gospel of Contempt.' It is not asserted that this literary effort attracted many readers, but, unfortunately for the author, one copy fell into the hands of the Postmaster-General. That official concluded that Herr Wagner's doctrines were opposed to both morality and religion, and pronounced the author a "malefactor" deserving of punishment. He was formally notified that he had forfeited all right to promotion and also to any advance of salary in his present position unless it could be shown, when that advance became due, that he had not sinned again. He was also transferred from Cassel to Hanau, a much smaller town and office. Herr Wagner's reply to this was an official statement that he had joined the Social Democrats, for which offence he will probably be removed "for the good of the service." He will thus be made ineligible for any further Government employment, merely because he denies that the Post Office purchased his right to think upon literary and philosophical subjects when it hired his services. At the time the "lex Heinze" was under discussion in the Reichstag, Hans Delbrück asked whether the present reactionary tendencies would not cause "art and knowledge" to take refuge under the banner of the Social Democrats. There are signs that he was discerning.

SUICIDAL PROTECTION.

It is surprising that so little attention has been paid to the lessening turnover of capital in this country. The census figures show that there has been a striking diminution in the ratio between the capital of American manufacturing industry and the value of the product. The Census of 1880 reported 253,852 establishments, with an aggregate capital of $2,790,272,606, and with a product valued at $5,369,579,191. In 1900 the figures were 512,191, $9,813,834,390, and $13,000,149,159, respectively. The salient feature of this showing is, that while the capital employed increased 252 per cent. between 1880 and 1900, the value of the product increased only 142 per cent. Stated otherwise, in 1880 capital was less than 52 per cent. of the value of product, whereas in 1900 it was about 75½ per cent. In other words, in 1880 capital turned itself over nearly twice, while in 1900 the turn-over was not much more than one and a quarter times.

In running the eye down the detailed report of the various industries, one is impressed by the very general tendency of capital to reduce the ratio between itself and the value of the finished product. Take a few of the striking instances. In 1880, the brick and tile industry employed $27,673,000 of capital, and the value of the product was $32,833,000; but in 1900 the capital was $82,086,000 and the product only $51,270,000. Carriages and wagons produced $64,951,000, on $37,973,000 of capital in 1880, and $121,537,000 on $119,473,000 in 1900. Railroad and street cars turned out a product of $27,979,000 on $9,272,000 capital in 1880, and $107,186,000 on $106,721,000 capital in 1900. Cotton manufacturing did not turn its capital over even once in 1880; but it has done very much worse since. At the date mentioned its capital was $219,504,000, and its product $210,950,000; while in 1900 the figures were $467,240,000 and $339,200,000 respectively. Cutlery and edged tools employed $9,859,000 capital and turned out a product of $11,661,000 in 1880, against a capital of $16,532,000 and a product of $14,881,000 in 1900. In the case of fertilizers, capital was $17,913,000 and product $23,650,000 in 1880; these items being $60,685,000 and $44,657,000 respectively in 1900. Foundry and machine-shop products reported $155,021,000 of capital and $215,442,000 of product in 1880, and $665,058,000 of capital and $644,990,000 of product in 1900. Similar showings are made by glass and hardware, and, proportionately, a very much worse showing by glucose, malt liquors, and lumber and timber products. Paper and wood pulp, plated and britannia ware, typewriters and supplies, agricultural implements, and worsted and woollen goods fall into the same category. It is apparent at a glance that this list includes many industries which have come under the influence of the Trust movement.

Taking the Census figures as a whole, they indicate a marked growth of industrial competition in the United States. It would be futile, of course, to charge the whole of this movement specifically to the tariff; but to those who have studied manufacturing conditions in this country carefully for a long period of years, the undue influence of the tariff certainly stands out in strong light. The tariff has affected American industry at many points, some of which are too obvious to need mention, but others of which have failed to attract general notice. The paternalism bred by our tariff policy has put a premium on incompetency and extravagance. All manufacturers have not been characterized by these shortcomings; but the point is that the tariff, if we may judge it by its effects, has been framed to protect manufacturers with the minimum amount of skill and economy—the more efficient securing, incidentally, a better profit for the time being. It can hardly be disputed that the national policy has acted as a blight on industry as a whole, by producing a prosperity for its beneficiaries which really meant hardship for them in the end.

Up to a certain period the domestic manufacturer was subjected to a minimum amount of competition, by reason of the exclusion from the home market, through legal barriers, of the foreign producer. This naturally retarded the development of technical and commercial skill on the part of American manufacturers. The high profit realized under our paternalism reacted on industry, however, by diverting money in undue amounts to protected channels, and the point was reached some years ago when the manufacturers began to declare that it was not so much foreign competition that they feared as domestic. Foreign competition was facilitated by the extravagant cost of manufacturing here. Protection furnished such heavy profits at the start that the incentive to economy of operation was in large measure removed. Eventually, however, extravagant methods began to tell against our manufacturers.

It was easy come, easy go with American manufacturers, up to a comparatively short time ago, in the matter of profits. This fact created the loosest notions regarding the importance of writing off for depreciation. Charges to this account were, as a matter of fact, very inadequate. Old plants were not kept up to date; and, furthermore, every year subjected them to keener competition from new plants with the most modern equipment. Carelessness regarding depreciation was, of course, the result of over-eagerness for dividends. In the distribution of the profits of industry, comparatively little thought was devoted to the contingencies of the future.

As a result of these and other conditions, the manufacturing industry of the United States was brought to a very uncomfortable pass within the last ten years. There was a widespread eagerness on the part of the owners of manufacturing plants to rid themselves of their responsibilities, and an effort was made to accomplish this end just as soon as money-market conditions righted themselves after the long period of hard times and free-silver agitation. The country was full of idle money, and great financiers were seeking new schemes to exploit. The result was the Trust movement. The tendencies leading to this movement were deep-seated; the specific form of the movement was largely fortuitous. In the light of what we have said, it is clear that the tariff was a leading and efficient cause. In this sense, too, the tariff has been the mother of Trusts.

A FRIEND OF THE MOB.

When Gov. Seymour addressed the draft rioters in this city as "my friends," he not only hurt himself terribly, but made the task of restoring order so much the more difficult. Mr. Graves of Georgia, in openly striking hands with lynchers and glorifying the mob, as he did at Chautauqua last week, certainly hurt himself, but, unwittingly, helped rather than hindered the creation of a better public sentiment. It is something to have a horrible example; and, to our mind, nothing about lynching is more horrible than the way in which it perverts the reasoning powers and dulls the moral perceptions of educated gentlemen like Mr. Graves. If the mania is going to seize upon such as he, if men of apparently sound and trained mind are to fall to shrieking with the mob, the peril of anarchy is more acutely impending than we had thought, and the duty of society to front it, by argument and persuasion where possible, by the gleaming sword of justice when necessary, becomes more solemnly imperative than ever.

Mr. Graves, it must be confessed, was not happy in the moment he chose for his apologia for lynching. If he had known that his address was to fall but two days after the President's letter had set public sentiment surging in quite another direction, he probably would have desired to avoid so unlucky an anticlimax. As it is, his views necessarily appear as if struggling to escape from under the Presidential extinguisher, and the widespread approval of Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments involves the repudiation of Mr. Graves. We already see the intelligence of the South disown its assumed spokesman; and indeed the

Southern newspapers and public men that have so handsomely endorsed the President, could not in consistency have anything but condemnation for the doctrines of Mr. Graves.

Amazing and atrocious as these seem to be, they are of value as revealing a state of mind. This is an important part of our problem. Mr. Graves, we have no doubt, feels as many do in the South—and apparently in some parts of the North—who have not the courage to utter their sentiments in public. There is such a thing as the psychology of lynching, which is most important for those to understand who would combat the evil. This mental attitude Mr. Graves illustrates perfectly. We see in him those evidences of obsession, of intellect submerged in feeling, of unreasoning dread, and of reaching out after impossible remedies which are displayed so clearly in the communities where lynching is common, and which seem to call for the aid of the alienist almost as much as for the intervention of the educator and the statesman.

Note how Mr. Graves impatiently sweeps away all experience in penology as well as the facts in the case. For him, Romilly never lived; and the classical experiments in reducing crime by making its punishment less terrible but more certain never took place. Nothing but lynching can stop rape, he maintains; and then admits in the same breath that not even lynching, in its most fearful and barbaric forms, does actually stop it. And not a word has he to say about the statistics referred to by the President, showing that more than three-fourths of recent lynchings were not for rape at all. To all these teachings of the past and these telltale facts of the present Mr. Graves seems perfectly indifferent. That merely shows how deeply he is involved in the almost pathological condition of mind which alone makes it possible to excuse lynching.

But even this impassioned champion of the mob as "the sternest, the strongest, and the most effective restraint that the age holds for the control of rape," has to confess his remedy by lynching a failure. He would have lynch-law written in the statute-books. He urges that lynching be made statutory. This is wild enough. To legalize anarchy in respect to one crime would only set it howling for the blood of every man whom the mob did not fancy. Mr. Graves would plunge us all back into savagery, and then have a legal tag fastened upon us saying that we were foremost in the files of time. But this madness he presently drops for a new one. Even his authorized mob of lynchers, he contends, cannot save the South, since it is only a "temporizing expedient," while "the logical, the inevitable, the only solution of this great problem of the races" is—separation!

Thus does Mr. Graves put himself out of the court of reason. Separation of the negroes from the whites, either by segregating the former somewhere in this country, or by shipping them to Africa, is the craziest notion out of the asylum. The colored population do not want it, and cannot be forced to it; nor do the white people want it. Let Mr. Graves ask the Southerners to give up all their black workmen, and see what would happen. They might be tempted to apply his doctrine of the mob in a way highly inconvenient to himself. No, our help does not lie in a revival of Colonization blunders and follies and hypocrisies, nor in any other far-away or fantastic remedy. All that we have to do is to put in force the ordinary principles of ordinary justice and humanity. Treat all criminals according to crime, not color. Make the ministers of the law swift and terrible. But let them move as promptly against the lyncher as against his victim. Give Governors and sheriffs and police captains a mandate to lay down their lives rather than let the mob usurp one function of the courts. And let us talk sense, look at all the facts, and be fair, never abating our determination to rescue the land from the bloody-minded but cowardly lyncher, and to treat him and every man who defends him as a public enemy.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CORPORATION ACT.

Many States have been overhauling their corporation laws. The tendency shown has been distinctly toward a more liberal theory of organization, accompanied, however, by greater care to provide for adequate though not exorbitant taxation. Nowhere has it been more evident than in Massachusetts, whose legislation affecting corporations had, until this year, been characterized by severe conservatism. Down to 1901, Massachusetts corporations were not permitted to issue preferred stock. Prior to the enactment of the present law, no corporation could begin business until its entire capital was fully paid, in cash or its equivalent, and the approval of the Commissioner of Corporations obtained. This was no mere formality. Directors, and even stockholders in many instances, were held liable for the debts. The organization tax was high and the strictest form of accountability was required.

The theory was, that, by refusing to grant corporate charters based on minimum requirements, as in other States, the corporations of Massachusetts would acquire a peculiar credit, and Massachusetts charters would be sought as guarantees of stability. Experience, however, proved that these motives, operating perhaps on a small scale, were generally overruled by the desire for greater laxness. As a result, business in Massachusetts was being largely conducted by foreign corporations. These could not be controlled or adequately taxed. This lesson was finally taken to heart, and the Massachusetts corporation law of 1903 followed.

Its fundamental idea is that, without fraud, a corporation is entitled to the same freedom of action as an individual, together with such limitations of liability as will encourage industrial development. The departure from the old view was radical. The first step was to abolish the limit of capitalization, both in amount and in proportion to the net tangible assets. It was believed that these restrictions had much to do with the admitted arrest of corporate growth in the commonwealth. The stockholders and creditors of the corporations, who previously had been treated almost as if they were wards of the State, were by the new law left to form their own estimates of the solvency of the concern; the State, however, continuing to insist that the creditors and stockholders be precisely informed as to all matters relating to the organization or management of the corporation. The State itself no longer undertook to pass judgment. Similar reasons caused the abandonment of the provision of the old law requiring all capital stock to be paid for in cash or its equivalent. Now the stock may be paid for in cash, tangible or intangible property, or in services.

The directors, instead of the Commissioner of Corporations, become the sole judges of the value of the property against which stock is issued. The commencement of business no longer need await the paying in of all the capital. Good will, which was not formerly recognized as an asset, may now be counted with the property upon which stock issues are based. Lists of stockholders, formerly open to public inspection, are now withheld, to be produced only at the direction of a competent court. The cost of incorporating is reduced one-half. At the same time the provisions relating to foreign corporations are somewhat increased in severity. The incorporation fee is larger and the attempt is to tax the entire capital stock, no matter what proportion of it is invested in Massachusetts, at the rate of one-hundredth of one per cent. This in itself will be an interesting experiment to watch. When a like provision was talked of in this State, we were told that reprisals in other States against our own corporations would surely follow.

Great pains were taken in preparing the taxation features of the new law. Corporations are to be subject to two forms of taxation—one local, the other by and for the benefit of the State. The local tax, assessed by the cities and towns, is on real estate and machinery. The State tax is on all other net assets. It is assessed by a State Tax Commissioner, and is, in substance, a tax at the State rate upon the fair cash value of

the shares of the corporation, deducting therefrom the assessed valuation of the real estate and machinery locally taxed. The State tax rate in Massachusetts is usually about 1.60. The maximum amount of the State tax on any corporation cannot exceed a tax levied at the general State rate upon a sum 20 per cent. above the amount of the local valuation, plus the value of merchandise not locally taxed. On the other hand, the amount of the State tax levy must not be less than one-tenth of one per-cent. of the par value of the capital stock.

Information for the use of stockholders and the public is provided for by a section of the new law requiring every corporation to file annually with the Commissioner of Corporations a report containing the name of the corporation, the location of its principal office, the date of its last annual meeting, the total amount of its capital stock, the amount issued and outstanding, and the amount then paid thereon, the class or classes into which the stock is divided, the par value and number of the shares, the names and addresses of all the directors and officers of the corporation, and the date when the term of office of each expires, together with a statement of assets and liabilities. This report is to be at all times subject to public inspection.

Time and actual operation will be the best commentators on the new law. It is a significant and not wholly reassuring sign of the times that Massachusetts should have departed from her immemorial policy, plausible as may be the reasons assigned for the step. Already there are protests against her having even appeared to go into the competition for corporation charters and resultant corporation revenues, at a possible expense of stability and safety. One county judge has said that, if New Jersey is the mother of Trusts, Massachusetts is aspiring to be their stepmother. In the absence of uniform legislation, one State can, of course, do but little to enforce the stricter view of corporation laws. As for Massachusetts, the deciding argument for her appears to have been that, under the old law, her chief corporate business was transacted by foreign companies which she could neither supervise adequately nor tax as she wished.

ALTERING WORKS OF ART.

Mural painting is in many aspects a business, involving large provision of credit, capital, underwriting even; but, unluckily, it is a new business in this country, and so unprovided with legal precedents. We believe that the matter comes for the first time before the courts in Mr. Dodge's successful petition for a preliminary injunction restraining an architect from altering certain panels without his consent. These depicted scenes in Canadian history, and were furnished by Mr. Dodge, acting, as is customary, under contract with a firm of decorators, for a Toronto hotel. The preliminary sketches had been approved, but the architect was dissatisfied with the finished work. He therefore asked that certain changes indicated by him be made—a request which Mr. Dodge refused. The architect then declared that he would have the changes made by another hand. In the hearing on the preliminary injunction, two sharply opposed views appeared. The architect and the contractor asserted that the purchase of a work of art was like any other purchase. The buyer had the right to do what he would with his own, for the sale was unrestricted. The painter naturally held that the sale was made on the implied condition that the work of art should remain as it left his hand. He brought up pertinently the analogy of books, which may not be added to without the author's consent. In other words, Mr. Dodge maintained that a work of art is practically sold in trust, subject to its proper maintenance as an authentic product of the artist.

Without touching upon the merits of the present case, much obviously is to be said for the view that the artist parts with control. There is a certain brutality in the view that a purchaser of a canvas may cut it up and sell the pieces quite as if he were turning acres into town lots; but such an attitude has the advantage of simplicity and of consistency with the general laws of buying and selling. In particular, it should be said that an architect has and should have autocratic power over all materials to be used in a building under his control. He may tear down lath and put up marble quite regardless of the feelings of the lathers. Unquestionably, he may use his power oppressively; but when he replaces painted canvas with stucco, or alters the colors of decoration, he is well within his rights. In commercial decoration, for example, he could arbitrarily transpose the colors of walls and ceilings, and the decorator, who in his way might be an artist, too, would have no grounds of complaint. In the case before us Mr. Dodge is treated quite on this basis—as a decorator whose work must, either by himself or another, be made to meet the architect's requirements. It is a question not of æsthetics, but of rights. The architect may be wofully mistaken in his artistic judgment, and yet perfectly right in asserting his authority. Contrariwise, Mr. Dodge's decoration may be sadly amiss, and yet he himself be impregnable in his *ne varietur*.

We believe that the courts will follow the precedents already established in France, and lay down the principle that an artist's work has at least the immunities accorded to empty cigar boxes. How much damage might be done to an artist by allowing his work to be altered, finds illustration in a familiar anecdote in Vasari's 'Lives of the Painters.' On one occasion, he relates, Botticelli's rather stupid assistant, Biagio, had painted a Madonna surrounded by eight angels. The master, taking advantage of the absence of his disciple, pasted over the angels' heads eight caps, in paper, such as the citizens of Florence then wore. That travesty of his angelic choir brought Biagio to confusion. Now imagine such a deformation of a picture not done temporarily as a joke, but effected permanently. Evidently the ridicule and discredit attaching to such a pictoral monstrosity would injure the artist in his feelings, and even in his professional reputation. Especially is this true of decorations which are always on exhibition; and while it is not probable that Mr. Dodge's architect means to put fools' caps on the Hurons in the panels, he may be planning an improvement that would be only less distressing to their creator, and equally damaging.

Beyond these personal considerations, there is in any alteration of a work of art a potential fraud. A painting should not be confused with anonymous handicraft. It bears an artist's name and is known as his. When the work is changed by another it virtually ceases to be his, and if it be sold as such, or without notice of the alterations, the work becomes to all intents and purposes a forgery. Theoretically, perhaps, a fantastic collector would be justified in painting Worth gowns on Millet peasants, but we believe that in France, where the laws are more advanced in these matters, he would not be allowed to exhibit the picture publicly or to let it leave his hands as a Millet. And such action would be taken rather in the interest of Millet's great name than in that of the ingenuous American collector.

History, perhaps, does not justify the hope that the artist's right in his own work will be fully respected. It will be recalled that a Cupid has been painted out of the Dresden Venus of Giorgione, while horses were painted into Dürer's portraits of the brothers Paumgärtner. The authorities of the Munich Museum have, after nearly three hundred years, removed the horses; no Pope has yet ventured to undo the work of Michelangelo's "Breeches Maker" in the Sistine Chapel. For many generations it was a regular practice of curators of museums to piece out small canvases and panels, which thus gained what is technically called "importance." To-day we are carefully removing the work of those picture tinkers—though, alas, that is frequently impossible. It is not likely that an age thus solicitous for the fame of artists long dead will allow the work of living artists to be tampered with. In case of dispute, we feel, a work of

art must be accepted or rejected, and the artist must be the sole judge of the desirability of alterations. Otherwise we should be allowing to committees of aldermen the right to add or subtract the proverbial inch when they are dissatisfied with the proportions of a sculptured hero's nose.

THE IRISH LAND BILL AND THE ROYAL VISIT.

DUBLIN, August 1, 1903.

The relations of imperial to local finance in the British Empire are based upon no settled principle, and become increasingly complicated. It is "pull devil, pull tailor," and the weakest to the wall. This is especially so concerning Ireland. A few years ago, as most will remember, a commission, appointed by Government, unanimously reported that she paid £2,500,000 per annum more than her fair share. That figure has since perhaps been doubled, yet there is no apparent chance of justice being done. Sums in excess of those required for imperial purposes are drawn into the imperial treasury and then doled out as best suits the Ministry of the day. There are British funds and Irish funds earmarked for particular purposes, and then applied otherwise. The policy doubtless is to train the minds of all subjects to look to London. It is a wasteful, demoralizing system. The general public has no clear idea as to whether the money spent around them for public purposes is being drawn from their own town or district, or from the imperial exchequer. To this fiscal confusion in Ireland is added the effort in legislation to guard every interest, and trust nothing to the healthy action of fair administration and public opinion. On all these accounts there was seldom if ever a more complicated measure than the Land bill now before the House of Lords. As modified by the Irish party in committee, it is accepted by the majority as a beneficial, far-reaching measure as has been no other bill since that for the disestablishment of the Church. On the other hand, it is denounced by some of the most stalwart land reformers in Ireland as a betrayal of the tenant's cause. Mr. Davitt lately discussed the realities of the measure as contrasted with the jubilation over it in a communication headed "Facts and Flapdoodle." In to-day's *Freeman* prominence is given to a letter by Mr. Kettle, a well-known land-reformer, in which he writes that if a certain clause (which there is no chance of the Lords inserting) is not added, he has "no hesitation in saying that it will prove to be a curse instead of a blessing to Ireland." Mr. Sexton (as influencing the *Freeman*, of which paper he is chairman) and Mr. Dillon evidently regard the measure with considerable coolness. The settlement, in so far as it is a settlement, falls far short of what was at one time hoped and expected. However, some settlement is better than none. It would be difficult to appraise the economic loss consequent on continued agitation. As measured by annual rental, a few years more or less paid for the fee simple will be of small account compared to the advantages likely to be derived from a sense of ownership.

The acclaim with which in free countries a monarch is received is generally regarded as a measure of the degree in which subjects are satisfied with the institutions under which they live. It would be easy to misinterpret the reception accorded to the King and Queen. We must take into account the crowds of visitors, the feverish anxiety of the official classes and the "loyal minority" to put themselves in evidence, displays from business considerations, and the natural desire of a people to see a live King and Queen, and their readiness to be amused with brilliant military and other displays in lovely weather. The native masses were not particularly enthusiastic. Decorations were strikingly absent in the streets inhabited by those whose votes weigh most at the polls. There were in the South and West few addresses from representative bodies. An able weekly separatist paper, the *United Irishman*, enjoying a considerable circulation, has for some weeks devoted its columns to ridiculing, belittling, and condemning the demonstrations connected with the visit. Yet, when all is said, the reception was remarkable, showing a change in public feeling from that existent during the Queen's reign. This change was most apparent in the bearing of the Catholic Church—perhaps not uninfluenced by the hope of favors to come; and we cannot but recognize the tendency in these countries, in the effort to conciliate Catholic peoples, to concede to the Catholic Church favors accorded in few Catholic countries. For the first time in fifty years a Catholic archbishop has paid homage to a monarch at Dublin Castle. As for the King and Queen themselves, they did all in their power to attach public feeling—visiting hospitals and the dwellings of the poor, cancelling an engagement to appear at a theatre and donning mourning on receiving the news of the decease of Leo XIII. Stage and other estimates of our character must surely be modified now that King Edward has spoken of the keenness of our intelligence and "the warmth of our hearts." Upon what excuse hereafter can rights conceded to other peoples in the empire be refused us?

What this all portends as to future agitation it is impossible to predicate. A Protestant people denied rights of local government as strongly desired as Home Rule is supposed to be by the Irish people, would never have accorded even such a reception as has taken place here; or at least the protesting element would have been more in evidence. The course of events in Ireland was never more difficult to guess. In a certain sense all is again "in the melting-pot." The disappointment is bitter of those who, still believing in some form of Home Rule as desirable, gave themselves to the agitation a third of a century ago, believing it would be steadily pushed forward and would gather strength as did the Reform and Anti-Corn Law agitations in Great Britain, and the Anti-Slavery agitation in the United States. Some inimitable utterances by "Mr. Dooley" anent the Dreyfus case and the manner in which the French turn from one excitement to the other, present themselves to my mind as often as I consider the many other panaceas for the ills of Ireland that here have protruded themselves in general estimation before the one supposed to be supreme. At the present moment a large proportion of the rising generation appear most interested in the Irish language as a means to "Ireland a nation."

It is not altogether to the discredit of Catholic peoples that religious considerations, as compared to political, weigh more than with Protestants. But Catholics cannot complain if consequently they find their progress towards political freedom more difficult; and Protestants who desire to help must prepare themselves for many disappointments. As to leaders, Ireland is beginning to find herself somewhat in the position of the Liberal party in England. The efflux of time has tended to break down the old standard-bearers, and few new ones show themselves. Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Blake are in poor health. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy have practically retired. Mr. Davitt seems estranged. Mr. Redmond as a leader appears very much alone. Funds, though still generously contributed by many districts, do not, according to newspaper accounts, come in as freely as even a year ago. As much was contributed in "Peter's Pence" in the Diocese of Dublin upon one day a few weeks ago, as has been sent in in several years from the same district to the Irish League and party. Foreign contributions have very much fallen off. The generations that carried with them abroad experiences of the famine and ensuing clearances, and the bitter feelings existent before Disestablishment and Land Reform, are rapidly passing away. It is evident that the Parnell split, thirteen years ago, was used as an excuse for political inaction by multitudes who were in reality tired of agitation. There is an Irish party as closely united as there was before, yet few of the objectors on the score of disunion have come back. The continuance of an Irish movement depends upon the maintenance of an Irish party in Parliament. This hitherto has depended upon the existence of a widespread living organization throughout Ireland, and this again upon the desire for and hope of land reform. In the present temper of those who heretofore have voiced and guided Irish feeling, it is difficult to understand how for some time to come the United Irish League can be much more than an advisory body. It remains to be seen whether this will keep alive the enthusiasm necessary for the maintenance of a party, or whether to the same end there is sufficient desire in the country for Home Rule on its own merits.

D. B.

WHISTLER.

LONDON, August 1, 1903.

The first shock of surprise is over. There has been time to get accustomed to the thought that Whistler is dead. The first perfunctory notices have been rushed into the papers; here and there the rare appreciation by those who knew and felt the loss has appeared. Now, in the calmer moment that follows, it is interesting to sum up all that has been said and written, and to realize just how much or how little Whistler and his art are understood.

To me it is extraordinary to find how unwilling, even yet, the world is to acknowledge one of the few modern masters who, by less timid generations, will be ranked with the greatest of all time. In most of the notices published, especially in the Eng-

lish press, a few facts, usually wrong, have been stated; the familiar anecdotes, usually with the point blunted, have been told; the eccentricities of the man have been exaggerated, the qualities of the artist passed over as quickly as possible. Now and then it has been easy to read between the lines the spite of the critic who, having writhed under the sharp strokes of Whistler's wit, has bided his time until it was safe to pay off old scores. Almost always it has been only too plain to see the hesitation with which the writer has offered his praise. For though, at the end, Whistler triumphed; though the acknowledgment he received from all over the world forced the British public also to accept him as something more than a coxcomb flinging a pot of paint in its face, it is evident that the old distrust lingered, strong as ever, under a veneer of polite recognition. It seems as if the critics—those "ready writers," as Whistler called them—having found themselves once on the wrong side by their ridicule, are in fear lest, by unqualified approval now, they may find themselves there again and this time forever. They have not got over their old uncertainty as to whether he should be taken seriously or not. They remember his laughter and tremble, doubtful whether, after all, he has not left, with his work, a great jest as his bequest to the world. For the most wonderful thing, perhaps, in Whistler's wonderful career is that he, the most serious artist who ever lived, should have passed with his contemporaries as nothing more than a gay, irresponsible jester.

Of this seriousness, those who knew him and heard him talk, those who read his books and letters with understanding, those who looked at his pictures with intelligence, could never, however, have had a doubt. It was at the very root of the man's nature, of the artist's accomplishment. People were bewildered by his quick and brilliant witticisms, his amazing letters. They mistook for fun what was meant in all earnestness, for exuberance of spirits what was done deliberately and with a purpose. His weapons, his arguments, were not those of other men; that was the only difference. Whistler, as any one who reads may know, had an eminently logical mind, and every little word, every little letter, light as it might seem, was used by him as a means to the same great end. There are many who have criticised him for collecting his letters from the newspapers and publishing them in permanent form; even some of his friends at times have regretted certain encounters with the enemy they thought unworthy of his notice. But whether right or wrong in the choice of weapons with which he armed himself, he was always great in the object he had at heart, always consistent in his uncompromising belief and devotion to his art. His letters, his controversies, his newspaper correspondences, his 'Ten o'Clock,' his Catalogues, his 'Gentle Art,' his 'Baronet and the Butterfly' were so many records of this faith and the good fight he fought for it. And the care he gave to the least of his writings, the beauty of his style, the rhythm of every sentence, were so many proofs that art—the art of words as the art of paint—was to him sacred. Hitherto, most people have been preoccupied with the subjects of his letters and books, of his battles in print and his battles in court. But in the days to come, when the battles have no more importance, save that which he and his name will give them, his distinction as a writer of terse, musical English will be remembered.

It is, however, above all in his work as painter, etcher, and lithographer that he was most consistent, most logical; with every stroke of the brush, every line of the needle, every touch of the chalk, he confessed his artistic creed. It was the fashion at one time to reproach him with want of knowledge: he had not mastered the elements of drawing, the subtleties of form, it was said by those who could see but vagueness in the Nocturnes and but slovenliness in the Venetian etchings. In saying it, however, they showed how little they knew of his earlier work or how quickly they had forgotten it. The London etchings, done when he was a mere youth, when no doubt he was still thought a student, are simply marvels of the detail which seems to be what the critic who clamors so loudly for "drawing" demands. Who has ever drawn the picturesque, tumbled-down wharves and boathouses, the factories along the Thames, which he himself has immortalized in that memorable passage of the 'Ten o'Clock,' as he did? Here is no slurring over, no pretence of generalization as an escape from difficulties, no empty suggestion in the avoidance of fact. Everything is elaborated, carried out with a degree of minuteness the Pre-Raphaelites must have envied, and yet subordinated to the effect, to the composition as a whole—already the work of the master. And it is the same with the paintings. Look at the first pictures—"The White Girl," "At the Piano," the portrait of his mother. What shirking is there here, what hesitation, what timidity, what compromise? In all of these early paintings there is the sound, certain drawing that the great men of his generation were taught to look upon as the first essential, the basis of all art, just as Michelangelo declared it to be to the miniature painter, D'Ollanda, whose Dialogues waited until yesterday for publication. Courbet was probably the master for whom the young Whistler had most respect, by whom he was most influenced; and Courbet had pushed his love of truth, his belief in realism, almost to the verge of violence. At the Paris Exhibition in 1900 one felt nothing so much as this insistence upon vigorous drawing and exact rendering of detail in the early work of Manet and the others, whom, with Whistler, M. Duret, in those old days, introduced to the public as *l'Avant-Garde*—the advance guard of all that is sound and beautiful and great in modern art. It is because of their splendid drawing that these first pictures of Whistler's are the masterpieces that the few have always seen in them. It is hard to understand how any one can look at the graceful figure sitting "at the piano" and all the detail in the room, at the lace cap and the quiet old hands folded over the handkerchief in the portrait of his mother, and question his knowledge, his supreme mastery, of the subtlety of form. Where is subtlety if it is not here? These pictures are, indeed, as perfect as anything he ever painted, for, as he himself might have explained, there can be no question of degree in perfection.

But because of his complete knowledge, as time went on he was able, when his subject required it, to dispense with elaboration, with detail. Because they cannot see this detail, because they cannot count the windows and number the floors in every factory along the river bank, the critics cry out that there is no drawing in his Nocturnes; as if, had he not known just what to leave out, had he not solved for himself the problem of selection—one of the most difficult of all problems for the artist—he could have rendered the loveliness of the London twilight, the haunting beauty of the London atmosphere, which he was the first to reveal to the world. I sometimes wish I could have the critics with me at my window as I watch the London day fading into blue or opal mystery — into the fairyland of the Thames, where what seemed to me brewery and shotworks in the disillusioning light of the dull London sunshine, becomes palaces in the night; then they might realize the astonishing truth there is in the Nocturnes which they were too dense, and the artists too envious, to think anything better than the vaguest dreams—the most careless dreams—on canvas. And so with Whistler's later portraits: they became simpler because he knew, as the lesser artist never can know and the critic does not want to know, what is essential and how to leave out all that is not—a knowledge, it is true, founded upon genius, but developed only by the endlessly loving study and labor of the serious student of Nature.

In the same manner, he may have insisted less upon detail in his later etchings, in the Venice and Dutch sets. He hinted where before he had given a minute statement. But it was solely because what he had to say could be better said in this fashion, could not have been said at all had not his control over, his grasp of, the lesser facts been complete. I have hanging on my wall one of the London set, the "Chelsea," and one of the Venetian, the "Traghetto," and I cannot look at them without feeling how perfect each is in its way, how logically the later print is the result, the outcome, of the earlier. The lithographs all belong to the later period, so that all have the breadth more characteristic of this period. But from first to last, in everything he did, there was a seriousness, a quality, that should help the least intelligent to understand what he meant when he declared, to the scandal of the easily scandalized British public, that "there never was an artistic period"—that art knows neither time nor nationality, but is always the same, whenever and wherever it "happens," always immortal.

It is also with a desire to prove him superficial, not serious, that even the better-informed critics of the moment have pointed to a lack of imagination in his work. Imagination exists in the portrait of his mother; they cannot well deny it. But, discovering that his standpoint, his personal attitude towards his sitter or subject, was not exactly the same in the works that came after, they lament the loss of imagination, searching for ingenious reasons in his theories of art, his absorbed concern with pattern, to account for it; never having the perception to see that, as his subjects and sitters changed, so did his way of looking at them and rendering them—a proof really of imagination, not of its loss. Some

of the finest of his recent pictures have not been shown, but in his comparatively late etchings of the "Naval Review at Spithead," in his lithographs of people and places, in some of the exquisite marines he has exhibited in the course of the last ten years or so, there is as much individuality, as much originality of observation—and, as I say, this means imagination in the painter—as can be found in the early works which, rejected alike at the Salon and the Royal Academy, are now struggled for by collectors and dealers. Again, it is objected that he never had the vigor, the power to attempt a large composition in the manner of the Old Masters; that he might paint a portrait of a single figure, but could never design and execute a great group. Who, however, can say what he might have achieved had the conditions been different; had he, in his youth, like Velasquez, met a patron like Philip IV., and been given not only every opportunity, but every encouragement to do what he liked, as he liked, on as large or small a scale as he liked? Place Velasquez in the London of 1860 and 1870, and would the "Meniñas," the "Lances," the "Spinners" have been painted?

But there is no occasion to speculate as to what Whistler might have done. By his actual accomplishment, his work will live long after the petty criticism and ill-natured attacks of the critics, the stupidity of patrons, and the jealousies of artists have been forgotten. If I dwell upon these things now, it is only because it seems to me that for the moment, in the revival of old controversies and old stories, the one important fact, the greatness of Whistler, is being lost sight of; and we have not so many great men in our midst that we can afford to lose one of the greatest with indifference, almost with contempt. If Whistler was hard and unrelenting to those who offended him, it was only because he had the courage to be true to the faith that was in him. He was steadfast in his friendships as in his enmities—the reason why his charm as a friend was no less than his greatness as an artist. N. N.

Correspondence.

NEWSPAPER RESPONSIBILITY FOR LAWLESSNESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To what extent are the newspapers responsible for the prevailing spirit of lawlessness so forcibly condemned in your powerful editorial of August 6 on lynching? They certainly have contributed to it in various ways, and especially by sensationalism and by the reckless dissemination of false and pernicious ideas. Examples of the latter occur daily. My morning paper yesterday devoted five-eighths of its first page to reports of murders and other atrocities, and my evening paper warmed over the same dish, giving most harrowing details of one of the murders and adding matter which could not fail to be harmful.

The murder was committed by a jealous husband (one Ismond, a barber), who claimed that, on going home in the evening, he found his wife and his victim (a friend of his, named McLeod) sitting on the same sofa. Following are extracts from the report:

"Ismond is given a good character by the neighbors and by his fellow-workers. The neighbors seem to justify him. 'The only mistake he made was in not killing both of them,' said a gray-haired woman across the road, 'if what he suspected is true.' Even some of the police incline to the view that Ismond was, if not legally, at least morally, justifiable if he found the pair in a compromising position, . . . and the statement is openly made in the Central Station that Ismond appears to have struck where a blow was called for."

And to-day my morning paper quotes Police Superintendent Downey as saying: "As near as I can make out, Ismond was justified in his cause."

Could anything be better calculated than this to foster and encourage the spirit of lawlessness which is already so developed that it is to-day a great, if not our greatest, national peril? In thus reporting public sentiment and the views of the police authorities, it is assumed by necessary implication that a wronged husband is justified in killing; and that when, for any reason, a husband thinks he has been wronged, the proper thing for him to do is to promptly kill the suspected person, and afterwards find out through the medium of a murder trial whether his suspicions were well grounded. The great majority of those who read these accounts accept newspaper statements as authoritative, and many of them, especially the more dangerous ones, are greatly encouraged by such utterances to take the law into their own hands whenever they think that a wrong has been committed. The newspapers are now making laudable efforts to put down the prevalent spirit of lawlessness, but can they not render their best service in this direction by carefully refraining from utterances which encourage that spirit, and by severely condemning such utterances, especially when they come from police officers or others in authority? B.

Detroit, August 11, 1903.

THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH AMENDMENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of the 16th instant (which reached me here only to-day), in the editorial article entitled "Judge Parker on the Fourteenth Amendment," you express the opinion, or rather, you make the statement, that, under the power conferred by the last section of the Fourteenth Amendment, though "Congress has never adopted the 'appropriate legislation' to carry out this part of the amendment"—that is, the penalty for disfranchisement prescribed in the second section—"it has full power to do so," and that this "admits of no doubt." I assume that the "power" here referred to is power conferred by the last section of the Fourteenth Amendment.

I have, however, just been reading in the Springfield *Republican* of the 13th instant an editorial article which, with confidence equal to yours, declares that, until the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, Congress cannot enforce the penalty for disfranchisement which the Fourteenth Amendment prescribes. The *Republican* quotes Mr. Charles A. Gardiner as holding the same view in his address before the Convocation of the University of the State of New York on the 12th instant.

There is, then, I will not say doubt, but difference of opinion, on the point. I have not seen Mr. Gardiner's address, but the *Republican's* argument is briefly this: that the Fifteenth Amendment supersedes the Fourteenth; that the Fifteenth Amendment prohibits disfranchisement on account of race, color, etc., which the Fourteenth Amendment did not do; that hence any act or action of a State done since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment which constitutes disfranchisement for the causes named, would be void as contravening the last-named amendment; that, being void, such act or action of a State would be of no effect and could not be made the ground of reducing the representation of such State, though this could have been done before the adoption of the last amendment. In other words, that the act of a State in making such disfranchisement would have to be regarded as valid in order to warrant the enforcement of the penalty prescribed in the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The question is most interesting, and may be of great practical importance; but my present object is, not to discuss it, but merely to call it to your notice in the hope that you may discuss it or remark upon it.—Yours respectfully,

D. H. Chamberlain.

London, July 30, 1903.

[We do not feel sure that Mr. Chamberlain has correctly understood the *Republican's* article.—Ed. Nation.]

SUMNER'S METAPHOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (second series, vol. 16) will be found an admirable paper of the President of the Society, Charles Francis Adams, read at the October meeting, 1902, as a tribute of respect to the memory of their late associate, Mr. Justice Gray of the Supreme Court of the United States. Speaking of the influence of that distinguished Judge, in the case of Juilliard vs. Greenman, which deals with the right of Congress under the Constitution to make paper money legal tender, Mr. Adams employs the following expression:

"To use the metaphor of Charles Sumner, the medicine of the Constitution was under these conditions pronounced its daily food" (page 262).

Sumner, it will be recalled, once introduced this phrase in a speech to great effect. For years I had supposed that the figure was original with the Massachusetts Senator. He must, however, have taken it from Edmund Burke, for the following sentence is to be found in the "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (1790):

"I confess to you, sir, I never liked this continual talk of resistance and revolution, or the practice of making the extreme medicine of the Constitution its daily bread" ('Burke's Works,' Am. ed. [1807], vol. 3, p. 79).

F. W. H.

Washington, D. C., August 11, 1903.

Notes.

Cleveland has made a conspicuous position for itself as a new centre of fine bookmaking and of large publishing ventures. The Imperial Press is the latest aspirant in the former direction, and has provided itself with a general supervisor, a superintendent, and an artist binder. It will begin with a treatise on 'Printing in Relation to Graphic Art,' by Mr. George French, issued in a limited edition, with "printed specifications detailing the processes employed and the material used." In the same city the Ormeril Company announces that, having bought of Messrs. Appleton their "Collection of Foreign Authors," it will greatly extend it by adding translations from the best modern writers of Spain, Italy, and other European countries.

Campion & Co., Philadelphia, will soon have ready 'The Life and Times of Thomas Smith, 1745-1809,' by Burton Alva Konkle. Smith was a Pennsylvania Member of the Continental Congress and a Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, as well as a leading surveyor of the Indian Purchase of 1768. The edition will be limited. Numerous portrait and other illustrations are promised.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. will be the American publishers of the series, entitled "The Story of Exploration," to be edited by Dr. Scott Keltie of the Royal Geographical Society, beginning with 'The Nile Quest,' by Sir Harry Johnston. An Arctic explorer's daughter, herself the subject of Mrs. Peary's 'The Snow Baby,' has written a book called 'Children of the Arctic,' to be brought out in the autumn by the same firm. Marie Ahnighito Peary is nine years of age, but her mother has lent a helping hand.

Doubleday, Page & Co.'s autumn announcements include a new Atlas of the Moon, by Professor Pickering; a 'Color Key to North American Birds,' by Frank M. Chapman; 'The Moth Book,' by Dr. J. W. Holland, with more than a thousand colored illustrations; 'American Masters of Sculpture,' by Charles Caffin; 'Driving,' a manual by Francis W. Ware; and Mme. Le Brun's Memoirs translated by Lionel Strachey.

'Fairy Legends of the French Provinces,' translated from the original, with an introduction by Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, and illustrated, is in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, will publish 'The Cathedrals of Northern France,' by Francis Miltoun, with eighty illustrations by Blanche McManus (Mrs. M. F. Mansfield).

A 'History of Socialism in the United States,' by Morris Hillquitt, is in the press of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Mr. Lewis Harman Peet, whose 'Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park,' Brooklyn, we lately noticed, is engaged upon a work performing the same service for Central Park in this city.

Six more volumes of the "Fireside Dickens" have appeared (London: Chapman & Hall; New York: H. Frowde), viz., 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'A Tale of Two Cities,' 'Hard Times,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Dombey & Son,' and a group of Reprinted Pieces. We have already spoken of this unpretentious series as plain to the eye, inexpensive, and equipped with the classic original designs of Cruikshank, "Phiz," and others.

An interesting survival is Walker's 'Rhyming Dictionary of the English Language,' revised and enlarged by J. Longmuir (London: Routledge; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). The work is now more than a century and a quarter old, antedating Goethe's complaint of the multitude who "singen und reden"; but Dr. Longmuir's preface seems nearly as ancient, drawing examples from no Victorian poet later in emerging than Tennyson, and showing a marked preference for sacred poetry. One may not rashly deny that a poet of high degree would resort to a crutch like this, as in the stress of a sonnet, for example; but a rhyming dictionary is essentially for rhymesters. A curious plea for this one is advanced in respect to the assistance afforded in deciphering mutilated telegrams, and the Morse alphabet is appended as a means of detecting the probable source of error.

A somewhat exceptional value attaches to Professor Rhys-Davids's 'Buddhist India,' the latest addition to "The Story of the Nations" series (Putnams), from the fact that it is based largely upon data hitherto published only in monographic form. The picture of India drawn from Buddhistic records differs materially from that given by the Brahmans, and there can be no doubt that the former, utilized in this volume, is the more credible. The village, social grades, economic conditions, and religion, each receive a chapter in which the available facts are clearly and simply set forth. While offering nothing new to the specialist, the general reader will find this book a good guide to the understanding of the social condition of ancient India. A slip occurring at the outset (p. 2), to the effect that the existence of republics in India in the sixth century B. C. "has remained hitherto unnoticed by scholars," affects only Lassen and others who might protest. The author inveighs rather bitterly against the "supine and placid" English Government for its indifference to archæological investigation, and records the surprising fact that there is no chair of Assyriology and only two of Sanskrit in all England. The book is well illustrated, and has an incomplete index.

In a double volume (ix., x.) Dr. Rodkinson's translation of the Babylonian Talmud has now completed the section "Jurisprudence" with the tractates "Makkoth," "Shebu'oth," "Eduyoth," "Aboda Zara," and "Horioth." Of these "Aboda Zara," dealing with the whole subject of intercourse between Jews and idolaters, is by far the most interesting. It is full of the most curious scraps of twisted history and folklore.

The tenth volume of the 'New International Encyclopædia' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) extends from Infantry to Larramendi. It thus embraces a number of important articles, such as Insects, Insurance, Ireland, Iron (with various sub-rubrics), Italy, Japan, Jews, Knowledge, Labor (also with many sub-rubrics). All these rise to the level which may be fairly required, and the Encyclopædia as a whole is steadily improving and shows very much fewer of the remarkable weaknesses which characterized its early volumes. Yet they still appear sporadically. Sudermann's "Katzensteg" is dignified with eighteen lines; the Semitic proof-reading could be much improved; bibliographies—especially historical and geographical—are still too often lacking; and the illustrations are conspicuously, though expensively, inadequate. The maps are peculiarly poor; this holds, it is true, to a certain extent, of encyclopædic atlases in general. But these details must not obscure the patent fact of steady and great improvement.

An addition to our scanty stock of Hausa prose is a collection—seven pages only—of short pieces, descriptive of Hausa life, written by a Hausa and now edited with translation and vocabulary by W. H. Brooks and L. H. Nott ('Batū na Abūbuan Hausa,' Henry Frowde). The vocabulary is very elaborate in its exposition of Hausa usage, but makes absolutely no attempt at etymology. Thus the Arabic element is left undistinguished, a course which cannot but react upon considerations of even purely Hausa grammar. Further, points are left out, through this, which will puzzle the learner. For example: "Tūri Sinā" is reproduced in the translation "Turi Sinai," and "Tūri" is left unexplained in the vocabulary. Of course, it is simply the Arabic *Tūr*, "rock," always combined in Arabic with Sinai. That the kinship of another side of the vocabulary with ancient Egyptian is also left unnoticed is not so surprising. The subject is somewhat recondite, and a discussion of it would not be immediately useful. Nevertheless, scientific study of Hausa will undoubtedly have to reckon with it.

Volume XIX. of the "Monographien zur Weltgeschichte" (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is 'Die Deutsche Hanse,' by Prof. Dietrich Schäfer. It is an admirable study, in a short monograph, of the Hanse towns. The book is well illustrated, with photographs of paintings and statuary and of characteristic bits of architecture, and with facsimiles of charters and documents. It is a pity that we have nothing in English corresponding to these excellent monographs, and at popular prices. Several other volumes are advertised to appear in the near future, dealing with such a variety of subjects as the Romans in Germany, the false Demetrius, Maria Theresa, Napoleon I., and the history of the United States.

The numerous archæological finds in Vienna, in recent years, which have made clearer than ever the picture of the strong Roman frontier fastness at this place, have now been collected and scientifically arranged in the new Museum Vindobonense. For the present the collection has been placed in one of the public schools of the city, but a new museum building is to be erected in the near future. A special committee of the City Council has charge of these treasures.

Arrangements are being made to celebrate the first centennial of the Berlin University in 1910. Already in July, 1809, Frederick William III., at the period of the lowest political subjection of Prussia to Napoleon, published an order for the establishment of this institution, and on the 10th of October, 1810, the Secretary of Education directed the authorities to begin the matriculation of students. The exact day of the celebration is to be determined by the Emperor, but Professor Lenz, Dean of the Philosophical Faculty, has been entrusted with the task of preparing a history

of the University, and the new supplementary building projected will be seasonably completed.

In honor of the centennial celebration of the University of Heidelberg, already mentioned in these columns, two memorial volumes on the famous teachers of the Ruperto-Carola and their work during the past century are to be published by the house of Carl Winter. All the departments of the University will be represented, and the work will thoroughly exhibit the scientific work done by the oldest German university during the period in question. Sixteen of the Heidelberg professors have united in preparing it, and the general introduction is from the pen of Dr. Fritz Schöll.

In November of the present year the city library of Ferrara will celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. In memory of this the authorities have decided to publish in facsimile, under the editorship of Prof. Giuseppe Agnelli, its most famous literary treasure, namely, the autographic fragments of the 'Orlando Furioso' of Ariosto. The volume will consists of 53 sheets in 106 photographic plates, and will contain a portrait of Ariosto, after the original by Titian, together with an introduction by the editor.

It is in France that they know how to recognize distinguished merit with justice and without prejudice. Miss Jamieson, a Scotch woman, who took first-class honors last year at the University of Edinburgh and who holds the Heriot travelling scholarship given by that institution, has been appointed professor of the English language at the Grenoble University. The Rector of Grenoble first consulted the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Chaumie, in regard to this appointment, and it was consequently made with due form. Any one who has noticed how poor the English instruction frequently is in Continental universities will be glad that it has fallen in this case into presumably competent hands.

—In the midsummer number of the *International Monthly* the difficult problems that the charitably-minded are called upon to discuss in these days, before they can feel it safe to give way to their generous impulses, are ably handled by Professor Schwiedland and by Mrs. Helen (Dendy) Bosanquet. Professor Sanford, in his article on "The Psychic Life of Fishes," gives, as was to be expected, exactly the sort of discussion of an intricate scientific question that the layman needs to have, and points out in passing how wide is the field for experiment that awaits tilling in the whole subject of animal intelligence. Professor Ostwald succeeds no better in settling the problem of the universe in an article of sixteen pages than he does in his fascinating but unsatisfactory volume on 'Naturphilosophie'; and Mr. Guthrie, in "The Theory of the Comic," falls below the level of this Review in both the value and the dignity of his contribution—not to mention the correction of proof, as in "Zarathustra" of Nietzsche. The article that will appeal to the widest circle of readers is the sympathetic account of the life and work of Herman Grimm, by his niece, who was also his friend and correspondent, the Baroness von Heyking. Grimm was of an old Hessian family of Protestant clergymen, in which intellectual work was the tradition of centuries. His father and uncle, the brothers William and Jacob, were called from Cassel to Göttingen in 1829, at a time when that short distance seemed so long that they felt like strangers in a far country; Jacob Grimm's first lecture in the University was on the subject of homesickness. The brothers Grimm were of the famous "Göttingen seven," whose protest against the arbitrary abrogation of the Hanover Constitution by the new King, the Duke of Cumberland, led to their expulsion from the University and from Hanover—an event which is still commemorated in Göttingen by a modest monument. At the time, this heroic act aroused great enthusiasm, and the impression which it made on the young Herman, who was less than ten years old, was profound—he attributed to it his first historical convictions. It was through the efforts of Bettina von Arnim, with whom Frederick William IV. was on terms of friendship, that the two brothers were called to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin; at her house Herman was a constant visitor, first as a child and then as a young man, and her gifted daughter, Gisela, poetess and dramatist, became his wife.

—In the course of the operations of the Seven Years' War, three successive English expeditions were sent against the French position at the forks of the Ohio. To these expeditions and their consequences, both immediate and remote, are allotted three volumes of Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's series of monographs on "Historic Highways" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.)—Volume 3, 'Washington's Road,' Volume 4, 'Braddock's Road,' Volume 5, 'The Old Glade (Forbes's) Road.' Washington, in 1754, followed from Fort Cumberland to his encounter with Jumonville an Indian trail known as "Nemacolin's Path." Braddock, in 1755, took the same general route, constructing a rough but practicable road, which marked the course for the Cumberland Road, of vast importance to our title to and occupation of the West. "In certain localities this famed national boulevard, the Cumberland Road, was built upon the very bed of Braddock's road, as Braddock's road had been built partly upon the early Washington's road which followed the path of the Indian, buffalo, and mound-building aborigines. Nowhere in America can the evolution of road-building be studied to such advantage as between Cumberland, Maryland, and Uniontown, Pennsylvania." Forbes, in 1758, struck an entirely new line. Washington and the Virginians urged him to improve Braddock's road, but Bouquet pointed out that a more northerly route, through Pennsylvania, might be longer in opening, but would be much shorter in using. There was jealousy between Pennsylvania and Virginia, already disputing each other's rights in the West, for it was seen that the possession of the headwaters of the Ohio would most likely pass to the colony which gained the road. Forbes selected the Pennsylvania route, and Pittsburg became a Pennsylvania town. During Pontiac's War and the Revolution, Forbes's road helped mightily in holding the West, for "it was the one fortified route to the Ohio." In 1785 Pennsylvania laid out the Chambersburg-Pittsburg pike along its course.

—Our appreciation of this excellent series we have already expressed. The fine conception of increasing, it might almost be said of creating, our accurate knowledge of the channels in which the streams of our history have flowed, deserves more than passing praise. It is with the greater regret that the marked unevenness of execution is noted. The author is at his best, and his best is very good, when arranging evidence, tracing the course of a highway, and pointing out the causes of that course, with its results, military, political, and commercial. Unfortunately, he is not content to let his monograph be a monograph, but must needs interrupt it from time to time with pages of rhapsody and fine writing, in which probabilities and logic, as well as dates and other facts, are ridden over roughshod. The book would be stronger if most of these fine passages were relentlessly cut out, and the space gained used to increase the detailed study and compilation of facts to which the work owes its value. Somehow, the errors of statement gravitate to these irrelevant paragraphs. "The thin line of scarlet-uniformed Virginians" has a captivating sound, but what evidence is there of its existence? Whether red, blue, or nondescript their uniforms, it was not in 1753 that they yielded Fort Necessity. Jacques Cartier was at Quebec many times, but "in the year fifteen hundred and forty" he neither "raised at Quebec a white cross crowned with the fleur-de-lis of France," nor "set the tide of French trade and exploration—this tide of trappers, merchants, Jesuits, and adventurers—over the Ottawa rather than up the St. Lawrence," for he was safe at home in France all the year. The one he may have done in 1536, but the other was the achievement of another man in another century. "Gaelic" is a curious synonym for "French," and it may be to its subtle suggestions that we owe the substitution of whiskey for brandy in the list of articles of French commerce. Beaujeu had 880 men (vol. 4, p. 123) against Braddock's 1,400 (*ibid*, p. 130), and so in the death-trap by the Monongahela "that desperate handful of French and Indians put to flight an army of five times its own number" (vol. 3, p. 98). Is "Braddock's Grave," beside the road which Braddock built, the actual resting-place of Braddock? The author thinks he has "made it plain that this is not definitely known to be true," yet he says that the bones are "undoubtedly" Braddock's. The distinction is a very delicate one. The story of these expeditions and the roads thereunto appertaining would gain much in value and intelligibility if illustrated by a single good map of the territory, showing ancient and modern routes. We regret that these three volumes have not for a companion an account of the Iroquois trail through central New York and the expedition of Prideaux and Johnson against Fort Niagara. In the fight for the West the campaign was critical and decisive. In both aboriginal and modern times this pathway between the ocean and the lakes has had a singular character and importance. Together they should receive in a work of this scope more than the passing mention accorded.

—The sixth volume of the 'Writings of James Monroe' (Putnams) includes what Mr. Hamilton has found of his letters and papers from his inauguration in 1817 to his famous message of 1823. It must be admitted that the result is disappointing in

more senses than one. Apart from Monroe's letters to Jefferson and Madison, there is little that is new, and less that is either suggestive or important. A President's message is usually a composite work, built upon the suggestions of his advisers, and intended for political effect rather than as an enunciation of individual convictions. Monroe was not a very decided character save where his suspicions were allowed free play, and these formal state papers make dreary reading. Of Monroe's relations with the members of his Cabinet we see almost nothing, due largely to the fact that Mr. Hamilton has not gone outside of the Monroe collection in the Department of State. He prints only one letter to Calhoun, one to Crawford, a general letter to his Cabinet, and a single Cabinet memorandum. In the case of Adams, the result is somewhat better, for twelve letters are printed, although more than twenty times that number are available. The general meagreness of the volume is emphasized by the devotion of one hundred pages to papers (not Monroe's) bearing upon the message of 1823, which add nothing to what was already known.

—The most notable incident in this period, outside of the recognition of the South American republics, was the Missouri Compromise. It takes on a new interest because of the light it throws upon Monroe's capacities. Never a great man, he stumbled into the Presidency by sheer good fortune, and his rule is described as the "era of good feeling." It was not such from any act of Monroe, and the office, in place of broadening his mind, left it in all its petty meanness and extraordinary suspiciousness. This is shown in his view of the Missouri question. To him no moral question was involved—the right or the wrong of slavery, and the injury it inflicted upon the section of the country where it prevailed. He harked back to an old grievance, the Jay incident of 1785-6, and the proposition made at that time to yield the claim to a free navigation of the Mississippi. That proposition, in Monroe's opinion, was an effort to secure dominion for the Eastern States by dismemberment of the Union. Jay wished to make New York a New England State. The one attempt was frustrated by the self-sacrifice of some Southern members (meaning himself); the other, by the differences with Vermont on land grants. Then followed the "march to greatness" of the South, which the Northerners sought again to impede by the Hartford Convention and the proposition for restricting Missouri. All this is very silly, but it is illuminative of Monroe, who suffers not only in his own writings, but in the injudicious treatment of them by his editor.

—The Laws of Hammurabi, like 'Babel und Bibel,' continue to call forth an abundant literature. Unquestionably this code is the most important discovery hitherto made in Babylonian research. It is important not only in the study of the development of Bablonian history and culture, but also and primarily in the story of world culture. The three fragments of the stele containing these laws were discovered by De Morgan in Susa in December and January, 1901-02, and both the text (photographic reproduction) and a translation by Father Scheil were published with most commendable promptness in the fourth volume of the monumental Memoirs of the French expedition at the close of the same year, 1902. A translation into German was speedily issued by Dr. Winckler, with introduction and notes, published by the Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft as the fourth number of the fourth volume of its admirable series of pamphlets entitled 'Der alte Orient.' This translation, which was a decided improvement on the French translation of Scheil, has been made the basis of a second pamphlet, entitled 'Moses und Hammurabi,' by Dr. Johannes Jeremias, in which the latter undertakes to analyze the code and compare it in detail with the Hebrew laws, and especially with the oldest code of those laws contained in the so-called Book of the Covenant (Exodus xx.-xxiii.). Striking are the points of resemblance brought out by this comparison, but almost equally striking are the points of divergence. Jeremias, claiming Hammurabi as an Arab of an Arabian dynasty which had conquered Babylon, concludes: "We have, therefore, ground for the hypothesis that traces are found in the old Arabian right and use which point to a common tradition for both Moses and Hammurabi, having its origin in Arabia." To us it seems rather that his evidence would point to a secondary derivation of the Hebrew from the Babylonian law through the medium of the Canaanites, who were, for many centuries, as Jeremias points out, under Babylonian rule or Babylonian influence. Hammurabi's laws have been translated into English by C. H. W. Johns, Lecturer in Assyriology at Queen's College, Cambridge, under the title, 'The Oldest Code of Laws in the World' (Scribners). Of this translation, altogether without note or comment, we have already spoken. In the preface, Mr. Johns says that Winckler's translation came into his hands after his work had been sent to the publishers. It is a pity that he could not have had the advantage of that translation for comparison. His own leaves much to be desired, and is by no means so good as the English translation, based largely on Winckler's, which was published by the American scholar, Dr. William Hayes Ward, in the *Independent* some months since.

—The excitement produced by Delitzsch's lectures on 'Babel und Bibel' continues in Germany, and produces a constantly increasing number of pamphlets dealing either directly with Delitzsch's discussion or with Babylonian explorations and their bearings on the Bible. Among the pamphlets published by the Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft in 'Der alte Orient' series, in its second volume, was one entitled 'Biblische und Babylonische Urgeschichte,' by Prof Heinrich Zimmern of Leipsic. This has now been issued in a third (revised) edition, under date of 1903, to bring it abreast of the present discussion. Dr. Winckler has also issued a pamphlet entitled 'Abraham als Babylonier: Joseph als Aegypter,' in which he attempts to prove that the story of Abraham in the Bible indicates a consciousness on the part of the Israelites that their religion had its origin in Babylon before the reforming efforts of Hammurabi. Abraham represents the purer, more ancient religion, which, finding the reforms of Hammurabi incompatible with its practices and aspirations, migrated westward. Joseph is supposed in the same way to represent those monotheistic and Asiatic tendencies which showed themselves in Egyptian religion in the time of Amenophis IV., and is practically identified with the Janchamu whom this king appointed as his representative or viceroy in the delta of the Nile, the granary of Egypt. The overthrow of Amenophis's dynasty and religion after his death under the lead of the priests of Thebes ushers in the oppression of the Israelites under the new Pharaoh in Egypt. Winckler's views are somewhat fanciful, and not altogether free from the suggestion of theological motive.

EGYPTIAN LIFE UNDER THE PTOLEMIES.

The Tebtunis Papyri. Part I. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell, D.Litt., M.A., Arthur S. Hunt, D.Litt., M.A., and G. Gilbart Smyly, M.A. Oxford University Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1902.

The source of this bulky volume of 674 pages was most whimsical and unexpected. The papyri which are here deciphered and interpreted were derived exclusively from the wrappings of mummified crocodiles unearthed in the Fayûm about three years ago. This mummification was the work of pious votaries in honor of the crocodile deity, Sobk, worshipped throughout the Arsinoite nome. A good-sized crocodile of three or four metres in length requires a wrapping of corresponding size. Hence these papyri are unusually large, many containing one or two hundred lines, while the longest is exceeded only by the Revenue Papyrus of Philadelphus. As a matter of convenience the crocodiles are numbered, and the provenance of MSS. indicated accordingly. No. 27, the most literate of these animals, furnished about two-score distinct documents. The dates of these are, in the main, exactly determined, and they range from 120 to 56 B. C.

The chief value of the present volume (which is shortly to be followed by two others) is to illustrate the economic and, to some extent, the social conditions of Egypt within this period; and for this purpose it is a collection of capital importance. It enables us also to revise and to amend certain misleading historical judgments. The reputation of Euergetes II., as handed down by Diodorus, Josephus, and Justin, is preposterously and fantastically bad. He is painted as a monster of wickedness, whose enormities are hardly lightened by a taste for literature and a pretty talent for Homeric criticism. He was so hated, Justin tells us, that he was forced by an uprising to flee the country to Cyprus, and the sovereignty was conferred by the Alexandrians upon his sister and discarded wife, Cleopatra II. To spite her he murders their son Memphites and sends her the mutilated remains in a box. Memphites was born a year after their marriage, which Euergetes had celebrated by murdering in public, before the eyes of his bride, her own son, Philopator II. But these peccadilloes were all forgiven and forgotten; for later we find in the royal decrees this same Cleopatra "the sister" associated with the name of Euergetes and Cleopatra "the wife." If we accept this nightmare as history, it is not easy to guess upon what meat these Ptolemies and Cleopatras fed; yet some historical scholars have accepted

such tales without demur. Professor Mahaffy, writing eight or nine years ago, shrewdly surmised that we must take this farrago with many grains of salt, and observed that this Egyptian Nero reigned over a country which was well administered; he cited, for example, the curious suit of Hermias vs. the Choachytæ in Peyron's collection, where the evidence goes back more than eighty years, and the verdict is rendered on principles which would have been accepted in an English court of law. Such favorable opinions are most strikingly confirmed by the contents of this present volume.

It happens to contain in great fulness the records kept by a certain Menches, a Government scribe of the village of Kerkeosiris, from 120 to 111 B. C. These present royal decrees of great importance, official correspondence, and a complete survey of the village land according to its taxable classes and subdivisions. The result is a miniature exhibition of the minute and elaborate methods of Ptolemaic administration; the result is also a vindication, in a general way, of the substantial justice of the policy of Euergetes II. The revolt which Justin swelled to a revolution, driving the King into exile, dwindles here to an ἀμειξία, or disturbance, which was quelled within a year in the Fayûm, and which probably never even alienated Alexandria. The son of Philometor, who was picturesquely assassinated at the wedding feast, according to the latest evidences died, in all probability, before his father and before the accession of Euergetes. But indeed the whole series of decrees which are contained in Papyrus No. 5, dated 118 B. C., and issued in the name of Euergetes and the two Cleopatras, the "sister" and the "wife," are chiefly remarkable for the enlightened equity of their provisions to secure the person and property of the tax-payer. The heaviest penalties are directed against officials who attempt to defraud or oppress the tax-payer, by using false measures or imposing compulsory labor, by imprisoning or enslaving debtors, or confiscating the tools and implements of their labor. That the officials were often corrupt and had strong temptations to prey upon their subordinates, leaks out in several of the documents. Menches is obliged himself to pay a fixed annual rate, apparently a douceur, for the privilege of retaining his office; and his palm in turn is greased regularly by a certain Dorion, to whom a receipt is given for mysterious and unmentioned services. This Orientalism of method (which is, after all, Occidental enough to be understood from New York to San Francisco) doubtless vitiated more or less the best-laid administrative schemes; and certainly the general spirit of the regulations for suits between Greeks and Egyptians is fair and statesmanlike. One of these expressly requires Greeks who have made contracts written in Egyptian to refer disputes to native tribunals, and forbids the chrematistæ to drag suits between natives into their own Greek courts. The revenues of the Egyptian priests and shrines are also protected, and the general aim of this legislation is clearly the equalization of the nationalities before the law and the minimizing of Greek overreaching and encroachments. This, indeed, may account for the bias and misrepresentations of the Greek historians.

The collection of the royal revenues involved a system of minute supervision, a great multiplication of officials, and a pervasive bureaucracy. Some vivid glimpses of the operation of this machinery are shown in a letter from a tax-farmer (B.C., 111). He wishes to retain his privilege, but is outbid by a rival; he has obtained a view of his competitor's offer by bribing the notary. "To avoid a storm at the audit," he proposes to abstract this memorandum and make away with it, by the aid of a further bribe. All this has a very modern sound; and the counterpart may be found in a long message of the same date from the King's "cousin," the diœcetes, to a delinquent named Hermias. He is sharply reminded that he has already failed to give satisfaction, and has employed corrupt and worthless subordinates; he is warned for the last time to mend his ways, and to send a list of persons "from the army and from his neighborhood, of conspicuous honesty and steadiness," who are to take charge of the inspection of crops and the collection of taxes.

It is quite impossible to give any summary of the lengthy documents which make up the chief wealth of this volume and furnish a tolerably complete view of the accounts and records of a bureau of taxation about B. C. 118. They include a land survey of the village of Kerkeosiris, lists of the owners and cultivators, the quality and classification of the land, the kinds of crops, the rents and the nature of tenure. The documents raise some new problems as to the meaning of technical terms, and solve satisfactorily some old ones. We must admire the dexterity and science with which Mr. Smyly follows the calculations of the scribe, detects and accounts for his inaccuracies, and extracts luminous general results. From the mass of intricate details a few salient and significant facts emerge. Out of the whole area within the village boundaries—about 2,400 acres—more than half is crown land, yielding a rental, in many cases, of more than ten bushels of wheat per acre. Nearly one-third is cleruchic, that is to say, assigned in nearly equal portions to Greek and to native soldiery. This equal apportionment points once more to the policy of Euergetes II. of conciliating the Egyptian populace and enlarging their privileges. The proportion of "sacred land" is more than three times the extent of the small area covered by the village proper; but it is a significant fact that this single petty village contained no less than fifteen shrines, or temples, of Egyptian and other divinities. There was apparently no private land whatever in this district. The ordinary method of calculating the area of lots, as Mr. Smyly points out, was such as regularly to overestimate the contents and to give a slight advantage to the Government.

The greatest surprise, perhaps, which has been extracted from these relics is the discovery that the numismatists have been completely astray with regard to the ratio of silver and copper in the late Ptolemaic period. Copper money was used very extensively, and the generally accepted theory has been that the normal ratio between a silver and a copper drachma was 120 to 1. This opinion was held by Mr. R. S. Poole, and has been maintained by Brugsch and by Révillout. The view of the latter scholars was based on the interpretation of Demotic formulæ, guided by a preconception in favor of the ordinarily accepted ratio of 120:1. Their conclusions were traversed by Grenfell in his discussion of the Revenue laws; and his doubts find complete confirmation in the evidence of the Tebtunis collection. Here we have a number of different documents and accounts which exhibit examples of conversion of silver into copper drachmæ; in more than a score of instances the ratio of silver to copper is distinctly stated, and these ratios range from 1:375 to 1:500. Curiously enough, in the same set of accounts the range is from 450 to 500. The documents cover the latter part of the second century and the beginning of the first century B. C. The evidence of the Demotic formulæ was obscure and dubious; as to the evidence of the Greek there is not a shadow of doubt. The editors, therefore, draw certain inferences which seem to be warranted by the facts and by common sense. They conclude that the copper drachma never weighed the same as the silver drachma; that the copper drachma was in fact an ideal or imaginary unit, too small for coinage and circulation—a situation which finds a parallel in the copper coinage of the Byzantine Emperors. The smallest coin in circulation may have been a five-drachma piece. They conclude, further, that the copper coins in actual use, such as the 80 and 40-drachma piece of Cleopatra VII., did bear a definite and fairly constant ratio in weight to the weight of the silver coins; and this ratio hovers in the neighborhood of 30 to 1.

Another extremely interesting and valuable discovery is the papyrus containing a marriage contract practically complete, dated 92 B. C. The only Ptolemaic example hitherto known belonged to the second century B. C., and contained lacunæ which the present document satisfactorily supplies. In this contract, the husband acknowledges the receipt of a dowry from the bride's mother, and binds himself to remain faithful to his wife, to marry no other while she lives, to keep no separate establishment, to maintain her as well as his means permit, and to abstain from ill-treating her or from alienating her property. If he violates any of these engagements, he is to repay the dowry forthwith on demand. The wife, Apollonia, on her part, is to obey her husband, to remain at home except by his permission, to be faithful and "not to dishonor their common household." If of her own will she decides to separate from her husband, he must repay the dowry within ten days from the date of a demand for its restoration. This curious equality of rights and these stringent stipulations for marital fidelity are not found in marriage contracts from the Fayûm for the Roman period, though they are faintly echoed in the Oxyrhynchus papyri.

The few literary fragments transmitted to us by these crocodiles are not important, but are certainly interesting. One dithyrambic picture of a woodland scene haunted by swarms of bees and by singing birds whose voices echo from dells and mountains, belongs to a somewhat novel *genre* of lyric verse, and savors of Alexandrian taste and decadence. It may be a picture drawn from a genuine love of nature; but it is expressed in a highly artificial diction, overloaded with epithets and compound ad-

jectives. The besetting sin of the dithyramb is here carried out to frigidity. In the matter of palæography the Tebtunis collection does not offer the remarkable range of the Amherst documents, with their sweep of a thousand years, from the third century B. C. to the seventh A. D.; but they compensate for this by supplying many contracts or accounts from 100 to 50 B. C., a period that has hitherto been sparsely represented.

This most useful volume, which illustrates anew the vitality of Greek studies, appears as the first of the University of California Publications in Græco-Roman Archæology. The funds for excavation and publication were furnished by Mrs. Hearst. The University is to be congratulated on its good fortune, and on the privilege of offering to the public the rich fruits of researches which will throw a new and permanent light on many phases of Ptolemaic history and antiquities.

SIR GEORGE GROVE.

The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove. By Charles L. Graves. Macmillan Co.

Simultaneously with this biography of Sir George Grove appears the announcement that his *opus magnum*, the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' is to be revised and brought up to date by Mr. Fuller Maitland. Grove once wrote to Sir Hubert Parry: "If, with my patience and love of my subject, I were only a musician! That's rather a confession, but I don't mind making it to you." He was no pianoforte player, but relied on his friend Franklin Taylor; while in other branches he had constant recourse to Manns, Dannreuther, Barry, Wood, and other professionals. When, upon the death of Dr. Hueffer, a friend of his (who was not a musician) wanted to apply for the position of musical critic of the *Times*, Grove urged him not to do so, adding: "I know that nothing could induce *me* to take such a post. If I had a new symphony or quartette to report upon I should be all abroad, and then should have to refer to others more qualified in that respect, though perhaps beneath me in taste and literary ability." Dr. Walford Davies wrote that "Sir George taught one to think of him as preëminently an *amateur*"; and, regarding his analysis of Beethoven's nine symphonies, Grove wrote in his notebook: "N. B. Mention in my Beethoven strongly in the Preface that it is not a book for musicians."

Notwithstanding these facts, and the bias which led Grove, for example, to give such a disproportionate amount of space to Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, as compared with Bach, Chopin, and Liszt, it may be said that the Macmillans could not easily have selected a man better qualified than he was for the making of a musical dictionary. For six years previous to undertaking this task he had been editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and he had had further experience in writing and planning and dealing with contributors during the seven years that he was one of the principal collaborators on Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible.' He had achieved a reputation for extraordinary conscientiousness and capacity for labor and research, as well as a disposition to get facts at first hand wherever possible. He knew, too, who were the best writers on special musical subjects and composers, and usually secured their services. Thus it came to pass that the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' though abounding in errors of commission and omission, is, nevertheless, even in its present condition, more valuable than the similar works published in other countries, Germany not excepted. Grove's own contributions, including Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, are masterpieces, and it is to be forever regretted that he never found time in his busy life to carry out his plan of expanding these into separate biographies. This is true especially of his Schubert. That composer was the special idol of a habitual hero worshipper—his "existence," as he used to say; and Grove not only did a great deal to make him better known and more widely loved in England, but even helped to exhume, in Vienna, some of the buried treasures of that incomparable genius.

Because of his insufficient technical equipment, some of the professional musicians of England were inclined to sneer at Grove in his capacity of editor and commentator. Hans Richter more justly declared his conviction that the services rendered by him in his picturesque and genial analyses of the symphonies of the great masters were of incalculable value in educating the public. The very absence of technical details was one of the great merits of the programme notes, always signed with a simple G, which he provided for two generations of concert-goers. He had been one of those most interested and active in establishing the concerts at the Crystal Palace, which was opened in 1854; and for upwards of forty seasons he contributed his notes on the music to be performed. "I wrote about the symphonies and concertos," he explained, "because I wished to try to make them clear to myself, and to discover the secret of the things that charmed me so; and then from that sprang a wish to make other amateurs see it in the same way." As Mr. Graves remarks: "There have been better analysts, anatomists, and dissectors of the organism and structure of the classical masterpieces; there has never been so suggestive and stimulating a commentator upon their beauties."

Grove was an indefatigable letter-writer. He used to rise at six, or even earlier, make himself a cup of tea (like Gladstone, he drank tea at all hours with impunity), and write non-obligatory letters for a couple of hours before breakfast. Many of these letters are charming. He summed up his travel experiences picturesquely and tersely. Norway impressed him as it has impressed others: "The country is more like Scotland than Switzerland, though all on a larger scale. It has not got the Eternal Snow, nor the frequent contrasts of Switzerland, nor the indefinable charm which will always make Switzerland the dearest country to me. The people are Scotch, with more mildness and innocence, and less *pawky* than the Scotch. . . . Norway doesn't do after Switzerland." Vienna aroused his enthusiasm: "This is a wonderful place, far finer and more interesting and beautiful than Paris. I like it much better." To be sure, here had been the dwelling-place of his beloved Beethoven and Schubert, and here still lived his friend Brahms. Of all the letters in this volume, the most interesting is that addressed to Miss Olga von Glehn (pp. 143-46), in which he describes his adventures (with Arthur Sullivan) in quest of buried Schubert treasures, which resulted, among other things, in the discovery, in a dust-covered box, of the part books of the whole of the "Rosamunde" music, tied up after the second performance in 1823, and probably never disturbed till the visit of the Englishmen in 1867. Much time was also spent on subsequent visits to Vienna in searching for traces of the lost "Gastein" (or real ninth) symphony of Schubert. Grove was so convinced that such a work had been written that he always, on the Crystal Palace programmes, billed the work now known as the ninth as the tenth. Once, when he met a man in Vienna who had actually known Schubert, he was simply frantic with delight. "Of course, this sets all our fireworks off; we go up into the air at once, and burst and explode with enormous reports."

It is from the point of view of the contagiousness of enthusiasm that Grove's services to the cause of music must be chiefly regarded. He did a vast deal to stimulate an English interest in good music—chiefly, however, in the music of the past. In contemporary productions he took little interest. Yet he made allowance for the adage that times change and we change with them. He had heard Costa exclaim: "Beethoven has no melody." He himself had had to confess, on hearing the ninth symphony for the first time, that he "could make very little of it." He remembered Mr. Bicknell's protest against putting the "vile overture" to Wagner's "Tannhäuser" on the Crystal Palace programmes, and the admission of the same man, a year later, that he liked that piece about as well as anything else. Towards Wagner, Grove's feelings were mixed and vacillating. He had the wisdom to choose the best man he could have found (Mr. Dannreuther) for the article on Wagner in his Dictionary. He found the London Wagner concerts, in the composer's presence, in 1877, "delightful"; and years later he bought Bayreuth tickets for a student at the Royal College of Music (of which he was the Director from 1882 to 1893). "Tristan" did not appeal to him musically, and morally he objected to it violently, being, like so many others, under the ludicrous delusion that "the story is one of wicked passion." "Die Meistersinger" he liked. "Parsifal" disappointed him at the first hearing; "but this," he wrote to Dr. Wood, "I have not said to any one but you, and don't wish it repeated, because I should probably have said much the same after first hearing the Ninth Symphony."

Grove met Liszt in Rome, and the great pianist played for him by request, which he seldom did. No opinion of Liszt's music is expressed, but Grove refers to his playing as "so calm, clear, correct, refined—so entirely unlike the style of the so-called 'Liszt School.'" Tchaikovsky, he opined, "goes in far too much for emotion," and Richard Strauss's "Zarathustra" seemed to him an "absurd farrago." Schumann (who died in 1856) was really the last of the great masters (unless we count Brahms as one) who elicited his full sympathies; and Schumann needed his services a generation ago. The leading critics "were decidedly hostile to him, and it took all the missionary enthusiasm of Manns and Grove and a few

others to make headway against the coalition of Philistines and prejudiced experts," who looked upon him as "a dreary and most unmelodious mystic." Mr. Chorley of the *Athenæum*, we are informed, made it a point to the end of his life to walk out of the concert room at the beginning of the second movement of Schumann's quintet, to mark his high disapproval of a certain chord in the eighth bar!

Mr. Graves's book partakes, as he is himself aware, somewhat of the nature of patchwork, and it is not free from errors, among which a reference to John Quincy Adams (meaning Charles Francis Adams) as former Minister to St. James's is conspicuous. But there is much interesting reading matter, and the author has adopted the autobiographic method as far as possible, letting Grove speak for himself in letters and otherwise. Nor is it only to music lovers that the volume appeals. Grove was a man of remarkable versatility, well informed in regard to such diverse subjects as engineering, Biblical antiquities, geography, ancient and modern (a primer of geography in the Macmillan series is among his works), Chinese porcelain (on which he intended to write a book), and so on. He was also a great reader of books and very fond of poetry, his favorites being Matthew Arnold, Clough, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. Tennyson, a friend of his informs us, "was far more to him than Shakspere." He was on terms of intimacy with him and exchanged letters, as he did with Browning. He was almost as fond of parallels as Plutarch, and in one of his letters he likens Beethoven to Tennyson "in his fondness for friends and dislike of strangers, and his constant mention of the 'honorar' for his pieces." On one of his visits to the poet, he asked him to explain the difference between a cowslip and an oxlip in the lines

> "As cowslip unto oxlip is,
> So seems she to the boy."

Tennyson answered this by picking up one of each in the copse behind the house, and showing his visitor how the one stood erect and the other drooped its head.

Shelley also interested Grove greatly, and at one time he intended to write a life of him; but Dean Milman, who had known Shelley both at Eton and at Oxford, wrote to him, "in the strictest confidence," and effectually dissuaded him from undertaking a task which, in Milman's opinion, "might never be carried out." We also catch glimpses of George Eliot, whom Grove berates in an article for her "false air of learning" in musical and other matters, and of G. H. Lewes, of whom he gives a ludicrous account at a rehearsal of the first Brahms symphony, "ostentatiously beating time all wrong." Grove had a strong sense of humor. His notebooks were filled with a curious jumble of jottings for his articles, ghost stories, and jokes, three of which are worth citing. An old soldier, reduced to beggary, carried a placard with the inscription: "Actions, 7; wounds, 9; children, 8; total, 24." A self-sacrificing cat once remained on the platform of St. James's Hall all the time Sarasate was playing the Mendelssohn violin concerto, "so as to oblige him with a string in case he broke one." At a concert in St. Louis, Hans von Bülow was preceded by a soprano who screamed dreadfully. When the witty pianist subsequently sat down at the piano, he preluded his piece with the recitative from Beethoven's Choral Symphony, "O Friends, Not These Tones."

The Influence of Emerson. By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1903.

Mr. Mead's book is probably a better one for not having been written with immediate reference to the Emerson centennial. Its several parts have grown like the temples of Emerson's "Problem," "as grows the grass"; they have been tested, as Emerson's essays were tested, by public delivery in many places. They are sincere expressions of a hearty and intelligent admiration for Emerson, viewed first in his philosophical aspect, and afterward in connection and comparison with Theodore Parker and Carlyle. The three chapters were written at different times from different inspirations. The title under which they are brought together is not particularly appropriate, and is rather a disappointing one. Except in a manner strictly personal to Mr. Mead, it does not describe the book, which bears on every page the mark of Emerson's influence on him, and we know that here there was nothing singular—that Mr. Mead was one of many to whom Emerson brought liberation and encouragement and peace. In this indexical fashion Mr. Mead's title has, perhaps, sufficient justification, but we fear that it was chosen in despair of finding one actually descriptive of the book's disparate contents, through which the personality of Emerson runs like a golden thread.

Those who deny to Emerson a genius or talent for philosophy have a difference to settle with Mr. Mead, who maintains a contrary opinion in his first chapter, "The Philosophy of Emerson." He contends, and reasonably, that Emerson's indifference to metaphysics was less absolute than Emerson himself imagined it to be. He finds the best expression of Emerson's philosophy in the 'Nature' of 1836, making less use than he might have done of his 'Natural History of Intellect,' where the idealism of Emerson is more distinctly qualified than in the earlier writing. Mr. Mead's method is to test the philosophy of Emerson by its application to the distinctive tendencies and problems of his time, and especially to the doctrine of Evolution. He does not exaggerate the evolutionary strain in Emerson's thought, but he does exaggerate his anticipation of Darwin when he says that "Darwin's truth lies in Emerson's philosophy as a natural and essential moment of it," for "Darwin's truth" was "the origin of species by means of natural selection" and not merely evolution, of which there was plenty in the air before he came. Mr. Mead resents John Morley's dictum, "It is a misconception to pretend that Emerson was a precursor of the Darwinian theory," but he makes no quotations that break the force of Mr. Morley's declaration, nor do we believe that any can be made. A considerable part of the first chapter is devoted to the exoneration of Emerson from the charge of ethical fatalism; and though some hard sayings block Mr. Mead's way, he comes safely to his goal. Even Emerson's essay on "Fate" is, in its final outcome, an affirmation that man is fated to be free.

Mr. Mead's second chapter, "Emerson and Theodore Parker," is written with a fine glow of enthusiasm for both subjects of his discrimination, but especially for Parker. This is a welcome aspect, because it has become a habit with many persons to comfort themselves for their obligation to admire Emerson by depreciation of Parker. Moreover, it is obvious that Parker is more inexpugnable than Emerson to the reaction that is upon us: he cannot be construed by the most ingenious in terms that write down the anti-slavery conflict as a great mistake, and slavery (in Mr. Woodrow Wilson's phrase) as "not so bad as it was painted." Mr. Mead brings out with striking force and in a dramatic manner the mutual relations of Emerson and Parker, quoting their words of generous mutual appreciation. Exception will no doubt be taken in certain quarters to the judgment that "there was no so conspicuous case of persecution in the century as that of Theodore Parker"; some contending that his path was "roses, roses all the way," and some that it was he who persecuted the defenders of the Unitarian faith. We cannot ourselves agree with Mr. Mead that Parker "was a man who had no delight in controversy." It is certainly indicative of a remarkable change in Unitarian opinion that this generous eulogy of Parker, this frank dissent from his conservative critics and opponents, should be published by the American Unitarian Association. It is an interesting judgment that Emerson and Parker have helped us more than any others to see the transcendent preëminence of Jesus and the Bible among books and men, "because recognizing this preëminence on the ground of freedom and pure reason."

The "Emerson and Carlyle" chapter is the most elaborate in the book, taking up nearly half of its three hundred pages. It is a piece of admirable discrimination. The agreement and difference of the two men, their likeness and unlikeness, are set forth in a vivid manner. So are the details of their meetings and partings, and their mutual services, whether in the way of commendation or reproof. There was more friction than Mr. Mead imagines in their intercourse and less absolute continuity. At one time, when Carlyle's temper was particularly bad, Emerson said to the writer of this article, "I have let silence answer him so far, and shall until he has a better mind." The relations of the two men to Goethe are drawn out in an interesting manner. Emerson is credited with less discipleship than Carlyle, but certainly Emerson took over more from Goethe than the perfervid Scot, or was naturally more akin to him. To either, Goethe's moral looseness must have been a gross offence. We are told of Emerson's reading of Goethe's 'Farbenlehre,' and are not told that he ever extricated himself from the snare of its attractive speciousness. If there is a defect in Mr. Mead's criticism it is that his royal Emerson can do no wrong. In every awkwardness of his verse he finds "a wondrous strength and a wondrous fitness," and says we shrink from making any change. But surely some of us have imagined that in a good many places we could easily improve the form without any loss of meaning whatsoever.

Principles of Home Decoration. With Practical Examples. By Candace Wheeler.

Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903. Pp. x., 227.

In this little book there are full-page illustrations, fifteen in all, some of which represent scenes in American houses and some give only details of decoration or pieces of furniture. They are not numerous enough to form a very important part of the book. They hardly exemplify the text, and serve rather to adorn the volume than to aid in the exposition of "principles."

The text is divided into thirteen chapters, the character of which can be judged by the sub-titles. Thus, Chapter IV. is devoted to color in houses—as a science—as an influence—and occupies seven pages, while Chapter VII. takes up color again and deals with it in reference to light and with regard to its gradation. In like manner, walls, ceilings, and floors are treated all together in Chapter VIII., and then, separately, in Chapters X., XI., and XII. In all these chapters it is noticeable that very great attention is given to the question of color treatment of walls and ceilings; in short, of the rooms themselves regarded as units. There can be no question that the right note is struck when the relative importance of color is insisted on here. Color is indeed the one serious question in the beautifying of our house interiors. It is rare that anything serious can be done with form. The walls must be flat and the ceilings smoothly plastered; anything massive in the way of boldly treated woodwork, and still more anything decided in the way of facings of stone or marble, is out of the question in nearly every instance. The mantelpiece alone is thought fit to receive a more decided treatment, and well do we all know the unfortunate effect of the projecting, massive-looking, dark-colored, showy mantelpiece in a room which is otherwise so flat and smooth, so thin and light in its apparent structure. The essence of decoration must be in the pleasant combinations of well-toned colors, lighted up occasionally with stronger passages of those hues which approach the primary colors in brilliancy. And it is to be observed that in the filling of the room with portable objects, whether in the way of necessary furniture, with its coverings of textile fabrics or leather, or in the way of works of art, hung upon walls or set upon shelves, colors may be so combined as to harmonize perfectly with the hues given to wall and ceiling. In this chief merit, then, the book is to be praised without reserve. Throughout the whole treatise, for it may be called so, there is constant insistence upon the need—the primary need—of the utmost care in the treatment of the brown and green, yellow and white, or the harmony of rosy grays. In like manner the surface is discussed with a view to its color effect upon the whole room; and the question of tapestry, wallpaper, oil painting, and the other ways of disguising a wall surface is constantly kept in mind.

The opening sentence of Chapter I. states that probably no art has so few masters as that of decoration; and a further statement shows that by a "master" is meant some one of authority, "a leader whose very name establishes law." The author seems to think that William Morris was for many years such a leader in England; but it is, of course, an error to suppose that the strong mediæval proclivities of Morris and the resulting character of picturesque fancy imparted to his designs and those of his followers were ever of general acceptance in Great Britain. It is apt to be forgotten that the loud, the reiterated, the unmeasured praise given to Morris as a designer, and to the qualities of his decorative school, is the utterance of his special admirers—of those Englishmen who retain so much of the feeling of the middle century, 1840 to 1870, that they are properly to be described as advocates rather than critics. Unquestionably that quasi-mediæval feeling is much stronger in England than anywhere else in the world; but it would be a mistake to assume that it is prevalent among the masters of design of our own time. All of which is only another way of saying that there is no such thing as a leader whose lead will be acknowledged by the majority of designers. A style prevails, but the influence of a critic or of an artist whose works serve as exemplary, has not prevailed very generally at any time or in any community since the people of the United States began to talk about the fine and decorative arts.

The book before us does not err in preaching the doctrine of authority; it is, on the other hand, of a good general tone, suggestive rather than positive, and therefore more truly critical. The claim for supreme excellence in domestic decoration for the United States is made. It is preposterous, of course, but in the present mood of the American people a book will harly be read unless it begins with this wretched flattery of our own place and time; and, moreover, the childish optimism of the day influences the intelligence of even the most sagacious writers, and they find themselves utterly unable to "see things as they are." It is true, however, that there is a general feeling for gentle harmonies of color among the Americans who have concerned themselves with house decoration during the last quarter century. No one among us can combine brilliant colors or produce strong chromatic effects of any sort. No one among us can design patterns —firmly drawn scrolls and well composed flower work, leaf work, or animal form, whether more or less conventional. No one among us dares trust himself among decided contrasts and strong lights and shades. But in the quasi-Japanese taste of the most delicate combinations—of buff with white, of warmer and cooler gray, of gold with cream color, and the like—very good things have been done, and Mrs. Wheeler has every right to praise her own age and her own people thus far. So small a book as this may be forgiven if it does not go much farther afield or grapple with the whole vast subject. There are, after all, not more than forty thousand words in the book before us.

In the Andamans and Nicobars: The Narrative of a Cruise in the Schooner Terrapin, with Notices of the Islands, their Fauna, Ethnology, etc. By C. Boden Kloss. With maps and illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. xvi, 373.

"A cloudless sky and a blazing sun; a long stretch of yellow beach lapped by a calm sea of brilliant green above the reef, verging into an intense sapphire in the distance. Inland, swelling hills clothed in densest jungle—the topmost ridge capped by a delicate tracery of foliage that stands out clear-cut in the pure atmosphere." The main object of the cruise described in this volume, amid scenes of which this picture is characteristic, was to secure specimens of the fauna of the two archipelagoes lying off the coast of Burmah. Though the collectors were but two in number, Dr. W. L. Abbott and the author, they succeeded in obtaining sixteen new varieties of small mammals and ten hitherto undescribed species of birds. These, together with many ethnological objects, are now in the National Museum at Washington. The largest part of these collections were made upon the southernmost group, the Nicobars, which have been rarely visited by Europeans and are still to a great extent unexplored. The first half of the volume is a simple narrative of each day's work during the three months' cruise. It is singularly free from exciting incidents or adventures. Unlike most tropic lands, the Nicobars, at least, have neither beasts of prey, noxious reptiles, nor hostile savages. A small tribe—the Shom Pen—living in the interior of the southern island, is reputed to be persistently hostile to the other natives. But, with the exception of a few families who held friendly intercourse with the coast villages, none of these were encountered. The second half is devoted to a general description of the islands, their fauna and flora, their inhabitants, and a sketch of their recent history. Much of this is naturally taken from the writings of others, but much is the record of the explorers' own observations. The various species of birds and animals are so small as to be of little interest save to the collector; with exception of the megapode, a bird about the size of a partridge, which constructs a peculiar "nest-mound." One of these mounds "was between 7 and 8 feet high, and rather more than 100 feet in circumference, and had a large coco palm growing through the centre. It would certainly be the work of a number of birds, and must have taken many years to build."

The native as described in these pages is singularly uninteresting and characterless. We are inclined, however, to ascribe this to the fact that the travellers never came to know him familiarly. If, instead of spending their nights on the schooner, they had stayed in the native houses, the Nicobarese might have become as individual and attractive as Dr. W. H. Furness found the head-hunters of Borneo after he had lived among them and won their confidence. They are by no means pure savages. Their huts, with conical roofs thatched with palm leaves, the apex crowned by a high finial, are most pleasing in appearance. "In the charms and talismans connected with their superstitious cult they betray a certain artistic ability, and their pictures, screens, and figures of birds, men, and animals, show not only good powers of observation, but a capacity and skill of no mean order, in interpreting and reproducing whatever may present itself to them." They are expert basket makers, and on one island the women enjoy a monopoly of a pottery industry.

In social customs, religious rites, and morality the inhabitants of the various islands differ. Of the Andamanese it is stated that, "once married, conjugal fidelity until death is the rule, and bigamy, polygamy, and divorce are unknown." Although this

is apparently not true of the other islanders, yet among the Nicobarese

"the position of women is, and always has been, in no way inferior to that of the other sex. They take their full share in the formation of public opinion, discuss publicly with the men matters of general interest to the village, and their opinions receive due attention before a decision is arrived at. In fact, they are consulted on every matter, and the henpecked husband is of no extraordinary rarity in the Nicobars. In Kar Nicobar, where the villages are divided into groups of several houses, a woman occasionally succeeds her late husband as sub-chief, on account of the knowledge she may possess of the regulations in vogue, the property and customs of her neighbors."

The matriarchal system prevails with them; that is, when a man marries "he becomes a member of his wife's family, leaving the house of his own parents, or even his village, if the woman dwell elsewhere." Honest, truthful, and industrious, they deserve a better fate than the increasing intercourse with other peoples is bringing upon them—deterioration and ultimate extinction, unless rescued by the missionary and the teacher. An illustration of one of the worst of the evils of this contact with the civilized world is furnished, unconsciously it would seem, by Mr. Boden Kloss. Several times liquor was given to their visitors, notwithstanding its strict prohibition by the British authorities, and its effects are described in a would-be humorous manner. After a carousal at a village over rum which they had provided, and of which all—men, women, and children—apparently, partook, the headman "received the finishing touch from the rum, and, before we left, embraced Abbott with fervent gratitude: 'You good man, I love you; you make us all nice and drunk. Oh, I feel so nice!'" (p. 88). In the light of this incident it is not surprising to learn that a catechist on a neighboring island, after five years' work, had "not succeeded in converting any of his adult neighbors to Christianity."

An interesting account is given of Port Blair, the English convict settlement on one of the Andamans, and of the methods employed to educate and elevate the 12,000 prisoners. A reasonable degree of success is reached, as is shown by the fact that the savings bank, "the largest local bank of the kind in India," has now over 2,300 open convict accounts, and that scores of reformed men are sent back to India every year. Dampier's entertaining narrative of his adventures on Great Nicobar in 1688 is given in full, and there is a detailed description of some of the customs of the islanders, including feasts, dances, burial rites, and wizardry. The most important contributions to science are to be found in the chapter on the fauna of the islands, and in the appendices, devoted to measurements of some of the natives, the principal flora, census tables, and trade articles and presents most in demand. Of these last, none have such value as plated spoons, forks, and soup-ladles, "in which the natives invest nearly all they obtain by the sale of their coconuts." They are suspended on a framework in the centre of the floor of their dwellings, "covered with alternate strips of red and white cotton, so that it seemed to be made of barber's poles." They are all destroyed at the death of their owner. More than a hundred reproductions of admirable photographs, mostly of the natives and their homes, lend not only an attractiveness, but an especial value to this work.

The Woman's Library. Volume I.—Education and Professions. Volume II.—Needlework. Edited by E. M. M. McKenna. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Woman's Library" is not a promising title for a series. A library is the last thing that should mark distinctions of sex. Indeed, it must always surprise the observer that the very women who are for identifying their interests with the interests of men should propagate "woman's buildings" and hammer on the phrase "woman's work." This century has almost reached the point of envisaging women as human beings, qualified or disqualified, like men, by their training or intelligence for the various branches of the world's work. It is the fault of the women if they persist in playing the amateur. Fortunately, this air of a successful experiment is more and more confined to the written records of the feminine advance. The woman who works is less apt to remind you how completely she has outclassed her grandmother. The woman who really advances her cause is she who, without advertising her feminine intuition, offers herself for special work on the non-sexual grounds of training and expert knowledge. Meanwhile, until she is in the majority, we have the "Woman's Library."

The first volume is decidedly mixed in its aims. At one moment you would take it for a practical guide to women about to enter certain professions; the next, you are landed in a purely æsthetic essay on "The Artistic Faculty." The first article, a review of the "Higher Education" by J. E. Hogarth, covers ground so well trodden that not a single new blade of fact can be made to grow in it. So it seems to the American mind. But these articles are written by and for Englishwomen, of whom very few go to college; moreover, it may not be time wasted to remind any English reader that education is not merely part of the routine of life, chiefly recorded in one's checkbook, but, like sport and commerce, actually has its problems. If Socrates could buttonhole the British parent in Piccadilly and demand his definition of a public school and why he sent his son to Eton, what fresh fields would flatter his sententious energies! He would have no such easy time with an American father, forearmed with several complete sets of theories and counter-queries.

Miss Hogarth's description of the sex-isolation and "perpetual girlhood" of the college-trained woman who in England becomes a schoolteacher, should suffice to warn off the boldest. It appears that even a college course does not quite obliterate the inherited English prejudice against "bluestockings." For here is Miss Hogarth suggesting that the college plays the part of the Catholic convent in relieving the domestic circle of its misfits. The convent was a more drastic remedy, but even four years of relief are better than nothing—"by the end of which time you will very likely find that they have solved the problem themselves, either by finding friends (possibly even a husband) more to their liking, or by deciding to enter a profession" (p. 41). A charming argument *ad parentes*, but not, we think, quite the right line for the promoters of a "Woman's Library." The article is well written, and in that respect contrasts with most of the others.

In her essay on the "Education of the Artistic Faculty," Mrs. Jopling devotes a mind not narrowed by education in the ordinary sense to the discussion of the origin of art, the advisability of learning to draw, and kindred topics. Beyond giving the Royal Academy regulations—which, by the way, still exclude women from the study of the nude—she gives very little practical information, but prefers to moralize to the tune of 170 pages, advising women to "drink deeply of the Perian [*sic*] well," to remember that "Orare est Ororare [*sic*]," "a motto which every artist ought to know by heart"; to send Christmas cards to hospitals. The artist should, above all, know how to boil an egg, while Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" may be taken as a safe guide for conduct. "Great, indeed, is Truth, and her power continues for ever," cries Mrs. Jopling. Her paper ends with a misquotation of Milton.

Mrs. Kendal's essay on "Theatrical Life" is short and much to the point. Its only aim is to deter the ambitious, and it begins and ends with advice to the amateur not to abandon her advantages for the uncertainties, or rather certain disadvantages, of the professional life. Mrs. Kendal, at any rate, sticks to her last; her statement that in London alone there are three thousand actresses always out of work half the year at least—the inevitable result of overcrowding—should for the aspiring amateur be worth a good many papers on "Art and the Mission of the Stage." "Not," says Mrs. Kendal of amateurs, "that I deceive myself for one moment with thinking I shall restrain *one*."

The woman who thinks that "Journalism" (whatever she may mean by that) is her true vocation, will find herself quite as urgently dissuaded by Miss Billington's essay, in its way as strong a deterrent as Mr. Henry James's recent story, 'The Papers.' The short practical papers on "Sanitary and Factory Inspection for Women" are really the most useful in the volume, since from them a woman may gather the necessary information as to training and the sort of work she will have to do. It is interesting to note that in Ireland women have an equal vote with men on all issues except the Parliamentary franchise. Their privileges in England and Scotland are much more restricted. In Edinburgh, however, a woman is at present chairman of the School Board. The difficulty about the public work of women is that they will not or cannot organize—a defect that is bound to handicap them in nearly all their enterprises.

The second volume of the series (to be followed by four others) deals with embroidery, dressmaking, millinery, and knitting. Few people know that there are in England thirteen regular schools of millinery, having rigidly prescribed courses and examinations; in some cases even residence houses are provided. This is an encouraging sign in a country where the technical education of women is terribly neglected. The paper on "Millinery," by Miss Clare Hill, is meant for the guidance of the hard-working milliner—the girl who pays a three-guinea premium and gives her services in a workroom for two or three years. It

is admirably practical, but will this six-shilling volume ever reach the struggling milliner? The article on dressmaking should be useful to the amateur, at least while the present fashions hold.

These volumes are attractively got up, and rather expensive. There is no preface to indicate their aim, and no method can be detected in their appeal to women. They are partly a record, partly a hand-book, in the main poorly expressed; for whom they are intended is not always clear. The chief impression that they leave is of the terrible overcrowding of all the trades and professions that are open to Englishwomen. That is the aspect on which for her own field every writer insists. Do not go into the medical profession unless you have private means; teachers are a drug on the market; actresses in crowds are out of work; scores of applicants besiege every possible opening in journalism. It is a depressing picture, and we hope that a future volume will offer some solution. A really practical set of articles on Emigration is what is wanted. All the energies of Englishwomen who devote themselves to the advancement of their sex should, we are convinced, be directed into this channel. It is an astonishing thing, and not encouraging for their future, that women in England are content to remain a superfluity. It looks as though nothing short of an immense exodus of women of the middle and lower classes would save the situation; and of that we see little prospect.

Biblia Cabalistica, or the Cabalistic Bible. By the Rev. Walter Begley. London: David Nutt. 1903.

The Cabala, whether as a huge mass of written and printed matter or as a parti-colored system aiming to expound Biblical mysteries, has been to the general world something weird, dubious, undefined, and probably beyond bounds of human comprehension or profit. Yet many students, to our own time, have attacked it with hopeful zeal, though some of them must have found the text easier than the commentary. One of this "somewhat eccentric band of bibliophiles," the Rev. Walter Begley, author of a previous 'Biblia Anagrammatica,' now offers enlightenment as to the various numerical cabalas and the ways in which they have been applied to the Scriptures. The subject is even darker than one might suppose, for there are (in the large sense, and to put it mildly) two cabalas instead of one. The old one is "mainly Hebrew, and occasionally Greek," and was in full tide from B. C. 100 to A. D. 300. The other, with which Mr. Begley is chiefly concerned, and which he thinks scarcely one person in a hundred has heard of, is Latin, and exists in two forms of independent origins and different methods of counting; one arose in Germany about 1530 or later, the other in Italy, near Piacenza, in 1621. These have had variations, and all have been used by Christians and applied to both Testaments.

To the hardened cynic all this is what the Gospel was to the Greeks; but Mr. Begley approaches his topic in another temper. Like Jean Valjean, he has two wallets, severally enclosing faith and the scientific spirit. He writes chiefly "for lovers and collectors of literary curiosities," and plumes himself on the fact that his sources are very rare, and mostly "not in the British Museum, or Bodleian, or any English library that I know of." On some points he keeps a mind as open as that of Mr. Balfour concerning protection. Believers in hidden meanings may at times have gone too far, he says; some of their instances are "not very convincing." Thus, of Faulhaber's record (1632) of the apocalyptic numbers found on a fish or on "the horns, hoofs, and back" of a stag, he observes: "These marvels have always been received with marked attention by the uneducated vulgar, which I suppose accounts for their recurrence." Yet in the narrative of the marriage at Cana he finds "a cryptic statement of an esoteric character," conveying some deep inner truth; and among the varying interpretations of Abraham's 318 circumcised servants, as indicating the 318 bishops of Nicæa, or the steward Eliezer (the letters of whose name by gematria add up 318), or Unica Crucis Figura, he prefers as "most likely" that of the Epistle of Barnabas, *i. e.*, 10 and 18 stand for the first Greek letters of the name Jesus, while 300 stands for T, the figure of his cross. Here, apparently, the wallet of faith was drawn upon rather than that of science.

The craving for mysteries, for something outside the merely known and rational, lies deep enough in humanity to have withstood all assaults thus far. It is common to orthodox devotees and Christian Scientists. After denying all the Bible miracles, Abner Kneeland spent all he could raise in a search for pirate gold revealed to a child through a glass of Hudson River water. Other theologians besides Bishop Wordsworth believe in "the symbolical meaning of numbers in Holy Scripture." But what meaning? The labor spent in guessing at that might have carved innumerable vessels and palaces out of cherry-stones, and engraved many Declarations of Independence on discs an inch wide. And why not, if there be time to burn, no pressing duties, and no turn for practicality? As one of the modern cabalists said, he had spent time worse in his days of sin. To this temper it was of course that primitive Christians were initiates, "with mysterious knowledge carefully conveyed and concealed"; that agnosticism was an inevitable appurtenance to Christianity, if not an essential part of it; that Moses on the Mount had received a secret revelation to supplement the published one; and that evangelists and apostles meant something other and more important than what they wrote. If this were so, no labor could be wasted in delving for the hid treasure. And on a lower plane, it was, perhaps, not more unwise to search for latent meanings in the sacred writings than for the allegory in Shakspere's sonnets, or for traces of Baconian authorship in the plays.

The theory was pretty enough, but the practice soon became confusion worse confounded. The Italians used a simple notation, counting the letters of the alphabet as 1 to 22; but the older or ordinary cabala advanced by tens from K to T, and thence by hundreds, valuing U as 200 and Z as 500. On these beginnings innovators might improve at will. Henning's 'Cabbalologia,' 1682, gives examples "in triangular, square, pentagonal, heptagonal, octagonal, enneagonal, and decagonal numbers." Add to this that four languages (and why not more?) were employed, the varying letters and words of Latin and German versions apparently giving as good a clue to the divine intent as those of the originals, and the stalwart hopefulness of these explorers of infinite heights and depths looms out large. Judged by Mr. Begley's samples, the learning of the seventeenth century appears on a par with that of the thirteenth, and as profitably applied as in the pulpit inquiry into the botanic origin of the club wherewith Cain killed Abel. Here is one of the least abstruse, which would detect a prophetic reference in Hebrew times to a worthy and popular Lutheran hymnist who died in 1737: The first and second verses of the Ninety-sixth Psalm (*Singet*, 540, etc.), being valued by letters and words, count up 8,097. Then take this summary of titles: "Herr Benjamin Schmolk, Pastor Primarius und Inspector der Evangelischen Kirchen und Schulen zu Schweidnitz." Tot that up, and it comes out just 8,097! Now this is truly remarkable—if only as a specimen product of

> "The miraculous, infinite mind of man,
> With its countless capabilities."

Altersklassen und Männerbünde: Eine Darstellung der Grundformen der Gesellschaft. Von Heinrich Schurtz. Berlin: Reimer. 1902. ix.+458.

The author of this volume is well known from his other ethnological publications, and ranks as one of the ablest and most suggestive writers of the newer school. The book grew out of a study of the "bachelors' houses" and "men's houses" found in various parts of the globe, particularly in the Indo-Pacific area, and is a valuable addition to the small stock of scientific works dealing with the sexual-social phenomena of primitive humanity. The four sections into which it is divided have to do with the following topics: The primitive constituents of society; age classes; the men's house; clubs and secret societies. The brief linguistic appendix (pages 439-452) weakens rather than enforces the author's argument.

The general thesis maintained by Dr. Schurtz is that the existence of "bachelors' houses" and "men's houses" is due to the exercise by the male members of primitive society of a special "social" (as contrasted with sexual) tendency characteristic of that sex. The two sexes differ in their social endowments; woman being notably more inclined to sexual, man more to social ties. Sexual and parental instincts are the roots of the social unions and combinations most characteristically feminine. Woman is the central and inspiring element of family life and of all that for which it has stood, and for which it still stands. Her social impulses require the presence and the foil of the other sex. It is paradoxical, but true, that woman is less social than man. In her fellows of her own sex she sees rather possible rivals in love than companions and equals in social activity. Women meet much less commonly on terms of perfect equality than do men, and the former are notoriously less just to individuals of their own sex than is the case with the latter. This common-sense justice, which men exercise, is a *sine qua non* of the existence of male societies; its absence in so many women accounts for, in part at least, the fact that real societies, not mere imitations of those already formed by men, are rare among women. Man alone seems to create

on a large scale societies from which the other sex is excluded, and in the development of which males are the only human factors. By this means sex rivalry is practically eliminated from the great affairs of men. This is possibly why it is so difficult nowadays for woman to enter some spheres of social and political activity; here the man turns out to be the real conservative. The designation, *e. g.*, of the Senate of the United States or the English House of Commons as a club has more in it than comes to the surface at first. Not only these, but many lesser institutions also, are "clubs," composed of men meeting together on an equal footing, and not devices for making the most of the great society of men and women, which higher object they must sometimes serve. Needless to say, there are often antagonisms between the artificial or secondary social institutions of men and the natural, primary, or sexual societies of women, and of women and men. The "moral sense" engendered by the family instinct, and that which is the product of the "social" instinct of men only, naturally come into collision. The source of much of the ethical dualism of modern public and private life is to be found in the various expressions of this antagonism.

The discussion of the separation of primitive society into age classes brings out many interesting facts which have their analogues in the society of to-day. Many primitive peoples allow the unmarried youths and maidens a sort of "free love," but, with rude justice, make indulgence in it no bar to marriage on the part of either sex; usually, too, the youth marries the particular maiden who has been the subject of his pleasure. Here a marked difference from the procedure of civilized people exists, for with them such action on the part of the female sex removes them from the list of desirable or even possible candidates for matrimony, while men have been in no such measure incapacitated. The history of men's houses, men's clubs, etc., reveals many such discriminations against the "weaker" sex. Lynch law and cognate phenomena in America have light shed upon them in the study of the secret societies of men given us in this book, although the matter is far from being exhaustively treated. Certain traits of our educational institutions of to-day suggest comparison with the associations of youth and unmarried persons, and with the men's clubs and secret societies. The more or less noticeable antagonism between the family and the public school is a case in point, for, in some respects, the latter represents the idea embodied in primitive times in the institutions under consideration. The collision between the morale of the family and that of the college is even more clearly suggestive of the same anterior facts. To the famous saying, *Cherchez la femme*, born of the detective spirit, may be added another, *L'homme seul est là*, expressive of the facts of masculine activity as revealed by sociological research.

A glance into Dr. Schurtz's book will benefit not only the specialist in the field of ethnology, but also the general reader and the average man. A translation (condensed here and amplified there) into English would be a deserved compliment. Since this review was written the news has been received of the regrettable death of Dr. Schurtz.

A History of Factory Legislation. By B. L. Hutchins and A. Harrison. Westminster: P. S. King & Co. 1903.

It is now a century since Sir Robert Peel brought in a bill known as the "Health and Morals of Apprentices Act," and thus began a movement for regulating industry that has spread through the civilized world. Peel said afterwards that he had no difficulty in having his bill passed, and the abuses at which it was directed were so scandalous as to admit of no defence. For, in effect, the parish officers had been selling pauper children into slavery, and the misery of their condition had come to be so widely known as to arouse general indignation. Peel's act, therefore, was intended to improve the administration of the Poor Law, although it was so drawn as to apply to all apprentices employed in factories.

Steam power, the use of which did not fairly begin until the early part of the nineteenth century, but increased very rapidly then, caused great changes in the condition of labor. It is probable that these conditions, on the whole, improved; long hours and unsanitary surroundings prevailed before factories were started. But these factories created, as we say, a great demand for labor, and children became a source of revenue instead of a burden to their parents. Hence, their natural protectors became their oppressors, and the Government was obliged to intervene in behalf of the rights of children in general, whether pauper apprentices or not. Naturally enough, this latter intervention aroused violent opposition. Many parents were exasperated at being deprived of the wages earned by their children; many employers resented the supposed loss of profits gained through these feeble assistants. It was not until 1819 that the employment of children under nine years of age was prohibited, and the hours of work for those under sixteen limited to twelve. At first the law applied only to cotton factories, but it was gradually extended to other departments of the textile industry. The age limit was somewhat raised, and the hours further shortened, while the administration of the law was gradually perfected.

The greatest change, so far as principle was involved, came in 1847. The act passed in that year forbade the employment of women as well as children between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M., with the allowance for meal times; this meant a ten-hours workday. It meant this for all factory hands, for it was well understood that when the women and young persons stopped work, the adult males could not continue. The act met with little opposition on its final passage, owing to the fact that trade was so depressed that few factories were able to work more than seven or eight hours a day. Fortunately, the repeal of the corn laws came at precisely this juncture, and so greatly improved the circumstances of both capitalists and laborers as to make the shorter hours of labor immaterial so far as production was concerned. This factor is commonly ignored in reviewing the factory legislation of England, and the authors of this history unfortunately follow the precedent.

It is still an open question whether, after all, men do not produce more in ten hours than in twelve, or in eight hours than in ten. Some of the disputants calculated that all the profit came in the last hour's work, the production during the previous hours only paying expenses. But as early as 1815 Robert Owen reduced hours from fourteen to twelve, including one and a quarter for meals, and employed no children under ten, with the result that his production was diminished by a mere trifle—a farthing in eighteen pence. He was convinced that it would probably after a time not be diminished at all. Robert Owen was far in advance of his age, but his conclusions were confirmed by the experience of many intelligent manufacturers, and the factory laws seem to have had much support among employers.

It is remarkable that the authors of this book do not perceive a repugnance in their arguments. They maintain that the Government should regulate the conditions of all work, whether in factories or homes, and even prescribe wages, on the ground that unregulated workmen will be used by employers as competitors with the regulated classes. In this way, it is contended, such employers get an unfair advantage. Their cost of production is lower, and their profits larger, so that they can command the market. This view is held so strongly by Mr. Sidney Webb, who furnishes an introduction to the book, as to lead him to declare that "the morass of sweating not only continues, but actually spreads." "The sweated trades remain, at the opening of the twentieth century, as free from any effective common rules as was the factory system at the beginning of the nineteenth." His belief is, apparently, that unless the conditions of all labor are to be prescribed by Government, it is hardly worth while to attempt any regulation. But to supervise all laborers would require so vast an army of inspectors that rulers shrink from the undertaking, while subjects might rebel at such interference with their liberties. The ideal of collectivism thus seems unattainable.

The repugnancy alluded to appears when we find it demonstrated by the facts here set forth, and recognized by these authors as true, that cheap labor is dear labor. No doubt the contrary doctrine is dinned in our ears in this country; but we understand the motives of the cry, and the superior productiveness of our industry has become notorious. It follows that the competition of the weak, dissolute, ignorant, underfed, and diseased laborers is not to be feared by their superiors. To show that industry is most productive in the regulated trades, and then to insist that this industry must be protected against the "sweated" trades is absurd. The latter contention points directly to tariff protection against "foreign pauper labor."

The real issue in the controversies over labor regulation in England has been frequently obscured, and is apparently not understood by the writers of this book. It is not a question of the gains of capital or the productiveness of labor; as Cobden said of free trade, it was not the pounds, shillings and pence that interested him. The

question is whether social improvement will go on more wholesomely and naturally under the influence of men's reason and conscience, or under the compulsion of their rulers. If it be true, as is here abundantly proved, that employers prosper more when their laborers are prosperous, it is certainly not self-evident that this truth would not be practically recognized unless the Legislature enacted it. The condition of the laboring classes in England is shown by recent investigations to be far from satisfactory, and we cannot assume that more factory laws are what is needed to improve it. Other causes also must be considered in explaining such improvement as has taken place.

This history is of value chiefly as showing the fluctuations of public opinion, and of the opinion of particular classes, as the successive laws were enacted. We cannot, however, join Mr. Webb in praising the impartiality of the authors: it is hard to learn from them the real case of the opponents of legislation, and they wax almost incoherent with contempt for the "blank and unfruitful individualism" of the very earnest women who pleaded for what they considered the rights of their sex. We are disappointed, also, in the account given of the progress of legislation. It is with great difficulty that the changes accomplished by each act can be made out, and there is no summary or other statement enabling us to learn what the law now is, how it is enforced, and at what expense, or to how many persons it applies. So strong is the bias of the authors that their work is to be regarded rather as a collectivist tract than a history, although it contains much valuable matter. An appendix by Mr. G. H. Wood, on the course of women's wages during the last century, is well worthy of study.

Out of the Past: Some Biographical Essays. By Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

These volumes consist of republished papers and addresses of unequal interest. The author's industry, learning, and experience are manifest throughout, and some of the matter is well worth preserving, especially the autobiographical "Recollections of the House of Commons, 1858-1881." This glance backward by a Liberal *emeritus* makes us feel the fitness of the title of the book. We are, indeed, dealing with a past world here, quite as much as we are in the essay on "Senior's Conversations"—a world which came to an end, however, only with the downfall of Gladstone less than a generation ago. The author speaks as an old man, no longer on the stage, whose political principles are in eclipse, but who still has principles and standards of belief and action. He speaks also not merely as a veteran in English politics, but with the cosmopolitan tone which Englishmen acquire who have had much to do with the Government of India. Driven into the Conservative ranks by the split over the Irish question, he found retirement instead of distinction confronting him at the end of his career, and, as he very honestly says, this "was a heavy price to pay." But it has made him more impartial and, we may add, more interesting.

In this address there are a good many striking points—*e. g.*, that unless the country really wants great changes, there must be a sort of paralysis in the party "of change and movement," and that Cobden's views about intervention have on the whole prevailed; the party in power in England for the time having come to drop the old lecturing and hectoring tone in foreign affairs, and to confine its attention generally to actual British interests rather than to doctrinaire or reactionary *Welt-Politik*. It is curiously true at the present moment that the attitude of all branches of the English Government to the United States is very like the attitude which Cobden would have approved, and this, although that Government is willing enough to be made the organ of a protectionist revival. Contrast the relations of the two governments today with what they were at the time of the *Trent* affair; the contrast marks a wonderful amelioration of the old insular Tory tone. The author respects Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, but not Disraeli's. The latter was neither a real Tory policy nor a genuine policy of any kind. It was a kind of sham Imperialism, just as Disraeli himself was a lifelong humbug.

A point is raised here which those who take a serious interest in questions of government will do well to ponder. The author says that no man ever obtained a real acquaintance with foreign affairs without spending a great deal of time abroad. Yet, if we go over the list of Englishmen who have played a spectacular part in Continental politics—Pitt, Palmerston, and Disraeli—we do not find that the influence they exerted was through study of or interest in foreign affairs at all. We might add to the list Chamberlain, who has inherited a good deal of the Disraeli glamour. The author is naïf on this subject. He is an honest rationalist, and forgets that mankind is, as he says on the next page, "a foolish creature." Statesmen of Lord Beaconsfield's calibre always bear this great truth in mind, and act upon it, too. To impute to the creature a constant rationality and rectitude is one of the common infirmities of noble minds. Philanthropists fall into it; politicians avoid it. Disraeli neither believed in man, nor did his followers really believe in him. One of them summed up the controversy as to the comparative merits of the two great rivals by saying, "Well, well, I prefer our scoundrel to your lunatic."

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Anarchist Constitution. San Francisco: The Radical Publishing Co. 50c.
Bagby, Albert M. "Miss Träumerei." New York: Published by the Author.
Bateson, Carlen. The Man in the Camlet Cloak. Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.
Bigelow, Mrs. Poultney. The Middle Course. The Smart Set Publishing Co. $1.50.
Bonar, James. Elements of Political Economy. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Burgess, William. The Bible in Shakspere. Winona Lake, Ind.: The Winona Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Burgoyne, Alan H. Submarine Navigation Past and Present. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. $10 net.
Burkett, Stevens, and Hill. Agriculture for Beginners. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Cartwright, Julia. Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan. New ed. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 3s. net.
Chamberlain, Arthur B. Thomas Gainsborough. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 75c. net.
Créhange, André. Le Gaz à Paris. Bibliothèque Socialiste, No. 17. Paris: Georges Bellais. 50 centimes.
Des Voeux, Sir G. William. My Colonial Service. 2 vols. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 24s. net.
Dickens, Charles. Reprinted Pieces, etc. 1s. 6d. net; Dombey and Son, 2s. net; David Copperfield, 2s. net. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Henry Frowde.
Dussand, René, and Macler, Frédéric. Mission dans les Régions Désertiques de la Syrie Moyenne. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
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Hervey, Arthur. French Music in the XIXth Century. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Jonson, Ben. The Alchemist. Edited by Charles M. Hathaway, jr. (Yale Studies in English.) Henry Holt & Co.
Leo XIII. Poems, Charades, Inscriptions. Translated by H. T. Henry. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.
Lubbock, A. Basil. Round the Horn before the Mast. New ed. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
McKenna, Ethel M. M. The Woman's Library. Vol. I., Education and Professions. Vol. II., Needlework. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net per vol.
McVickar, Henry G., and Collins, Percy. A Parish of Two. Boston: Lathrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Michelson, A. A. Light Waves and their Uses. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago.) Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2.00 net.
Murray, James A. H. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. R—Reactive (Volume VIII.). Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Naylor, James B. Under Mad Anthony's Banner. Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.
Osborn, Loran D. The Recovery and Restatement of the Gospel. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.
Patterson, Annie W. Schumann. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Schäfer, Dietrich. Die Deutsche Hanse. (Monographien zur Weltgeschichte.) Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 4 m.
Small, John K. Flora of the Southeastern United States. Published by the Author. $3.60.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Novels, Stories and Sketches. (Beacon Edition.) The Under Dog. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Stokoe, T. H. First Days and Early Letters of the Church. Part II. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 50c.
The New International Encyclopædia. Vol. XI. (Larrey-Maximianus II.). Dodd, Mead & Co.
Thompson, Helen B. The Mental Traits of Sex. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Travels of John Wryland. London: The International News Co.; Allentown, Pa.: The Equitable Publishing Co.
Walker, J. The Rhyming Dictionary. London: George Routledge & Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

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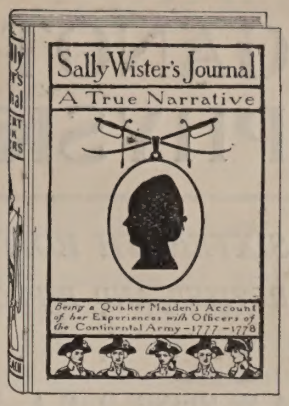
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903.

The Week.

As we anticipated, the prospect of an extra session of Congress in October dwindles under discussion. It is now rumored that even the Senate Finance Committee is unable to agree upon the terms of that currency bill which was so comfortably to be enacted into law before the regular session. This is saying nothing of the difficulty of getting Congress to assent. And they would reckon inexcusably ill who should leave out politics as certain to affect the chances of any important bill on the eve of the November elections. The whole scheme has, in fact, had from the first the air of being a kind of happy-thought statesmanship. Something ought to be done promptly to make the currency more responsive to the needs of trade; therefore, let us all agree that it will be done. But it was a wise philosopher who said that it is a common "solecism of power" to think to attain its end without employing the necessary means. In the case in hand, the means were obviously wanting. It would be impossible, as things are, to induce Western Republicans to agree to those speculative riders which the ingenious Senator Aldrich was proposing to fasten upon the currency bill. With those cut away, his interest was bound to flag, as it is confidently reported from Providence to-day that it has already done.

President Roosevelt must see by this time that there is no such thing as satisfying the Grand Army veterans. .He threw Commissioner Evans overboard, and gave them Mr. Ware, whom, to the alarm of that gentleman's friends, the Grand Army faintly praises. A Commissioner of Pensions who does not receive a certificate of character in the shape of condemnation by the annual encampment is much to be pitied. But the Grand Army is still insatiate. At the same time that, by implication, it censures the President for his treatment of Gen. Miles, it telegraphs him a request to endorse the service-pension scheme. We so call it, for the proposal to bestow a pension on every veteran sixty-two years of age practically amounts to that. No Republican President has yet yielded to that demand. Were Mr. Roosevelt to do so, the Grand Army would simply go on to exact something more, and even more preposterous.

Over-zealous friends of the President have been trying to explain away his action directing the Governing departments to employ union and non-union men impartially. Mr. Roosevelt has been in no such apologetic mood, for he now publishes the identical note addressed to the several departments. In it he calls attention to the finding of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, which judged "that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization"; and declares that it is "mere elementary decency to require that the Government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principles thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated." In this matter the President is on so firm ground that he need not fear the machinations of enemies who seek to put him in the light of an opponent of the labor unions. Naturally, he has taken his course with little parade, for it is probable that the cases of discrimination in favor of unionists are few and unimportant. It is the principle that is important, and the President has shown courage and statesmanship in refusing to let the unions hope for a moment that the nation will aid them in coercing unwilling workmen into the ranks of organized labor.

The conviction of Parks, the labor blackmailer, is a most salutary event. To the great advantage of the community, the jury took a large view of its duty. By its verdict, it stamps Parks not only as an extortioner but as a shameless perjurer. It holds him up to his fellows as a man who cannot be believed on oath. If the jury had placed the slightest credence in the testimony which Parks gave so unblushingly, it would have acquitted him. But the honest good sense of the jurymen was evidently affronted by the impudence with which he perjured himself, as they were plainly convinced that he did. This, then, is the man who has been taking the building trade of this city by the throat, opposing the plan of arbitration to which the majority of the unions was ready to assent, and plunging thousands of workingmen and their families into acute distress. A jury of his peers has pronounced him a forsworn criminal. The duty of organized labor in New York is plain. Unless it wishes to condone crime and to identify itself with the unlawful methods of a convicted swindler, it will disown him and all his works. The building trades unions now have an opportunity to rehabilitate themselves by repudiating Parks; but we do not believe they will embrace it.

Before Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department retires from the Cabinet, we trust that it will be made clear what he goes for. Is it to be on account of alleged frauds in the conduct of Indian affairs and the reported withholding of money received from the sale of public lands and intended for local improvements, or because there are factional squabbles among Missouri Republicans? The tone of an interview last week with R. C. Kerens of St. Louis leads to the conclusion that, so far as this eminent statesman is concerned, the accusations of maladministration charged to the Secretary are as nothing compared with the "good of the Republican party in Missouri." This Mr. Kerens thinks would be served by Mr. Hitchcock's retirement. The charges made against the Secretary, however, are of the most serious character, and require, as we have no doubt they are receiving, the closest scrutiny and investigation. The Secretary's answer, alleging that contracts for the public improvements in question were tainted with fraud and were therefore cancelled, should also be inquired into. What the exact situation in his Department is, it is extremely difficult to say. Were all the rumors afloat to be believed, there would be reason to foresee revelations at least as grave as those in the Postal Department. The arrest on Monday of the United States Marshal for the Indian Territory, Benjamin H. Colbert, lends a very serious color to many of the allegations. This official is accused of using his power for political purposes. Letting prisoners out of jail that they might vote was one of his pleasing pastimes; imprisoning Indians for not voting according to his wishes, another. This arrest may open the way to a general uncovering of the land ring which has sought to profit by the allotment system.

The official announcement that Governor Taft is to succeed Mr. Root as Secretary of War will be most unwelcome news in Manila. The Filipinos have come to regard Mr. Taft as their one safeguard against the conscienceless American adventurers who seek to exploit the islands without regard to the "niggers." The Americans who have heaped abuse upon Gov. Taft for his bold declaration that his administration was run primarily in the interest of the Filipinos, will greet the news with unconcealed joy. But one so devoted to his duty as Governor Taft can hardly have been prevailed upon to change the scene of his official activity except on the assurance that he will still largely control the destiny of the Philippines from Washington, that a worthy successor is at hand, and that his health demands

his return. How the army will accept the change of head remains to be seen. With Secretary Root the service will part most reluctantly.

We can fancy the disgust with which the "stand-patters" will receive the intelligence that they must prepare to do battle with a new demand for tariff revision, this one to be known as the "Minnesota idea." It does seem a pity to disturb them again so soon. They had just settled down comfortably after their tussle with the "Iowa idea." In that, we admit, they came off rather well. It would, in fact, take a microscope to discover what remained of the "Iowa idea" after they had done with it. Under the circumstances, they had a right to expect to be let alone for awhile. But here comes a disturber of the peace from Minnesota, a Republican State Senator who has the effrontery to discuss national affairs, and declares that Minnesota wants the duties lowered on lumber, steel, and other commodities. He also says that the West ought to force the issue upon the attention of the next National Republican Convention. All we can say about this State Senator is that he is evidently an upstart and no real Republican. Such talk as his is absolutely dangerous. Nobody knows what may come of it. Does he want to stab Prosperity in the back?

The negro business men assembled last week in convention at Nashville have surprised observers by the "sanity, business-like brevity, and common sense" which have distinguished their meetings. Southern listeners in particular could hardly credit the statements of the successes achieved by some of the delegates. But any Northern observer who makes a study of Southern conditions must be struck by the ignorance of many white men as to what their colored neighbors are doing. In some cases this is wilful blindness; in others it is due simply to the complete separation of the races. We have in mind a prominent Southern banker who last spring declared that the negro was good only for field work or for household service. Within a few blocks of his home there were several negroes who were doing a business of more than $10,000 a year, and one who took in $25,000 annually. One of the strongest banks in his city is conducted by colored men—but of this the white banker was totally ignorant. One of the purposes of the Negro Business League is to let the world know what its members are doing, as well as to encourage their race in toiling upward. The successful men are few in number as yet, but they increase year by year, and invariably win the respect of the better class of white men. Now, when the negro is spoken of as a race, the vision which rises before the average Southerner's eyes is of colored town-loafers or the ignorant and often animal-like plantation hands. Before long, we hope, the vision will include also the law-abiding, self-respecting, independent negro business man.

The Boston *Herald* calls attention to the freedom of opportunity in which the negroes of Cambridge, Mass., rejoice. The city bacteriologist is Dr. William C. Lane, a colored physician. Mr. William Henry Lewis, the Harvard football coach, is now Assistant District Attorney of the United States, after three terms in the City Council and one in the Legislature. Miss Maria L. Baldwin, the head of the Agassiz school since 1889, has six white teachers and several hundred white children under her. Horace J. Gray, a real estate broker, has been commander of Post 30, G. A. R., a white post, with hardly another negro in it. Clement G. Morgan, orator of his class at Harvard, has served five terms in the City Council and Board of Aldermen, and was barely defeated for a seat in the Legislature. The Rev. J. H. Duckery is the colored member of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library. As far back as 1870, a colored man, Patrick Henry Raymond, became chief of the Cambridge Fire Department, in which there was, at that time, no other man of color. A colored policeman has served for nineteen years without ever receiving a reprimand or punishment, and, in all, seven colored men have had seats in the City Council. To this must be added that the spirit of good citizenship is more keen in Cambridge than in most American cities.

Jefferson Sanders, a negro, on May second shot three policemen in a barroom row in this city. Two of the wounded men died. Sanders was promptly arrested and confined in a hospital and in the Tombs until Monday of last week, when his case was brought before the grand jury. That body spent two hours investigating the case and hearing witnesses, and then dismissed the complaint against Sanders. It was shown that he had been badly beaten by the policemen, and that he had drawn his revolver in self-defence only after one of the policemen, Sergeant Gilhooley, had drawn his. We cite this case in order that our foreign critics may know that a negro can still obtain justice in certain portions of the United States. Had the shooting occurred almost anywhere in the South, or in Wilmington, or some cities of Indiana, Sanders would probably have been hunted down by a posse and shot at once because of his color. The Danville riots, it will be remembered, arose out of the shooting of a policeman by a negro, who was himself mortally wounded by his victim. The New York method of investigating such crimes in accordance with the judicial procedure prescribed by law, and without a display of racial prejudice, is the true American as well as the only civilized method.

The latest issue of the illustrated supplement of the *Tageblatt*, one of the most influential newspapers in Berlin, contains a picture of the lynching of a negro in one of the "small North American cities." In the crowd about the hanging negro are policemen and a multitude of small boys. The *Tageblatt* explains the picture in the following words: "The freest nation in the world is anything but the most tolerant, and when it has to do with the negro it is intolerant to the extent of the crassest injustice. The colored man, in the eyes of the full-blooded Yankee, is a second-class man, hardly as important as an animal, with which one would sympathize much sooner than with a negro. Woe to the negro who has aroused the anger of his fellow-citizens by a misdemeanor or a crime." In this case, the *Tageblatt* says, the jail is always stormed and the negro hung to the nearest tree with the connivance of the local authorities. Exaggerated as all this is, it is none the less the view which foreigners are rapidly coming to have of us. Our good name abroad depends upon our putting down lynching. Until then we can only reply to our foreign critics by citing to them the deeds of the sheriffs who defend their jails, or the heroic attitude of the Texas father who saved from the mob the negro who assaulted and probably fatally injured his daughter.

Denver's new charter, which has been framed by a non-partisan convention and will be submitted to the voters for acceptance or rejection on September 22, embodies the tendencies which have been apparent during recent years in municipal government, especially as regards the safeguarding of franchises and the centralization of responsibility. The city and county of Denver have now been made conterminous, and the Mayor's control over executive departments under the new charter will extend even to the appointment of the Sheriff. The only elective officers, in fact, are the Mayor, Treasurer, Auditor, and Assessor, besides the councilmen and judges. The charter-makers were warned by New York's experience against the bicameral municipal legislature. A unique provision is that which makes it possible for an elective officer to be removed by a petition of 30 per cent. of the vote cast for him. In respect to the granting of franchises, the proposed charter goes even farther than the Rush bill, which first gave Denver home rule. Not only can no franchise be granted until after it is submitted to popular vote, but the franchises so granted are still

subject to "amendment, alteration, and repeal" by the same authority. Corporation interests have promptly attacked this feature of the charter, although the Colorado Legislature has long had the same power of amending State grants. It may be, as some of the charter's defenders have suggested, that corporations find their interests cared for more tenderly by the Legislature than by the entire body of voters.

One effect of reform primary laws will be the exposure of actually corrupt methods for controlling nominations. These have unquestionably been in vogue more or less in every State of the Union, but as long as the primary remained exclusively a party affair, bribery and coercion were kept well under cover. Even under our own law, which in some respects is quite modern, no opposing inspectors are present at the primary, and the will of the machine leader can be accomplished practically without detection or publicity. But all is made plain when both sides are represented. Thus, in Maryland, where a contest is in progress under the new primary law for control of the Republican organization, the faction supporting Senator McComas and that which is favorable to Representative Mudd are loudly accusing each other of bribery; and in their case they have the specifications with which to prove it. No one familiar with Maryland politics will be surprised, or will doubt for a moment that substantially the same evil conditions existed under the old law, including the actual purchase of votes. But the exposure is unprecedented. This may be put down to the credit of the new law, and it is morally certain that as a result the evil must diminish from year to year.

For a man who a few weeks ago professed complete indifference to the Governorship nomination, Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland is conducting a pretty stirring campaign. In every Democratic county convention held recently in Ohio, the contest for delegates between John L. Zimmerman and Mayor Johnson has been of the fiercest character. In some of the counties where Zimmerman delegates were selected before Johnson came actively into the field, efforts are now being made by the Mayor's friends to have the conventions reconvene and other delegates chosen. In nearly every county where it has proved impossible to defeat Zimmerman, the basis for a contest has been carefully prepared by Johnson supporters. This not only will permit the unseating of Zimmerman delegates, but may give the Johnson faction control of the Committee on Credentials, since, under the rule, no county where there is a contest may have a representative on this committee. These methods did not originate with Mayor Johnson, but it is somewhat surprising to find him making use of them to secure a nomination which he had declared he would accept only if tendered in such a way that he should deem it his duty to obey the imperious and united voice of his party.

At least one "Chamberlain Leaflet" has floated across the Atlantic. It is called "A Lesson from America," and aims at proving from the experience of the United States that England ought to abandon free trade. The method employed is that of the rawest stump-speaker. It takes a few statistics, on the "before-and-after" plan of the patent-medicine advertisements, and parades them, all crude and bleeding as they are, as if they were proof. Thus, the fact that a million more men were employed in manufacturing industries in 1900 than in 1890, is attributed entirely to our protective tariff, as is also the increased production of iron and steel, etc. No analysis, no comparisons, no allusion to the fact that similar if not greater progress was seen in this expanding country under the so-called free-trade tariff of 1846, no reference whatever to our vast system of internal free trade and our rich territory to be developed—nothing but just an unmeaning array of figures. In this country such reasoning has fallen into deserved contempt. Our most ignorant voters cannot any longer be tricked by it. We think too well of British workmen to imagine that they can be taken in by such transparent fallacies.

With Lord Salisbury passes the last of the great aristocratic Prime Ministers. Born an aristocrat, he never wavered in his belief in the right of his class to rule. On one occasion, indeed, he defended the House of Lords with an argument which Gladstone, in his most casuistical moments, might have envied him: he said that it was an ideal Upper House, precisely because its members were generally absent, frequently timid, and universally retroactive. Unquestionably his innate aristocracy was greatly reinforced and deepened by his dislike of the older liberalism and by his distrust of modern tendencies. It thus has very interesting analogies to the neo-Catholicism of the Puseyites or to the pre-Raphaelitism of Holman Hunt. Lord Salisbury was eminently of the "Victorian age." Indeed, many of his personal characteristics and prejudices were precisely those of his sovereign. One can but marvel at the fortune which made Gladstone the life-long antagonist, and Chamberlain the ultimate ally, of Lord Salisbury. For, if the impetuosity and popular qualities of Gladstone were profoundly antipathetic to the Tory leader, there was between them a real tie in character and in scholarly tastes. At some future time diaries and reminiscences may tell us what it cost Lord Salisbury in his personal pride to buy the Liberal Unionists at the cost of a portfolio to Chamberlain; but already it appears that no compromise, among his many, was paid for so tragically. The great Foreign Secretary of his time was to end a brilliant series of diplomatic successes by shouldering the responsibility for Mr. Chamberlain's reckless and disastrous negotiations with the Transvaal.

In view of the uneasiness created some three weeks ago by the rumor that the German Government contemplated an army increase of 9,000 men, the news that it is actually planning for 39,000 more troops was bound to have a depressing effect upon the public mind, as well as upon the Boerse. This may be looked upon as the Emperor's defiance of the Social Democrats. There is no stronger plank in that party's platform than the one denouncing militarism. Its leaders have never failed to recognize and point out the evil influence the standing army has upon the industrial, social, and moral welfare of the nation. At the last elections nearly one million citizens joined their party, which polled far more votes than any other, and now numbers a full three millions. Yet the Government is willing to go right on with its policy of enlarging the army, although quite aware that the new demand will precipitate a very bitter fight in the Reichstag, likely to overshadow all other issues. As for the reasons offered by the General Staff for this increase, they are of the flimsiest. It can get the men, and therefore it ought to have them. Even with them the army will be but one-half of Russia's. But when the Emperor's army is half the Czar's, it will be found necessary to have it at least three-quarters of the size of the Russian hosts. This game can be played indefinitely—until an overburdened people revolts.

Fighting is reported from widely scattered regions of European Turkey. Along the line from Uskub, in old Servia, to Salonica, on the Aegean, several collisions between the troops and revolutionists have taken place, while the news of burning villages on the Black Sea indicates that the presence of the Russian squadron has either incited the revolutionists to action or the Turks to outrage. Caught between pressure from abroad and increasing disorder at home, the Porte has naturally granted the demands of Russia for satisfaction for the killing of a consul. This specific demand is accompanied by stipulations for the reform of Turkish administration of Albania and Macedonia, and it is most unlikely that Russia will in this matter accept mere assurances.

THE PARTY BUGABOO.

The cry that a wicked Republican conspiracy lurks behind the proposed renomination of Mayor Low, is finding some echoes. A good deal of feigned and perhaps a very little genuine alarm exists about the alleged Roosevelt-Odell-Platt plot. This is, to pose as non-partisan Fusionists for the Mayoralty campaign alone, and then, in a Presidential year, to throw off the mask and "seize" this city in the name of the Republican party. "Well, if it comes to that," some Democrats are saying, taken by the lure, "this is a Democratic city, and will not allow itself to be Republicanized by trickery. Let the Republicans join in nominating an independent Democrat as Mayor, and then perhaps we'll believe them sincere."

So here we are, if these men could have their way, plunged back again with our city elections into the partisan morass. The new Constitution of New York, carefully separating city from State and national elections, drew us out of it, or aimed at doing so, and great was the rejoicing. We were going to be able to set city issues sharply off by themselves. We were to be allowed to stand Tammany up by itself, in all its native ugliness, stripped of every rag of party disguise, and to permit the people to vote directly and solely upon the question of turning the city over to organized loot. But all this chapter of our history, with the long struggle to secure such happy electoral conditions in this metropolis, would now be coolly blotted out by the men who can see in the impending contest nothing but a manœuvre for party advantage. The crafty insincerity with which this partisan color is given the matter by the open or secret allies of Tammany, is obvious enough; but, as some well-meaning people are taken in by these schemers, it is worth while asking what the facts really are.

First and foremost stands the undeniable truth that Mr. Low has not been a Republican Mayor. He has been true to his pledges, and administered the affairs of the city in a non-partisan spirit. The mistakes he has made have not been the mistakes of a partisan. He has allowed no machine to dictate to him. Platt has openly lamented that he could "get nothing" from Mayor Low. Sheehan and Ridder have paraded their hurts in the way of patronage refused them. In other words, the Mayor has distinctly *not* used the offices during his first term in the way in which it is asserted he surely will in his second. He has not even allowed the Citizens' Union to control his use of the appointing power; and certain disappointed gentlemen in that organization are now, in consequence, filled with painful doubts concerning Mr. Low's eligibility.

The simple fact is that no one can dispute the assertion that Mr. Low has honestly lived up to the platform upon which he was elected. He has been a non-partisan Mayor. That he is a Republican in the politics of the State and the country is well known; but where is the evidence that his party affiliations have swayed him as Mayor of New York? The evidence is all the other way. It is said that he presided at one of Gov. Odell's campaign meetings. Now, we frankly say that we think a nicer delicacy on his part would have led him to refrain from taking so public a part in the State election; but it does not lie in the mouth of his newfound partisan critics to blame him for that. Their theory has been, or pretended to be, the same as his—namely, that a stout party man can yet be a non-partisan in city politics. It was upon that basis alone that we pleaded and labored for separate municipal elections. Now that we have got them and they have worked so well, are we going to insist upon wallowing again in the old mire? Have we got to let the city go to ruin simply because to keep it decent this year might possibly help some political party next year? Are Tammany burglars to be allowed to break into the City Hall again, using the old party prejudice as a jimmy? We had fondly hoped that we had outlived that folly.

But, it is reiterated with sinister emphasis, President Roosevelt is interested in Mayor Low's reëlection; so is Gov. Odell; and that proves the Republican conspiracy. Well, so is the entire press of the country interested. From Oregon to Florida, newspapers are intently watching to see whether New York is going to lurch back into the Tammany slough. What friend of good government can help being interested? According to these over-astute discoverers of a party plot, Messrs. Roosevelt and Odell should have relieved themselves of suspicion by coming out openly with the hope that Low would be beaten! But granting that these party leaders expect a certain advantage from the success of Fusion once more, in what can it consist? Plainly, in the continuance of good government, nothing more! Mayor Low in office next year would not lend himself to partisan intrigues any more than during the past two years. That is admitted. The independent Democrats who are so nervous about his renomination confess that he has been "honest." But do they not see what a terrible implication against their own party they tacitly make by their position? It is that Democratic party advantage can be won only by surrendering New York to Tammany. Throw the city to the wolves and then we may hope to elect a Democratic President; keep it clean and safe, and there is no hope for us! Call you that supporting your party?

It is difficult to discuss this absurd dragging out of the party bugaboo with patience. In so far as it is not a transparent trick, it is a foolish misconception. No national party can "seize" this city. It is entirely possible that Mayor Low may carry it next November by 30,000, and the Democrats by 75,000 in 1904. They did last year by 122,000, and what did Mayor Low do, what could he have done, to prevent them? There is a great body of independent voters in New York who can be neither hoodwinked nor coerced. What they are most anxious for just now is a chance to express themselves again on the naked question of an honest city government; and we are convinced that all these attempts to make this year's city campaign a "first gun" in next year's Presidential election, simply fill them with disgust—as they do all who have the city's welfare at heart.

CONTRACT LABOR IN HAWAII AND ELSEWHERE.

Under the auspices of the American Economic Association there has been published a 'History of Contract Labor in the Hawaiian Islands,' by Katharine Coman, Ph.D. It is an excellent example of a certain kind of so-called economic or historical writing to which the public is now treated, and which, when carrying the imprint of some society or association, often passes for a really scientific and authoritative utterance. The author of the pamphlet before us belongs to a naïve school of investigators. Her principal sources of information are "many of the men who have been directly responsible for the laws under which the industrial possibilities of the islands have been developed." "The student of this phase of Hawaiian history," Miss Coman says, "may therefore congratulate himself on securing the aid of living authorities so wise and so trustworthy." With the author's point of view and bias so clearly stated in the preface, it is not surprising to learn later that men who were instrumental in bringing in South Sea Islanders as contract laborers should not be judged by any outside opinion of their activities, "but by their own statements."

At the same time, the point of view from which this monograph is written lends a certain value to it. Here we have contract labor as set forth by its loving friends. No breath of criticism, no question as to its beneficial effects upon the social and political life of Hawaii, has found entrance to its pages. At this moment, therefore, when the cry for forced labor is heard in the Philippines and South Africa, and is even advocated for our Southern States by a prominent Brooklyn clergyman, it is worth more attention than its intrinsic value would warrant. Moreover, as Miss Coman explains, the experience of those Americans who undertook to exploit Hawaii

in the name of the Great Jehovah and the almighty dollar, is peculiar in that they enjoyed practically absolute immunity from any outside interference for seventy-five years.

"Within the cycle of a hundred years," Miss Coman states, "a primitive agricultural community has been transformed into a highly specialized industrial system, in which every capacity of land and people is subsidized for the promotion of a single product." In other words, everything in Hawaiian life has been subordinated to the needs of the sugar plantations and their owners. Under this kindly rule the native population has decreased from 142,000 to less than 30,000 of the pure native blood. By 1850 this disappearance of the Hawaiians was great enough to deplete the labor market, and there began the first of a long series of importations of South Sea Islanders, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Germans, Scandinavians, Italians, Galicians, Americans, and, lastly, Porto Ricans. But the appetite of the plantation owners was never satisfied for long, after the legalization of two forms of contract labor in 1850. Their chattels were bound for not more than ten years, the remuneration ranging from three dollars a month up; and one hundred and fifteen thousand laborers were actually imported between 1850 and 1897. The better class sought employment as artisans when freed, few Portuguese and Germans, for instance, reëngaging on the expiration of their contracts—plain proof that the status of an indentured laborer was no more tolerable to them than was the colonial system in Virginia to Englishmen who were practically sold into it in their fatherland. In the matter of the Chinese alone were the planters balked in their desires, and then only temporarily. In 1886, against their earnest protests, a rigid exclusion act was passed. As a sop to the sugar-growers there were imported some 3,000 Japanese coolies, but subsequently the Legislature permitted the admission of Chinese as agricultural laborers only, for a term not exceeding five years. If found in any other occupation, they were to be arrested and returned to China. No less than 20,000 Japanese came in during 1899.

The immediate effect of annexation to the United States was the legal prohibition of this contract labor. At once there were twenty strikes among the plantation laborers, whose ingratitude to their previous employers is thus manifest. Even if it be true, as Miss Coman alleges, that the penal enforcement of a labor contract is "inconsistent with the trend of modern labor legislation," the laborers should have recognized that, after all, their employers were actuated solely by the most humanitarian motives, and should have kindly refrained from thus expressing their dissatisfaction. How could society secure itself, Miss Coman asks, if the laborers had not been held to the plantations by labor obligations, and how otherwise could the laborer, "guiltless of property and in debt for his passage money, secure his master against breach of contract"? This was the proper reply to all charges of "man-stealing" and "slave-driving." But we must do our economist the justice to state that she reluctantly sees in the abolition of contract labor a sign of our progress towards a higher industrial order of affairs.

Contract labor is as much an anachronism at this stage of the world's progress as it was when John Stuart Mill wrote his 'Principles of Political Economy,' and declared against persons binding themselves by contract "to continue doing something for a prolonged period." Whether in the Philippines or in South Africa, behind contract labor proposals, with all their assurance of an increase of national wealth, there lie boundless greed and the readiness to sacrifice human beings to the desires of a few wealthy men or syndicates. An English writer in the *Fortnightly Review* admits that forced labor for individuals "savors of slavery," but he would have the State itself place all the young native South Africans in barracks to train them in habits of industry. Professor Jenks of Cornell would have contract Chinese laborers taken by the thousands to the Philippines. The game is the same, whether played in Hawaii, in South Africa, or in our own far Eastern islands. First rob the native of his land. Then, if he will not work as hard as you wish him to, import thousands of coolies, so that all the wealth possible may be garnered from his lands. In the process pay no attention to the rights either of natives or of the imported laborers. Consider them not as human beings with human rights, but merely as means to an end—to be contemptuously flung aside when your sugar crop is grown or your diamond mines exhausted.

SOCIETY'S RIGHT TO KNOW.

Mr. Justice Mayer of the Court of Special Sessions, before whom most of the proceedings of inquiry into the alleged derelictions of city officials have been instituted, has handed down a remarkably clear and convincing opinion dealing with the validity of the so-called "John Doe" investigations before magistrates. His decision is a vindication, so far as his authority extends, of the right of society to find out in its own way whether a crime has been committed, and, if so, who, without palpable injustice, may be formally accused of being its author.

Much that has been declaimed in public about alleged violation in these proceedings of the rights of accused persons, and the invasion of the personal prerogatives of individuals, is shown by the decision to be mere froth. "The law," says Justice Mayer, "has thrown about a person accused of crime safeguards at every point, so that persons shall neither be apprehended nor placed on trial except with caution and deliberation." Before a warrant may issue or an arrest take place, the magistrate must be satisfied that the crime complained of has been committed, and that there is reasonable ground to believe that the accused perpetrated it. One can be held for trial only if it appears on examination, in which the rules of evidence are adhered to and the accused may be represented by counsel, that there is sufficient cause to believe him guilty. If held for a felony, he cannot be tried until indicted by a grand jury. To all this the "John Doe" proceeding, so-called, is a mere preliminary. Though it is instituted only after what is known as a "criminal information," there really is no defendant. The machinery of the court has been set in motion, not to pass judgment upon anybody, not to convict anybody of a crime or to inflict punishment upon anybody, but merely to find out certain things which society for its protection is entitled to know.

That the secrecy of the mere preliminary inquiry has a double purpose, one phase of which is for the protection of the personal rights of an accused person, is made clear by Justice Mayer. These purposes, he says, are, "on the one hand, to prevent the defeat of justice by the flight of the accused, and, on the other, to protect the accused against wrongful accusation or apprehension." The importance of the latter has not escaped the attention of the lawmakers or of the criminal courts, though counsel for Mr. C. F. Murphy, on whose account the proceedings in question were instituted, appear completely to have ignored it. It is a fact, however, that the power of a magistrate to institute a secret inquiry is almost daily used for the protection of accused persons. In the heat of anger, or moved by baseless suspicion, men and women apply to magistrates for warrants of arrest. The justice has no means of knowing whether their stories are true or false, accurate or grossly exaggerated. If he refuses a warrant, some guilty person may escape; if he issues it, some one who is innocent may be branded as a supposed criminal. The magistrate accordingly neither refuses the warrant nor issues it. He sends for witnesses. He examines them without publicity. Nothing which they say can fix conviction upon the accused. It can merely meet the doubt in the magistrate's mind whether the crime has really been committed and whether the arrest of the right person is asked for.

Reduced to these simple terms, it is plain that no injustice is done the ac-

cused though he be absent and unrepresented by counsel. Were this form of procedure abolished, the alternative would be to arrest him on suspicion, at grave cost to him if he were innocent. There could be no third course, for it is unthinkable that society should content itself with punishing only those crimes which are committed without attempts at concealment. Such contentions as that allegations made only on "information and belief" are insufficient to confer jurisdiction upon the inquiring magistrate, or that the District Attorney's representative has no right to be present, are seen to be mere quibbles in the light of the analysis given by Justice Mayer. Anybody may be present who can aid the magistrate in answering the fundamental question which is before him, and anybody whose presence would retard that determination or render it useless when made, can properly be excluded. Society is merely exercising its right to know, a right which is necessarily paramount.

Of course it is not contended that this power of inquiry cannot be checked and restrained when it invades the substantial rights of individuals. For instance,, it is fundamental law that no person can be called upon to give testimony tending either to incriminate or degrade him. But this does not mean that a witness may refuse to answer questions aimed to bring out the guilt or innocence of his "friends" or his associates. "The privilege of withholding information in the possession of a witness, not implicating himself, and of which the public good demands the disclosure, can challenge no sympathy," said Judge Edmond, in the case of The People v. Hicks, in which this question was raised; "and, it seems to me, is entitled to no favor."

EDUCATION AND JOURNALISM.

In a discussion of the courses for students of journalism established a year or two ago at the University of Chicago, one of the noisy newspapers professed itself unable to see any need for such a school. What will it avail an intending newspaper man, it asked, to learn the history of Zanzibar or the internal politics of Korea? There were, in its opinion, only one or two journals for which such information had any value, and of these "no editors ever died." There was just sufficient truth in the statement to have made it worth considering by the authorities of Columbia before accepting the Pulitzer foundation for a school of journalism. What *are* the opportunities which will present themselves to the graduate when he seeks to make use of his newly acquired knowledge in the newspaper world?

He will find, first of all, that the profession bears in many of its aspects a growing resemblance to a trade. More and more men own newspapers in order to profit from them as they would by the sale of patent medicines or of boots and shoes. It is a commonplace that newspaper proprietors are far more concerned to-day with the sums which can be made out of their properties than with the opportunities they may have to enunciate political principles or to insist upon high ethical standards in our national life. The outgrowth of this business journalism is the "up-to-date" newspaper, as it calls itself, which cares as little for accurate and painstaking knowledge as it does for the feelings of the persons with whose misfortunes or notoriety it fills its pages.

Are the graduates of the Columbia school to be fitted for a life work of this kind? It might smack of ingratitude if they should not be, but manifestly they will not be if the university course is to set store by such things as decency, good taste, refinement, and high ideals. The ultimate aim of all education, and particularly of collegiate instruction, is the building up of character. If the Columbia school is successful in this respect, most of its graduates will prefer snow-shovelling to a service which knows little or nothing of conscience and truth-telling, which does not dare say that its soul is its own if the "business office" issues its orders, and which demands of its young men that they shall give pages of space to the latest prize fight, or to the most recent scandal among the ignorant rich. Your truly educated man will spurn offers from the blatant journals, or even from those outwardly respectable newspapers whose opinions are subordinated to their money-making purposes. He will ask with Lowell: "Why shall a man go down to live in his cellar, instead of mounting to those fair upper chambers which look towards the sunrise?"

"Such a school," writes a valued and experienced correspondent, speaking of the Pulitzer foundation, "to be really useful, should teach the opposite of everything that the *World* has been or now is." If it does so, its graduates will, of course, still find many positions suitable to their taste and inclinations. But these openings, if not declining in number, are certainly limited, and will continue to be unless public opinion cries out against those who pander to the basest tastes of the multitude. Instead of entering journalism for a life's work, they will go to the magazines, into publishing-houses, into Government positions—into anything where their training and knowledge of American political institutions will render them of value.

It might almost be said that it is the newspaper-reader who needs to go to school, and not the newspaper-maker. Let the reader but learn to discriminate between honest and upright newspapers and those that sell their opinions as they do their advertising space, and the uplifting of the profession will come quickly enough. For if newspapers create public opinion, they are also singularly sensitive and responsive to it. A general refusal to buy or advertise in a newspaper which persistently sins against good taste and decency, would do far more in a month to "tone up" our daily press than would the graduation of hundreds of "bachelors of journalism," unless some in each class had, in addition to high ideals, the large sums now necessary to found and conduct modern daily newspapers. Until graduates can be assured of prompt and congenial employment upon our daily press, it is absurdly optimistic to say that the creation of a single school insures the "uplifting of the profession" to the position now held by members of the bar or doctors of medicine.

Certainly, the period of transition through which journalism is now passing deserves more attention than it receives. Is the newspaper of the future to be solely a money-making affair or the organ of some wealthy man; or is the press to continue to hold a high position as the greatest safeguard of our American institutions and liberties? These and other questions confront all who would read the future by the past. There is much comfort to be found in the fact that men who have no purpose save to state the truth as it appears to them, are constantly embarking upon new if small ventures, that our technical press gains steadily in dignity and influence, and that our respectable dailies have little difficulty in maintaining themselves despite severe competition. Such papers do not need to recruit their forces from schools of journalism.

MARTINIQUE REVISITED.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20, 1903.

Not quite a month after the first anniversary of the destruction of Saint-Pierre, I again set foot on Martinique soil. A torrid sun was beating down upon the prairie-like *savane* of Fort-de-France, and the tall and richly umbered royal palms that shadow the statue of Josephine had already long begun to show the passing of the rainy season. This is the hot side of the island, and if a temperature of 86 or 87 degrees carries with it no particular terrors, and is not uncommonly high for a region that lies only four hundred miles from the mouth of the Orinoco, it is still something that warns, and compels consideration where an unusually high degree of humidity pervades the atmosphere. There were not many people about, and the city of 12,000 inhabitants showed its usual appearance of monotonous decay. Fort-de-France is perhaps as intensely uninteresting as Saint-Pierre was the reverse, and even now, when it has entirely replaced its fairer sister as the centre of population of the island, it does nothing to relieve itself of the air of weariness which is its chief characteristic. I found no change in the doings of its people since Sep-

tember. Newspaper politics were, as heretofore, running high, and the editorial columns of *L'Opinion* and *La Colonie* were waging the old "war of races." The volcano was still a part of the hourly food, and its workings were officially chronicled almost daily; but there seemed to be few who were more than passively interested in the extraordinary structure that it had developed—the gigantic obelisk of rock which transfixes the crater-cone, and, like a veritable Tower of Babel, towers over the summit of the mountain to a height of 800 feet and more. And, incredible though it may appear, there are still hundreds and thousands of the inhabitants who to this day have not visited Saint-Pierre.

The silent city remains much as it was at the time of my last visit, nine months before. A litttle more ash has accumulated here and there, and some of it has been taken off elsewhere; but the ruins are the same battered, crumbling walls, unchanged save that they have gained in color through the washing off of the ash-mud that plastered and cloaked their vertical sides. In a few places excavations were being made to recover "treasure" or to locate sites, but the prowlers among the dead were few, and what was recovered was in most cases insignificant. I turned over some rubble-masses beneath which "caked" and burnt papers were projecting, and found that I was dealing with a lesson in geology, and, strangely enough, with one that taught of volcanoes and volcanic phenomena. Several pages of manuscript, possibly escaped from the Lycée or the Communal College, covered with teachings of Vesuvius, Cotopaxi, and Etna (and of Pelée?). It may be that those papers were dictated by the impending storm of Pelée, but who can now tell? The fragment of one of the few books recovered from Saint-Pierre—whose precious brown pages I owe to a friend—deals likewise with volcanic phenomena. It is the 'L'Enfant du Vésuve,' supplemented with a very full account of the destruction of Pompeii, and with a carefully rendered translation of both of Pliny's letters.

One significant change has come over Saint-Pierre. It is no longer an absolute desert, for little colonies of ants and other insects are inhabiting the ruins, and the land-snail has come to live with them. Green creepers and many plants with bright flowers here and there hang about the battered masonry, and from some of the old gardens rise up stocks of the *chou caraïbien* and the banana. And even the few trees that have been left standing on the surrounding heights, and thought to be dead, have sprouted out new leaves, and give a new sunshine to the landscape. Well up on the volcanic slope, beyond the Roxelane, and quite to the Rivière des Pères, these signs of returning vegetation are apparent, and on one side of the Roxelane itself everything is green. But, after all, it is more the immediate foreground that gives these signs of resuscitation, for, farther beyond, and below the hanging volcanic cloud, the grays are as gray as ever, and the valley of the Rivière Blanche, choked with the immense amount of débris that has been thrown into it, is white like snow with the new ash that is periodically being swept over its course.

At Morne Rouge, which fell in the storm of August 30, not a house remained inhabited. The beautiful church under whose partially lifted roof good Père Mary had sought refuge for nearly his last hours, still stands with its foot in the ash. My attendant climbed into the belfry and tolled the bells that hung uninjured from the posts. It was the voice in the wilderness, for there were none to listen to it but ourselves. Perhaps far away on the hillsides, where specks of cottages appeared in the surrounding green, some may have recognized the beautiful resonant tones.

The exquisite woodland that, previous to August 30, bordered most of the road between here and Ajoupa-Bouillon, stood out now as ragged tree-trunks, spectres in the destroyed landscape, with naked arms and upturned roots, begging, as it were, from the new sunlight that surrounded them. Here and there the eye fell upon the returning fronds of the tree-fern and clumps of bamboo, on the melastome and broad-leaved heliconia; but they were merely visions of what had been before.

On June 13, in company with one of the officers of the French Scientific Commission, I made my fourth ascent of Pelée. The passing night promised everything. A few high clouds hovered about the blue and receding mornes that stretched off toward Carbet, but over the volcano itself there was nothing, and the great obelisk, its base fiery red with the molten lava that was being poured into it, stood out in bold relief against the green-blue western sky. We left our quarters early, so as to gain upon the clouds that viciously gather about the summit; but the clouds had preceded us, and already at the breakfast hour, by which time we had reached the former summit, everything was wrapt in cloud and mist, and little was visible beyond ourselves. We succeeded in steering a course across what had before been the basin of the Lac des Palmistes, and in a few minutes stood upon the edge of the great crater. Everything was gray within—not silent, however, for avalanches of rock were being precipitated and tumbled about in ruthless manner, and an occasional ominous roar told that the spirit of the mountain had not entirely departed. For the better part of six hours we vainly strove to penetrate the sea of cloud and fog that hung ahead of us. Each coming gust seemed to give us the chance for which we were waiting, but the rising crater-vapors kept the basin full, and even under a clear sky they allowed only "memories of a landscape" to escape. Although in no way unbearably hot, I found the crater rim uncomfortably warm and humid; it seemed to me more so than on my earlier visits. The actual temperature was only 85 degrees, however.

Shortly before two o'clock, the opportunity for which we had so impatiently waited seemed finally to have arrived. Clouds and vapors died down to one side, and the great tower, its crown hanging at a dizzy height above, began to unfold. Piece by piece was added to it—purple, brown, and gray—until at last it stood abreast of us virtually uncovered from base to summit. The spectacle was one of overwhelming grandeur, and one can hardly conceive of its terrorizing aspect. Nature's monument dedicated to the 30,000 dead who lay in the silent city below, it rises up a huge monolith, 830 feet above the newly constructed summit of the volcano, and 5,020 feet above the Caribbean surface. Nothing of this kind had ever been known to science before, and I felt—although not the first in the field to observe it—that my footsteps had been guided to an unknown world. None of the grandest scenes of nature which I had before seen—the Matterhorn, the Domes of the Yosemite, the colossus of Popocatepetl rising above the shoulders of Ixtaccihuatl, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—seemed to impress me as this one did; and I am certain, at this distance from the field of observation, that none was more sublime. More restful scenes there certainly are.

In its geological conception, the "Tower of Pelée" means the extrusion vertically of a mass of solid lava, which in its non-fluent condition has been forced out in this way by the volcanic stress reacting upon its base. The entire tower, 300-350 feet thick where its base is implanted, and with a height twice that of the Washington Monument in Washington, is still being pushed up bodily, and at a rate that is all but incredible. During four days of my residence at Vivé the rise, as determined by the French Scientific Commission, was twenty-one feet; and the rate of ascent was far greater still in the preceding month. On the side where the great obelisk has pressed hardest on the encasing rock, the surface is smoothed, almost polished, and shows parallel lines of grooving. The other sides are slaggy, and bear evidence, especially on the side directed to Saint Pierre, of recurrent periods or episodes of eruption. These have not yet ceased.

The great volcano of Martinique is now "plugged" or "corked." How long it will remain in this condition, or how soon it may pass through another paroxysm, the future alone can determine. For the present the mountain presents alike to the tourist and the scientist an object of supreme interest. ANGELO HEILPRIN.

POEMS AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

PARIS, August 10, 1903.

M. Gaston Paris, who died a few months ago, was a prominent member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres; he was also a member of the French Academy. He was preëminently a philologist, and in that capacity he belonged to nearly all the academies and universities of the world. His father, M. Paulin Paris, was a very distinguished man of letters, and the edition which he published (among other books) of the Memoirs of Tallemant des Réaux, has notes which rival the text itself in importance. It would require pages to give the titles of all the memoirs and articles published at different times and in a quantity of reviews and papers by M. Gaston Paris. He became a sort of centre for the serious devotees of literature; his last publication was a quarto volume entitled 'Poems and Legends of the Middle Ages'—the 'Chanson de Roland,' the 'Nibelungen,' 'Huon de Bordeaux,' 'Aucassin et Nicolette,' 'Tristan et Iseult,' 'Saint Josaphat,' 'Les Sept Infants de Lara.' The respective articles all have in common the study of the French poetry of the Middle Ages. "They have another bond," writes M. Gaston Paris, "in so far as they all consider French poetry in its relation to the poetry of other peoples and other times, and are essentially studies in com-

parative literature." In 'Huon de Bordeaux,' the author has drawn a parallel between French and German epic poetry; in another essay, he has proved the Germanic origin of Oberon, the king of fairyland; he has pointed out the Oriental origin of 'Aucassin et Nicolette,' which, as we know it, is so French in form and in spirit; he attributes a Celtic origin to the story of 'Tristan et Iseult,' which took new shape in England, France, and Germany successively, and has now been popularized by the magnificent music of Richard Wagner. He has shown the identity of Buddha with a saint very dear to the Middle Ages, Saint Jehoshaphat; he has likewise shown the French origin of the very Castilian legend, the 'Infants of Lara,' which in our time took on the stamp of French Romanticism under the pen of Victor Hugo.

The 'Chanson de Roland' is the finest and most truly national of our epic poems. It was altered and underwent a variety of fates when it emigrated, so to speak, to other countries, Spain, Italy, Germany. According to M. Gaston Paris, it holds the first rank among the numerous "chansons de geste" of the Middle Ages.

"It is the soul of feudal France as it existed in the eleventh century, which vivifies and inspires it. Every Christian knight might believe that he was himself the composer of those energetic verses in which he found all his own sentiments, ideas, life; and it is easy to understand that the Norman warriors at the battle of Hastings, at a moment so decisive for their chief and for themselves, felt their hearts full of the rude verses which sung the exploits of France, ready as they were themselves to conquer or to die, and had them on their lips."

The hero is the feudal baron. He belongs to a caste; he appears as a member of a peculiar social organization; he has no duties except to his lord, to the Church, to his companions in arms; he knows nothing of philanthropy. Warlike and feudal sentiments are the moving spirit of his life, and he conceives of religion only in its external and ceremonial aspects.

M. Gaston Paris considers the 'Nibelungen' inferior to the French national poem. "Like the Iliad," he says, "the 'Chanson de Roland' celebrates the great struggle of Europe against Asia; like the Iliad, it fosters and exalts the national sentiment." This character is wanting in the 'Nibelungen,' which is not national. Pagan in its primitive conception, it became Christian in the end, but religious sentiment has no place in it. The only really Germanic trait to be found in it is the absolute fidelity of the vassal to his lord. On the other hand, the German poem is more human; just because it is not national, it expresses more universal sentiments; women have a larger part in it; love, friendship, paternal affection, pacific scenes and feasts furnish more elements to the poem.

The existence of the French heroic poems of the Middle Ages was recognized only at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The eighteenth century was pretty ignorant of them, and we may say safely that if it had known them better, it would have treated them with contempt. I need give no other proof of this assertion than the success which Voltaire obtained when he ridiculed in his 'Pucelle' the heroic Joan of Arc, whom our age deservedly worships. It was only in 1829 that the first fragments of our poems of the Middle Ages were published. To do justice to the bibliophiles, who are often the initiators of important researches and studies, we owe to them the preservation and sometimes the discovery of many *chansons de geste* and poems. M. Gaston Paris enters into many details concerning the poem of 'Huon de Bordeaux,' one of the first published from the old manuscripts. Five thousand ten-syllable verses make us acquainted with the rash and impetuous but loyal, brave, and faithful Huon de Bordeaux, with Esclarmonde, who is very ardent and passionate as long as she is among the Saracens, but becomes pure and tender when converted to Christianity with Auberon, a type of many virtues, high-minded, just, indulgent. M. Gaston Paris studies the origin and history of this type of Auberon. A German poem, 'Ortnit,' of the thirteenth century, has often been compared to 'Huon de Bordeaux.' In it the king of dwarfs, Elberich or Alberich, plays a part somewhat similar to that of Auberon in 'Huon de Bordeaux.' The name Auberon (which was primitively Alberon) is but a variant of Alberich. The poem of 'Ortnit' belongs to a Germanic cycle, part of which was imitated from the French, and belongs to a series of stories from which it is inseparable ('Wolfdietrich,' 'Hugdietrich,' etc.). "In general," says M. Gaston Paris, "in cases of a well-established imitation, there are a hundred chances to one that the German has imitated the French. . . . The imitation of a German poem by a Frenchman would be almost unique." He concludes that 'Huon de Bordeaux' and 'Ortnit,' Elberich and Auberon, have a common origin. Both were inspired by a living tradition, by a common legend—very old, probably, since the two French and German poetical cycles have hardly any point of contact.

Many dramas have been inspired by certain episodes in 'Huon de Bordeaux.' In 1593 there was represented in London a piece which was probably made from a translation of the French prose version which had rapidly become popular. Everybody knows the part which Oberon plays in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but the character which Shakspere gives to the king of fairyland is quite foreign to the primitive character of Auberon; M. Gaston Paris thinks that Shakspere derived his inspiration from Spenser, though the latter only names Oberon, and that Titania is a creation of Spenser's.

The chapter on "Tristan et Iseult" is one of the best in the book. The legend is well known. Its origin is purely Celtic. Nothing is more obscure than the history of the insular Celts after the departure of the Roman legions and the German invasion of Great Britain. Nothing remains, historically speaking, of the long and perpetual struggle between the Britons, the Celts, the Saxons, the Scandinavians. But a great mark was left by this confused story on poetry. Tristan became known to all Europe along with Arthur.

"There is," says M. Gaston Paris, "no more astonishing phenomenon in the literary history of the world than this poetical conquest of Romanized and Germanic Europe by a little obscure and despised people, forced to cross the sea or to take refuge in a corner of its ancient domain, and yet imposing on its conquerors, or on nations to which its very name was unknown, its ideal, its heroes, the music which expressed its soul, and the dreams which had cheered its imagination and consoled its sorrow. This Celtic poetry not only charmed the Middle Ages; modern poetry is still penetrated by its spirit, and owes to it two of its essential elements—the spirit of adventure and love—that is to say, the two forms of supreme individuality and the absolute possession of another being."

An excessive part may at one time have been allowed the Celtic element in the creation of the modern intellectual and moral ideal; there has been a reaction, and great efforts have been made to reduce this influence. Some German critics went so far as to deny the Celtic origin of the legend of Tristan, and discovered for it a continental origin. M. Gaston Paris, though he is a Frenchman, does not accept this view; the names of the legend, the scenery, the geography seem to him conclusive. In the great drama of Tristan the sea plays its part, is always in view. It is at sea, between Ireland and Cornwall, that Isolde and Tristan drink the fatal beverage which is the cause of their passion and their death. "Who does not feel that these images are born in the soul of a maritime nation, whose tribes are disseminated on the shores of Cambria, of Cornwall, of Armorica, and to which the sea was a highroad constantly crossed? How can we suppose that such stories were invented by the French *conteurs* of the twelfth century, who did not know, even by name, before their introduction to the Breton poetry, the Gallic or Armorican shores of the Oceanic coast?" The background of Tristan and Isolde is not the Roman and Christian civilization of the twelfth century; it is a sort of strange barbarism. The men lead an almost savage life, in forests; the kings live in huts; the souls of the heroes are strangely impulsive. Their conception of love is peculiar—it is a love stronger than honor, stronger than blood, stronger than death; the lovers are tied to each other by a chain which nothing can break. Love has a fatal character which gives them superhuman joys and superhuman sufferings. The story of Tristan and Isolde goes back to the tenth century, at a time when the vikings were kings at Dublin, and when there were constant relations between Ireland, Cornwall, and Brittany.

Correspondence.

NOT MOTLEY, BUT JOHN M. FORBES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an article entitled "Taine and his Statue," in the *Nation* of August 13, I find the following:

"Posthumous recognition of great men ordinarily presents few difficulties. For even a prophet whom they do not like, men are usually willing to build a tomb when they are once assured that he is 'thoroughly dead,' as Motley horrified the Londoners by saying that he hoped Stonewall Jackson was."

I apprehend the writer of the article referred to is mistaken in attributing the above expression to J. L. Motley. At the time of Jackson's death (May, 1863), Mr. Motley was not in London, but in Vienna. The reference is, I take it, to a letter of the late John M. Forbes, written from London at that time. Mr. Forbes was in England, on a secret mission intrusted to

him by the Navy Department. The incident, told in his own words, is given by his daughter, Mrs. Hughes, in her 'Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes' (vol. 2, pp. 17-18). It was at a dinner party at Russell Scott's. The Union defeat at Chancellorsville, the news of which had just been received in England, of course largely absorbed attention, leading to "many chilly remarks as to the folly of protracting the useless struggle to save the Union." Mr. Forbes then goes on:

"In one of the pauses which all dinner parties experience, our host appealed to me for information as to the truth of the sad, heartrending rumor that the hero, Stonewall Jackson, had been killed by his own soldiers on the evening of the rebel attack, and at the most critical period of the whole battle. With a hesitating voice, under the boiling feelings which had been aroused by the sentimental stuff which had been uttered, I replied; 'I don't know or care a brass farthing whether Jackson was killed by his own men or ours, so long as he is thoroughly killed, and stands no longer in the way of that success upon which the fate of everybody and everything I care for depends!' Had a naked Indian in war paint, with tomahawk and scalping-knife, appeared at the dinner table, the expression of horror and dismay at my barbarous utterance could hardly have been greater; but, anyhow, we heard no more that evening about the wisdom of concession to the 'erring sisters' and their chivalrous heroes and lamented leaders."

C. F. A.

Boston, August 21, 1903.

Notes.

The new edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole, arranged and annotated and analytically indexed by Mrs. Paget Toynbee—illustrated, moreover, with numerous portraits and facsimiles—will begin to make its appearance in November with the first four of sixteen volumes (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). The accessions exceed 400 letters (100 hitherto unpublished), and there will be not a few rectifications of the text of those already printed. There will be three editions, one limited to 260 copies. After an interval (that is, not before 1906, for two years will be occupied in publication) the Letters of Madame du Deffand to Walpole will follow, under the same auspices. They have never been printed.

'London in the Time of the Stuarts,' by the late Walter Besant, is among the autumn announcements of Macmillan Co.

Harper & Brothers will publish 'Letters Home,' by William D. Howells; 'The Ambassadors,' by Henry James; 'The Heart of Hyacinth,' by Onoto Watanna; Maeterlinck's play, "Monna Vanna"; and the third volume of Poultney Bigelow's 'German Struggle for Liberty.'

A collection of sea-folk tales, 'The Strife of the Sea,' by T. Jenkins Hains, is in the press of the Baker & Taylor Company.

In preparation of a third edition of Baedeker's Guide to the United States, the editor, Mr. James F. Muirhead, is revisiting this country, and would be grateful for corrections or suggestions from users of former editions. He may be addressed in care of Messrs. Scribner.

Thomas E. Watson's 'Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson' is promised by D. Appleton & Co. for October 1.

Two daughters of the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe (Miss Maude Howe and Mrs. Florence Howe Hall) are to retell the story of Laura Bridgman in a volume bearing the imprint of Little, Brown & Co.

S. H. Wolfe has prepared, and the Insurance Press of this city will market, a work of 800 pages entitled 'Investment Directory: Insurance Companies, 1903,' being a description and classification of bonds and stocks held on January 1, 1903, by insurance companies transacting business in the United States.

The late Lord Acton's letters to Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) are to be brought out by George Allen in London and simultaneously in this country. The correspondence began in the seventies.

The Indian Government has decided to publish annually through the Royal Asiatic Society four volumes with historical documents pertaining to India. As reported by the *Athenæum*, the first two volumes will deal with the period antedating the advent of the English, and the next two with the British period. Rhys-Davids has charge of the former series. The first volume will treat of the geography of India with special reference to the data furnished by the Vedas.

Schwetschke & Son, Berlin, announce the publication of a new *Archiv für Reformationsgeschichte*, edited by Walter Friedensburg, and aiming chiefly to publish fresh documents on the Reformation period, especially data from sources not readily accessible. The editor was for many years connected with the Prussian Historical Institute in Rome, and has made a specialty of this literature.

The appearance of Julia Cartwright's 'Isabella d'Este' makes it opportune to revive the same writer's 'Beatrice d'Este,' which appeared in 1899 and was duly reviewed in these columns (London: Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.).

The Club for Colonial Reprints of Providence, R. I., has issued its first publication, viz., 'The Fourth Paper presented by Major Butler, with other papers edited and published by Roger Williams in London, 1652.' Only two copies of the original edition are known to be in existence, one in the John Carter Brown Library; one in the British Museum. The tract first became known to biographers of Williams in 1874, when J. Hammond Trumbull found a copy in a volume of seventeenth-century pamphlets which he purchased. This copy is the one now in the John Carter Brown Library. The present reprint is the only one that has ever been made, and is an exact reproduction of the original. It completes the reprints of the known tracts of Roger Williams. One hundred copies only are printed, on Van Gelder paper, with wide margins; well and attractively bound. Not the least interesting part of the publication are the introduction (pp. xxiii), and the notes (pp. 27-49), prepared by Mr. Clarence Saunders Brigham, the Librarian of the Rhode Island Historical Society. The Fourth Paper played a part in the effort to solve the problem how to secure religious liberty without undermining the power of the State. The introduction and notes call attention to the close relation existing between Puritans on both sides of the Atlantic in this effort.

The sixth volume of Mr. A. B. Hulbert's 'Historic Highways' (Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.) is entitled 'Boone's Wilderness Road.' Cumberland Gap, where now three States join, was Boone's selection for a crossing of the Alleghanies when, in 1775, he cut out an ancient Indian trail for the pioneers of Kentucky. Of this highway, so important in the settlement of the country and in the history of the West and of the nation, James Lane Allen has said: "It is impossible to come upon this road without pausing, or to write of it without a tribute." Mr. Hulbert's monograph touches upon the influence of topography in history, with special reference to the successive tides that have flowed through Cumberland Gap; and some interesting material relating to the early settlement of Kentucky is reproduced, including Filson's Map, 1784. No other map is given. Like its predecessors of the series, this volume is a welcome contribution to the history of exploration and settlement, and like them it shows haste and negligence in preparation. The variety of spellings of an important geographical name almost calls for Federal interference. The river which in New York is officially "Allegany," becomes, by crossing the line into Pennsylvania, "Allegheny," while in the writings of Roosevelt and others the mountains are the "Alleghanies." Mr. Hulbert, however, prefers to call them the "Alleghenies," and the spellings found for both river and mountains in the authors whom he quotes are as numerous as those of the name of Shakspere.

'Rabbits, Cats, and Cavies,' by the well-known English fancier, Mr. C. H. Lane (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a comprehensive manual for the breeder and exhibitor of all recognized varieties of the pet stock animals in question. Directions for rearing and mating, and details of feeding and housing, are fully and clearly set forth. The author has been a successful exhibitor, and illustrates the book with pictures of his winners. Readers who have any trace of the fancier in their nature will enjoy comparing these pictures with the standards of excellence given in the text. The subject of pedigrees and registration is not taken up—an omission that seems unfortunate in this day of careful breeding. One who is not familiar with the different kinds of rabbits, cats, and guinea pigs will be surprised to learn how many breeds there are and how much they differ from one another. Under the heading of rabbits, the food value of each variety is discussed; the Belgian hare receiving, of course, considerable attention. The book is concluded with a series of interesting anecdotes about pet animals.

Mr. John Whitelaw, jr.'s 'Surveying, as Practised by Civil Engineers and Surveyors' (D. Van Nostrand Co.) is a British manual. Our surveyors are accustomed to deem the British hopelessly behind the times; and there is some foundation for this judgment. This book, for example, says that the most precise method of determining the latitude *is* (not merely might be expected to be) by observations in the prime vertical, and never mentions the zenith-telescope. Yet the great difference in the conditions of the two countries accounts for some differences of practice. Thus, a plane-table (which, until of late years, was hardly known in England) loses much of its convenience where land is so precious that one has to work on such a scale that different points on the

plane-table are represented by sensibly different points on the map; and in a country where one is often surrounded by neighboring stone walls and hedges higher than the alidade telescope, the plane-table is hardly a practical instrument. This work has a chapter on "Surveys Abroad"; and we are all abroad in this country. We cannot say that the book will be of great value to young surveyors here. Older men may possibly find some hint or two in it that will prove useful.

The 'Elementary Applied Mechanics' of T. Alexander and A. W. Thomson (Macmillan) has barely escaped setting itself down as "an elementary treatise," which, in technological matters, is fast becoming the badge of whatever is ill-digested and heterogeneous. In the present case the appellation may be assumed to mean that the subject is taken up at the very beginning of it; that the calculus of variations and other equally abstruse mathematics are avoided, and that examples are given in the English style. It is confined to the statics of earthworks, linkwork structures, and blockwork. In no other sense is it distinctively elementary, but is a work of the highest value to the practical engineer, introducing solid improvements in the modes of solution of many problems. The authors are old scholars of Rankine, and the volume has a portrait of Rankine as its frontispiece; but why is it that Rankine's really great genius is not appreciated in Scotland? Is it that he was one of the authors of the mechanical theory of heat, so that to praise him unreservedly might sound like depreciation of Kelvin?

'Electricity as Applied to Mining,' by Arnold Lupton, G. D. Aspinall Parr, and Herbert Perkin (D. Van Nostrand Co.), is a work which a civil and mechanical engineer, an electrical engineer, and a mining engineer have put their heads together to produce, and has the appearance, upon such examination as we have been able to make of it, of inaugurating in a satisfactory manner a subject which no work in our language has hitherto treated; the very practice of lighting and working mines by electricity being itself one of the novelties of our generation.

The unparalleled growth of the manufactures of the United States from two hundred million dollars in 1810 to thirteen thousand millions in 1900 is traced, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August, by Mr. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. After showing the progress in each of the last five decades of the total value of the manufacturing interests, their relation to agriculture, distribution, etc., he treats of special branches such as iron and steel, coal, copper, and cotton. A comparison is instituted in most of these with France, Germany, and the United Kingdom, showing that in some instances the growth of this country has been equal to that of all combined. In railways, indeed, we exceed all Europe by 12 per cent. In 1850 Europe had fourteen thousand, this country nine thousand, miles of railway. In 1902 there were 179,000 miles in Europe and 200,000 in the United States. Among a great number of suggestive statements, one has a peculiar interest: "We are accustomed to think of the New England and Middle States as the chief seat of the manufacturing industries, and it is rather surprising to know that the centre of the manufacturing industries has steadily moved westward until it is now located in the State of Ohio. It is equally surprising to know that Ohio ranks first of all the States of the Union in the manufacture of carriages and wagons and of clay products, and second in agricultural implements and in iron and steel manufactures. Illinois holds first rank in the manufacture of agricultural implements, cars, bicycles, and distilled liquors, and second in men's clothing, furniture, musical instruments, soap, and candles. Wisconsin ranks first in lumber and timber production, Minnesota first in flour manufacturing, Missouri first in the manufacture of tobacco, Texas first in the manufacture of cottonseed-oil cake, Colorado first in lead, and California first in explosives, wines, and preserved fruits. The various manufacturing interests have extended far into the interior of the country, and in some cases across the entire continent." The whole subject is graphically illustrated by means of twenty-four diagrams.

Polar research is the principal feature of the *Geographical Journal* for July. Sir C. Markham summarizes the first year's work of the National Antarctic expedition, to which is appended the report of its commander, Capt. R. F. Scott. The exploration of the Parry archipelago is described by Capt. Otto Sverdrup, the head of the second Norwegian polar expedition in the *Fram*, with numerous illustrations and a sketch of the geological results. It is not too much to say that by this work, carried on for four and a quarter years, "the whole problem of Arctic geography has now been solved." Unlike the region about the south pole, an abundance of animal life, "especially musk oxen and smaller game, such as hares and ptarmigan, as well as foxes and wolves," was found in the newly discovered lands. But Capt. Sverdrup does not make mention of meeting any human beings, though "almost everywhere we discovered the remains of Eskimo habitations, winter houses built of stone and whalebone, as well as traces of tents, meat cellars, and fox-traps. These occurred upon almost every headland along the south and west coasts, and we also came across indications of human beings having visited the inner parts of the fjords." At one place, besides the usual Eskimo remains, there were two round towers built of stone.

The continued progress of Egypt under British rule is shown by the report upon its commerce, in the Consular Reports for August, by the late Consul-General, John G. Long. From the customs returns for the first quarter of the present year it appears that there has been an increase over the corresponding period of 1902 of five and a half million dollars, nearly two-thirds being in the exports. In these, cotton still holds the first rank, but next in importance is eggs, of which more than seventy-two millions were exported, nearly all to England. The trade with the United States, though still small, is increasing, the imports from this country having more than doubled, and the exports being nearly a third larger.

Attention may be called to the supplementary list of books from Township [School] Libraries, just issued at Madison, Wis., by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. It is accompanied by a price list.

The genealogical passion in Massachusetts secured from the last Legislature a Vital Records Act, under which, *e. g.*, in Essex County the Essex Institute is enabled to print the births, marriages, and deaths in the cities and towns of that county from the earliest period to the middle of the nineteenth century. The Institute will go beyond the town clerk's record, supplementing it from church books, family Bibles, and other private records, gravestones, etc. Three copyists are already at work on Marblehead and Manchester records.

The high-water mark in the attendance of women at the German universities is evidently of the past. The marked decrease that appeared in the report of the winter term of 1902-1903, when the total was 1,271 in the twenty-two German universities, has been followed by another step backward, the enrolment during the present summer term being only 850. The chief cause for this retrogression is the fact that the Prussian authorities have passed stringent enactments making it anything but an easy matter for foreign women to enter a university of the kingdom. This was done chiefly because the testimonials presented by these candidates, notably the graduates of Russian women's gymnasia, proved very unsatisfactory, and both the universities and the polytechnic schools were compelled to keep off an unwelcome contingent. The decrease in the women's attendance has accordingly been most marked in Prussia, where the female enrolment is only 529, as compared with more than 900 last semester. Kiel is the only Prussian university with an increase of women, viz., 14 to 17, while Greifswald now has not one. Quite naturally there has been an increase in the two Baden universities, as it is only there that women are admitted to matriculation and examinations. The contingent at Heidelberg has advanced from 42 to 92, and at Freiburg from 14 to 22. The singular phenomenon that, notwithstanding the fact that at these two institutions alone women enjoy equal advantages with the men, they do not flock there, is explainable by the very small percentage of women who purpose completing a course and taking a degree; what they want is to enjoy the instruction of the best professors, and these are usually found at the Prussian institutions.

—'Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced' is the title of a useful little "handbook of difficulties in English pronunciation," by William Henry P. Phyfe (Putnams). It is a revised and enlarged edition of an earlier work by the same author called 'Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced.' This is alarming, for many people lack a vocabulary of ten or even seven thousand words; and while it is creditable to the author's enterprise to have added three thousand to his list, the first impression upon the mind is, that the reader mispronounces most of the words which he uses. A further examination will, however, restore a little of his self-confidence, for he will find himself occasionally compelled to doubt the infallibility of his guide. For instance, Walker is quoted as saying that *de'corous* is as bad as would be *ca'norous* or *so'norous;* but in the same breath

the author gives it as allowable. This is at least puzzling; it would have been better to omit the citation from Walker, or to have omitted *de'corous*. But this is perhaps an oversight. In most cases the author is clear and does not err on the side of liberality. We notice some omissions. For instance, if Tuesday is not to be pronounced *Toosday*, nor duke *dook*, surely we should be warned against *constitootion* and *institootion* and *restitootion*, especially as among the three thousand additional words *institoot* is placed under the ban. Some of the words given are foreign. Here we note with pleasure that the author has discovered a mispronunciation or two that we should have put down as almost inconceivable if we had not ourselves heard it. *Bona fide* is so commonly used as to be almost English; we can support Mr. Phyfe as authority for the statement that there are those who actually make it so by treating *fide* as an English word of one syllable.

—'Beginnings of Rhetoric and Composition,' by Adams Sherman Hill (American Book Company), is designed chiefly for "pupils in secondary schools who are learning to express themselves with the pen." It is full of practical exercises, and, though a handbook for teachers, is at the same time an interesting and original treatise. It is divided into three parts: "Correct and Incorrect Forms of Expression," "Essentials of Composition," and "Qualities of Expression," and introduced by a chapter on "Good English Defined," in which the author attacks a difficulty that never has been and possibly never will be overcome to everybody's satisfaction. Good English is admittedly what we desire to use; but what is "good English"? The test, according to Mr. Hill, is *present, reputable*, and *national* use. But unfortunately in the case of English there are two equal, independent, and sovereign nations concerned, and hence we have a divided authority, and it is often impossible to say more than that you must use the locally sanctioned expressions. In other words, there are often two national usages, and the American who would speak good English in America must speak good American English and vice versa. Thus, an American who should habitually speak of *coals, maize, stopping* (teeth), *tinned* (food), *reel of cotton* (for spool of thread), *lift* (for elevator), etc., would be suspected of affectation. But after all, there are the *apices* of language; the real tests of good English lie in grammar and composition, not in isolated words; and, as to grammar and composition, as any one can see by looking through Mr. Hill's pages, there is no substantial difference between good English and good American usage.

—Under the title of 'More Money for the Public Schools' President Eliot republishes three addresses to teachers delivered in 1902 (Doubleday, Page & Co.). They make a small volume of less than 200 pages, but cover a wide field. The first address offers facts showing the inadequate pecuniary support given to the public-school system at present, and appeals to the public for more "because of the failures and shortcomings in American education." This is the least satisfactory of the three, because the connection between the amount of money expended on education and the "shortcomings" on which Mr. Eliot dwells is to most minds not very clear. The "shortcomings" are admitted vices of American society, drunkenness, gambling, a blackguard or "yellow" press, industrial disturbance, violence and oppression, laxity of the marriage tie, bad city government, bad police, etc. Mr. Eliot is an avowed optimist, and consequently the picture he draws here of shortcomings is all the more striking; but the doubt which suggests itself to the mind of the reader is how far a larger expenditure of money on the public schools will correct these evils. Mr. Eliot's theory seems to be that a perfect school system (for we must suppose that the chief end of the money is to perfect it) would result in turning out perfect citizens, and perfect citizens would, *ex vi termini*, neither abuse the right of divorce, nor beat and maim their fellows to make them go on strike, nor burn negroes at the stake, nor defy the law in any way. But in fact the development of such "shortcomings" has gone on *pari passu* with the development and endowment of our educational system. So far as the evils complained of come from a lax administration of the law, they are properly administrative and political, and it is a mistake, in our judgment, to cultivate the idea that larger expenditure of money on the schools will have any appreciable effect on them, for it diverts public attention from the only possible effective remedies of an immediate sort.

—The second essay, asking for more money for the public schools "because of the gains made in 'American education,'" is more successful. Here Mr. Eliot is certainly at home, and makes, as he also does in the third address, on "The Needs of American Public Schools," many important and striking points—*e. g.*, that a pension system is a crying need of our school system. Pensions after a certain term of service would cost something, but not so much, directly and indirectly, as the present system, or want of system, which involves the "not uncommon method of keeping enfeebled or aged teachers and even superannuated or partially disabled teachers, at work on their full salaries." Another reason for more money is the fact that it is absolutely required in order that the individual pupil shall receive the attention to which he is entitled. The number of pupils placed under the care of a single teacher in the different school systems of the United States varies from forty to sixty. "The higher number is monstrous, and the lower far too large." Twenty-five, Mr. Eliot thinks, ought to be the limit, and no one will think this overliberal. Another expensive but necessary improvement is "the introduction of selection among studies as early as ten years of age." Unless this is done, and done soon, the public schools will "cease to be resorted to by the children of well-to-do Americans." The private and endowed schools offer a choice of foreign languages as early as ten years of age and even earlier. The volume as a whole is an extremely interesting and valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

—The work of following up Gibbon which has been done in general by Professor Bury, is carried forward in the case of a particular incident by Mr. Edwin Pears 'The Destruction of the Greek Empire and the Story of the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks' (Longmans) has been written in the light of important materials which were unknown to Gibbon, and also with a desire of readjusting the point of view. Gibbon, in his account of the last struggle between Constantinople and its Moslem enemies, employed all the sources then known, but he had the misfortune to draw his information from authors who were bitterly hostile to the Byzantines. In 1439 the Greek representatives at the Council of Florence had made virtual submission to Rome, but their action was repudiated by the Greek Church at large. Thus the last fourteen years of the Eastern Empire witnessed a fierce feud between Greeks and Latins, which left its mark upon the historical literature of the age. Gibbon found in the hostile writings of the Latins enough to confirm his prejudice against the theological hair-splitting of the East. It is the function of Mr. Pears to give the debates over the Double Procession their proper place as a motive force. "When writing of this period," he says, "Gibbon did not realize that the religious question was nearly always a political one, and that union with Rome meant subjection to Rome. But unless it be realized how completely the citizens of Constantinople and the other great cities of the Empire were engrossed with semi-religious and semi-political questions, no true conception of the life of the Empire can be formed; these questions were of interest not merely to churchmen, but to all." Chief among the new documents which Mr. Pears employs are the diary of the Venetian Nicolò Barbaro, and the life of Mahomet by the Greek Critobulus. Of these the latter is perhaps the more interesting, although Barbaro's narrative of the siege bears marks of great honesty. Critobulus was a Greek who took service under Mahomet after the Turkish victory, and admitted freely the best qualities of the conquerors without losing his natural sympathy for his own people. While Barbaro and Critobulus are the most important of the new authorities, additional information is supplied by a large number of minor writings, and Mr. Pears has ample warrant for his volume. Like the works of Mordtmann and Millingen, it represents an original and thorough examination of all the contemporary accounts that are known to exist, and it is the first book in English which covers the ground with great fulness of detail. Mr. Pears has already become a recognized authority on the Fourth Crusade, and his residence at Constantinople supplies him with the local inspiration which is so valuable for an historical essay of this kind. Experts in historical terminology may be interested to know that Mr. Pears differs from Freeman and Professor Bury regarding the use of the term Eastern Roman Empire—at least in its application to the last days of the Byzantine régime. The state of which Constantinople was the capital had used a coinage with Greek inscriptions since the days of Heraclius, was the centre of a Greek church, and was known to the West as the Greek Empire. Hence Mr. Pears adopts this phrase in the title of his excellent monograph.

—From Lemcke & Buechner we receive the first two volumes of the new (sixth) edition of 'Meyer's Grosses Konversations-Lexikon' (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut). There is an irresistible tendency to enlargement in the periodic rewriting of

this standard work: the stock articles must be continued to date; new themes (like Appendicitis) claim a place; competition causes the illustrations to be multiplied. Under America, for example, there now appears a chronological table unknown to the fourth edition (the nearest to hand), showing the principal events in continental, interstate, and foreign relations, beginning with our Senate's assent to the House Chinese Exclusion Bill in July 3, 1884, and ending with the realization of the Cuban Republic last year; a handy conspectus. In general, the United States receives less attention than is desirable. The brief article on John Quincy Adams would have been scarcely made longer by mentioning his authorship of the "Monroe" Doctrine, and of that view of the war power over slavery which had so much weight with Lincoln in determining the emancipation proclamation. Nor would one suspect from the statement that the ex-President held an "independent" attitude in the House, that this was the most brilliant part of his career, and potent in the development of Northern resistance to slaveholding aggrandizement and aggression. Under Architecture we find named two leading technical journals in this country, but neither in the text nor in the illustrations is there any exemplification of our skill or our problems in the builder's art; no American statue enters into the pictorial muster from ancient times to Begas's Wilhelm I. (the curious parallel of Saint-Gaudens's Sherman). Of the illustrations, in number, variety, and excellence, accompanying A to Bismarck, we can speak only in praise. We mention a map of exploration in Central Asia, and portraits of the chief African explorers; several maps of the Dark Continent, a fine one of Egypt and Abyssinia; many plates of fauna and flora; plans of Antwerp and modern Athens; plates ethnological for Asia, Africa, and Australia, geological for the Alps; maps of Baden, Bavaria, and Belgium.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Charles James Fox: A Political Study. By J. L. Le B. Hammond. London: Methuen & Co. 1903.

What are we to think of Charles James Fox? This seems an odd question at this time of day, but it is raised by Mr. Hammond and possesses a certain interest.

Our author has no doubt whatever as to the proper answer to his inquiry. Fox is, in his eye, everything that is lovable, great, good, and wise; and any man who at any time opposed him, whether it were George III. or Pitt or Burke, will be found to be in the wrong. Mr. Hammond's book is, as he truly says, "in no sense a biography"; "it is an attempt to portray the great ideas Fox stood for, to vindicate the essential consistency of his career, and to appreciate the magnanimous inspirations he gave to politics." Mr. Hammond admits himself to be inspired by Trevelyan's 'Early Life of Charles James Fox' with "a sentiment which it is perhaps not an exaggeration to describe as a personal affection for the great Whig statesman." He comes forward, therefore, as a eulogist of his hero, and, let us add, as a eulogist who, as far as one can judge, possesses no special sources of information which were not open to any one else who has written on Fox's career, and were not well known to any one interested in the political history of England during Fox's lifetime.

If we ask why it is that Mr. Hammond has a "personal affection" for Fox, the answer lies ready to hand. Mr. Hammond, like Joseph Surface, or some one of Joseph Surface's admirers, "loves a man of sentiment"; and Fox, for good and bad, was, throughout life, the statesman of sentiment. The plain truth is that, even to bring out the best side of Fox's character, it would have been well if Mr. Hammond had placed a curb on his own personal affection, and tried to make a free use of whatever critical judgment he may possess. When readers are in substance told that a statesman whose whole career was, from one point, a lamentable failure, and whose faults were at least as conspicuous as his extraordinary talents, was (subject to a few youthful errors) the best and the wisest among the politicians of his day, it is a little difficult to do justice to the gifts and to the generous impulses of a man who, with all his faults, excited far more love among his followers than do most statesmen.

Let us put aside, however, the spirit of opposition almost inevitably engendered by Mr. Hammond's undiscriminating admiration, and, taking Fox as what he really was, namely, the statesman of sentiment, try to weigh his undoubted talents and virtues against his equally undoubted faults.

Even in considering the best side of Fox's character, it will be well to set aside one or two traits on which Fox's biographers dilate *ad nauseam*, but which have hardly any real bearing upon his statesmanship. What, for instance, does it matter that he was a good classical scholar, that he had a passion for Euripides, or that, when arrested (or on the point of being arrested) for debt, he consoled himself, though he hardly can thereby have given much comfort to his creditors, by reading Herodotus? It would have been much more to the purpose to show that he felt some regret for preëminently discreditable extravagance. Charles Surface was in so far a better man than Joseph Surface in that he was not a hypocrite; but, after all, Charles Surface was a very sorry sort of hero. Then, again, Fox's amiability and his personal charm (which was compatible, by the way, with a great deal of easy-going selfishness, or at least self-indulgence), though they account for the love of his friends, ought hardly to go for much when we try to measure his statesmanship. It were desirable that, at this time of day, critics should try to dismiss from their minds Fox's scholarship, his lovableness, and his wit, and fix their attention on the strong points of his statesmanship.

His strength, which was very real, lay in three qualities—the first two of them intellectual, the last moral. He was a consummate debater—the most skilful debater, it is probable, that the English Parliament has ever produced; he had also the capacity, always combined with genius for debate, for strenuous work and for mastering the details of business. These two intellectual gifts would have been of themselves enough to make Fox eminent among the men of his day. Yet it is not on his oratorical genius nor on his capacity for mastering intricate affairs that Fox's fame really rests. Such lasting reputation as he has is due to insight given by capacity for generous emotion. The well-known Roman Catholic lawyer, Charles Butler, has, in his reminiscences, left a comparison of Pitt and Fox, the sum of which is that, in nine questions out of ten, Pitt's judgment was right where Fox's judgment was wrong, but that the tenth question on which Fox was right was of more importance than all the other nine on which Pitt was right. This estimate is unduly favorable to Fox; still it has a real significance. It means that Fox's sentiment, his love of liberty, or his hatred of injustice, led him aright in cases where the far sounder judgment of Pitt, because it was accompanied by a certain coldness of nature, was at fault. It is on the generosity of Fox's sentiment and the insight or foresight acquired thereby, that a judicious eulogist must insist. Fox, it may be said, guided by the transcendent genius of Burke, denounced the folly and wickedness of the war with the insurgent colonies. Fox, again guided by Burke, was roused to indignation by the real or supposed iniquities of Hastings. Fox saw a very little way into the nature of the French Revolution, but his love of liberty made him sympathize with the French people in their struggle for freedom, and open his eyes to the likelihood, to which abler men than himself were blind, that a coalition which threatened the restoration of the *ancien régime* and the dismemberment of France would rouse the desperate resistance of French national feeling. He felt for the grievances of Roman Catholics and Dissenters; he perceived, at any rate more clearly than did Pitt, the dangers of a union enforced upon Ireland against the wishes of a large part of the Irish people—and here, too, it is possible, though not certain, that he was guided by sympathy with what we should now call the spirit of nationality. He was the friend of civil and religious freedom at a time when the love of freedom was in many men almost extinguished by their hatred of the enormities committed in the name of liberty. Fox was the statesman of sentiment, and in many respects his sentiment was generous and therefore partook of wisdom.

Never was there a man who more certainly than Fox displayed to the world the weak side of his good qualities. With his extraordinary oratorical powers, with his personal charm, with all his capacity for feeling and expressing generous emotions, he never, unless for a few months after the fall of Lord North, commanded the confidence of Englishmen; and the people of England were right in refusing to give him their trust.

His character was marred by two fatal defects—want of seriousness and lack of sound judgment. His superficiality or want of seriousness is a trait on which it is worth while to insist, because it lies at the bottom of half if not all of his practical errors. His admirers who boast his skill in debate, should remember that this rhetorical gift was displayed quite as strongly while he was parading as an out-and-out Tory in the Government of Lord North as when he was posing as the friend of liberty and threatening to bring Lord North to the scaffold. They should remember that the youthful Charles James Fox, as the unconverted Tory, bore a very strong resemblance to Charles James Fox the con-

verted Whig. His want of seriousness comes out at every turn. Lord North, at any rate, knew that the most violent invectives of Fox meant nothing. The leader of the Opposition had been pouring forth his scathing denunciations upon one of North's colleagues. When the debate was over, "I am glad, Charles," said his Lordship, "that you did not turn upon me to-night, you were in high feather." The compliment would have seemed to many men an insult; it meant, and Fox must have known it meant, that Fox's philippics were a rhetorical exercise, and had little more reality than has the declamation of undergraduates at a debating society.

Fox's want of self-control is illustrated by his incapacity to tear himself away from the gambling tables, where he lost not only his money but his character as a serious statesman. He seems hardly to have known what character meant; he never understood that Englishmen are governed in the long run by their morality, and therefore to the end of his life never saw why the coalition with North, whom Fox had denounced as the most incapable and infamous of Ministers, shocked the just moral sentiment of the public. Mr. Hammond, though his language is a little uncertain, apparently wishes on this matter to urge some kind of plea in arrest or in mitigation of judgment. If this be his intention, his labor is thrown away. Nothing but the production of new and unknown facts can avail to affect the verdict pronounced by men so little inclined to underrate the Whig statesman as Macaulay and Lecky. Fox has been found guilty of the grossest of political blunders, and the blunder originated in a want of seriousness. Even where Fox's kindliness and generosity might have kept him right, he falls a victim to the same fault. The Prince of Wales, by his own mendacity, led Fox to tell publicly an untruth, and an untruth which calumniated Mrs. Fitz-Herbert. Fox thought it enough to cut the Prince for a year. Fox sympathized with Grattan in resistance to the union of Ireland with England, but Fox did not feel it a duty to express his opposition in Parliament; but duty was one of those elementary ideas hardly intelligible to the lovable man of sentiment.

Here, however, we touch on that singular want of judgment which was not in reality want of sense nearly so much as the lack of a certain kind of morality. Fox's whole career was curiously influenced by personal feeling. A not unfounded dislike and distrust of George III. blinded him, as it did most of the Whigs, to the King's possession of political skill or cunning, and still more to the fact that the King's strength lay in his sharing the feeling of the nation. Fox, from personal feeling, never felt the contempt which every man of insight ought to have entertained for the Prince of Wales. He was certainly prepared to snatch power by the influence of the Prince as Regent, when he had ostentatiously made it his object to resist the influence of the King. His whole view of Parliament was, in a man who to Mr. Hammond represents Liberalism, almost grotesque. He began political life by urging on the House of Commons in the conflict with Wilkes, which was a conflict in reality with the nation. In 1783 he denied the Crown's right of dissolving Parliament, and, in denouncing a "penal dissolution," denied that right of an appeal to the electors which is the very basis of our modern Constitutionalism. A Whig might drink occasionally to the sovereignty of the people, but the Whig creed, as entertained by Fox, was summed up in the sovereignty of the House of Commons. His childish notion, connected with family prejudices, that Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act was a violation of natural rights; and his conviction that the taking of the Bastille, stained as it was with cruelty and treachery, was the greatest and best event in the world's history, are queer instances of the triumph of sentimentalism over common sense and statesmanlike insight. But Fox's utter absence of sound judgment is most seen in such a deficient feeling of decent patriotism as to lead him constantly to offend every Englishman's love of England. Referring to the defeat of the Duke of Brunswick by the French, Fox wrote: "No public event, not excepting Saratoga and Yorktown, ever gave me so much delight." These expressions may possibly be excused on the plea that an Englishman in England had a right to sympathize with one party to a civil war carried on between Englishmen in America; but in 1801 he went a step further:

> "The truth is," he writes, "I am gone something further in hate to the English Government than perhaps you and the rest of my friends are, and certainly further than can with prudence be avowed. The triumph of the French Government over the English does, in fact, afford me a degree of pleasure which it is very difficult to disguise."

On this Mr. Hammond: "It is rather hard to erect the fugitive pleasure Fox took in the mortification of that party [to which he was opposed] into a serious and solemn impeachment of his patriotism." Such a plea is futile; it admits the truth of the charge that Fox exulted in the triumph of France over England because it involved the discredit of the Tories. Partisanship had extinguished patriotism.

MACDONALD'S MUSLIM THEOLOGY.

Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory. By Duncan B. Macdonald, Professor of Semitic Languages in Hartford Theological Seminary. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. xii, 386.

This is a capital essay in a difficult field. It is one of a series of popular handbooks of Semitic science ("The Semitic Series," edited by Professor Craig, of the University of Michigan), and aims to provide a brief introduction to Mohammedan law, theology, and theory of the state, not only for the student, but also for the serious reading public generally. Obviously, the task of combining the qualities of a semi-popular treatise with those of a text-book for special students is here no easy one, and Professor Macdonald deserves corresponding credit for the measure of success which he has achieved. The book is, as its author justly claims, a pioneer of its kind, as a readable compendium of this somewhat remote material; it is also the work of a thorough scholar in the field, who has delved independently in the original sources, and can speak with authority.

The subject-matter is treated in three divisions. First, a sketch of Mohammedan constitutional history is given, tracing the development of the theory of the state, in its main ramifications, from the death of Mohammed down to the present time. This occupies about sixty pages. Then follows a similar panoramic view, in outline, of the growth of Muslim law, occupying fifty pages. Lastly, the theological development is traced, and of course much more fully treated (168 pages). The disadvantages of such a disposition of the material are obvious. Since very much the same actors appear in each of the three departments, a good deal of repetition is unavoidable; while, on the other hand, it constantly happens that material which would help to an understanding of the growth of constitutional or legal theory must needs be reserved for the section treating of theology, or *vice versa*. It may be doubted, however, whether the difficulty could well have been avoided, under the circumstances. The three subjects named in the title of the book do not form a true unity, but are somewhat arbitrarily chosen from a group of closely allied themes. Given the limitation and the complication which this choice entails, and it is not easy to see what better mode of procedure could be adopted than the one here followed. The three themes could undoubtedly be fused—and perhaps with less difficulty than the author seems to imply, on page 4—in one continuous history; but the result would be a nondescript, incomplete as a history of Islam, and unsatisfactory as a view of the three separate fields contemplated in the plan of the book.

As it is, we have three admirable sketches. The first two, dealing with Constitutional Theory and Jurisprudence, are especially well adapted to their purpose, though occasionally suffering from the formal defect just mentioned. The matter is selected with good judgment and a true sense of proportion. The main lines are plainly and vigorously drawn, and the salient points of the history are grasped so firmly and set forth so lucidly that even the reader quite new to the field cannot fail to get a clear idea of the course in which these currents of Mohammedan life ran. Especially good are the account of the origin of the Fatimids, the setting forth of present-day theories of the Caliphate and the Sultanate, and the luminous brevity with which the principal legal schools are characterized. It is a great satisfaction to see now brought together in convenient form these and many similar matters which have heretofore been found only in scattered and often hardly accessible treatises. The oft-repeated contrast between Umayyads (heathen kings) and Abbasids (pious caliphs) is perhaps too sharply drawn, in so far as it implies that much more "piety" might have been expected from the former line of rulers than they actually displayed, and that the orthodox Muslim historian is really justified in mentioning them collectively with a shudder. And were Mo'awiya and Abd el-Melik ibn Merwan really more "worldly-minded," after all, than Harun er-Rashid and el-Mutawekkil?

In his sketch of the history of Islamic theology, Professor Macdonald begins with the system of doctrine—so far as it could be called a system—which the first caliphs inherited. With the sources and character of the theology of Mohammed and the Koran he does not concern himself. As in the other cases, he traces the development down to the present day; this

time, however, the mode of treatment is largely biographical, as was to be expected. It must be borne in mind that a compendium of Muslim theology is a novelty in Occidental literature. For the earlier part of the history, there is the excellent treatise by Houtsma, especially, and for the development of philosophy the very good but meagre outline by De Boer; the greater part of the field, however, is covered only by scattered monographs—many of them of great importance, to be sure. The fact that our knowledge of Mohammedan theologians and theological movements is so fragmentary and imperfect at best has tended to discourage scholars from the attempt at a complete presentation, even in outline. Sources of the first importance are still unused, or inaccessible; great gaps remain to be filled. But the result of the present attempt is its ample justification, and its author has no need to apologize. Here, again, the presentation is in the main clear, though the greater difficulties of the subject-matter are apparent, and the enforced separation of theology from philosophy, in particular, occasionally works trouble.

The leaders of Mohammedan thought, Ash'ari, Ibn Hazm, Ghazali, Ibn Tumart, Ibn Rushd, Sha'rani, and their lesser fellows, are treated discriminatingly and with eminent fairness. The picture of Ghazali stands out with especial prominence, as was to be expected from the study which Professor Macdonald had previously given to him and his works. Ibn Sina, as philosopher rather than theologian, is barely mentioned. Some account is given of the rise of the dervish fraternities; modern liberal and mystic drifts, and the Wahhabi reaction from them, are noticed; and the sketch ends with a word on the tendencies of the present day. The whole account is written in an interesting way, it should be added. The writer shows himself to be in sympathy with the native scholars, not impatient with their crudest notions, and—what is comparatively rare among Occidental commentators on Oriental writings—appreciative of their sense of humor.

In spite of such literary excellences as these, which will appeal to all classes of readers alike, the volume is not one which the general public will find it easy to read. Its author nowhere entirely forgets the non-professional reader, it is true; but the one for whom he actually writes is the special student beginning the study of Muslim institutions, and expecting to do more or less reading in the original sources. Hence the multitude of Arabic words and phrases, used sometimes without either translation or explanation (so, for example, pp. 171, 209, 234, 272, 275, 286), and very frequently in such a way as to be really useful only to the advanced student of Arabic. In some of these cases help might be had from the cross-references in the index; but the labor of such a search is too much to expect of even the interested reader. Allusions abound, moreover, which the specialist will understand, but which will certainly be lost on the tyro.

The importance of the book is considerably enhanced by an Appendix (pp. 291-357) consisting of illustrative documents and extracts which the author himself has rendered into English. These are: Shahrastani's classification of Muslim sects; two traditions from the Prophet as to the essentials of Islam; creeds of Ash'ari, Ghazali, and Nasafi; Fudali's system of theology (36 pages); and the analysis of a treatise in canon law. Professor Macdonald's translations are sometimes so literal as to be obscure or inelegant, but the reader can depend upon their accuracy. Any one who is well acquainted with Mohammedan literature of this class will know how to value the wording and phrasing of his version. Painstaking care and a wide acquaintance with the field are everywhere in evidence. The Bibliography which constitutes Appendix II. (pp. 358-367) is well chosen, and will be very useful. In the section dealing with Muslim tradition we miss a reference to the valuable article by the late Professor Salisbury, published in the Journal of the American Oriental Society (vol. vii., pp. 60-142). A full Chronological Table and a good Index (including the technical terms used) complete the book.

The system of transliteration adopted, aside from the fact that it is uncompromisingly stiff, provides real difficulties for the inexpert reader. There is nothing to give any hint as to how proper names and technical terms should be pronounced; not even the accented syllable is marked. The help of the ear is thus denied the reader. It is true that all of these words (excepting one or two which are accidentally omitted) are more exactly transliterated in an index—though even there in an unsatisfactory way; but an index does not by any means meet the need. It should be said, in justice to the author, that this defect is very likely not his fault.

The number of errata due to hasty proofreading and like causes is unusually small. Such are "Emessa [*sic*] in the Lebanon" (p. 163); the mention of the Ayyubids in the table of contents of chapter ii. (p. 34); and the second reference to al-Baghawi in the index (p. 375). On page 187, line 30, a reference to page 38 should be given, or else the name should be written uniformly. A few other minor slips will easily be corrected by the reader. To sum up: This work, unpretentious as it is, is a credit to American scholarship, and will be welcomed everywhere in the learned world as an important contribution to the literature of its class. All those, especially, who are seriously concerned with Mohammedan studies, will feel themselves deeply in its author's debt.

A Naturalist in Indian Seas; or, Four Years with the Royal Indian Marine Survey Ship *Investigator*. By A. Alcock, LL.D. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 8vo, pp. xxiv, 328. Illustrated.

This volume relates to seas, shores, islands, and their inhabitants encountered in voyages in the Bay of Bengal and the eastern parts of the Arabian Sea, northern reaches of the Indian Ocean. It is the work of a good observer and a charming writer; its contents are full of profit and entertainment. Its facts were gathered some twelve or fourteen years ago, but the regions to which it pertains are not subject to as rapid change as some parts of the world, and so the accounts are very little behind the times. Popular interest will be greater in what concerns the isolated little island worlds, their people, customs, and governments, or in visits to shores more or less out of the way; but all of the narrative will pay for time and attention bestowed upon it, and much of it has more than temporary value in its records for future comparisons. The substance of both the scientific and the popular sections has been printed elsewhere, in places not accessible to most readers.

The centre of interest for the student is in the deep-sea research, in the revelations of collections made far below the surface. The discoveries were published so long ago that in some cases the work of subsequent expeditions has rendered modifications necessary, yet the author prefers to reprint his first reports, thereby making some openings for a critic. That there was once a continuity of sea and shore between India and Japan and the Mediterranean is most likely—it is proved by the affinities of the animals found in these various localities; but the author goes too far in asserting identity of species. Such a species as his *Bembrops platyrhynchus*, which he makes identical with the earlier *B. caudimacula* of the mid-Atlantic, differs so much that it had better be kept separate. And so with other fishes. Years ago it was pointed out that the description of *Lamprogrammus* was faulty, but the errors are again published. It is said of this fish that the scales of the lateral line are modified to produce light, that the black skin covering this line is loop-holed opposite every scale to expose a spindle-shaped cavity dug in the scale itself, etc., and that when the lamps are lighted, the fish shows a row of portholes lit up like those of a ship. Evidently this was drawn from a partly-destroyed specimen, which of course is no excuse for republishing. Unmutilated, the black skin covering the line has its armature of scales, like the skin over the body; it has no "portholes"; what Dr. Alcock calls the spindle-shaped cavity dug into the scales is only a remnant, after maceration, of a glandular body that rests upon the scale in the lateral line, and this scale was modified because of its connection with the light-producing apparatus.

Many students of the depths have been disappointed by inability to find living types representative of forms now known only by their fossils. The *Investigator* succeeded no better than other explorers in regard to persistent types. It does not seem reasonable to expect species to persist unchanged upon descent into conditions less and less favorable for the maintenance of life, no matter how changeless such conditions may be. Farther and farther from light, heat, and vegetation, forms more and more degraded are to be expected, as we find them—forms less fitted for persistence because of adverse effects on structure and propagation, and less like the fossils and less adapted for fossilization because of loss of mineral matter in tissues, the firmness of which has come to depend on pressure. Dr. Alcock discovered no primitive types, no connecting links in his collections, but from absence of Lophobranchs and Plectognaths at great depths, he decides that the bathybial fishes, as compared with marine forms near the surface, are somewhat more antiquated. We should agree better if he had said degraded—for it is likely that the feeding habits of Lophobranchs and Plectognaths have tended to keep them near the surface of the abysses.

Memories of Yale Life and Men, 1845-1899. By Timothy Dwight. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903. Portrait illustrations.

The years covered by these memories constitute the most interesting and the most eventful period in the history of Yale. The college has become a university, and all its methods have been changed. President Dwight knew it when it was small, when everything was severely plain, when its poverty was, according to modern standards, extreme. He has seen numbers increase, comfort and even luxury succeed indigence, and learning become vastly extended and diversified. These changes he contemplates with equanimity and records impartially. He is no *laudator temporis acti;* knowing by experience how sore a hindrance the scanty resources of former years have been, he welcomes the ampler means which make the acquisition of knowledge easier and pleasanter. Yet, as to the character of the students graduated then and now, while he finds no deterioration, he does not find the modern man altogether superior. His knowledge is more varied and more extensive, but his powers are no greater. Even in the matter of physical culture, he asserts that the hard students of the days when gymnasiums and college sports were unknown were quite as healthful as the average athletes of the more recent times. There is, in his opinion, no greater error than to suppose "that students in the college years lose their health because they give themselves devotedly to scholarly work."

Many views presented here deserve consideration by those concerned with instruction, but the chief interest of the book lies in its account of the former teachers at Yale, and the manners and customs of earlier days. Old graduates will enjoy the characterization of the men they knew; the lineaments are clear, and the foibles and limitations of these half-forgotten worthies are not omitted. But the colors are dim and faint. Readers who have had no personal acquaintance with these men will be apt to think it no misfortune, and to find most of these appreciations rather dull and tiresome. Something the same is true of the descriptions of the life of the earlier period. They may be accurate, and the reflections may be judicious, but they lack life and spirit. To read the book is a little like walking through a cemetery; the monuments are so numerous as to distract the attention; most are commonplace, and none is so striking as to arouse deep feeling. The inscriptions here are more veracious than those carved in stone, and give us some idea of the manner of men there were aforetime. They will not, however, do much more than the generality of mortuary tributes to confer immortality on their subjects. Yet the book contains so much wisdom, the result of long experience and large charity, as will keep fresh the memory of the venerable author long after he shall have rejoined the men whose acts he has here commemorated.

Self-Government in Canada, and How It was Achieved: The Story of Lord Durham's Report. By F. Bradshaw, B.A., Senior Hulme Exhibitioner, Brasenose College, Oxford. London: P. S. King & Co., 1903. Pp. 414.

Mr. Bradshaw's 'Self-Government in Canada' will be found to be not a work on the general subject, but an historical account of Lord Durham's mission and its sequel. Nor does it contain anything very new in the way of facts. It is, nevertheless, a book to be read by any one who is dealing with Canadian history.

Mr. Bradshaw's estimate of Lord Durham is high. Durham's character was a striking, though not very uncommon, union of the social aristocrat with the political reformer. In Canada he went to the verge of the ridiculous in playing royalty. The reformer, however, in him, as well as the aristocrat, was genuine. His Report shows a large and liberal mind. How far it was really his own work, how far it was the work of Wakefield and Buller, seems to remain doubtful. "Wakefield thought it; Buller wrote it; Durham signed it," is, in Mr. Bradshaw's opinion, more epigrammatic than true. The literary excellence, however, seems to point to Buller. Durham certainly exceeded his legal powers in undertaking to banish traitors to Bermuda and threatening them with death if they returned. Altogether, in Canada as well as in the English Cabinet, his hot and overbearing temper was his bane. But his intentions were liberal and clement; his resettlement of Canada shines brightly in comparison with the re-settlement of the Transvaal. One part of the Report provokes a smile:

"I entertain no doubts as to the national character which must be given to Lower Canada; it must be that of the British Empire—that of the majority of the population of British America—that of the great race which must, in the lapse of no long period of time, be predominant over the whole North American Continent. Without effecting the change so rapidly or so roughly as to shock the feelings and trample on the welfare of the existing generation, it must henceforth be the first and steady purpose of the British Government to establish an English population, with English laws and language, in this province, and to trust its Government to none but a decidedly English Legislature."

It is needless to say that the French nationality of Quebec has not been absorbed into that of "the great race."

After reading the Durham Report, the history of the mission recounted by Mr. Bradshaw, and the sequel, one cannot help thinking that all this trouble might have been spared. The people about whose political settlement there was so much ado, were probably above the average in practical good sense as well as in pioneer energy; while it may safely be assumed that they best knew their own interest. Had they been simply let alone without the interference of the Colonial Office or paternal regulation of any kind, they would probably have evolved institutions suited to their need—most likely after the general model of those of England—and administered them economically and well.

State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand. By William Pember Reeves. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The British colonies in Australasia furnish most attractive material for the student of comparative politics. In the scientific sense, it is true, the method of experiment is not applicable to social organizations. The differences are always so numerous as to make it impracticable to isolate causes and to assign consequences to particular antecedents. But in the case of these colonies we discern one common tendency, whether it be a conscious aim or not. Nearly all the new laws are intended to accomplish what was sought in the French Revolution—the equalization of wealth. By land laws, by progressive taxes, by labor legislation, by state ownership, the attempt is constantly made to discourage the accumulation of wealth in few hands, and to favor its distribution among the people. The French laws of inheritance have not been introduced, nor has the doctrine that rent belongs to the community made much progress. But these experiments may yet be tried; and meanwhile there are experiments enough going on to absorb our attention.

These experiments are literally too numerous to mention, and we can only say that Mr. Reeves's account of them is lucid and interesting. His style is excellent, and his descriptions of the peculiar aspects and qualities of the different parts of Australia and New Zealand constitute an admirable geographical essay. While his sympathies are strongly with the party of progress, he has tried to be impartial, and he has generally succeeded. He is obviously satisfied that most of the "State experiments" are beneficial, and that they will result in better conditions of life. It is well to remember, however, that these colonies have been developed largely with borrowed capital, and that they are near the end of their credit. Their aggregate debt is very large, and their birth-rate is surprisingly small. Within thirty-five years it has declined from 42 in the thousand to 27; and a death rate of 11.36 per thousand cannot be permanent. Immigration, moreover, has greatly fallen off. In the decade ending with 1900 the excess of arrivals in Australia over departures was but 26,515. And, finally, the tendency of population to concentrate in cities is very marked. These facts indicate that future development will be brought about mainly by the present inhabitants and their descendants, using their own resources. What the issue will be we do not feel able to predict, but the process will be intently watched by the world, and every one who desires to understand it will find Mr. Reeves's book serviceable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bonde, Baroness. Paris in '48. London: John Murray; New York: James Pott & Co. $2 net.
Cambon, Jules. Essays and Addresses. D. Appleton & Co.
Forman, Justus M. Monsigny. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Gérard-Thiers, Albert. Technique of Musical Expression. The Theodore Rebla Publishing Co. $1.
Morrison, Arthur. The Red Triangle. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Pratt, Edwin A. American Railways. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.
Purser, L. C. M. Tulli Ciceronis Epistulae (Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis). 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 4s. 6d. each.
Pollard, Alfred W. An English Garner. Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Putnam, Effie D. Cirillo. Life Publishing Co.
Raleigh, Walter. Wordsworth. London: Edward Arnold.
Roberts, Morley. The Promotion of the Admiral. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Robinson, George L. The Biblical Doctrine of Holiness. Winona Lake, Ind.: The Winona Publishing Co. 25c. net.
Rogers, Clement F. Baptism and Christian Archæology. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Russell, W. Clark. The Captain's Wife. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Scheffauer, Herman. Of Both Worlds. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.
Stringer, Arthur. The Silver Poppy. D. Appleton & Co.
Swan, Howard. Colloquial Spanish. Brentano's.
The MS. in a Red Box. John Lane.

Henry Holt & Company's

Recent and Forthcoming Books in History, Finance, English and Foreign Languages.

Fournier's Napoleon I. Translation edited by Prof. E. G. BOURNE, of Yale. With full bibliography. About 750 pp., 12mo. (Oct.)

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Scott's Money and Banking. By Prof. W. A. SCOTT of the University of Wisconsin. x+381 pp. 8vo. $2.00 *net.*

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1903.

The Week.

On the supposition that the Panama Canal treaty is dead, the friends of the Nicaragua route are again bestirring themselves. They are urging the President to proceed at once under the terms of the act of the last session which require him, in the event of failure to secure the right to build through the Isthmus of Panama, "to cause to be excavated and constructed a ship canal and waterway by what is known as the Nicaragua route." This he is required to do if the treaty with Colombia is not ratified "within a reasonable time." The President must decide for himself what is a reasonable time, but he will naturally seek the advice and concurrence of the leading members of the Senate and House of Representatives before taking an irrevocable step. The public temper is not now favorable to hasty action. Two years ago it was so prepossessed in favor of the Nicaragua route that Congress actually passed a bill appropriating money for it while a Government commission was on the isthmus examining the various routes for the purpose of deciding on the best and cheapest one. The final report of the commission and the lapse of time have served to cool the heated brains of all except Senator Morgan of Alabama. That the preponderance of public sentiment is now in favor of the Panama route is attested in many ways: by the ratification, on our part, of the treaty itself, by the appropriation of money to buy the property of the French Company, by the tone of the press, and by the very irritation which the adverse decision of the Colombian Senate has caused. If the inhabitants of Panama should revolt against that decision, it would be the first revolution in Central America in which we should feel a decided interest.

To read the sensational press, one might imagine that war with Turkey was imminent. The young lions of the yellow order are clamoring for revenge —for an offence which has not been committed; and are demanding a blockade which shall be "tantamount to a declaration of war." A newspaper which is planning to raise journalism to a place among the learned professions, is particularly active in this manufacture of fuss and fury. At present, bluster about Turkish matters seems safe enough; but if, out of the evil times that have fallen upon the Ottoman Empire, should arise a real cause of offence, the ravings of the baser press might inflame public opinion to the utter folly of driving the nation into the thick of the Eastern question. Those who boasted that the war in Cuba was "our war," would hardly halt before a greater crime against humanity—the full import of which they lack the moral sense to perceive. There is no longer any occasion, so far as public advices indicate, for sending a single American warship to any Turkish port; and yet the Mediterranean squadron is to rendezvous at Beirut, where it is not even certain that the American Consul has been murderously assaulted. Gilbertian comedy will hardly equal the dispatch of a squadron in the hope that it will find on arrival an outrage to justify its sailing orders. In the whole transaction, the President has shown a somewhat characteristic zeal for the attainment of ill-defined ends through inconsiderate means.

Gov. Taft retires on physicians' orders. That, it is explained, is the only reason why he has consented to withdraw from a work into which he has poured so much energy and devotion. Even his original rude health has been broken down by the Philippine climate. How long will his successor, Gen. Wright, be able to endure it? Are we to go on indefinitely, like the Spaniards and English, with a melancholy procession of high officials in the tropics invalided home? We have heard it maintained that one incidental blessing of our new insular dependencies would be the development of many "great administrators." What their fate will be, however, we may infer from the case of Gov. Taft. They will exhaust their vitality, and ruin their health—all for the sake of doing what can be better done by the natives. Gov. Taft's forced relinquishment of his post is one argument more for allowing the Filipinos to manage their own affairs. We but use up our stamina as well as our principles in forcing a government upon them.

The only question of importance in regard to Gen. Wright's accession to the Governorship is whether or not he will follow in Gov. Taft's footsteps. Is his promotion to mean that he will yield to the demands of 75 per cent. of the Americans in the archipelago, and give them the best offices and limitless chances to exploit the islands; or is he to stand upon his predecessor's platform of "the Philippines for the Filipinos"? The expectation in Manila is and has been that Gen. Wright, being a Southerner with a Southerner's view of men of color, will "put the niggers where they belong." But we think that the vulgar crowd of adventurers and shady characters, who form so large a part of our representation in the archipelago, are certain to be disappointed in their hopes. Behind Gen. Wright there will stand President Roosevelt, who supported and encouraged Gov. Taft in his every contention. To think that the President would permit Gen. Wright to play into the hands of the fortune-hunters, even if he so desired, is to believe the impossible. Whatever approval of its Philippine policy the Republican party has won, it has gained because of a belief that, despite its mistakes, it meant to do justice to the Filipinos in the long run. The President can honor himself and the country by making it clear that the policy of Gov. Taft is the policy of the Administration, no matter who the Governor-General may be.

The *Sun* points to the damning figures of the Philippine carrying trade—less than 2 per cent. going to "help" American shipping, while 98 per cent. went to pay dividends on foreign ships, "mostly British"—and asks, "When will Congress see the point?" Congress has already seen the point, and that is exactly what troubles the merchants engaged in business with the Philippines. When the law comes into effect which Congress has passed excluding foreign ships from the trade between Philippine ports and our own, what are the importers of hemp, for example, to do? The statistics cited show how inadequate, or else extremely expensive, is the American shipping service in the Pacific. It is roundly asserted by those who ought to know that the requisite shipping does not, and will not next year, exist, under the American flag. The real "point" is, therefore, whether Congress, in attempting to make the Philippine trade a part of our coasting commerce, has not rashly taken the most effective way to hamper it.

As befits one of the Executive Committee of the National Good Roads Association, Lieut.-Gen. Miles's final recommendations as Commanding General deal largely with roadmaking and vehicles which require smooth highways. Cavalry, to his mind, is now obsolete—in spite of the extraordinary successes of the mounted Boers—and so he would dismount 5,000 of our horsemen and set them to roadmaking and experimenting with bicycles, motor cycles, and automobiles. At the same time they are to supervise the construction by machinery of military highways, to be the joy of archæologists some centuries hence. A corps of 5,000 men engaged in national roadmaking would unquestionably add greatly to the country's prosperity and welfare. Who, for instance, could overestimate the change which would come over

any one of the Southern States if such a corps could operate in it for two years? It would almost amount to a social revolution, and the work would be vastly better for our troops than killing Filipinos or keeping them in subjection. But the military world will say that while martial Europe experiments with motor vehicles, there is no need for us to do anything but watch her. Experts will prove that while our cowboys might "overrun Mexico and Canada," they would not be soldiers in any other sense than were the Rough Riders in 1898, and will declare that all armies are turning towards the mounted infantry, which our cavalry is and always has been. And the scoffer will ask why Gen. Miles does not trot out that unutterably foolish "testudo," or two-wheeled shield for soldiers, on which he wasted thousands of Government dollars, and with which he blocked the railroads in 1898.

A very little investigation has disclosed the fact that every member of the Dawes Commission has a business interest in the purchase of Indian land. In other words, the entire Commission, which was appointed to see that the Indians got full value for the sale of any or all of their treaty rights, is bound by its relations to various land companies to induce the Indians to sell those rights cheaply. The disclosure of so callous a disregard of the ordinary obligations of official honor is humiliating to every right-feeling American, all the more that these double-dealing Government employees coolly defend their practices. Mr. Bixby, the President of the Commission, sees no impropriety in "private investment" in companies whose transactions he has to revise as a public officer, and adds, "My interest in trust [*i. e.*, land] companies amounts to very little." Apparently, Mr. Bixby would defend the United States Marshal who should take stock in a "moonshine" still—provided it were only a little one.

From two quarters comes illuminating comment as to the oath of membership prescribed by the Typographical Union: On one hand a Roman Catholic priest points out that the oath makes the union higher than the Church, and hence can be taken by no good Catholic; on the other hand, an inspector investigating the Chicago Post-office shows that men who have taken the vow of the Typographical Union cannot, without perjury, swear to support the Constitution of the United States. In other words, they would be ineligible for Government service should President Roosevelt's plan of swearing in all employees of the nation be put in effect. The vow which, though typographers take it readily, offends both Church and State, runs as follows:

"I hereby solemnly and sincerely swear that my fidelity to the Typographical Union and my duty to the members thereof shall in no sense be interfered with by any allegiance that I may now or hereafter owe to any other organization, social, political, or religious."

Of course, the Church and the State are in the strictest sense religious and political organizations. If the oath means what it says, it is treasonable; if it is to be taken in some Pickwickian sense, it is time for a Mr. Pickwick among the typographers to rise and explain what in the world it does mean.

It is reported that John Mitchell's forthcoming book, 'Unionism in America,' will contain much praise of President Roosevelt for interposing in the anthracite strike, and will contend that the principle of Government intervention in great strikes has now been established. That depends. If the miners, as it is rumored they intend to do, seize the Presidential year for a violation of their agreement and a renewal of their strike, which they might hope to win in a political exigency, the "intervention" would be apt to be of a very different sort from that of last year. The truth is, that the action of 1902 was highly exceptional, and cannot be depended on as a precedent. The President's course was extra-legal. But there might easily be a legal and obligatory intervention by the Chief Executive which the unions would not at all like. Domestic violence might go to such lengths in a strike that the authorities of the State would appeal to Washington. The Federal Government would be bound to take note. So it would of the failure of a republican form of government in any State—a plight to which the unions would push us if their proscriptive policy were fully carried out. Precedents for precedents, Mitchell may find that they are stronger against unionism than in its favor.

The conviction and sentence of Parks, the walking delegate, for extortion have aroused public interest extraordinarily. This would be unaccountable were not the case one where the mere individual is swallowed up in a movement in which something like a crisis has arrived. Otherwise, we should not see so many men of weight and sane judgment hailing the downfall of Parks as a momentous event. It is not that they care particularly about his repellent and reckless personality, but they have seen in him a type. If he were to succeed in his wild ambitions and lawless methods, he would embolden the thousands of agitators who were breathlessly watching his career, and would drive on the new trades unionism into fresh audacities of tyranny and corruption. Symptomatic of this is the action of the housesmiths in voting to continue Parks's salary while he is in prison, and to make him marshal of their coming parade, *in absentia*, by displaying his sash and uniform on the horse he would have ridden. This latter honor is suggestively like that paid at a military funeral.

Mr. Chamberlain's scheme found an unexpectedly cool reception at the Montreal meeting of the British Chambers of Commerce. At the outset Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared anything like Imperial Federation to be impossible, and asserted that all measures of Imperial reciprocity must be of a purely commercial nature:

"If we are to obtain," he said in part, "from the people of Great Britain a concession for which we should be prepared to give an equivalent, and if we are to obtain it also at the expense of the surrender of some of our political rights, for my part, I would simply say, 'Let us go no further, for already we have come to the parting of the ways.' Canada values too highly the system which has made her what she is, to consent willingly to part with any part of it for whatever consideration and even, sir, for the maintenance of the British Empire."

Although Sir Wilfrid hastened to add that he believed Mr. Chamberlain's plan involved no encroachment upon Canadian nationality, his previous plain speaking had been virtually a refutation of Mr. Chamberlain's main contention that a closer union between England and the colonies is indispensable. If Sir Wilfrid speaks for Canada in this matter (and his remarks were greeted with applause), it is evident that the Dominion is interested only in the bargain-and-barter side of the preferential scheme, and that to her prosperous citizens the sentimental considerations advanced by Mr. Chamberlain look like so much moonshine. Courtesy forbade saying so at the meeting, but the difficulty experienced in passing a very harmless resolution approving the reciprocity plan revealed vigorous dissent among the few and indifference among the many. In fact, there was a point at which it seemed likely that the merchants and manufacturers constituting the conference would refuse even a grudging vote of confidence. Only the personal interposition of the Governor-General saved Mr. Chamberlain that humiliation. By some slight jugglery with the phrasing of the resolutions, Lord Minto carried the delegates for some undefined form of Imperial reciprocity, with the proviso, however, that "due consideration be given to the fiscal and industrial needs of the component parts of the Empire."

In the Argyllshire bye-election, the first square fight on the Chamberlain tariff proposals, Chamberlainism was utterly routed. The western islands, in an election characterized by vigorous debate, returned the Liberal candidate by a majority of over 1,500, as against 600 for a Conservative in the last election. The constituency is made up of a group of

islands inhabited mostly by fishermen, small farmers, and the dependents of great families. Experimentally, then, it was ideal for Mr. Chamberlain's purposes. It is such people whom he must convince that the dear loaf will not increase the cost of living. But the point has been too fine to appeal to the shrewd peasants of the western islands. Their Scotch verdict on Mr. Chamberlain's glittering promises augurs ill for the success of his scheme in the Midlands. It should give Mr. Balfour pause, if he has imagined that Mr. Chamberlain's new issue would change the luck of unfavorable bye-elections.

The revelations in regard to the hopeless incompetency of the British War Office need astonish no one. They were sufficiently indicated on the firing line during the Boer war to have been thoroughly discounted. What the British public will now ask, as it turns over the humiliating record of the costly blunders and criminal errors just published by the Royal Commission is, What has been done and what will be done to reform the War Office and the army? So far Mr. Brodrick has next to nothing to show. His plan of dividing up the forces into army corps has met with a trifle more success than was anticipated. That is, the decentralization process has gone so far as to take some authority from the War Office and place it in the hands of corps and division commanders. But these army corps still exist largely upon paper. Mr. Brodrick has also done something in the way of reducing the regimental expenses of officers. But there have been no sweeping reforms, no real profiting by the lessons of the war. No general staff has been created, as in the United States and no attempt has been made to improve and coördinate the system of instruction for officers. The Commander-in-chief is almost as much without power as was our own Commanding General, and the War Office is still the scene of social and family intrigue. Nor is there any one in sight who can really reform the army. Mr. Brodrick has shown himself, both in his office and on the floor of the House, wholly unable to think out and carry through the drastic reorganization so earnestly needed.

The split in the councils of the Social Democrat party in Germany is of far more than local interest. The question at issue is whether the organization is to continue its policy of stubborn hostility to the Government, or whether it is to become a progressive and enlightened opposition, capable of formulating and carrying to the front constructive measures for the betterment of social conditions. The younger element in the party, as led by Herr Bernstein, is in favor of assuming legislative responsibilities and of having a representative of the Social Democracy among the vice-presidents of the Reichstag, even if that official should have to stand in the presence of the Emperor from time to time. The hissing of Bebel, the veteran who still clings to the obstructionist theory, in the present convention in Berlin would seem to indicate that for the moment the younger men are in the ascendency. Should the change of policy occur, it will show that parties, like demagogues, are sobered by responsibility. It would doubtless draw to the Social Democrats many voters who still think of the party as one bearing the torch of anarchy, or of revolution, and fail to perceive in it the party of genuine social progress and reform, which it is slowly becoming.

The order for a retrial of the ensign, Hüssener, who last spring stabbed and killed a classmate for failure to salute him properly, is the announcement of a great victory for public opinion. Generally, in such cases, the military overlords from whose domination Germany suffers, pay no attention to the demands of an outraged people or of the press. But the Hüssener case has stirred the country as nothing heretofore—not even the "German Dreyfus case," when two innocent sergeants were almost done to death for the murder of their captain. Largely owing to the teachings of the Social Democrats, the average citizen is beginning to open his eyes to the true meaning of militarism, while the friction between officers and civilians grows apace. The Hüssener case itself illustrates the advantages gained by the public in doing away with secret courts-martial. The facts, as brought out, were soon spread broadcast throughout the land. To add to the popular indignation, there have been several brutal non-commissioned officers found guilty within the last few weeks of hundreds of outrages upon their unfortunate subordinates—in one instance there were 1,800 specifications. The sad suicide of a one-year volunteer of excellent family because he could no longer endure the tortures inflicted upon him, is another case which has shocked the country. And the Emperor could in a day or a month end it all—brutalities by non-commissioned officers, hazing, duelling, ill-treatment of subordinates by officers, and the frequent killings in defence of "military honor."

Spain's troubled condition is witnessed to in many ways. The frequent changes of Ministry imply a breaking down of the party system, such as it is, by which the Peninsula has been so long governed. The new Premier, Señor Villaverde, is primarily a financier, and his absorbing concern is with reorganization of the public service and economy. With this last, however, the demand of the military element and, it is said, of the young King himself, it at war. Their cry is for a restoration of the navy and the strengthening of the army. But the Prime Minister, while professing warm sympathy with all national aspirations, insists upon putting the demand of the pieman upon Simple Simon, "Show me first your penny." All this makes trouble, and on top of it comes a threatening revival of the Republican agitation. Linked partly with Socialism and the workingmen's movement, this party contends that the monarchy is a failure, and that the present government is driving the people to despair. "The only Indies which Spain has left," declares one Republican orator, Señor Joaquin Costa, "are the working classes. Let her be on her guard against losing them also!" Premier Villaverde presents, on this side, too, an unyielding front; but the difficulties before him are unquestionably enormous. So great are they that the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* predicts something like a revolution in Spain within the near future.

The announcement is made that the Czar has appointed M. de Witte President of the Committee of Ministers. It is assumed in the press dispatches that this act makes him virtually Premier of Russia, and introduces some change in the political system of the Empire approaching the methods of western Europe, in place of the autocracy heretofore existing. In particular the appointment of a Prime Minister would tend to coördinate the now badly adjusted Ministries, and so might work a radical reform of the unwieldy Russian bureaucracy. If such a change has been made or is contemplated, the appointment of M. de Witte to the chief place in the councils of the Czar is an auspicious omen, since he, more than any other Russian statesman known to the outer world, stands for peace and the internal development of the Empire. All his reports as Minister of Finance have dwelt upon the necessity of peace to the great work of uniting and harmonizing the diverse and widely separated parts of the Czar's dominions. The future greatness, perhaps the continued existence, of the Empire depends upon its economical progress and betterment. The recent strikes, with their bloody consequences, are the outgrowth of desperate poverty among the working classes. It is M. de Witte's policy to restore order by removing the causes of discontent rather than by shooting down the strikers. It has been his aim also to avoid troubles in eastern Asia by letting time do its work for Russia in Mantchuria instead of inviting collisions with Japan, or other Powers, which would interrupt the civilizing agencies now in operation and absorb the resources upon which they depend.

THE CASTE NOTION OF SUFFRAGE.

Southern newspapers have persuaded themselves that the raising of the question of the negro's political rights may elect a Democratic President. Thus, the New Orleans *Daily States* declares that the Republican managers are "afraid of the race question." On the other hand, the Macon *Telegraph* represents the Democratic leaders as eager to make it the main issue. "A campaign on this issue in the North would at least win enough Republican votes in the doubtful States to offset the vote of the negroes." More telling, however, than any such vague forecasts is the revelation which the *Evening Post* was able to make last Friday of the real attitude of Northern Democrats. If they are so hot to take up the issue of discriminating, by suffrage laws, against educated and property-owning negroes, it is somewhat surprising that more of them were not, on that journal's individual solicitation, willing to say so. The astonishing silence which a direct question has produced in men ordinarily voluble, is of great political significance.

The truth is, of course, that the issue of equality before the law, for the negro as for everybody else, is one upon which, when nakedly presented, all Americans must publicly agree. Privately, men may say that they are for inequality. They may even vote for it, in secret; but they cannot speak for it. And let it be borne in mind that it is simply the question of treating the negro citizen like every other citizen which is now pressing to the front. There is no demand that the South make electoral laws which will admit every ignorant or vicious colored man to the ballot. Let the qualifications for the suffrage be what the separate States see fit to make them; only let them be impartially and honestly applied. What is destructive of all justice is discrimination against the intelligent and well-to-do negro, at the same time that the door is flung wide open for white men whom the very framers of Southern State Constitutions admit to be steeped in ignorance and vice. That is an attempt to build a democracy on the exclusion of a race; and if is the word of an American statesman who, being dead, yet speaketh, that no nation so builded can endure. This is the thing—unequal enforcement of the law; making flesh of the white man and fish of the negro; the adroit effort, under cover of crafty statutes, to destroy the political rights written into the supreme law of our land by what Sumner called "irreversible guarantees"—it is this which has begun again powerfully to stir the hearts and consciences of lovers of liberty in this country.

Mr. Shepard, who alone replied squarely and at length to the *Evening Post's* inquiry (Mr. Cleveland professed himself unwilling to trench on his vacation), admits, as might have been expected, that his sense of justice is offended by the exclusion of qualified negroes from the suffrage. To favor whites above the blacks dwelling under the same laws is, he candidly says, to trample upon the Declaration of Independence and violate the express law of the land. This is a grievous and terrible thing, in Mr. Shepard's eyes, yet he would have nothing done to correct it. The penalties specifically pointed out in the Constitution he would leave unenforced. Even that political redress which Mr. Justice Holmes pointed out as the sure remedy for oppression of the negro citizen, Mr. Shepard deprecates. He excuses the South while blessing her. She is only doing what the North would do in her place. And then we have the familiar old talk about "racial" inferiority and the superiority of the white man as such.

Now this, to be perfectly frank, is the talk of a man who believes in caste. The idea of the suffrage now inculcated in the South is one which Mr. Shepard would apparently endorse—namely, that the most embruted white man is better fitted to vote than the most cultivated black man. It is the inveterate prejudice, the superstition, even, of caste which speaks in that. It dismisses all facts, flouts the noblest sentiments, spurns the most pathetic appeals—and all on the old unproved assertion that the worst white man is better qualified for representative government than the best black man.

We see from Mr. Shepard's words, as we may from Mr. Bryan's dreadful inconsistencies, how hollow will ring Democratic protests against the oppression of the Filipinos while there is Democratic acquiescence in injustice to the negro. It would even appear that the great reason for making the Philippines independent is lest, if we hold them, we shall keep the brown men under our heel abroad as we mean to keep the black men at home. Self-government, the right of representation, all the traditional cries of American freemen, are to be kept purely for use 7,000 miles away, while conveniently forgotten in this country. The campaign of the Democrats would be, in that respect, one of overflowing love for the brown brother whom they cannot see, but of callous disregard of the black brother whom they can see.

Open discrimination against the negro as a voter cannot stop there. It really means discrimination against him as a man. That is why we think it so hateful and perilous. It signifies a willingness to extinguish the hope of an entire race. Instead of encouraging its members to rise, and rewarding them when they do rise, it would close the door of opportunity to them all. That is the true implication of the exhortation to the colored men to give up their "nonsense" about political rights and to turn to "useful" pursuits. It means that what is wanted is a subject class of willing or forced workers. Wrapped up in the caste spirit which would shut the negro out from his political rights, is the intention to deny him his human rights.

WORKING OF THE NEW MILITIA LAW.

The disbandment of the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans because its members declined to serve under the Dick militia law, the passage of which was one of the achievements of Secretary Root, indicates one of several misunderstandings of the statute. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the public has any clear idea as to what Congress has accomplished by this legislation. In the South, particularly, there has been much uneasiness. Some of the newspapers have read into the law an invasion of State rights. One Louisiana journal has even feared that Mr. Roosevelt might use Southern militia to back him up in his anarchistic policy of giving office to an occasional worthy negro.

All of this anxiety is needless. As far as the power of the States over their militia is concerned, the Dick law merely reaffirms what was already in the Revised Statutes. It is true that the President is given the right to fix the number of men in a company, and to prescribe such rules and regulations as he sees fit. Whether the States will accept them is another matter. This question they have five years to decide. The President has no means to force New York, for instance, to accept the rifle-practice regulations which have already issued from the War Department for the guidance of the militia, unless it be by withholding the State's share of the Federal militia appropriation. When it comes to the ordering out of the State troops, the President has no real powers beyond those granted by previous legislation. He can still, in accordance with the Constitution, call out the militia to repel invasion, to put down insurrection, or to enforce the laws. For this purpose he may send an order direct to such militia officers as he may select. But in all this procedure there is nothing new or revolutionary.

Looking at the development of the militia as a whole, its friends may be said to be divided into two camps, those who would make of the militia a trained, national reserve for the regular army, and those who would make it primarily a more efficient body of State troops. The views of the former were set forth by Lieut.-Col. James Parker of the army in the August *North American Review*. He has been up to this time in charge of National Guard matters in the War Department, and therefore speaks with considerable authority. His idea is that the State troops will become "our second line of defence." In imagination he sees,

on the outbreak of war, our National Guard regiments taking the field with the regulars, uniformed, armed, and equipped like them, and ready to go to the firing-line until relieved by newly formed regiments of volunteers—the "third line."

Those who oppose these views laugh at the belief that State troops can ever be made ready to take the field at once as complete organizations. They are right, for the Dick law (section 7), it now appears, requires the physical examination of all such soldiers to ascertain if they are "fit." To muster in our New York regiments according to regular-army tests would merely result in the discharge as unfit of three-quarters of each regiment, the enlisting of raw recruits by the hundreds, and all the chaos of 1898 over again. The militia cannot be recruited in peace times, in any State, according to army physical standards—not even in New York city. On the other hand, there cannot be two physical standards in war time, one for regulars and one for militia—the protection of the Treasury from pension grabbers forbids this. Plainly, the idea of a "second line," ready for instant service, is blocked by this impassable obstacle. As before, the militia in war time will be able to take the field only after a reorganization, in which the militiamen physically able to enter the United States service will be the instructors of the recruits who will flock to each regiment. How foolish, in view of these facts, appears Lieut.-Col. Parker's statement that "under this law the President is able to muster into the service of the United States, at once, . . . the whole National Guard of 150,000 men [*sic*] in brigades, regiments, and battalions, *as they stand*, fully armed and equipped, mobilized, and ready for active service at six hours' notice."

Yet there are distinct benefits to be expected. The law fixes the War Department's attention on the militia. It enables the Department to offer substantial advantages in the way of joint manœuvres of regulars and militia, without cost to the latter; to instruct militia officers at the service schools; to furnish arms, ammunition, and equipments to States in greater quantities than heretofore, and also larger cash allowances. It creates a list of tested volunteer officers to be called upon in war time. It permits the appointment of regular officers to duty with State troops, and, above all, it repeals a number of obsolete laws and brings together in one place various scattered parts of the statute law relating to the militia. There is thus no valid excuse now for the man who fails to understand precisely to what State and national duties he pledges himself when he enlists in the National Guard. Finally, the law requires the annual inspection of each company, and twenty-four drills in each year.

Just how much the State troops will benefit in the long run by the new régime will depend largely on the amount of tact and intelligence displayed by the War Department. If the problem is approached in the proper spirit, a great deal should be accomplished by unifying the various militia systems, and by inducing State Executives and commanding officers to follow regular-army methods wherever possible. Shortcomings should be freely pointed out, but in such a way as to win the sympathy and interest of State officers, Manœuvres, for instance, should be planned with regard to the needs of State troops, and not merely in the interest of the higher regular officers who would make experiments in strategy. In issuing suggestions, in the form of orders, to the militia, care should be taken to advise the adoption of rules and regulations which are within the powers of the National Guard.

But whether the administration of the law is to be wise or shortsighted, the fact remains that there has been no radical change in our militia, and that it is the same body of State troops it was before the passage of the Dick bill. Each Governor may order his troops where and when he pleases. The State Legislatures alone can determine the size of their militia. If the Federal Government calls out State troops, it can do so only for nine months, as in 1861, and it can no more send them overseas than it could in those stormy days.

TOM JOHNSON'S "VICTORY."

Ohio political manœuvring is doubtless to be judged by Ohio standards. Under an ethical code which has given peculiar significance to the term "Ohio politics," gaining control of a convention by throwing out the other fellow's delegates amounts to a demonstration of energy, astuteness, industry, and political ability in general. Tom L. Johnson accordingly appears to have proved his possession of these valuable qualities. He "owns" the Democratic State Central Committee. This body passes first upon the credentials of delegates and makes up the temporary list. No person whose name is not on this list is admitted to the convention, and the committees, including the committee on credentials, are appointed by a temporary chairman chosen by these admitted delegates. Thus to control a convention, begin with the State Central Committee. After that, everything else is easy. Some opposing delegates may be elected, but it is not difficult to get up a contest, and the committee will do the rest. One who accomplishes this successfully is certain to be hailed as a political master—in Ohio.

In many respects Johnson's victory in the Ohio convention is empty. Election figures in that State since 1896, when the blight of Bryanism began to thin the ranks of the Democratic party, show the process of elimination by which Johnson has maintained himself in power. In 1897 Bushnell, the Republican candidate for Governor, received a plurality of 28,000. Nash increased this in 1899 to 49,000. In 1901 Gov. Nash was reëlected, this time with a plurality of 67,000. Last year Laylin, the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, was elected by a plurality of more than 90,000. There is small reason to expect that the progressive decline will be checked this year. Johnson's policy of elimination was never carried on more vigorously than at present. To cast out those who oppose him seems to be in him a fundamental political instinct. He possesses it in common with many another minority leader.

Whatever importance attaches to the convention centres about Johnson as a possible national figure. He has been widely advertised as the probable heir of Bryan, whom in many respects he greatly resembles. If he intends to claim the inheritance, the late convention was undoubtedly offered as a pledge of good faith. It was a Bryan convention. It reaffirmed the Kansas City platform; it invited Bryan to come in person to Ohio to engage in the canvass; it did everything in its power to disgust and affront those who would have the party forget its past follies and again become a living force in the nation. There were few conservative delegates to protest, for the Credentials Committee, under Johnson's orders, had refused to seat them, for the most part. The only real contest which took place, over endorsing a candidate for United States Senator, was between Johnson's followers and even more radical Bryan men, who refused to follow their leader in the support of Clarke because, in 1896, Clarke voted for McKinley rather than for Bryan. That he returned to the fold in 1900 was not enough. If there had not been an evident confusion in Johnson's own mind as to the best course to follow, the ultra-Bryan element would doubtless have had its way, in the endorsement of some straight-out silver man for Senator.

It is not easy to see how Johnson has gained anything by his victory, bought, as it appears, at a very high price. He has shown himself a willing heir of the disaster of the Bryan régime; but he has revealed no capacity for a better sort of leadership. There is nothing to indicate that, if he were nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats next year, he could win one vote which would not more readily be cast for Bryan himself. For nearly a decade Bryan has been adding steadily to the strength and power of the worst Republicans. The Quays, the Platts, the Hannas of the party have found in him a ready and trusty, if unconscious, ally. Bryan's warfare, nom-

inally against Republican policies, has really been directed against the element of his own party which refused to follow him. To this conflict he has devoted his best energies. For this he has rallied his followers when ready to abandon the rest of the fight. It is this leadership which Johnson has taken up. In bitterness toward those who do not agree with him, in the reckless use of methods which deplete the ranks of his party yet for this very reason add to the strength of his control, Johnson has proved himself the equal of Bryan. If this is the quality which the Democratic party is looking for, after its experiences of 1896 and 1900, Johnson is the logical candidate in 1904.

Evidently, the break from Bryanism is not to be easily accomplished. This is one of the clearest lessons of the Ohio convention. It is not in that State alone that the domination of the Bryanites will continue for a time because of their possession of the party machinery. It is not to be supposed for a moment that there is no Democratic voice in Ohio raised for conservatism and wiser policies. But this sentiment was practically unrepresented in the convention because the State Committee was in the hands of the Bryanites. The same condition will rule elsewhere. It took the Democrats of Iowa two years to rid themselves of the party incubus. An attempt in 1901 to ignore the Kansas City platform was defeated on the floor of the convention by a vote of 669 to 550, and it was not until this year, and then only by the narrow margin of 464 to 353, that reaffirmation was outvoted. A longer process, it is now plain, will be required in Ohio, for Johnson's power over the machine was increased rather than diminished last week. The Democrats of Nebraska, likewise, have renewed their devotion to Bryanism, Populist alliance and all.

TRUSTS AND THE BAR ASSOCIATION

Whatever may be said of the value of the specific recommendation in regard to Trusts, made on Thursday by the American Bar Association's Committee on Commercial Law, there is no denying the importance of any utterance from such a source. The Bar Association is still one of the most influential bodies in our national life, and one of the most representative. When it is the unanimous opinion of one of its committees that the American Bar should lead in the work of regulating the great combinations of capital which are now the striking feature of our industrial life, lawmakers and publicists everywhere must give their attention.

There can be no dissent from the committee's belief that a United States Securities Company might easily have followed the Northern Securities Company. Nor is the picture of a future J. Pierpont Morgan combining all the industries of the land, so that there shall be but one possible employer and but one possible seller, without some warrant in view of our present industrial tendencies. When the heads of great railroads and commercial combinations openly state their belief in the continuation of such amalgamations as we have witnessed, and even on a larger scale than heretofore, it would ill become those who have to deal with the law to pay no attention to the future. For the courts must follow, however fast trade and industry may lead. Coincident with the growth of Trusts has been the creation of a law of Trusts. But the question really before the legal profession, as well as the nation, is simply whether the courts and the legislatures behind them shall hinder or facilitate the process of industrial combination.

The Bar Association's committee is not content with a mere verbal opposition to monopolies present and future. It proposes three distinct remedies: taxation to death or until the growth of great combinations is impeded; regulation in the case of all companies which are subject to the interstate commerce laws; and competition by the State. None of these is new, but their presentation at this moment should recall to the public mind the extent of the powers which inhere in the Government. That the power to destroy by taxation may be wielded by the Federal Legislature has been implied in decisions of our highest tribunal. The extent of its powers of regulation, under both the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution and recent legislation, is now in process of development in the Federal courts. But into no interpretation of the Constitution has there yet been read the right of the Government to engage in any form of manufacture, or to become the competitor of the Trusts.

This suggestion of the committee sounds rather like a counsel of desperation. It will be welcomed only by those who desire the nationalization of all industry, like the speaker at the Peace Conference at Mystic on the same day, who would purchase industrial peace by the common ownership of all the machinery of production and distribution. But the proposal itself is another sign that, as all roads lead to Rome, so all the highways of combination over which we are now passing lead inevitably to national ownership. The advocates of collectivism rejoice in the growth of the Standard Oil Company as they do in that of the United States Steel Company. They affirm with truth that the greater these combinations become, the greater is the evident necessity for the public to defend itself against them. They are confident that in the long run the only possible means of defence is for the people to take the power from the hands of a few enormously wealthy men. Similarly, the single-taxers see in the piling up of capital and the growth of monopolies the rapid approach of the millennium in which they believe.

In short, in the soil of our present industrial conditions there flourishes many a noxious growth. "Golden Rule" Jones and "Tom" Johnson find their opportunity to take root in it and develop strength they could not have in saner—and poorer—times. Moreover, they are too significant to be dismissed with a word. As long as our Trusts wax unchecked, there is powerful ammunition at hand for men like these. We must confess to a regret, therefore, that the Bar Association's committee wasted a moment upon the futile vision of a government underselling a Steel Trust or an oil monopoly. Even if the Constitutional power were at hand, who could conceive of such a state of affairs in practice? In certain limited fields, such as the making of rifles, and cannon, and the construction of warships, the Federal Government has become a manufacturer. We know of no case where such industrial ventures have equalled, much less surpassed, the achievements of private capital similarly invested. And of what use as a regulator of Trusts would be a Government concern which could not outstrip its rivals in economy and speed of production?

Encouraging as it is to have the Bar Association's committee describe the remedies within reach, they might well have looked a little further into the future and portrayed the ultimate goal of unchecked combinations. This is the psychological moment for such an authoritative utterance, not merely because of the growth of Trusts, but because of the unions of laborers on the one side and employers on the other. If any one doubts the evils which follow such associations, let him read Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's account, in *McClure's*, of the way employers and laborers have fleeced the middlemen in Chicago. The same tendency is brought out in the letters of the staff correspondent of the *Evening Post* from that city. The inevitable result of such alliances is the plundering of the consumer and the stifling of competition, which is to-day as much as ever the very life of trade and the surest foundation of national prosperity.

LABOR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"A topheavy community" is the term applied to Johannesburg by Mr. Arthur Hawkes in a vivacious article in the *Review of Reviews*. The phrase describes well enough British South Africa as a whole. The gold and diamond craze, ably abetted by the campaign of Cecil Rhodes's agents, has peopled the country with managers and employers. Labor is deficient. The British South Africans, unlike the strudy pioneers of Australia or of our West, have evaded the

common pains of conquering a new country. South Africa may have been won in the smoke of British rifles; it has not been redeemed by the sweat of British brows. During the great period of expansion the syndicates and their salaried employees made up a large part of the immigrants, and so a top-heavy community has arisen, created prematurely from Lombard Street, and unprovided with that foundation of a healthy social order, an industrious laboring class.

The advance agents of empire seem to have left out of their South African calculations South African human nature. The Beits, Rhodeses, and Barnatos were apparently as indifferent to the human material with which they had to work as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Milner were later contemptuous of Boer ways of thinking. In the heyday of the syndicates a very thinly veiled form of peonage kept the Kaffirs at work in the mines; now that the powers of the companies have been abridged it is difficult to get labor for the mines, while projected new railroads and the rehabilitation of farming and ranching will still further deplete the labor supply of the Rand. In addition to the actual shortage of laborers the easy, desultory habits of the native blacks bring about in South Africa generally a more distracting condition than exists in the darkest regions of our own South. The farm laborer in Rhodesia, after a short term service, buys him a wife, supported by whom he lives happy ever after. Of the Kaffirs writes Mr. Hawkes: "They work part of the time, rest most of the time, and talk all the time."

Before this emergency two views are commonly advocated. First, the natives must be forced to work; second, workmen must be imported in great numbers to carry on existing and planned enterprises. Most colonists frankly preach the gospel of work—for the native—or the cowhide and prison pen. As Dr. Blyden, a former Minister of Liberia, put it euphemistically, when discussing the Belgian practices in the Congo State: "It needs something more than persuasion or denunciation to make the native see that it is his bounden duty to toil in order that a foreigner may enrich himself and live at ease." But that "something more" is abhorrent to the humanity of stay-at-home Imperialists, and it is not surprising that Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain choose to hang on the other horn of the dilemma—wholesale importation of contract laborers.

In the very instructive correspondence between the Colonial Secretary and the Governor-General, the latter has consistently taken the ground that the Kaffirs are fitted only for underground labor, and that they are morally an appurtenance of the mining industry. He accordingly proposes that, for Government railroads and the like, coolies or Chinese be imported under contract for a term of years—seven is suggested, with provision for their control while in South Africa and for their subsequent deportation. To this plan Mr. Chamberlain has given a qualified assent, insisting, however, that this temporary wardship must be conducted in a manner acceptable to the moral sensibilities of England and to the wishes of the Indian Government.

Since those sensibilities are pretty thoroughly seasoned from South African exposure, obstacles to Lord Milner's impressment will come less from humanitarian holders of "Kaffirs" than from leaders at the Cape and elsewhere who fear the further complication of a race problem already involved enough. One need not, with the alarmist press of Germany, imagine British South Africa on the brink of servile insurrection, to perceive that there is, from Rhodesia to the Cape, a race problem as threatening as our own. Chinamen, so long as Lord Milner's principle of "Kaffirs below ground, foreigners above ground," was lived up to, would perhaps get along with the natives. Coolies would probably be a very dangerous element in the South African chaos. In slipping such a foundation under the wobbling Imperial structure, the repairers might be very like workmen who lay their bricks in dynamite.

Nobody seems to consider the obvious moral solution of the crux—repentance and patience: repentance of an exploitation conducted with reckless haste; patience until the Kaffirs shall have learned to work, or until the natural demand shall have drawn to South Africa laborers who come not under bondage, but of their own free will. So simple an attitude will hardly be taken by those who have gold or diamonds to dig, or rails to lay on the veldt. Those peaceful processes which have hitherto made pioneer nations great, are too slow for Lombard Street pioneers with dividends to pay. It seems as if the gods, having given to our generation boundless energy, had withheld wisdom. No more telling instance of the arrogance of the new Imperialism could be furnished than this, that, lacking the absolute power of life and limb of the old Imperialism, it constitutes itself a special Providence and moves human beings about as counters on the industrial board. Let whoever still cherishes the Disraeli vision of *imperium et libertas*, ponder Lord Milner's plan of impressing yellow men for seven years of "compound" life in distant British possessions.

KHARTUM AND OMDURMAN.

KHARTUM, March, 1903.

The Mahdi captured Khartum, and Gordon was killed on the night of January 26-27, 1885; and till Kitchener defeated the Khalifa on September 2, 1898, at Omdurman, and reoccupied the heap of ruins which had once been a town of some 70,000 inhabitants, this district was as inaccessible as any part of Thibet. What happened on that awful day, when the victorious army of fanatics which had been kept at bay for 317 days by the valor and personal influence of one man, broke through the flimsy defence of this town of Khartum, will never be accurately known. Four thousand are said to have been massacred before the Mahdi ordered his followers to stay their hand. Gordon was one of the 4,000, and met his death with as calm a sense of certainty that the spear-thrusts of his enemies simply admitted him to the realm of the immortals, as that which inspired the successor of his opponent, the Khalifa Abdallah, fifteen years later—when utterly defeated by Col. F. R. Wingate at Om Dekribat on November 24, 1899—to seat himself with his emirs within range of the rifle fire, and invite death rather than surrender.

The battle of Kerreri took place less than five years ago, and we have just returned from the public garden where, for two hours, the Sudanese Military Band, led by a bandmaster as black as coal, dressed as trimly in European uniform as the bandmaster of an English regiment, played an overture by Auber, and waltzes and Molloy's songs, accurately, in tune and with feeling. In these same public gardens an agricultural and industrial exhibition had recently been held, and they are approached from the front by a boulevard on the banks of the Blue Nile, lined for a distance of two miles from the recently completed Gordon College with handsome Government buildings and private villas. The Khedival Avenue, from which the public gardens open on the rear, has been laid out with four rows of shade trees, and is being rapidly lined with substantial business and private houses, including two banks. Parallel to these, other spacious thoroughfares have been cut through the site of the old native town, and of the cemetery where so many of Gordon's faithful followers lie unnamed, whose lives were troubled by his enemies, and whose remains are now being disturbed by his friends. And these avenues are crossed by streets laid out on the same most liberal scale, and which are being so rapidly built upon that the wide space between the town and the defensive walls and trenches which Gordon built and dug between the Blue and the White Nile, will from all appearances soon be occupied; and those fortifications on which he so fruitlessly relied will become mere matters of record, like the romantic events of which they are to-day almost the only, vanishing monuments.

The amount of regenerative work done in the short period since the crushing battle of Omdurman or Kerreri is astonishing, but it is not so amazing as the faith in the future of the country and in their own ability to develop its latent resources which is thus evinced by its conquerors. It seems so short a time ago since Khartum was abandoned to utter darkness and the tyranny of the Mahdi, yet now you reach it by travelling over 575 miles of the Sudanese Government Railroad in sleeping-car trains, provided with excellent diners and

lighted by electricity, to be received on landing in the Grand Hotel of Khartum—"Grand," however, only by courtesy—owned and run by the L. S. D. Company, which it is believed will mean ultimately Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, but for the present means the emblems of hope of the London Sudanese Development Syndicate. One feature of the railroad management might be imitated midway on our own transcontinental roads. After a dusty night's drive between Wady Halfa and Abu Hamed, over 230 miles of hot and sandy desert, the train stops sufficiently long to enable the passengers to enjoy at their option a hot or cold bath in a clean, well-equipped bathing establishment. All these seem very commonplace and matter-of-fact themes—railroads, dining-cars, sleepers, baths, hotels, etc.—and they are in truth but poor duplicates of what we can enjoy with far less trouble and at far less expense at home. But they are none the less a most inspiring phenomenon in these outskirts of Africa, because they express a most emphatic prophecy and forecast of the speed with which the whole continent will, for better or worse, be forced into the circle of civilization.

The railroad was built as a military measure, but is now an artery of commerce, though still owned and operated by the Government. Before the Sudan was abandoned after Gordon's death, the Egyptian Government planned and commenced accumulating material for a railroad to follow the Nile valley above the First Cataract. Of this road a few miles were subsequently built, and two trains a week are now run over it to New Dongola, whence a steamship service gives access to the once populous and prosperous province of Dongola. It was thus by the river that Kitchener commenced his advance, but before he had proceeded far he decided that it would be quicker and cheaper to lay a track upon the level desert, across the peninsula, which is enclosed by the Nile, between Wady Halfa, at the foot of the Second Cataract, and Abu Hamed, at the head of the Fourth Cataract, where the Nile resumes its north and south course. No engineering difficulty presented itself. The chief dilemma was to secure with sufficient speed the construction material and the equipment. As a consequence of taking what was offered, there are now no less than five different types of locomotives on the road, which was enabled to be built across the desert, and thence along the river bank to Halfaiya, opposite Khartum, at the rate of one mile a day. Delay might have been occasioned in crossing the Atbara River but for the bid for the long bridge by an American firm on promise of prompt delivery, which promise was faithfully kept.

The gauge of the railroad is forty-two inches, and is found so efficient that the same gauge is to be adopted on the Suakin-Berber road, soon to be built, which will virtually throw out of service the existing road from Wady Halfa to Berber; for from Suakin, a port on the Red Sea, to Berber on the Nile is only 240 miles, whereas from Wady Halfa to Berber is 361 miles, and from Alexandria to Wady Halfa is 686 miles by rail and 226 miles by boat. From Berber to Khartum is by rail 216 miles. At present, therefore, to reach Khartum by steamer from the nearest seaport, Alexandria, one travels 1,261 miles by rail and 226 by steamer; whereas, when the Suakin-Berber cut-off is built, Khartum will be brought within reach of a seaport by 455 miles of railroad. And as every act of the Government bespeaks unwavering faith in the future of that rich region, situated between the fertilizing waters of the Blue and the White Niles, and as to prosperity cheap transportation is essential, this further step towards the development of the Sudan must soon be taken. The Suakin-Berber Railroad will traverse a desert, but, except for some 20 miles on the Red Sea littoral, the cost of construction should not exceed that of the Halfa-Abu Hamed section, which it is understood was about $10,000 a mile, for the desert offers as favorable a location for a railroad as the prairie itself, and, in the 243 miles traversed by the Halfa-Abu Hamed section, sand offers less obstacle than a road of equal length in our own Southwest encounters from the same difficulty.

The desert, in approaching the Nile or approaching springs, supports scattered acacia trees, our Western mesquite, and a growth of yuccas and coarse grass like our Western bear grass, but few or no cacti. At however short a distance from water, it presents, for stretches of league after league, an absolute prairie surface, covered with coarse sand and gravel out of which rocky masses rise, attaining sometimes the dignity of short ranges. These are absolutely devoid of vegetation, but streaked to their very summits with yellow sand, which has been blown into their ravines from the adjacent desert, and thus looks from the distance like tawny glaciers. The surface of this vast plain exposed to the action of the high winds has, by a natural sifting process, been deprived of the finer particles of sand, and therefore only such coarse sand and heavy gravel as nothing but a hurricane can move, covers them, and gives the railroad builder a most excellent material for his road bed. Although the whole line from Halfa or Suakin to Khartum is well within the tropics, it is only as Khartum is approached that heavy rains are liable to obstruct traffic during three or four of our summer months. Owing, therefore, to the aridity of the region, the scenery continues for 150 miles further south than Khartum to retain all the characteristics of that of Egypt, and agriculture is and can be practised only by the aid of irrigation. The climate is consequently less enervating than in the moist, forest-clad, and marshy equatorial region; and, though Europeans will not be engaged in the manual labor of winning from the fertile soil its bountiful crops, Europeans can superintend the large industries which will grow up, and can supervise their administration. Mining may even supplement agriculture; for, though it would be premature to count on the profitable production of the baser and more precious metals, they are known to exist. The Mahdi coined a considerable amount of copper. His large pennies, though not current, are sold for a trifle as curiosities. One of them, which I have had analyzed, contains, in addition to the copper, not less than 1,109 ounces of silver and 1.61 ounces of gold to the ton. The metal must have been derived from some native source, as no such copper is in the market.

Khartum lies within the angle formed by the junction of the Blue Nile, which takes its rise in Abyssinia, and the White Nile, which flows out of the Great Lakes. So sharp is the angle that Gordon threw a line of fortifications from one river to the other in order to protect the town. Immediately opposite Khartum, on the Blue Nile, is Halfaiya, the terminus of the Sudan Railroad, where the Government and the Development Company are building large shops, and to which they hope to transfer the trade of Omdurman. This capital of the Mahdi and subsequently of the Khalifa is situated opposite what will be the western suburb of Khartum when it covers the whole angle between the rivers. It extends partially down the bank of the White Nile and of the main river below the junction of its branches. If Khartum represents Europe transplanted into Africa, Omdurman is still Africa undiluted. It stretches for four miles along the river bank, for when it was the depot into which the Khalifa herded the population under the protection or the surveillance of his army, it contained not fewer than 500,000 souls. The people lived in one-storied mud huts lining streets laid out on an orderly system; but the warriors of the Khalifa's own tribe, some 10,000 in number, occupied a walled enclosure flanked with towers, in which they could resist any uprising of the disaffected, and which it would have been difficult for the invading army to take without great loss. The only two-storied house in this great human ant-hill was the house of the Khalifa; that even of the Mahdi was almost indistinguishable from the abode of his followers. Both were built near the great square of prayers, for, in the Sudan, Mohammedan architecture as well as the creed itself is reduced to its simplest elements. There are few or no mosques and no minarets, and therefore it must have been an inspiring sight to view the vast aggregate of humanity filling this grand square at the hour of prayer, and bowing simultaneously in the direction of Mecca.

The simplicity of the monotheistic creed of Mohammed, compared with the more intricate dogmatic system of Christianity, has always appealed strongly to the simple African mind, quite apart from the more attractive heaven which the Prophet promised to his followers. The Arab slave merchant has therefore been generally a successful missionary. But though the tribes of northern Sudan are Moslem, this is not the case with the natives of the Bahr el-Ghazal and others of the southern tribes, among whom the Government encourages Christian missionary effort. The field nevertheless has been occupied by only two agencies, to whom Lord Cromer referred in the following passage of his speech at Khartum last January:

"Let me also testify to the special pleasure which it afforded me to visit the admirably conducted establishments of the American missionaries on the Sobat and that of the Austrians on the White Nile—one Protestant, the other Roman Catholic; but I make no distinction between the two. Both are admirably conducted. I entirely concur with Sir Reginald Wingate and with, I believe, every responsible authority in this country, in thinking that the time is still distant when mission work can be permitted amongst the Moslem population of the Sudan. But such efforts as are now being made amongst the pagan tribes in the southern provinces deserve, and shall certainly receive, any reasonable amount of encouragement and assistance which can be afforded to them."

The material which the missionary will have to work upon is infinitely more tractable than the negro of the West Coast, because intellectually far superior, if one may judge by the fine specimens of the interior tribesmen one sees in the bazaars of Omdurman. It is the great mart of the gum-arabic, ivory, and ostrich-feather trade of northeastern Africa, and representatives of some thirty tribes may be seen in its markets. They are remarkably well formed in frame, and even handsome in features. The prognathous characters of the West Coast face are conspicuously absent; and, though we can well conceive this people to be fierce and sanguinary, their expression is not vicious, and the women are not only stately in figure, but even pretty, in spite of their color.

Omdurman after the battle was almost deserted, but population is returning with trade and with prosperity, and it is now said to harbor about 50,000 inhabitants. Still, only a small section of the original city is occupied, and a mile of empty streets and ruined adobe houses intervenes between the quarter containing the Grand Square, the bazaars, the departmental headquarters and barracks, and the cluster of houses further down the river around the machine shops of the Development Company. Desolation oppresses you, and that death itself was once rampant you are reminded by unearthing human bones as your donkey ploughs through the dust of the streets. Disease in that crowded, unsanitary, starving town must have carried off its hundreds of thousands before the thousands fell on the plain to the north.

The hopeless character of the struggle of barbarism and fanaticism against modern arms and modern methods is well displayed in the heaps of old-fashioned weapons picked up on the Kerreri battlefield. Though the Mahdi had the thousands of modern rifles taken from the obliterated armies of Hicks Pasha and Baker Pasha, and a battery of rapid-fire guns, which is still in his old armory, the most of his men who were provided with any firearms used old-fashioned flint-lock muskets and pistols, which are now heaped in huge piles within the same receptacle of antiquities and sold by the Government to tourists as curiosities for a few shillings apiece. Many are guns of even an older type than the "Old Brown Bess." I picked out a flintlock which, having lost even its primitive mechanism, was fired by a match like an old matchlock.

Correspondence.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL ABRIDGMENT OF THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Respected Friend: In regard to the contention that the Fifteenth Amendment prevents Congress from giving effect to that provision of the Fourteenth which requires a reduction of representation when the right to vote is denied or abridged, it seems to me that the facts are as follows: The Fifteenth Amendment prohibits the abridgment of the suffrage "on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." The prohibition here is absolute so far as it goes, and the thing prohibited cannot be done without a palpable violation of the letter and spirit of the Constitution. Therefore, Congress can take no notice of such an abridgment of the suffrage except to prohibit it. To suppose that Congress can reduce the representation of a State on account of such an abridgment of the suffrage is to suppose that Congress can license a State to violate the Constitution. On that supposition, a State violates the Constitution, and Congress permits it to continue the violation, provided the said State pays a penalty, which is virtually a license fee, in the form of a reduction of representation. Such action by Congress would be revolutionary. When either Congress or the Supreme Court assumes the right to sanction a violation of the Constitution, constitutional government will have come to an end. The only legitimate function of Congress in such a case is to uphold the Constitution.

It is clear that the section of the Fourteenth Amendment which requires a reduction of representation, applies only to such abridgments of the suffrage as may be effected without violating the Constitution; that is, to such as are not "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The Fifteenth Amendment supplements and modifies the Fourteenth, but does not supersede it, or conflict with it in any wise. Isaac W. Griscom.

Philadelphia, 8th month 25th, 1903.

NEGRO AND JEW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent number of the *Libre Parole* are some interesting comments by M. Édouard Drumont on the negro question in the United States, which show how the race problem of one country may be made to point a moral in the affairs of another. M. Drumont says:

"As concerns the negroes, we have no right to encourage by our approval the rigorous measures which have been adopted against them across the Atlantic. As I have said before, they have done us no harm in France, and hence we do not see why we should intermeddle with their struggle with the whites in the United States. The moral which stands out plainly from these facts is the establishment of a scientific, moral, ethnological, social, and economic truth with which our readers have long been familiar. Equality between races will never exist. Shem, Ham, and Japheth, will never live side by side in fraternity, tolerance, and peace. . . . In France, Japheth has become the slave of Shem. In the United States, Japheth wishes to reduce Ham again to the condition of servitude from which he already regrets that he raised him."

Lawrence B. Evans.

Paris, August 20, 1903.

OUR INTEREST IN SPANISH ARCHIVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent appointment of the librarian of the Philippine Islands, to make explorations in the archives of Spain and Mexico respecting the earlier history of the islands, should serve as a reminder that in those same archives there are, or should be, lying vast quantities of unedited material relating to a much earlier acquisition by the United States, namely, Louisiana. Efforts have been made for years to induce the Government to secure copies of the materials of Louisiana history in foreign archives. Surely, Louisiana should come before the Philippine Islands.

In almost all the treaties by which territory has been acquired from other civilized nations by the United States, there has been a clause in the treaty providing that all the archives relating to the portions of territory thus acquired should be handed over to United States authorities. I have once or twice tried to follow up the history of attempts to carry into execution this clause. In the case of two treaties I found the appointment of an officer to receive the documents, but the matter always ended with the statement from him of his inability to carry out the work. Is it not time that the non-fulfilment of this article in all the treaties should be inquired into, and that a commission be appointed to repair the negligence of past administrations?

I am not ignorant that steps in the direction suggested have been considered by committees of the American Historical Association. It seems to me that there would be considerable economy if the work on Louisiana and the Philippines could be carried out simultaneously.

Yours truly, William Beer.

Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, August 27, 1903.

CHAMBERLAIN "SCREWS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: People at home have perhaps as good opportunity for keeping up with the progress of the ball that Mr. Chamberlain has started as those of us who are now in England; for the newspaper correspondents are observing and quick. But some of the interesting details are sure to be lost. I enclose a letter cut from the London *Daily News* of yesterday, which indicates in some degree the direction and progress of the protectionists. The visitor seems to be at home, with a national election day close at hand. P.

Oxford, August 14, 1903.

Sir: I write to call your attention to the way a Mr. Willey of Exeter—who is, I believe, an engineer and a Tory—intends to support Mr. Chamberlain in his endeavor to tax the food of the people. Mr. Willey employs, I have an impression, a good many men, and you will see from the *Western Times* I send you that he, according to the old Tory style, expects them to vote at the next election as he thinks fit. He concluded his speech at Exeter last Thursday, at a meeting in the Guildhall, called to discuss the new fiscal policy, as follows: "As a point of honor he should say to his men that he expected them to follow his lead in this direction of vital importance affecting the very existence of his industry, and he had little fear of the result. If they did not follow the leader, they could not complain of him if they found their occupation gone, and if he asked them to step aside for men on whose loyalty he could depend." This extract is taken from the tenth page of the *Western Times*.

It would be useful to reprint it and to show the public what is the spirit which animates some of Mr. Chamberlain's followers.—Yours, etc., G. F. Newman.

Luther House, Crediton, Devon, August 10, 1903.

ENGLISH HOME OF THE FRANKLINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is not generally known in the States that the little village of Ecton in Northamptonshire, five miles east of the county town, was the home for all time, as

ordinarily calculated, of the Franklin family, till about the period at which the father of the celebrated Benjamin crossed the Atlantic. This, perhaps, puts the matter somewhat inadequately, seeing that the bones of generations of Franklins lie under the shadow of the thirteenth-century church, which is no discredit to the county that, above all others in England, is conspicuous for its ancient churches.

A couple of inscribed tombstones of date 1702 commemorate the last of the Franklins who lived in Ecton, namely, the uncle and aunt of Benjamin. The names of the family, from that date back to the beginning of the Registers, 1549, are continually on its pages. The family were small freeholders, of the yeoman class, owning a house in the village and about thirty acres of land, to the cultivation of which they added various trades, that of blacksmith being the one we hear most of. The homestead has gone, but the house erected on its site in 1757 remains, and is now the village store.

Benjamin Franklin's father was born here; but, owing probably to religious differences with his family, who were strong church people, he removed to Banbury, whence he eventually emigrated to America. A brother, Thomas Franklin, whose tombstone is kept in good order for the benefit of the very few Americans who chance to visit Ecton, rose higher in the world than his forebears and became a lawyer. He left only a daughter behind him, and, on her marriage to a Mr. Fisher in another part of the county, the little freehold was sold, and the Franklins vanished from Ecton.

Eight times a day, however, we are still reminded of the family after a fashion quite unique in English county villages; for Tom Franklin, the above-named lawyer, uncle of Banjamin and last of the name, evidently a stirring and active person, collected a subscription for a new chime of bells to be hung in the old church tower, which, in addition to the usual function of church bells, are set for a carillon, and, for the last 200 years, at stated hours, night and day, play the time-honored but now forgotten tune, "Britons, Strike Home"—a favorite, no doubt, of the Ecton Franklins.

And now for the practical part of this letter. Ecton Church is in danger of collapse. Restoration, not for fancy or decorative purposes merely, but for the saving of the edifice, has been pronounced by an experienced architect to be necessary. The parish is a purely agricultural one, consisting of 500 souls, including the rector, squire, the writer, seven or eight farmers, and the rest all laboring men or servants. The sum required is £3,000 ($15,000). There is no fund worth mentioning to which such a parish can appeal. The people of the parish have to do their own church restoration, while to apply to the English public on the strength of the Franklin association would be waste of breath and print.

I venture to think that, for obvious reasons, there may be people in America who will help us to save this fine and stately old thirteenth-century fabric, in which Franklin's family worshipped for 300 years at any rate, and were all baptized and buried, from collapse. The parishioners will be able to find about half the required sum at the outside; of the balance there is no prospect in view. I might also remark that Ecton Church with its surroundings, its Queen Anne rectory, its Hall and timbered precincts, and quaint old-fashioned village, is one of the most picturesque nooks of its kind in the Midland counties; and, curiously enough, is only twelve miles from the home of the Washingtons at Brington.

Letters may be addressed to the Rev. J. C. Cox-Edwards, rector, Ecton, Northampton.—Yours truly, A. G. BRADLEY.

ECTON, August 4, 1903.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' fall announcements include 'Literary New York: Its Landmarks and Associations,' by Charles Hemstreet; 'Protection Papers,' by William Dudley Foulke; 'Twelve Years in a Monastery,' by Joseph McCabe; Moore's translation of the Odes of Anacreon, with six designs by Girodet de Roussy, on Japanese tissue; the Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, edited, with illustrations from his own designs, by Elizabeth Luther Cary; the Works of Charles and Mary Lamb, in seven volumes, edited by E. V. Lucas; 'The Record of a Family,' a means of preserving interesting data in the lives of children from birth to maturity; 'The Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall,' edited by Joseph P. Cotton, jr., in two volumes; 'The Writings of Samuel Adams,' edited by Prof. Henry A. Cushing, in three volumes; the second volume of John Boyd Thacher's 'Christopher Columbus'; 'Parliamentary England,' by Edward Jenks; 'Ireland under English Rule,' by Thomas Addis Emmet; 'Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary Queen of Scots,' by M. M. Shoemaker; the second volume of Hanotaux's 'Contemporary France'; a Life of Voltaire, by S. G. Tallentyre; 'Old Court Life in France,' by Frances Elliot; 'Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux,' by Elizabeth W. Champney; 'French Life in Town and Country,' by Hannah Lynch (library edition); 'Austrian Life in Town and Country,' by Francis H. E. Palmer; 'Turkish Life in Town and Country,' by Lucy M. J. Garnett; and the 'Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi,' by Myron H. Phelps.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s list will include 'William Wetmore Story and his Friends,' by Henry James; 'William Ellery Channing,' by Paul Revere Frothingham; 'John Greenleaf Whittier,' by Prof. George R. Carpenter; 'Henry Ward Beecher,' by Lyman Abbott; 'The Life and Letters of Margaret J. Preston,' by Elizabeth Preston Allan; 'Memoirs of Rufus Putnam,' edited by Rowena W. Buell; 'Reminiscences of an Astronomer,' by Prof. Simon Newcomb; 'My Own Story,' by J. T. Trowbridge, and the same author's Poetical Works; 'The Singing Leaves,' by Josephine Preston Peabody; 'The Passing Show,' five short plays by Harriett Monroe; 'Elizabeth of England,' a dramatic romance in five volumes, by Prof. N. S. Shaler; 'The Overture,' poems by Joseph Russell Taylor; 'Gawayne and the Green Knight,' by Charlton M. Lewis; 'Fifteen Sonnets of Petrarch,' selected and translated by T. W. Higginson, who also collaborates with Henry W. Boynton in a 'Reader's History of American Literature'; 'The Great Poets of Italy,' by Oscar Kuhns; 'Aids to the Study of Dante,' edited by Charles W. Dinsmore; 'Ruskin's Comments on the Divina Commedia,' compiled by George P. Huntington; 'Essays on Great Writers,' by Henry D. Sedgwick, jr.; 'Ponkapog Papers,' by Thomas B. Aldrich; 'My Cookery Books,' a collector's discourse by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; 'The History of Oliver and Arthur,' Englished by William Leighton and Eliza Barrett; 'Hill Towns of Italy,' by Egerton R. Williams, jr.; 'The Land of Little Rain' (Southeastern California), by Mary Austin; 'The Clerk of the Woods,' by Bradford Torrey; the Works of John Burroughs in twelve volumes; 'New Bedford of the Past,' by Daniel Ricketson; 'American History and its Geographic Conditions,' by Ellen C. Semple; 'American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century,' by Edward Stanwood; 'Zut and Other Parisians,' by Guy Wetmore Carryl; and 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

From Macmillan we are to have a Life of Robert Morris, by Dr. Oberholtzer; 'Getting a Living: the Problem of Wealth and Poverty; of Profits, Wages, and Trades Unionism,' by George L. Boler; 'A Pleasure-Book of Grindelwald,' by Daniel P. Rhodes, son of Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the historian; and Stephen Phillips's new play, "David and Bathsheba."

The Chicago University Press announces 'Lectures on Commerce and Administration,' by several hands.

'Ferns,' by Dr. C. E. Waters, will shortly be issued by Henry Holt & Co.

We have already noticed several of the interesting volumes containing selections reprinted from Arber's 'English Garner' (London: Constable; New York: Dutton). The last volume, 'Fifteenth-Century Prose and Verse,' with an introduction by Alfred W. Pollard, has, in addition to what is taken from Arber, several highly interesting pieces not included in the 'Garner'; among the rest, some curious Christmas carols from an Oxford manuscript, the Miracle Play of the Nativity from the Coventry cycle, the morality of "Everyman," and a number of the prologues and epilogues of Caxton. The editor justly thinks that the dulness generally attributed to the literature of the fifteenth century is partly what we may call physiological—that is, it seems dark because we are dazzled by the brightness of Chaucer and Shakspere in the preceding and following centuries; and in this he is partly right. Lydgate and Hoccleve certainly do weigh down the century like two Old Men of the Sea; but the exquisite prose of Malory more than makes amends. The editor might have made his contention stronger if he had cast his eye north of the Tweed and marked what poetry was bursting into blossom there.

Mr. Frederic L. Paxson's 'The Independence of the South American Republics' (Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach) is a book of some two hundred and fifty pages, mainly historical. It is for the greater part based on unpublished original manuscripts, and contains a detailed account of the events leading to the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, including the South American wars of liberation. Nine pages of bibliography are appended. The volume will be found of value by students of the period. As a study in international law, its author's aim seems to be to bring out the difference between the modern theory of recognition of new States as

dependent on the actual facts of the case, and the old view (if it can be called one) that recognition was a matter of policy. As he points out, there could be no true modern doctrine of recognition until there was a true modern doctrine of neutrality, which itself was not developed until after 1776. Our recognition by France during the Revolution was really a case of intervention.

Dr. H. Meyer's little book called 'Determination of Radicles in Carbon Compounds' (John Wiley & Sons) has been translated by Prof. J. Bishop Tingle, with important improvements for which the author expresses his thanks. It is a valuable book, not only in the laboratory, but as an aid to the book student in enabling him to preserve a practical attitude of mind toward the subject.

Chemists and microscopists designate certain mixtures and processes by their devisers' names; and of these terms Mr. Alfred I. Cohn, favorably known by a former book on indicators, has now compiled a dictionary of some three thousand entries, entitled, 'Tests and Reagents' (D. Van Nostrand Co.). He disclaims all pretensions to completeness; and certainly it were to be wished that Carnot's test for potassium had been inserted, as well as Flandin and Danger's method of detecting arsenic, this having as good right to a place as the method of Fresenius and Babo that Mr. Cohn duly books. Devanda's alloy, being used in analysis, might be looked for; and it were better not to disappoint expectations having any shadow of justification. Still, on the whole, we do not think the compiler need fear dissatisfaction on the score of omissions. Nor, on the other hand, can harm be done by the appearance of the fuming liquor of Cadet under an odd disguise suggesting that eminent pharmaceutist's searching out a test for cacodyl in the year 1760, nor in Scheele's green figuring in similar fashion. What will be perplexing is that a person wanting to know, for example, what Mayer's solution is, will find himself confronted with twenty-three articles headed "Mayer," with no way, short of going through them all, of making sure which of them is commonly known as Mayer's solution. Nevertheless, despite imperfections incident (among other things) to first editions of original dictionaries, the book promises to be useful to those for whom it is intended, as it already is curious to those for whom it is not intended. A forty-three-page index enhances its value.

The first, or Qualitative, volume of Prof. F. P. Treadwell's 'Analytical Chemistry' (John Wiley & Sons) is the very best book with which to learn qualitative analysis in the old-fashioned thorough way that we have ever seen, and almost persuades us that that was the right way, after all. The tests given are numerous but not indiscriminately collected, and the descriptions of the ways of performing them far superior to anything of the sort we have ever seen. The student is instructed to calculate numerically the delicacy of every test, and the concentrations of the solutions are supposed to be given on the labels of the bottles. On the other hand, the account of mass-action is inadequate, encourages loose thinking, and conveys the impression that the matter is far simpler than it is. Not having seen the original, we are unable to say what the translator, Mr. William J. Hall, has done for the work; but we gather that he has introduced some improvements of detail. We are constrained to say, however, that the misprints are numerous and sometimes bad; as when the student is directed to use nitric acid when hydrochloric is meant, a salt of ammonium when a salt of aluminium is meant, tin when zinc is meant, etc.

The July issue of the *Library Journal* is wholly given up to the proceedings, in that month, at the Niagara Falls Conference of the American Library Association. This means a matter of 242 pages in double columns of type like that we are now using. It is needless to commend these papers and discussions to the attention of educators and sociologists. The report opens with consideration of President Eliot's proposal to stow away or discard books obsolete or little used; his own university's librarian contributing perhaps the weightiest suggestions. Mr. Lane is convinced from experience that "direct personal access to a classified collection of all the material at hand is of the first importance if profitable work is to be accomplished." This he fortifies by the testimony of investigators. An interesting feature in library economy is revealed in two papers on "duplicate pay collections of popular books"—a sort of parlor-car principle which at St. Louis has proved highly remunerative. Miss Johnson, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Nashville, Tenn., discoursing on Southern libraries in general, reports (and justifies the fact) that they are, with few exceptions, "rigidly exclusive of blacks." With the old trust in Providence and "its own good time and way" for the abolition of slavery, "the librarians and library boards are disposed to do all in their power to aid the colored people in securing libraries of their own *whenever the opportune time arrives.*"

For a number of years the pronounced Catholic circles of Austria and Germany have been collecting funds for the purpose of establishing a distinctively "independent" Catholic university in Salzburg, in Tyrol, after the model of the "free" university (entirely under Church control) in Freiburg, Switzerland. This is because the Catholic faculties in the State universities are not under Church supervision, except in the case of the newly appointed Strassburg faculty, where, by special arrangement between the German Government and the Vatican, only professors acceptable to the Church can be appointed. In order to counteract the Ultramontane venture in Salzburg, an international organization of university men has been established in Germany and Austria, which has arranged for extensive courses of lectures and other regular university work at Salzburg during the long summer vacation in August and September. An official appeal has been published for coöperation and attendance on the part of those who do not believe in a Catholic "Science." The list of lecturers for the present summer includes some fifteen from various German universities, and among them even the veteran Mommsen, who has all along been the leader in the fight for independent research, free from Church control, in the universities of the Fatherland. The Freiburg experiment, it may be remarked, has practically proved a failure. Not only have all men of independence been forced out of the faculty, but the university authorities of Germany have publicly announced that they will give no credit to a student for the time he spent at Freiburg, or recognize a degree from that institution, on account of the inferiority in the quality of the work done there.

Prof. Dr. von Luschau has just returned from his fifth expedition to northern Syria, bringing with him thirty-four large boxes of Hittite archæological finds, intended for the Royal Museum at Berlin. As the finds of the other four expeditions are also there, the Museum will become, next to that of Constantinople, the headquarters for Hittite archæological studies. This is one step towards satisfying German ambition to make the collections in Berlin rival those in the British Museum, where, it is alleged, foreign savants and scholars are no longer welcomed as they were in former days.

The Eighth International Geographic Congress is to convene in this country in September, 1904. Early in that month the principal scientific sessions will be held in Washington, to be followed by social sessions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago, with a final session in conjunction with the World's Congress of Science and Arts in St. Louis. An excursion from that city to Mexico and to points of geographic interest in the western United States and Canada is also contemplated. The Committee of Arrangements have their headquarters, and may be addressed, at Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington.

A notable collection of contemporary paintings, drawings, etchings, and lithographs, including a full representation of the Glasgow School, has been shipped to Philadelphia by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, and will make a tour of leading American cities before being shown at St. Louis during the Exposition. Boldini, Lavery, Von Uhde, Strang, Mesdag, Maris, Vierge, Rodin, Greiffenhagen, Anning Bell, Pennell, and Shannon are some of the contributory artists. Mr. Whistler's death caused the withdrawal of his quota.

—There appears to be something shady about a proposed edition of Jefferson's Writings, to be issued in connection with the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association. The scheme to place a memorial of Jefferson in the city of Washington has much to commend it, even if the form be open to question. The Association, however, is offering 1,000 copies of the Writings in twenty volumes at $60 to $120 for the set, according to binding. The claim is made that the edition will comprise *all* the Jefferson matter in the Department of State and published in 1853 by order of Congress; but the compilation of 1853 is most imperfect, and *all* the Jefferson matter in the Department would fill more than twenty volumes. The publishers further state that the new edition will include "an autobiography of Jefferson," which is nothing more than the "Anas," and has already been printed in full. Similar pretensions are put forward for other well-known material, as if it were to be printed now for the first time. The editor is Andrew A. Lipscomb, and associated with him is Albert Ellery Bergh. The publisher is the Walter Thorp Company of New York. The edition of 1853, made by H. A. Washington, and the later compila-

tion made by Paul L. Ford, would together cost about the same as the proposed issue by the Jefferson Memorial Association, and yet would give *all* the important writings of Jefferson now known. No circulars descriptive of the undertaking have been issued. *Caveat emptor.*

—The two bulky volumes aggregating more than 2,000 pages and entitled, 'The History of the Treman (Tremaine, Truman) Family in America, with the related families of Mack, Dey, Board and Ayers,' by Ebenezer Mack Treman and Murray E. Poole (Ithaca, N. Y.), is a monument of ill-directed labor and ill-digested facts. The editors say, in their brief preface: "The plan of this book is so simple as to need no explanation." This is generally the notion of genealogists who disregard the perfected method of their craft, and invent their own scheme of arrangement, display, and reference. It will be enough to point out that there is no table of contents; that each of the families named above is treated by itself, and has its special index, and that its own rubrics are mingled with those of allied families (*e. g.*, Bodle, Earle, Rappleye, Goldsmith, Baker, Smith, King, Banks, Newman, Marshall, Bailey, Allen, Wyckoff, Updike, Bower are intercalated between the two Tremans on page 128 and page 133 of volume one). The separate indexes have, indeed, the merit of showing each family connection in a single view, but also compel resort to five alphabets for any person whose connection is not known. The index references are not by page, but by personal number, running nearly into the million, with such formidable compounds as 972900-6620 (we knew this unfortunate, who died in early manhood). A famous Boston orator appears on page 1683 in the list of his father's children, and is numbered 916,504; at page 1685 (vol. 2) he reappears in a full article, with the number 921,000; and has a shorter article devoted to him on page 1820*c*, under the number 969,-203. Could any system be less in need of explanation than this? Much true information is contained in these volumes, much is fanciful and unauthenticated, and there is no proportion or editing shown in the use of quoted matter. Not a few prominent names are to be found on searching; but as a rule, for high or low, there is no indication whether the person commemorated is descended from or connected by marriage with the Tremans, Macks, Deys, Ayerses, and Boards. The portrait illustrations are numerous and highly interesting.

—The Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church of America, or, more briefly, the Norwegian Synod, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year by the issue of a jubilee publication of about 500 pages, large octavo, with 48 half-tone pictures, setting forth in detail the history and general progress of this church organization during the half century, as manifested not only in the increased number of ministers and congregations, but also in the erection of schools, colleges, homes for the aged and for children, hospitals, etc. Although the Synod dates its inception from 1853, the first Norwegian Lutheran congregation was formed ten years earlier at Muskego, Wis., and other congregations were organized soon thereafter. The first attempt at forming a synod was in 1850, but it was only in October, 1853, that the organization was effected. The Synod started with 38 congregations, attended by six ministers—figures which, in the present jubilee year, have been increased to 900 and 280, respectively, representing about 140,000 communicants. These totals would now have been much larger but for a schism in the church in 1888, due mainly to differences of opinion as to the election of grace, in consequence of which nearly one-half of the congregations seceded. The number of congregations then lost has now about been regained.

—In the first years of the church almost all its ministers came over from Norway, with whose national church the Synod closely allied itself; but of the 60 ministers thus imported 30 returned to their native country, others left the service on account of age or for other reasons, and, out of the whole number of 280 ministers now in active service, only 16 were educated for the priesthood at the University of Norway. From the very beginning, the efforts of the officers of the Synod were directed towards making it independent in the training of ministers; and the necessity of supplying this demand has been the prime moving force in the erection of the many colleges, seminaries, schools, etc., that attest the interest which this people, even when transplanted from its native shores to surroundings calculated to favor materialism and a stubborn struggle for existence, take in the higher education. The first school to be established by the Synod was the Luther College at Decorah, Iowa, which, under the unbroken direction of its now aged president, Prof. L. Larsen, has ever been and probably will continue to be the main seat of learning among the Norwegian-American population, where patriotism and fidelity to American institutions are cultivated side by side with reverence for the ancestral home, and love and admiration of its language, history, and literature. Many of the young men who have issued from Luther College have made their mark in American political and social life, while not a few have gone thence to seek wider opportunities for study at the great American universities and taken respectable positions in art and science.

—A notable addition to our knowledge of American archæology has just been made by Capt. Daniel Bruun, a Danish investigator, who, following in the footsteps of the learned Dr. Kaalund, had already spent much time in examining in Iceland the remains of the farmsteads and temples belonging to the heathen age. Since April of the present year he has been exploring the sites of the Icelandic settlements made in the tenth century on the shores of Greenland, which, after flourishing for more than three centuries, were, as is generally surmised, destroyed about the middle of the fifteenth by the invading Eskimos. The colony was divided into two districts, the Vesturbyggd and the Austurbyggd, the latter much the larger. Owing to a misreading of the saga texts, it was long taken for granted that these names indicated the situation of the settlements on the western and eastern coasts of Greenland. Many explorers, at various times, have sought for remains of these old Northmen, but, misled by the geographical error, failed to find them, until finally, as late as 1830, the Danish captain Graah succeeded in hitting upon several farmsteads and the walls of a church, together with a runic stone, thus proving that the terms employed signified the relative westernmore and easternmore positions of the settlements on the southwest-facing coastline of Greenland. In 1894 Capt. Bruun undertook his first voyage to Greenland, and confined his observations mainly to the Austurbyggd in the modern district of Julianeshaab. This year he has been chiefly engaged in seeking for the almost unvisited Vesturbyggd, lying in the district of Godthaab, and has brought back most gratifying results. Owing to native traditions, the Eskimos have, from the days of the missionary Hans Egede, shown great unwillingness to assist in any researches connected with the story of the Old-Northern colonists, but Capt. Bruun was accompanied, for much of the time, not only by the official Danish inspector of South Greenland, but by the well-known and intelligent native printer, Lars Möller, who enjoys the respect of all his fellow-natives.

—Captain Bruun, after an absence of five months, has just returned to Copenhagen, but for full details of his success the public must await his official report. It is, however, known that he has discovered the foundations, generally overgrown with grass, but easily traceable, of many farmsteads, with the stone portions, such as the supports of the fodder-troughs in the stables, for instance, yet standing; the ruins of a church, its churchyard still preserving several Old-Northern skeletons; a stone baptismal font; a head, of European type, carved in walrus bone; and a multitude of relics of all kinds, mostly from the refuse mounds of the settlements, resembling those in Denmark known to geologists as kitchen-middens. These last embrace various sorts of bones, especially of domestic animals, proving that the colonists possessed horses, cows, sheep, and goats. On the whole the sites of between 60 and 70 of the 90 farmsteads alluded to in the sagas as existing in the Vesturbyggd have now been fixed; while in Ameralikfjord, where lay the northern boundaries of Austurbyggd, no fewer than 16 farmsteads were traced by Captain Bruun, some of them indicating by their size the importance and wealth of the yeomen who inhabited them. Sites of old hunting huts were also found, and of *sæters*, or dairy huts, belonging to the high-lying summer pasture lands. It is singular that the relics of such a pasture site should have been surveyed by Captain Bruun in the Austmannadal, which opens into the Ameralikfjord, and at the very point where Nansen and his companion, in their perilous snowshoe crossing of the Greenland glaciers, encamped in order to construct the canvas boat with which they succeeded in rowing to Godthaab. Right here lay not a few distinguishable ruins. The last period of Bruun's researches was occupied with the fjords to the north and south of the trading stations Arsuk and Ivigtut. His achievements will probably lead to some changes in the accepted Old-Northern geography of these regions. They at least furnish important additional proof of the genuineness of the saga accounts relating to the so-called "pre-Columbian" discovery of the Western world. But it is pretty certain that Greenland has not yielded all the information

it has to give in regard to the sturdy Icelanders who built hamlets and churches, 900 years ago, on its bleak shores, and who had their priests and bishops, navigators and merchants, and even their warlike chieftains and inspired poets before the struggle between the Norman and Anglo-Saxon in England was fairly ended.

—Those who could best have spoken of the late Frederick Law Olmsted in his prime are no longer with us. Dying on Friday in his eighty-second year, he had outlived not only his own powers, but the friends of his early manhood. By a happy circumstance, his name has been actively perpetuated in the profession of landscape gardening and architecture, which, following in the footsteps of Downing, he brought to an unparalleled pitch of achievement and propaganda. From New York's Central Park and the Boston Metropolitan Park system to the Golden Gate, the continent is dotted with his natural monuments, such as any philanthropist or any artist might envy. Thus, no doubt, he will be chiefly remembered. The civil engineer and scientific farmer, the American Arthur Young travelling and observing in both hemispheres, will be forgotten in the creator of the pleasure-grounds of our teeming population, the promoter of civic embellishment. Forgotten already by the multitude is his herculean performance during the war as secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission. Forgotten too much—but they are time-proof—are Mr. Olmsted's classic reports of his journeys in the Southern States before the war. In these volumes will forever be read the economic condemnation of American slavery, along with incidental dispassionate, almost at times feelingless, revelations of the hideous cruelties of that system. In them may now be read, and should be read by every one alarmed at present Southern conditions, the underlying causes of post-bellum backwardness and reaction. A deeper oblivion has, not surprisingly, overtaken Mr. Olmsted's connection with the incipiency of the *Nation*. Such notices of his as we have seen have not overlooked his connection with the ill-fated *Putnam's Magazine*. None has recalled his intimacy with Edwin Lawrence Godkin, and their joint scheme for such a journal as emerged in 1865 and may soon celebrate its fortieth anniversary; his temporary proprietorship in it; and his editorial relations. This, small part of his life-work though it was, could not go uncommemorated in these columns; and would that the hand which clasped his in the small beginnings of this enterprise, could now portray that modest and lovable character, warm-hearted and yet sane, well-balanced, equable, gentle as a woman or as those growing things which he wrought into lines and tracts of beauty for the perennial adornment of his native land.

THE POOL AND THE WATER-CURE.

Cartells et Trusts. By Étienne Martin Saint-Léon. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 1903.

Trust Finance: A Study of the Genesis, Organization, and Management of Industrial Combinations. By Edward Sherwood Meade, Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

Both of these books treat of the same general subject, to wit, industrial combinations. Martin Saint-Léon's little volume is in its scope the more extensive, both because it covers the various types of industrial combinations in Europe and America, and also because it attempts an evaluation of such combinations in their economic, social, and political bearings. Mr. Meade's book, as the title would indicate, confines itself to American Trusts, and deals mainly with their finances. While it happens, therefore, that the two writers occasionally cross each other's track, as, for example, in discussing watered stock, their respective orbits are in general too far apart to make it worth while to study critically the intersections of their arguments.

The chief importance of the French book for readers in this country is its succinct account of those Europeans cartells and syndicates which in a general way are analogous to our Trusts. The account is the more valuable for the reason that the writer has a first-rate knowledge of the Trust in America. He consequently takes pains to point the contrast as well as to emphasize the likenesses between the Trust and the cartell. Each chapter is fortified with a well-sorted bibliography giving the cream of the literature upon the general topics treated in the text.

The term cartell is used, first, to designate an agreement between producers, and then to designate the parties thus associated together. The second use of the term seems, on the whole, to be the more common. The agreement in question varies in form, but is essentially like the pooling agreements with which, in ante-Trust days, our manufacturers were familiar. Its simplest form is an agreement to abide by a certain scale of prices, but it now commonly covers the fixation of the total output and the share thereof allotted to each producer.

These cartells grew in number with great rapidity, first in Germany after 1878, and thereafter in the other great commercial nations of the Continent, especially France and Austria. The even tenor of the cartells' way was early threatened by complaints and recriminations over secret rebates and similar devices. But in this emergency the cartells hit upon an ingeniously simple remedy, namely, the concentration of all sales of products in the hands of a joint agency. To overcome the same weakness in pooling arrangements, nothing would do our American producers but the absolute fusion of all competing plants in the Trust, though this result was often purchased at the cost of "woes unnumbered" in the shape of worthless securities.

In short, the Continental cartell is simply a successful pooling arrangement of more or less stringent nature, made effective by a common sales agency acting for the various concerns which are parties to the agreement. To do the joint selling and buying for the associated concerns, as well as to fix the standard of market prices, determine the total output and its allotment to the individual plants, a separate organization (*Syndicat* or *Comptoir*) of modest size is often organized, sometimes on the basis of a stock company. Its share capital is inconsiderable—that of the German coal syndicate of the Rhine and Westphalia is only 900,000 marks—and its only shareholders are the owners of the properties combined in the cartell. There is consequently no exuberant creation of securities involved in the cartell, which is literally a "pool" without "water." On the other hand, as the author points out, it is of course true that the cartells, allowing as they do each owner of a mine or plant to manage his property in what fashion he will, cannot attain that absolute minimum cost of production which ensues when only the best equipped concerns are operated under Trust control. Certain economies the cartells do, however, realize, such as the avoidance of cross freights; but these savings are moderate when compared with those realized under the Trust régime at its best.

M. Martin Saint-Léon briefly traces the history of the more important cartells in Germany, Austria, and France. He finds that the attitude of the legislator and the courts in both France and Germany is rather favorable to the cartell. In Germany the Reichsgericht has enjoined upon a recalcitrant member of a cartell the specific performance of his contract obligations under the cartell. The kingdom of Prussia, which owns certain potassium mines, is itself a party to the potassium cartell (*Kali-Kartell*). In France, Section 419 of the Penal Code, which was designed to prevent or punish combinations in restraint of trade, has been so twisted by judicial interpretation as not to interfere with the cartells. In Austria alone is the cartell in bad odor. Public opinion is hostile, and the cartell's legal position is precarious. But the Austrian cartell seems to enjoy the *diis inritis*, and is particularly reckless in exacting tribute from the consumer.

While he excepts the Austrian cartells from the benefit of his indulgence, our author seems on the whole to approve of the tolerant attitude manifested towards these combinations. He does this on the ground that they have rarely abused their power over prices, and that they afford an industrial *modus vivendi* where unrestrained competition would make conditions of production and the course of prices very unstable and therefore intolerable. This attitude of mind with reference to combinations of producers may not be one in which we can permanently rest—it is eminently "unfinal"; but beyond this stage of acquiescence the industrial philosophy of this work does not extend.

The latter half of the book, devoted to American Trusts, is of less value, at least for readers in this country. In general the author has followed the best sources, notably Jenks, upon whose presentation he does not improve. An occasional mistake crops out, as on page 118, where it is stated that, as a rule, manufacturers who sold their plants to a Trust, besides obtaining a bonus in Trust securities, received the entire value of the plants in *actual cash*. On page 196 a statement made by the late Francis A. Walker is attributed to "le général Parker." On the whole this study of the American Trust is to be praised. It grasps the main issues. It points out time and again how the tariff creates a covert in which Trusts may readily breed. It discerns, too, the dangers inherent in the in-

flated securities of the Trusts, of which it remarks sagely (p. 125), "Prendre pour base d'évaluation les résultats *futurs* d'une entreprise, c'est déserter le terrain solide de la réalité pour entrer dans le domaine mouvant de la conjecture et de la fantaisie."

Of Mr. Meade's book approximately the first third is a sketch of the promoter's work in organizing the Trust. This in the main is well done, though it occasionally omits a careful balancing of opposed considerations. The bulk of the treatise consists, first, in the enunciation of certain abstract canons of corporate finance, and, second, in the application of these canons to the financial management of our industrial Trusts. The canons are for the most part admirable precepts of financial wisdom, though often set forth in rather sweeping fashion. The analysis of the financial management of the Trusts is shrewd and fair. Towards the close of the book Mr. Meade takes up the questions of watered stock and legal remedies for the evils of Trusts. In a most straightforward way he dissipates many of the confused contentions upon the subject of watered stock; and concludes with expounding a legal panacea which he hopes may transmute industrial shares generally into safe investment securities.

In his description of the work of Trust promotion Mr. Meade points out the doubly favorable opportunity that presented itself in 1898. Just now, of course, both producer and investor are like the "deaf adder" which will not hearken to the voice of promoters promoting never so wisely. But in 1898 the previous long years of lean profits had created among producers the conviction that "while competition might be the life of trade," it was "the death of profits." Enforced economy during the same period among thousands of well-conditioned consumers had created a potential demand for investments which the offerings of extant securities were unable to supply. To satisfy this double desideratum —freedom from competitive rivalry, and abundant opportunity for the investment of new capital—a clever magician was required, but the promoter rose equal to the occasion.

From the very outset the success of the promoter's scheme, as Mr. Meade demonstrates, depended upon the sale of watered stock. Its issue was necessary both to make the owners of desirable properties let go, and to make would-be investors take hold. A plausible warrant for these inflated securities was found in the extra profits conjured up from the vasty deep of extinguished competition and cheapened cost. There is never wanting at the proper psychological moment a seemingly sufficient reason for issuing securities based on hopes rather than on memories. It is therefore quite proper to set in the foreground the hazardous character of the shares issued by the Trusts. It is the key that explains the greater part of the financial sequel; but one may very properly differ from the author's conclusion that the market for these securities was found wholly among speculators, and not at all among bona-fide investors. Not every one who puts his savings into a stock which, on the face of the matter, promises a return of 8 per cent., is a speculator. He may be a very foolish investor, but often he is an investor after all, and his name is legion. In this first part of the book exception may also fairly be taken to the cavalier fashion in which the author relegates to a position of minor importance the saving of competitive waste. Further, Mr. Meade creates an erroneous impression with reference to the effect produced by Trusts upon prices where he says (page 31), without citing dates or figures: "The Standard Oil Trust made a considerable reduction in the price of refined petroleum, and the Sugar Trust, although for some years in practical control of the market, did no more than to restore prices to a living basis."

In taking up the second general task—that of drawing up a financial decalogue for corporations—Mr. Meade insists that the first and great commandment is to subordinate dividend payments in the early stages of corporate management to the accumulation of a surplus reserve. The corporation's chief end is, apparently, to amass a surplus reserve so large that eventually regular dividends shall be guaranteed beyond reasonable doubt. He even lays it down (page 170) "as a basic principle in corporation finance that a manufacturing corporation should not pay to its stockholders, on an average of good years and bad, more than 50 per cent. of its profits." Now this is very heroic, but the attempt at numerical precision in setting the limit of safety, without reference to any particular method by which profits shall be computed, and with inadequate allowance for varying conditions in different industries, must certainly be pronounced premature. It is, after all, a "counsel of perfection," not a demonstrable theorem in finance.

With this high ideal of financial prudence before his eyes, it will readily be imagined that the Trusts, when bidden by their Draconian judge to give an account of themselves, cut a very sorry figure. Some twenty-six of the largest industrial combinations prove upon inquiry (pages 177, 178) to have paid out in dividends more than two-thirds of their profits in the last three years of abounding prosperity. In the same period they have accumulated a surplus reserve of just 3.2 per cent. of their outstanding capital. The poor Trusts, it would seem, never had a chance to reform and become honest. They were always stumbling over their original sin—overcapitalization. With blocks of shares in the portfolio of the promoter and the underwriter to be unloaded on the public, dividends had to be declared even from the very start, and thereafter had to be maintained in order to support the market price of the shares which were being unloaded.

The second table of Mr. Meade's law of corporate finance has to do with the provision of additional capital. A codified digest of this part of his law appears on page 248. Floating debts, he allows, may be incurred only "to anticipate current receipts, and sometimes to anticipate the proceeds of stock or bond sales." By this strict wording of the law it would seem that certain railway corporations which have just recently borrowed millions upon their notes, because of the narrow market for securities, are sinners indeed. If additional capital is required, we are told "the best method of providing new funds is to take them out of profits." On page 221 the author asks: "Shall a corporation limit itself to this single source of supply?" and remarks: "There is much to be said in the affirmative." There is much also to be said in the affirmative of the proposition that the easiest way to get money is to inherit it from one's grandmother. Unfortunately, like the above-mentioned way of providing new funds, it is often "unavailable." In this case, "considerations of safety approve the sale of stock rather than bonds." However, as Mr. Meade himself recognizes, whether bonds or stocks shall be issued to raise additional capital (always assuming that the interest on bonds is kept below minimum income) depends mainly on what prices investors are willing to give for the two kinds of securities respectively. When bond issues may legitimately be made, Mr. Meade disapproves of the establishment of sinking funds except where the specific property pledged as security for the loan is of a character to deteriorate in value, as in the case of coal or iron lands.

When the industrial Trusts are again confronted with the requirements of this perfect law, they "speak a varied language." On the score of funding, they get off generally with a verdict of "not guilty." "They have refused in most cases to run the risk of bankruptcy in order to pay dividends" (p. 254). But the condemnation meted out to the Trusts as a class for augmenting their floating indebtedness in order to obtain capital funds, is severe and probably well merited. To the general verdict there will be wide assent: "The Trust movement considered from its financial aspect is a failure. The profits of the consolidations have not proved sufficient to maintain the values of their securities."

It argues clear-sightedness and self-possession in the author, after his analysis of the havoc wrought by speculative securities in the case of the Trusts, to take up the cudgels so vigorously in favor of stock-watering. "Instead of the much-abused practise of stock-'watering' being dangerous to the public interest," says Mr. Meade (p. 312), "it is, when properly conducted, of great general benefit." By stock-watering is meant, however, the plan of capitalizing a concern upon a legitimate estimate of its earning capacity rather than upon the basis of the actual cash originally invested. The advocates of this latter plan are wont to assert that watered stock enhances prices, conceals profits, and deceives investors. How meagre is the truth of these claims Mr. Meade very clearly demonstrates.

The remedies which are proposed for the evils of Trusts are the familiar ones of Federal control, and publicity, to which the author adds the proposal that a severe reserve requirement shall be imposed upon every industrial corporation. "A requirement that until a certain percentage of reserve has been accumulated, no more than a certain proportion of the profits, say one-third or one-fourth, shall be paid to the stockholders" (p. 375), would, in the author's opinion, "attain the desired end of increasing the number of investment securities." It would, he thinks, so augment the supply of such securities that their price would fall and the rate of interest be appreciably higher. The hopes built upon this project seem both extravagant and a bit chimerical. It may be hazarded that Mr. Meade seriously misap-

prehends the character of the typical investor. The average investor is not so absorbed in the interests of posterity that he is densely indifferent to current dividends. The author is so wedded to his scheme of subordinating dividends to a large surplus reserve that he even quotes without disapproval the remark of the late Collis P. Huntington upon the suspension of dividends upon Pacific Mail: "What does it matter whether they get their dividends in money or ships?" To the average investor it matters a great deal. Cash goes with the grocer, the butcher, and the landlord, while ships and surplus reserves and advancing stock quotations are not yet a legal-tender. If such a reserve requirement could be enacted and enforced, it is likely that much capital would seek other avenues of investment. The idea that such a requirement would convert speculative stocks into investment securities, and so increase the supply of investment securities as to depress their price and elevate the current rate of interest, will hardly stand analysis. If the net result of such legislation were to diminish the risk now run by the lender of capital, the rate of interest would tend to decline instead of increase.

Macedonian Folklore. By G. F. Abbott. Macmillan. 1903.

This very attractive volume, in form and matter, is the result of the author's gleanings during a year spent in Macedonia, "under the auspices of the Electors to the Prendergast Studentship and of the Governing Body of Emmanuel College." The book contains a remarkably complete collection of Macedonian superstitions, tales, and customs, which, of course, resemble closely those of lower Greece and the islands, and have many points of contact with folklore in general. While it is a real and novel contribution to a special department of this subject, this learned matter is presented with so much charm and humor that the book may be commended to any English reader who is interested in human nature and in the rapidly fading relics of out-of-the-way customs and superstitions. The Greek songs and tales and quotations are, in almost every case, translated; moreover, Mr. Abbott introduces us not only to these lingering tales and beliefs, but to the strange and sequestered people who still repeat and believe in them.

The wonder is, indeed, that, eighty years later than Fauriel's excursions into the domain of folk-poetry, Mr. Abbott should have found any corner in Greek-speaking soil where such poetry and such modes of thought survive. But Turkish rule has at least this dubious virtue, that it does not efface the picturesque by a rash development of science and civilization. The Greek Church, too, provides a warm and cosey nursery for the roots of ancient superstitions. It has multiplied greatly the festivals and seasons since Hesoid's "works and days" for a people who glide in a leisurely way through existence, and who have time on their hands to be killed; it has obligingly adopted the Nymphs and Nereids as children of its own fold, and rechristened them as saints who work miracles, presiding over the sacred fountains which they once haunted. "The pale Galilæan" has not in the least conquered these isolated fortresses of ancient ignorance. A resurrected pagan of the date of Alexander would find himself very much at home at a Macedonian wedding or funeral of the present day; he would meet peasants who believe in his own Nereids and Dragons and Lamias; he would encounter the evil eye; he would be comforted with a sight of Alexander's "Palace," and his "Quoits," two solitary rocks on the plain of Serres, and he would be shown "The Princesses," two smooth stones near Demir-Hissar, where King Philip's daughters bleached their linen. He would find these magic names still—literally, names to conjure with; and he might read delirious versions of the exploits of Alexander by the pseudo-Callisthenes in little chap-books that are hawked about the country and bought in great numbers by the peasantry; they keep his memory, as Mr. Abbott says, "fresh and confused."

Other observances are Homeric or pre-Homeric. The women still at funerals improvise their *myriologues* or dirges after the manner of Helen and Hecuba and Andromache; Charon's penny is thrust under the tongue of the deceased, and into the coffin are put books or toys or trinkets that were dear to him, as in the graves at Tanagra. The spectators admire the beauty of a dead youth or maiden with that long heritage of instinctive æsthetic sentiment which makes Priam contrast the lamentable spectacle of ugly old age left dead upon the field of battle with the beauty and strength of the youthful warrior "in whom all that shows itself is fair." The *raconteuse* of Salonica closes her tale of the Foundling and the Fates with a pious saw, on the inevitableness of destiny, which is identical with a line of the Iliad; the Macedonian field-laborer does not dare to rest under the shade of the plane-tree lest he may disturb the nymphs and incur their anger, just as the shepherd in Theocritus fears to disturb the midday siesta of Pan.

There are other points in which the Slavs have left marks of their influence, and which are traced in the very complete dissertations on Funeral and Marriage Rites and Customs; Birth, Divination, Spirits and Spells, and Mythology. Mr. Abbott is not to be reproached as unscientific because he has not gone about his work dryly and sadly; on the contrary, he has dared to extract amusement from the quaint human documents which he has studied and questioned to such excellent purpose.

The Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists. By E. Belfort Bax. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

In this volume Mr. Belfort Bax concludes a series of studies which is collectively entitled, "The Social Side of the Reformation in Germany." We think we are doing the author no injustice when we say that his motive is not primarily that of the historian. As a theologian might approach the Anabaptists with a view to applauding or condemning their doctrines, Mr. Bax, who is, first, last, and always, a propagandist of Socialism, is drawn to them by their advocacy of communism. It is, of course, impossible for him to neglect their theology altogether, but he cares much less for their religious than for their economic heresies. The bulk of existing literature on the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century is to be found in German. From the dearth of English works on the Münster episode, Mr. Bax's book may be accepted *pro tanto* by those who desire a condensation of the main facts contained in Keller and Cornelius. A command of the German tongue is, indeed, Mr. Bax's chief asset as an historian.

Concerning Münzer, Rothmann, Knipperdollinck, Jan Matthys, and Jan of Leyden we shall say little, for in these pages the biographical element is slight. Mr. Bax is mainly occupied with the development of three subjects: firstly, the mediævalism of outlook which marks the "disinherited" and insurgent classes of the sixteenth century; secondly, the peculiarity of the communism that was advocated by the Anabaptists; thirdly, the contrast between the communism of the sixteenth century and the Socialism of to-day. That the Anabaptist movement had its root in mediæval mysticism and in the ideal of fraternity which had been grasped as early as the eleventh century, is clear; but Mr. Bax is inclined to lay undue stress upon the indebtedness of the Anabaptists to the past. He admits that "the tendencies which in earlier periods of the Middle Ages had been sporadic and transitory, now became general and showed symptoms of acquiring permanency." It remains, however, to point out that the intellectual ferment which was engendered in Germany by both Humanism and the revolt from Rome, gave the Anabaptist sects a greater degree of self-consciousness than had been possessed by their mediæval predecessors, and put them in possession of a wider theoretical basis. Their leaders were not scholars and even decried the vanity of learning; but the stimulus that quickened them into action and made them for twenty years a real force in the Teutonic parts of Europe, proceeded from a reaction against mediævalism. In a word, Anabaptist tenets gained precision and definiteness from their combat with the systems of Zwingli and Luther.

The modern Socialist finds much to criticise in the economic programme of the Anabaptists. They were not sufficiently thoroughpaced. They looked only "to the economic product designed for consumption."

"As already pointed out," says Mr. Bax, "the communistic ideal of the religio-political movements of the Middle Ages which culminated in the Anabaptist revolt . . . was invariably based on the notion of a return to the economic conditions of the old village community. . . . Not so does the proletariat of the modern Great Industry look for its emancipation. The aspirations, *au fond* legitimate as they were, of the mediæval working classes of the sixteenth century were historically retrograde, both as regards the end conceived and the means by which it was believed that end would come to pass—and hence they were foredoomed to failure."

Instead of communizing the economic product we must communize the means of production, "concentrated as they are to-day on a great scale," and exploit them for the common benefit. Mr. Bax therefore finds the outlook of the Anabaptists limited, and with their theology he cannot pretend to sympathize; yet there is something which recommends them. "Foolish as their ideas seem to us to-day, who regard the problem from so totally different a standpoint, let us not forget that, with all their follies and shortcomings, they were, in a sense, the forerunners of Mod-

ern Socialism, and, as such, let us spare them a passing tribute of recognition!"

So far as information is concerned, the most useful chapters of this book are those which deal with the siege of Münster and with the Anabaptist propaganda in Holland and England. Mr. Bax investigates the organization of the new Israel, and describes the life of Münster during the siege. Here, on the whole, his mood is one of lenience towards the Anabaptists, and, when it comes to the celebrated question of polygamy, he does not forget the indulgence which was shown by Luther and Melanchthon to Philip of Hesse.

Francis Adrian van der Kemp. An Autobiography. Edited, with an Historical Sketch, by Helen L. Fairchild. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

There are few Americans, perhaps, who know that the town of Trenton, New York, was laid out as Olden Barneveld and so named, though more recall that here dwelt scholarly Dutch refugees, friends of the United States during our Revolution. Van der Kemp, called by Governor Clinton "the most learned man in America," became translator of the Dutch records of New Netherland in the Documentary History of the State of New York. A letter of his, written in 1792, gave him, according to Governor Clinton, "the original invention of the Erie route" of the great canal traversing New York State. When in Holland he was the persistent champion of the liberties of his country against the steady encroachments of the House of Orange, then half British by blood and associations.

Van der Kemp was born in Kampen in Overijssel, May 4, 1752. The son of an army officer, he quitted the military career, in which his father had hoped to keep him, and entered Groningen University, being specially fond of the classics and science. He took a term also in that hotbed of liberal ideas, in which the movement for the recognition of the independence of the United States originated, and which Napoleon afterwards suppressed—the University of Franeker. Though he rose to be pastor of a Mennonite congregation, the richest of the denomination in Europe, Van der Kemp found much to do in the field of politics, for he aimed to make not only good Christians, but excellent citizens. His warmest friends were those of America and of Dutch freedom, also, and he wrote voluminously against the survivals and abuses of feudalism and the monarchical tendencies of the Prince of Orange.

For over a hundred years it was believed, even by critical students, that Van der Kemp was the author of that famous appeal, "To the People of Netherland" to "protect the liberty of the press, the only prop of our freedom," which, in the present reviewer's copy, on the 76th, or final, page (significant number), thus summons "every man with his musket, bayonet and side-arms" to "follow the example of the people of America, where not a drop of blood was shed till the English struck the first blow." Written at Ostend, September 3, 1781, its conclusion was, "Jehovah, the God of Freedom, who led the Israelites out of the house of bondage and made them one free people, will support our righteous cause." As may be imagined, this document infuriated the Prince and the Orange faction, and their subservient States of Holland and West Friesland offered a sum equal to twenty-five hundred dollars in gold for the discovery of author, writer, or printer, promising protection, secrecy, pardon, and reward to any person turning State's evidence; but "not one person betrayed his trust." A considerable literature has grown up in discussion of the authorship of this literary masterpiece. The Rev. A. Loosjes of Harlem, in 1886, came to the conclusion that the Appeal was written by Van der Capellen. In 1890, his contention was proved by the statement in Van der Kemp's Autobiography, copied and sent him by Mrs. Fairchild. In referring to his own sermon, "A Delineation of the Conduct of Israel and Rehoboam, as a Mirror for the Prince and the Nation" (three times delivered and twice printed), which "caused a great sensation," Van der Kemp says—"the more so as at the same time my noble friend had written a manly appeal to the people of the Netherlands, while I visited him at his country-seat, and entrusted me with its publication and distribution." Hence the persistent supposition that he, and not Van der Capellen, was the author.

Van der Kemp believed in the existence of an armed citizen force or militia, according to the eighth article of the Union of Utrecht, as an offset against a standing army. He helped to form and maintain at Leyden the Society of Manual Exercise for Freedom and Fatherland, and, after morning service on Sunday, put on his uniform and drilled his corps. When finally arrested and thrown into prison, after the treacherous seizure of Utrecht, at night, he was banished from the province, December 19, 1787. Receiving letters of introduction from John Adams, he reached America. Washington advised him to settle in New York "among the posterity of Dutchmen." While he says that "at Mount Vernon simplicity, order, unadorned grandeur, and dignity had taken up their abode," yet he also adds, "There seemed to me to skulk somewhat of a repulsive coldness, not congenial with my mind, under a courteous demeanor; and I was infinitely better pleased by the unassuming, modest gentleness of the lady than with the conscious superiority of her consort."

Van der Kemp, after several years of life at Esopus, made a home on the shores of Oneida Lake, where, in his log cabin, he had the best library of the classics on the continent. He made visits to Boston, received an honorary degree from Harvard University, and, though honored by the great men of the republic, never greatly retrieved his fortunes. He lived, however, to see his native country governed by a national legislature under a constitution whose chief executive is called king or queen, but who wears no crown and has not half the authority of an American President, and enjoying a freedom greater than in the old Republican days.

This volume is of the first order of value to serious students, both of the relations between the new American and the old Dutch republic, as well as of "the time of the patriots." It is true that even some Dutch scholars say that this anti-Orange movement "aided the disintegration of the old republic, produced nothing stable, and has been speedily forgotten." Certainly, because it has also been forgotten, in the prevalent "Orange fever," that "popular representation, no military usurpation of civil authority, and the freedom of the press won, are matters of course instead of being the watchwords of a perilous cause to which the patriot regents solemnly pledged their lives and fortunes."

The editor's notes and list of writings of Van der Kemp, and sketches of other personalities associated with him, are scholarly and commendable, the result of much discriminating diligence. In the list of principal authorities consulted, however, she does not seem to be familiar with the excellent and exhaustive work of Dr. H. T. Colenbrander, 'De Patriottentijd.' which was, on its publication, noticed in these columns. The illustrations are a dozen in number, being portraits and photographic copies of historic documents, some of them rare and valuable.

The Lundy Family and their Descendants of Whatsoever Surname. With a Biographical Sketch of Benjamin Lundy. By William Clinton Armstrong, A.M. New Brunswick, N. J.: The Author. 1903.

The general introduction to this genealogy is written in a pleasant vein and an attractive style above the ordinary in works of its class. It opens with the first known ancestor, Sylvester Lundy of Axminster, County Devon, England, whose son Richard was the emigrant, sailing from Bristol for Boston in August, 1676. He tarried in New England for six years, without leaving a trace of his place of residence or occupation; partly because he took no wife there. He found congenial Quaker surroundings in Pennsylvania, his next and final home, and from this time the record is full enough, even to the registered earmark for his cattle, as in the diagram on page 9. His son Richard, when well past middle life, removed in 1747 to the Quaker Settlement at Allamuchy, New Jersey, and, having a numerous progeny, fixed the associations of the family name more strongly with that State than with any other. The children of Richard of the third generation began, about the time of the Revolution, to exhibit an unrest which led to an exodus so complete "that, so far as known, there is not a single person residing at the present time within the boundaries of the State of New Jersey that can trace his descent in either male or female line from Richard III." Part of the migration was to the Southern seaboard States, but a more significant part northward to Ontario, William Lundy settling on what was to be the bloody battlefield of Lundy's Lane (no "Quaker guns" there). The family still flourishes on "the peninsula," and we believe we are correct in saying that it has quite divested itself of Quaker affiliations.

Of the fifth generation from the immigrant was Benjamin Lundy, born at what is now Greensville, in Sussex County, N. J., forever to be honored as the first American to consecrate himself wholly to the cause of emancipation in this country, and to publish an effective journal in opposition to slavery. He is the bright particular star of Mr. Armstrong's genealogy. A portrait photographed direct from the miniature engraved by Sartain for Earle's Life of Lundy is given; the sketch of his career exceeds every other in fulness; and a number of inedited letters and documents relating to

him are printed. These last are of no great importance, with one striking exception. The general destruction of Lundy's papers by mob violence in the burning of Pennsylvania Hall left untouched the autographic itinerary of his journey from Baltimore to Bennington, Vt., November 11-December 6, 1828, the most momentous of his life, for it ensured a pledge of Garrison's future co-operation with him in editing the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. The date of this journey caused much perplexity to Garrison's biographers, who concluded in favor of the early part of 1829, and repeated their father's statement that Lundy walked the entire distance, great pedestrian that he was. For reasons not far to seek, this incident was discredited by Gen. William Birney in his filial Life of James G. Birney (p. 395): "He [Lundy] was never in Bennington. That city was six hundred miles from Baltimore by the nearest roads, and forty days of foot-travel would not have been undertaken by Lundy to accomplish what he could have done as well by letter." The itinerary shows, in fact, that Lundy resorted to stage, horseback, and steamboat as well as to his hardy feet. It shows also that Birney's fifteen miles a day was too low an average for our Quaker's capacity. On November 16 Lundy walked 23 miles, and the day on which he reached Bennington he accomplished 20 miles. On November 25 he reports 6 miles afoot in 63 minutes. In his first New England tour, Lundy walked from Leicester to Springfield, Mass., reckoned at 45 miles, in a single day.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Armstrong should not, in displaying his pedigrees, have followed the system adopted by the Boston genealogists. The maze created by his painstaking and cautious researches is threaded by no numerical system and by no index of Christian names. There are numerous portrait illustrations, some maps, and a drawing of the vanished meeting-house at Allamuchy.

Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec: A Critical Study, Together with a Reprint of Arnold's Journal. By Justin H. Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Pp. xix, 498.

The statement of Professor Smith that his object has been to ascertain facts, not to paint a picture, may serve to differentiate this work from previous works of the same author. We have presented here the results of a careful and exhaustive study of the external facts of Arnold's march from Cambridge to Quebec. Without concerning himself with the historical significance of the expedition, its causes or results, the author has been content to ascertain the number of men engaged in it, to trace step by step the ground they covered, to enumerate the difficulties they encountered and the means they used to overcome them, and to estimate the number that finally arrived safely at Quebec. The book is precisely what in its title it purports to be.

For this task the chief requisites are an examination of all the written sources and an intimate knowledge of the geography of the region. Professor Smith has been at extraordinary pains to gain first-hand knowledge of the sources and to acquaint himself with the geography of the Kennebec and the Chaudière Rivers, and he has shown a good degree of skill in using this special knowledge in working out the problem he undertook to solve. The first chapter deals with the route before the time of Arnold. It appears that its military possibilities were often considered, but its difficulties were underestimated on account of ignorance of the geography of the upper Kennebec region. The second chapter is given up to an estimation of the relative trustworthiness of the written sources, most of which are in the form of journals. Here Professor Smith shows carefulness and good judgment, though hardly technical training; and the same may be said of the following chapters, which trace the march step by step from Cambridge to Quebec.

Nearly half the book consists of notes, and in the uses and arrangement of these Professor Smith is, we think, not altogether happy. Each of the 225 titles listed is numbered. The references (which are by number, "to save space") are grouped at the end of the book, while the list of titles is at the beginning. This arrangement makes it necessary to turn first to the notes at the end and then to the list at the beginning if one wishes to verify a reference. If this saves space it wastes time, and, from the reader's point of view, the loss certainly more than offsets the gain. Besides, one finds on closer examination that the note space has not been used to the best advantage. The primary use to which such space should be put is, it is hardly necessary to suggest, to record exact references in support of statements in the text. But Professor Smith's notes, which are so voluminous, contain comparatively few exact references. There are 49 notes to chapter iii., covering 15 pages of rather small type, and yet a hasty examination reveals only 24 exact references, and many of these are to Mr. Codman's book, which the author is at great pains to criticise in detail. In chapter v., in 14 pages of notes, there are ten exact references, exclusive of those to Codman; and in chapter vi. the proportion is still smaller. On the other hand, there are in the text many paragraphs packed with facts for which no references are given. References to "Preserved on file in the House of Representatives," "MSS. files of Congress," "Archives of Congress," abound. Much of the discussion in the notes is devoted to over-elaborate proof of or hypercritical comments on Mr. Codman's numerous slips. Comments that are trivial, or pedantic, or needlessly expanded, are inserted when an accumulation of exact references would serve much better.

Aside from this failure to conform to good models in the use of note space, the work is an excellent and painstaking piece of historical investigation in a field that calls for thoroughness and industry rather than for profound thought. Arnold's journal is here printed for the first time, with notes by Professor Smith. The index is fair.

The Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon, and Other Buildings of Interest in the Town and Neighborhood. By Harold Baker. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

Bell's "Cathedral Series" has been noticed many times in these columns, for there are already in the market nearly thirty volumes, each devoted to a cathedral; and it will need to be noticed yet again, as there are still at least four to come. The serial name is stretched a little to cover notices of certain important churches which are not cathedrals, and here it is made to cover a very curious and interesting little guidebook to all the Shakspere associations of Stratford-on-Avon, together with one or two buildings which are not directly associated with the poet. The Stratford church is, however, of such a character that a handbook devoted to it would not be wholly out of place in the series of architectural guides. It is an extremely respectable and, indeed, exemplary English church of the fifteenth century, with large perpendicular-traceried windows, both in choir and nave, in the west end and in the porch. Whatever is of earlier work is concealed, or at least made uncertain, by the decorative applications of the reign of Henry VII. There is an interesting feature of the plan which may be cited for the benefit of the pupils of Professor Goodyear, and that is the deflection of the choir from the direct line of the nave. The angle made by the axis of the church is so great that the transept and choir taken together, and forming a T, are "deflected five feet from the line of the chancel"; by which phrase it is meant that if you measure the south wall of the nave from west to east, you will find it to be five feet longer than the north wall is, if measured in a similar way. Mr. Harold Baker is quite right in his remark that, while such irregularities are found in many old churches, "the deviation is usually not so great as in this instance."

The church, then, has really much architectural interest, and if there were only two or three such churches in England it would be indeed a centre of attraction for all students of architecture; but it is precisely of this epoch that there are the greatest number of parish churches of importance. The style of the building, its plan, its whole structure, and its decoration, are such as we associate with the minor religious buildings of the south and centre of England so completely that it has been chosen as the type for those church buildings of our own time which are identified with the Anglican communion in any of its forms.

The house known as Shakspere's birthplace is pictured and described, and its rather too numerous alterations and restorations are so minutely explained that the imaginative historian can easily put the old building before him. The Guild Hall and the Grammar School over it form together a most attractive mediæval building. The Grammar School Library, which was once the room for the Town Council, forms a wing of the same building. The old Harvard house, too, with its elaborately adorned gable, fronting on the High Street, and some minor town houses, with Anne Hathaway's cottage, a mile distant, all have this especial value for modern times, that the strong literary association which they possess compels thousands of travellers who are not antiquarian at all to look rather closely at the simple buildings of the past, and contrast them with the exaggerated modern demand for comfort plus elegance. It is as if every traveller in these regions were brought face to face with the dwellings of his own ancestors—as if

every such traveller, say, from America, had a great-grandfather's house to visit in a New England or a Warwickshire village—an experience which the majority of us do not enjoy. But we can turn away from these ancient simplicities, so good for the disciplining of the modern spirit, to a piece of ancient splendor, and can visit Charlecote House, the home of the Lucys, and, therefore, of Sir Robert Shallow, and which stands unchanged, a most attractive, a most seemly and dignified Elizabethan mansion.

It will be seen that the book is full of interest, and even of amusement, and the reader must be told besides that there are "fifty-eight illustrations, chiefly from photographs by the author," so that he is sure of a lot of valuable pictures which he has not seen before.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bachelor Bigotries. Paul Elder & Co.

Baedeker, Karl. Berlin and its Environs. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker; New York: Scribners. 90 c. net.

Bayne, William. David Wilkie. (Makers of British Art.) London: W. Scott; New York: Scribners.

Bland, T. A. In the World Celestial. Chicago: T. A. Bland & Co.

Brown, Anna R. The Millionaire's Son. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.50.

Carlyle, Thomas. Essays, 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners. 2s. 6d. net each.

Carlyle, Thomas. Oliver Cromwell. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners. 2s. 6d. net each.

Cary, H. F. The Vision of Dante. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. $1.25 net.

Clifford, Ethel. Songs of Dreams. John Lane.

Cook, E. T. Sweet Violets and Pansies. (The "Country Life" Library.) Scribners. $1.25 net.

Cooley, Alice W., and Webster, W. T. Language Lessons from Literature. Book I. (Webster-Cooley Language Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Cumont, Franz. The Mysteries of Mithra. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

Dean, Teresa. The Widow in the South. The Smart Set Publishing Co.

Dent, Frances. Temporal Dominion of the Pope in the Divine Plan. Rome: The Propaganda Press; New York: M. A. Butler.

Doherty, R. F. and H. L. Lawn Tennis. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.

Evelyn, John. The Diary of. Edited by William Bray. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. $1.25 net.

Göhre, Paul. Denkwürdigkeiten und Erinnerungen eines Arbeiters. (Leben und Wissen. Vol. II.). Leipzig: Eugen Diederichs.

Handasyde. A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country. John Lane.

Harkins, Edward F. The Schemers. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

Hayes, Alice M. The Horsewoman. Scribners. $5 net.

Huckel, Oliver. Wagner's Parsifal Retold. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75c. net.

Industrial Trinidad. Port-of-Spain: The Government Printing-Office.

Ingraham, Andrew. Swain School Lectures. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $1 net.

Jarvis, Mary R. The Tree Book. (The Country Handbooks III.). John Lane. $1 net.

Johnson, Emory R. American Railway Transportation. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Lamb, Charles. The Works of. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Legge, Helen E. Ancient Greek Sculptors. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: James Pott & Co. $1.50 net.

Littleton's Tenures, edited by Eugene Wambaugh. Washington, D. C.: John Byrne & Co.

MacLane, Mary. My Friend Annabel Lee. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Memoirs of the Life of the late John Mytton, Esq. D. Appleton & Co.

Meyers Groszes Conversations-Lexikon. Vols. I and II. (A—Astigamtismus, Astilbe—Bismarck.) Leipzig and Vienna: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Monson, Lord, and Gower, George L. Memoirs of George Elers. D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

Mosher, R. B. Executive Register of the United States, 1789-1902. P. O. Box 70, Washington, D. C.: The Author. $2.00.

Paxson, Frederic L. The Independence of the South American Republics. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $2.

Pinckney, Gustavus M. Life of John C. Calhoun. Charleston, S. C.: Walker, Evans & Cogswell Co.

Protheroe, Charles. Life in the Mercantile Marine. John Lane.

Publishers' Trade List Annual, 1903. The Publishers' Weekly.

Reed, Myrtle. The Shadow of Victory. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.

Scheffauer, Herman. Of Both Worlds. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.

Sholl, Anna M. The Law of Life. D. Appleton & Co.

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Spears, John R. Anthony Wayne. D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

Stevens, Frank E. The Black Hawk War. 1205 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago: The Author.

Stewart, M. B. Handbook for Noncommissioned Officers of Infantry. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.

Swift, Morrison I. The Monarch Billionaire. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. $1.

Tanner, Henry. Old English Doorways. London: B. T. Botsford; New York: Scribners. $6 net.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax. New ed. D. Appleton & Co.

Thwing, Eugene. The Red-Keggers. The Book-Lover Press. $1.50.

Veeder, Van Vetchen. Legal Masterpieces. 2 vols. St. Paul, Minn.: Keefe-Davidson Company.

Voorhies, Frank C. The Knocker. Boston: The Mutual Book Co.

Williams, C. F. Abdy. The Story of Notation. (The Music Story Series.) London: Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Wood-Allen, Mary. Teaching Truth. (Teaching Truth Series.) Ann Arbor, Mich.: The Wood-Allen Publishing Co. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1903.

The Week.

President Roosevelt was both paradoxical and happily inspired when he chose for the subject of his Labor Day address at Syracuse the community of interest between all Americans. Before the sturdy farmers of Central New York it was easy to dwell upon that intimate bond which from great capitalist to day laborer links inextricably the fortunes of all citizens of our free state; that doctrine was familiar to his hearers. But the address was, none the less, a courageous as well as dignified utterance; it was really delivered to the labor unions, and it took issue manfully with pretty much all the beliefs which they and their holiday stand for. The President's counsel to those who preach the war of classes might have been more emphatic; it is to any careful reader of his speech remarkably clear. Briefly, he upheld the old American doctrine of individualism. The Government declines to deal with "butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers" as such; it recognizes only citizens. The whole speech was an impassioned plea against that spirit of caste which confines the individual's allegiance to the imagined interests of a class, while subordinating to the artificial average prescribed for the class all his higher ambitions as an individual. Said Mr. Roosevelt, pursuing this theme: "We can keep our Government on a sane and healthy basis, we can make and keep our social system what it should be, only on condition of judging each man, not as a member of a class, but on his worth as a man." (This apothegm deserves to be repeated whenever generalizations about racial incapacity are produced to justify withholding from individuals the rewards of proved capacity.)

The Miller case is still fresh in memory. The President, it will be recalled, reinstated an assistant foreman of the Government bindery against whom no better cause had been alleged for removal than "flagrant non-unionism." While the President was meditating his Syracuse speech, resolutions from the seventy-two unions of the Central Labor Union of the District of Columbia were being read at the regular Sunday meeting of the Central Federated Union. These resolutions declared that the reinstatement of Miller could not be regarded "in any but an unfriendly light." "Friendliness" on the President's part would have consisted in ignoring Miller's rights as an American citizen in Government employ in order to augment the prestige of a small group of American citizens to whom he has given offence by saving money for the Government. The President can very well get along without the approval of the Central Federated Union; but the incident at once lends emphasis to his advocacy of true Americanism, and shows unmistakably where the caste system is a real peril to our democracy. It cannot be said too often that unionism, like African slavery, rests on a peculiarly cruel and inflexible theory of caste. Those who work with their hands are to be aligned according to their several employments. The world is to be divided sharply into unionists and non-unionists. If the latter happen to be laborers they are to be prevented from working, and thus starved into the unions or out of this work-a-day world. If the non-unionists be capitalists, large or small, they are to be treated as enemies.

The announcement that President Roosevelt will hereafter appoint to consular positions only such men as are qualified by previous experience and training, is in keeping with his attitude hitherto towards the diplomatic service. In that branch he has steadily promoted men who had done well in minor positions. As a result, it to-day more nearly offers a life career to young men than at any previous time in the memory of the present generation. In consular matters, Mr. Roosevelt's record has, on the whole, not been quite as good; but in view of his present intention to conserve the best interests of the country and its foreign trade, his occasional surrenders to Senators may be forgiven. It has always been plain that, even without legislation, we could have had a stable and efficient consular service had our Presidents done their duty and lived up to the trust imposed in them, instead of delegating it to the politicians. Coming on top of Mr. Roosevelt's alleged division of the Delaware offices between Addicks and the reputable Republicans, as announced by Postmaster-General Payne, the President's latest move will give his critics another opportunity to point out the frequent inconsistencies between his theory and his practice of civil-service reform.

It appears that Postmaster-General Payne, in removing Miss Todd, postmistress of Greenwood, Del., and appointing an Addicks man in her place, acted on the theory that Senator Allee (Addicks's man) was entitled to dispose of the offices in Kent and Sussex Counties and Senator Ball (anti-Addicks) was entitled to those in the county of Newcastle. It is true that country post-offices are not embraced in the classified service; but, in the mind of a real reformer, that is immaterial. The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive. Miss Todd was a blameless officer. She was a Republican, but took no part in politics. She attended strictly to her duties. Even if her term of office had expired, she should have been reappointed, without question. She was removed for no reason except that Senator Allee wanted the place for an Addicks man. Now let us see how many violations of the principles which the Administration professes to hold, were committed in this case. It was one such to displace Miss Todd at all. It was another to remove her before the expiration of the term she had begun. It was a third to recognize Allee's right to the office. It was a fourth, and the most flagrant of all, to do these things in the interest of a discredited politician whose operations as a corruptor of the ballot-box and of legislatures have shocked all decent people during the past seven years.

Smuggling through the mails is the charge against the latest victim of the postal investigation. Mr. Kempner, Superintendent of Registry, has taken advantage of his official position to get Havana cigars duty free and sell them to favored friends. His defence, published on Friday in the *Tribune*, shows a complete grasp of the principles of statesmanship as formulated by Beavers, Machen, *et al.* The fundamental purpose of public office is to furnish plums, perquisites, and plunder for the office-holder, his family, and his friends. The only question is how much he can pocket without running a risk of criminal prosecution. Mr. Kempner is a timid soul—his operations have been far less extensive and dazzling than those of some associates—and he is therefore justly indignant at being called to account. He did not smuggle a warehouseful of cigars; he is no rival to the Tobacco Trust; and he really deserves praise and promotion for his moderation. For the last four years he has been in a position to accept pieces of registered mail containing cigars, sent to him by Cuban admirers. Naturally he has availed himself of his opportunities; but he solemnly protests that the cigars have always come in small quantities. Because his transgression is such a little one, he "cannot conceive" how any one can find fault with him, unless "imposed upon by some one who has a malicious desire to injure his good name."

It was telegraphed from Washington ten days ago, apparently by authority, that Secretary Shaw had $40,000,000 to deposit in national banks where it

would do the most good. The announcement brought an avalanche of applications for shares in the distribution. It now turns out that the Secretary did not authorize the statement, and that he has no intention to deposit his surplus in the banks under existing conditions, or under any conditions like the present. If there should be a serious stringency in the crop-moving season, he would use the discretion which the law gives him to the extent of $40,000,000 if needful, but he now contemplates only the deposit of some small amounts in banks in the agricultural districts where applications had been made several months ago. The policy thus officially announced is sound and sensible, but it forces upon public attention again the need of a radical change in our fiscal system. The collection and disbursement of the public revenue ought not to have any more relation to the money market than the collection of railway earnings and the payment of railway expenses and dividends. In fact, the Government ought not to have a surplus. Its receipts and expenses ought to balance each other within a small sum, and any overplus ought to be deposited in banks from day to day. The Independent Treasury, regarded as a place for the lodgment of money, ought to be abolished. The Aldrich bill of last year was, in this particular, a move in the right direction, but it should have been preceded or accompanied by a bill to reduce taxation to the level of expenditures. The latter measure is perhaps the most needful of all, since the existence of a surplus calls into activity all manner of profligate schemes for spending it.

Secretary Shaw was not so successful at Chicago on the subject of foreign trade as on that of currency reform. Somewhere Mr. Shaw had heard that our tariffs were an obstacle to exporting, but, said he, look at free-trade England, which buys of us $600,000,000 a year, while we buy silk, not of England, but of protectionist France. This was supposed to prove that the French suffered no restriction of their foreign trade through their tariff, while England through free trade actually lost the silk trade. It was a pity to apply the Q. E. D. before so promising an argument had been carried further. Indisputably, we do not buy our Rhine wine in England, nor yet our champagne, nor, for the matter of that, our Havana cigars, Italian statuary, or olive oil. All these things we take from protectionist nations. Thus, by the simple process of proving that we do not buy of England what England does not produce, but do buy of protectionist countries the products in which they have a unique excellence—often a quasi-monopoly—the Cobden Club and its subsidized agents might have been utterly put to rout.

Latest advices from our "Commission of Exchange" are to the effect that the members will return home next week and make a report. As to their main purpose, which was to bring about a par of exchange between gold and silver-using countries at the ratio of 32 to 1, it has notoriously failed. Failure was freely predicted before they sailed. Then, rumor has it, they directed their efforts toward means for coercing or inducing China to adopt a stable national coinage system. This ought not to have been difficult, seeing that China was one of the Powers that prompted us to appoint this very Commission. By way of helping China to adopt a stable coinage system it is said that our Commissioners (but not their Mexican colleagues) labored for the relief of China from "the indemnity pressure." We can hardly credit such a report, since that would be an excursion into the field of diplomacy. However that may be, it is evident that no progress was made toward reducing the indemnity. It seems that some pious but divergent opinions were collected as to what China ought to do with her coinage system. England, France, and Russia think that China ought to have a national currency in place of the existing hodge-podge, but that it should be on the silver basis. Russia and France think that the coinage should be on Government account, while England agrees with Mr. Bryan that the coinage should be free; that is, that the mint should receive all the silver brought to it by private persons, and coin it for them. Our Commissioners urged that it (the Chinese silver coinage) be placed upon the gold basis at the ratio of 32 to 1. It is said that Germany, Belgium and Holland agreed "in theory" with our Commissioners. Finally, a common understanding was reached that China's popular coinage should be silver (it is now copper), and that it should be raised to the gold parity as soon as practicable. This is a conclusion that is not likely to be disputed by anybody except the Chinese. How they will look at it remains to be seen.

We cannot believe that Mr. Edward M. Shepard is feeling highly elated at the reception which his letter to the *Evening Post* in regard to negro suffrage has received at the hands of the press, unless, indeed, he is really a candidate for the Presidency. For this position he was at once nominated by the New York *Tribune*, which pointed out that, as he assured Northerners of his deep regret at discrimination against the negro, and Southerners that he would not for the world reprimand them or give the negro any relief from that same discrimination, his straddle was perfect. Mr. Shepard is also nominated for the White House by the Columbia *State*, or rather renominated, for it first suggested his name for the Presidency several months ago. The New York *Independent* calls Mr. Shepard's letter a "bid for the Presidential nomination," and says that the "great fallacy and vice of Mr. Shepard's seductive letter is in its cowardice." The Boston *Journal* thinks that the letter must prove a veritable boomerang, since he has tried in vain in three columns to formulate a policy.

The Southern press alone is really pleased by Mr. Shepard's expression of opinion. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* pronounces Mr. Shepard "a statesman with a future." The Charleston *Evening Post* thinks that Mr. Shepard's answer completely disposes of the "would-be mischief-maker" who asked him the questions, which is in startling contrast to the Des Moines *Register and Leader's* opinion that Mr. Shepard's reply is "long, shifty, adroit, and inconclusive." The Springfield *Republican* feels that a fair summary of Mr. Shepard's letter is, "Let us do nothing." "At least," says the Boston *Transcript*, "he has not run away," but it thinks that he has added nothing new or definite to the question. Differing from the Southern papers, the Boston *Herald* thinks that this letter has not bettered Mr. Shepard's chances of obtaining the Democratic nomination. Nowhere outside of the South is the document treated as a statesmanlike production. Nor could this be otherwise, for it has ever been the duty of a statesman to propose solutions for problems of state, not merely to describe evil conditions and then simply to deplore them.

A special dispatch to the *Tribune* reports that the negroes of Mississippi are greatly alarmed by the nomination of Major James K. Vardaman for the office of Governor of that State. Because of his open opposition to negro education, ignorant men of color fear that he not only will limit the number of colored schools, but will force them back into a form of slavery as soon as he takes office. Even one of the wisest leaders of the colored race writes us that, in his opinion, any successful attempt to limit the schooling of negroes in Mississippi would inevitably be followed by an effort to introduce a system of peonage similar to that recently exposed in Alabama. We have already stated our belief that Major Vardaman cannot bring about the change in the laws which he proposes, and that his election by the primaries was not permitted until the people felt that the Legislature would resist any attempt to divide the school funds according to the taxes paid by the two races. Every effort made hitherto in the South to apportion the moneys set aside for educational purposes has been overwhelmingly defeated, whether in Alabama or in North Carolina. In

Mississippi itself a proposition to apply to each school district only the sum raised within it by the taxation of personal property was defeated as badly as it should have been. Should Vardaman undertake to carry out his ideas, he will meet with the opposition of the most enlightened men in the South, who, however they feel about the political treatment of the negro, realize that his educational uplifting is essential to the welfare and progress of their States. On the other hand, the Memphis *Scimitar* argues that Vardaman's triumph means a sound lesson to President Roosevelt for daring to dine with Booker Washington and abolish the Indiano'a post-office. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* declares that

"Mississippi has struck the first decisive blow at those ugly children of hate and sectional rancor, those amendments to the Federal Constitution which degrade American citizenship and disgrace American civilization. Other States are sure to follow in the near future, but Mississippi will have the honor of leading the assault."

But why so hot if the amendments are a dead-letter in Mississippi?

Condemnation of peonage formed an important part of Gov. Jelks's message to the Alabama Legislature on September first. In the same document he attacked the newspapers for publishing broadcast the existence of this new slavery. His theory apparently is that such violations of law are private matters, to be dealt with by the local authorities, with due consideration for the sensibilities of the prominent politicians and leading citizens in any way involved. Unhappily, this method of avoiding publicity and pain had already been tried by the State officers and had failed. Before the Federal courts took up the cases, Gov. Jelks knew something of the extent and atrocity of the peonage system; had he been eager to suppress the outrages he could at least have made an effort, but he held his hand. Then it was that Judge Jones and District Attorney Reese, Southern men both of them, stepped into the breach and began their memorable fight for the rights of the helpless. In this contest the State Administration was worse than apathetic: the weight of its influence was thrown with the law-breakers. But, in spite of indifference and opposition, the prosecutions were carried through successfully. Gov. Jelks's message, therefore, has been wrung from him by the victories of the men at whom he has sneered and by that very publicity which he deplores. His rage is not surprising.

The Pennsylvania Democrats have been quick to seize the advantage given them in the passage of the Pennypacker libel law by the Republican Legislature. This statute has been ridiculed and condemned by almost every Republican newspaper in the State. Accordingly, the pledge adopted by last week's Democratic State Convention, to repeal the law forthwith if intrusted with the power to do so, will place the Republican candidates in a difficult and embarrassing situation. One or two of the Republican nominees on the State ticket were members of the Legislature which passed the bill, and, in fact, voted for it. Even in the Republican convention, dominated as usual by Quay, whom Pennypacker sought to shield by muzzling the press, the selection of these ex-members for places on the State ticket was opposed as inexpedient and dangerous. Several Republican newspapers, including the Philadelphia *Press*, spoke doubtfully of their candidacy, not only before they were nominated, but with equal force after the convention adjourned. With the straight-out declaration of the Democratic platform against the libel law, the outlook for these particular candidates, at least, becomes still more cloudy.

The convention in its platform confined itself to State issues, as has been the Democratic custom in Pennsylvania during recent years. This avoids the necessity of a clash with Bryanism, and also serves the better purpose of bringing out more vividly the vices of the Republican ring which controls the State. Not alone in respect to the libel law was the convention this year able to strike some heavy blows. The sham pretence of the legislation of last winter relating to elections furnishes the text for an excellent plank declaring for a personal registration law and a free ballot. To these reforms the Republicans are pledged, as well as the Democrats, but the Republican Legislature year after year has met and adjourned without accomplishing anything along these lines. Election frauds which cannot be prevented under existing law have continued in Philadelphia, blocking every attempt at regeneration there. The Quay Republicans and the Quay Democrats have profited, and the city and the State have suffered. Compared with other States, Pennsylvania's election and primary statutes are like relics of some former age. Will the decent citizens of that State never look about them for a means of relief?

Beloit, Wisconsin, furnishes an interesting example of labor-union tyranny, followed by a disaster to the workingmen who permitted themselves to be made parties to it. Beloit's population is largely dependent upon a number of manufacturing establishments. Prosperity was general when, a year ago, Robert D. Hogan appeared upon the scene. He represented himself as an "organizer," and his scheme was to gain control of the entire industrial system of the city, by means of a union which was to include every Beloit workingman. In forming this he was remarkably successful. Then he began to branch out. Organized labor, he said, was to become the dominating political force in the county. The strike and the boycott were his weapons, and he made an alliance with a corrupt political clique. But presently "Hoganism" became an issue in Beloit. Leading citizens and business men formed an organization to defeat his plans. In the long struggle which ensued they were successful. The striking workmen of Beloit, impoverished by idleness and disgusted with their leader, have now returned to work, and they have not been particular about the terms. They have agreed to give up their union cards and not to form new organizations for at least a year. By that time Hogan, it is believed, will have become only an unhappy memory in Beloit.

There are rumblings of counter-revolution in Servia. It is indeed time for such. Nearly three months have passed since the King and Queen of that country were butchered by high officers of the Servian army in the night, and their bodies flung out upon a stone pavement. Simultaneously, the press was filled with tales of depravity and wickedness on the part of the King and Queen, which made the killing necessary to the peace and good order of the Servian people. So systematic and persistent were these charges and so widely were their distributed that they left upon the minds of most persons distant from the scene of the tragedy the belief that Alexander must have been, if not a madman, at least a very bad fellow under the control of a designing vixen. Yet the reputable sources of information which have gained the liberty of speech since that time, assure us that Alexander and his wife were the opposite of nearly everything charged against them. The offence which resounded most in the public prints was that the Queen was seeking to have her brother nominated as successor to the throne in case there should be no direct heir. In other words, a question of dynasty was pending by reason of the fact that the Queen was childless, and these army officers settled it summarily by murdering the King, the Queen, the Queen's brother, and such members of the Cabinet as they could lay their hands on. Now the news comes that another conspiracy has been discovered—a conspiracy to murder the murderers. Nothing is more likely; nothing could be more appropriate. Later dispatches minimize the affair, but the history of Servia gives no warrant for the belief that the crime of the 12th of June can "trammel up the consequence and give with its surcease success." If Col. Maschin and his fellow assassins do not die with their boots on, they will cheat justice as well as defy precedent.

SECRETARY SHAW ON CURRENCY REFORM.

In a speech at Chicago last week Secretary Shaw presented, not for the first time, but rather more definitely than before, his ideas of currency reform. He said that if he could have his way, he would allow the national banks to issue circulating notes to the amount of one-half of their bond-secured circulation, such circulation to pay a tax of 6 per cent. and to be retired at the option of the bank or by direction of the Comptroller; the mode of retirement to be by depositing lawful money of like amount in the Treasury. Thus, a bank having $100,000 of circulation secured by United States bonds would be allowed to issue $50,000 additional without other security than the assets in its own custody, by paying the tax specified, and it could cease paying the tax by depositing an equivalent amount of gold or legal tender notes in the Treasury. No mention is made of any safety fund for the redemption of the notes of failed banks, but the Secretary assumes that the 6 per cent. tax would suffice to redeem the notes of any banks that might fail.

In this conjecture he is undoubtedly right. The objection commonly raised against the safety-fund system by unthinking persons is that if all or most of the banks should fail simultaneously, the note-holders would lose, the notes not being secured by United States bonds. The fact is that only 406 national banks out of some 6,000 have failed since the system started, and more than one-half of these paid their creditors in full, principal and interest. A tax of one-eighth of 1 per cent. per annum upon circulation would have sufficed to cover all losses from failed-bank notes during those forty years. It is proper to ask, also, what would be the value of United States bonds as security for banknotes if all or most of the banks should fail? In that event the bonds would be unsalable. There would be no money to buy them, and the Government would be unable to pay its current expenses. The theory that there is a fund somewhere in the universe to keep the Government's credit good after bank credit has been destroyed, is absolute moonshine.

In consideration of the 6 per cent. tax the Secretary says that the Government should "underwrite the notes." In taking this position he goes beyond the terms of the Fowler bill or any other measure that has been considered in Congress. All these measures have stopped just short of a Government guarantee of notes not secured by bonds deposited in the Treasury. We think that the Secretary's plan is to be preferred, however, on more grounds than one. The Government ought not to allow any notes to be issued if any doubt exists as to their redemption on demand. If no such doubt exists, the Government can lose nothing by guaranteeing them. On the other hand, the guarantee is probably necessary to reconcile public opinion to any such currency. Probably the majority of bankers themselves would not agree to any scheme of assets currency without it. If our system had embraced this feature from the beginning, the case would be different, but the advocates of such a currency have to face a community which knows only a bond-secured currency and therefore thinks that there is no other kind. At bottom, however, it is only the Government guarantee that people have in mind, and, if this is supplied, political opposition will soon cease. Consequently, Secretary Shaw's suggestion under this head is worthy of all commendation.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Secretary's speech commits Congress, or even the Executive branch of the Government, to any action at the coming session. He is careful to say that the ideas which he advances are only those which he would put in execution if authority were given him. It is unlikely that the Republican leaders will take any risks on the eve of a Presidential election. If President Roosevelt is still of the same mind as he was last spring, they will remind him that if, after passing a currency bill, business should receive a setback from any cause whatever—from an early frost or an outbreak of the foot-and-mouth disease or any other disaster—the evil consequences would be charged to the currency bill, and that it might become the deciding issue of the campaign. They will say, also, that a delay of a year or two in taking up the subject cannot make much difference where so many years have already passed. And they will doubtless have their way. Nevertheless, Secretary Shaw's speech will not sink into the sand. It adds another potent voice to those of his predecessors in office in favor of an enlightened system of banknote issues.

ASPECTS OF THE ALASKA DISPUTE.

The Alaska Boundary Commissioners, now in conference in Downing Street, have before them a weighty matter. Some four hundred miles of the Pacific Coast are in dispute. The granting of the American claim would leave Canada cut off by ten leagues from the sea between Lynn Canal and Portland Channel. Were, on the other hand, the Canadian contention approved, Canada would gain access to the sea through numerous bays and inlets, and the continental holdings of the United States in the disputed region would be reduced to a ragged line of disconnected headlands. A possible compromise between the extreme claims would affirm the title of the United States to the coast strip in general, but would give Canada the port of Skaguay on the Lynn Canal and an outlet for the gold of the Klondike. Or, again, the present Commission, divided as it is equally into three British and three American members, without an umpire, may arrive at no decision, but adjourn in a deadlock.

That would be unfortunate. We believe that our case is so good that it will win over at least one of the Canadian Commissioners, who doubtless entertain a similar confidence. But should this not happen, we believe the matter would still be nearer a conclusion. When either side shall have presented its case *in extenso*, the materials for a decision will be at hand. Both Canada and the United States are interested in having the matter decided, and, in the event of a tie vote at London, the whole materials of the hearing could be laid before the Hague Tribunal, which exists precisely for such purposes, and an impartial decision reached without delay. Of course, a verdict by the joint commission would in every way be more desirable. But we cannot believe that the dispute will in any case be allowed to end ignominiously, short of a settlement.

This outstanding controversy has thwarted all negotiations between Canada and the United States, because it has involved a kind of international irritation. On the Canadian side, it is natural that a certain distrust should be felt in all direct dealings with the United States, which is the stronger party and the party in possession. The reference of the matter to an uninstructed commission should remove such misgivings. It shows that, to establish our claim, we are not appealing to our wealth and population, but to geographical and diplomatic evidence; and that we assume that the Canadian representatives, like our own, are capable of weighing such evidence dispassionately. Secretary Root's resignation, too, has tardily done something to mitigate the impropriety of his serving on the Commission. Even in the event of a decision unfavorable to Canada, we feel sure that the verdict would be received philosophically, and that the relations between Canada and the United States would be improved by the removal of a peculiarly vexatious ground of contention. For, with a quite legitimate sensitiveness, Canada's interest has been chiefly to get a full and fair hearing, and to be free from humiliating pressure, either from Washington or Westminster. Although an unsuccessful pleader, she would still be better off than she has been as a litigant denied access to court, and plagued both by her opponents and by her friends to abate something of her claims.

When all is said and done, the possession of the entire disputed littoral is not to be weighed for a moment with the possibilities of trade across the undis-

puted border of Canada. A very little conference and good will on either side would reduce to a neighborly height the "spite-wall" which now separates the two domains. In the new Canadian Northwest there are possibilities of an enormously increased trade in agricultural machinery, tools, and clothing, while a freer influx of Canadian wheat to our mills and of lumber to our sawmills and factories, would greatly benefit our manufacturers. With our rapidly growing population we could draw far more liberally upon the excellent farm and dairy products of the Dominion without prejudicing our own producers. In short, reciprocity would quickly show its beneficent effects at points as remote as the wheat fields of Peace River and the olive orchards of California; the evergreen forests of James Bay and the cotton mills of Alabama. What has stood in the way of so good a bargain has been precisely the uneasiness and mutual distrust engendered by this Alaskan matter. Once that were out of the way, trade relations could be discussed with some reasonable hope of a happy outcome. Since it was the Alaskan quarrel that, some years ago, brought the sitting of the Joint High Commission to an untimely end, the United States now, assuming that the Alaskan dispute is in way of settlement, should reconvene the Commission. All statesmanlike considerations combine to urge that, after the decision of the only serious difference which parts us from Canada, our entire Canadian relations should be scrutinized by the expert body which exists for that purpose—namely, the Joint High Commission.

OUR OWN PARKS.

It is one of the current tales of the Reconstruction era that a nomination was once sent into the Senate, for the office of District Attorney in a Southern State, of a man known to Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin to be a bad character—not an unusual phenomenon of the period. The Senator took pains to inquire who were the backers of the candidate, and found out that Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania was one of them. He went to Stevens to remonstrate against such an appointment and told him plainly that Mr. So-and-So, the appointee, was an infernal rascal. "Very likely," replied Stevens, "but he is *our* infernal rascal." History records that although the Senator appreciated the sardonic humor of Stevens, he thought that a joke might be carried too far, and therefore took pains to have the nomination withdrawn by the President.

Evidently a considerable number of men in New York, mostly members of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, consider "Sam" Parks their infernal rascal, since they received him with cheers when he arrived at the Grand Central Station and again when he reached the familiar precincts of the Tombs. The enthusiasm could hardly have been greater if he had returned from a successful engagement with a foreign enemy instead of coming for a temporary respite from the penitentiary. The respite granted by Judge Sewell does not alter the moral features of Parks's offence in any degree. The certificate of "reasonable doubt" was granted (if we may believe a reported interview) on the technical ground that Parks's threat to call a strike on Mr. Plenty was not a threat to do an injury to person or property, and therefore was not a violation of the law which defines and punishes extortion. This question will be examined by the higher courts and need not be predetermined by the newspapers; but, whatever the decision may be, the fact that Parks extorted money from Plenty under the threat of "calling out" his workmen, and perjured himself to boot, settled his status in the minds of all decent people. Sending him back to Sing Sing cannot lower him in their estimation. Putting him at the head of the procession on Labor Day has not raised him higher.

The return of Parks from the prison walls is perhaps not the worst thing that could befall the community just now. He had been sentenced for the least of the several acts of blackmail for which he had been indicted. The other charges are still pending, but he could not be tried on any of them while "serving time" in prison. He is now within reach of the District Attorney, who will no doubt use due diligence in bringing him before juries on the other cases. At the present stage of the proceedings, the public is more interested to learn whether the rumors in circulation about Parks's alleged employers are true or not. The public wants to know whether he was hired by certain rich men who paid for his services and reaped profits from the strikes which he called in the building trade. The air is full of rumors on this subject, which of course may be wholly false. It has been published that a certain building company brought Parks from Chicago to New York to call strikes on their competitors. It has been reported that Parks made himself useful by calling strikes on his employers also, in emergencies when they met with delays in procuring materials and could not finish their contracts within the stipulated time. Being protected by a "strike clause" in the contracts, it is said that they could take refuge under it to excuse delays arising from other mishaps.

It may be that all these charges are false and malicious, but they ought to be proved false in the course of judicial proceedings, and no proceedings would be so likely to bring out the facts as the trial of Parks on the indictments still hanging over him. Much complaint has been made, in labor circles, against District Attorney Jerome, for his failure to indict the wealthy sinners in this miserable business. He has replied in general terms that he will thankfully receive any evidence showing an infraction of law within the scope of his duties as prosecuting officer, whatever be the station in life of the guilty party. Now, if Parks was employed and paid by anybody to perform the tricks which landed him in Sing Sing, the present interval is a fitting one in which to disclose the facts. Then, if Mr. Jerome fails to take the proper action, it will be time enough to accuse him of favoring rich men while bearing down heavily on the working classes.

Whether Parks finishes his term in the penitentiary or not, whether he is convicted on the remaining indictments or not, the atmosphere has been cleared by the trial of his case. The public has had a glimpse of a lower deep in the affairs of organized labor than anybody had before sounded. The laborers have been the greatest sufferers from the calling of these blackmailing strikes. The losses fell upon them with the greatest force, since the wages lost to-day cannot be recovered to-morrow. There is terrible suffering in the city now in consequence of Parks's operations, in the families of men who are cheering him whenever he shows his shaven head on the street. Class pride and party pride may sustain them and him for the moment, but they cannot remain ignorant of the underlying truth that they have been betrayed by their leader for his own private gain.

HERRESHOFF'S ACHIEVEMENT.

That this year's races for the *America's* Cup, now ended, have proved a grievous disappointment to all interested in the sport, has been patent for some time. The failure of the third *Shamrock* has been so great as to make it evident that somebody has blundered, and blundered egregiously. Whether this is due to a miscalculation of the English yacht's sailing length and a consequent failure to get her down to her racing lines, or to a different cause, will probably not be known for some time—not until after the acuteness of the disappointment has somewhat passed away. Only once—in the second contest—did *Shamrock* come up to the just expectation of those who saw and studied her powerful lines and beautiful hull. Then, even with her smaller sail-spread, she pressed *Reliance* hotly—a performance so at variance with the rest of her exhibitions as not to be wholly explained by the weather conditions. For the rest, it must be believed that *Columbia* could have won a majority of five contests with her, and that *Shamrock II.* could likewise have led her over the course. Mortifying as this showing is, Sir Thom-

as Lipton has every reason to be proud of his own bearing and of the sportsman-like manner in which the races were sailed to the bitter end. He has allowed nothing to mar the good feeling of the contest, and has scrupulously refrained from assigning any reasons for his discomfiture, except that he had the poorer boat. Nothing better can be said of him than that he has heightened the excellent impression made upon the American public in the two previous series of races.

But this unexpectedly poor showing of *Shamrock* takes no lustre from the laurels fairly earned by Mr. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff. For ten years past he has devoted himself to the problem of turning out one 90-footer after another which should each be faster than the last. Barring the uncertainty in regard to *Constitution's* actual powers, he has succeeded so well as to win from Sir Thomas Lipton and the greater part of the English press an extraordinary tribute—the declaration that it is useless to compete with him. Limited to a given water-line length, he has year after year managed to produce vessels of greater and greater sail-spread and with more and more power in their hulls. It does not detract from the sum of his achievements that, during this decade of triumph, he has profited by the experiments of another. It is altogether questionable whether *Reliance* would have possessed all her speedy qualities had there been no *Independence*. But the latter's designer, Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, is willing to admit that, while marvellously fast under certain conditions, she was, all in all, not a success as a racer. Mr. Herreshoff had the skill to profit by Mr. Crowninshield's innovations and to avoid his mistakes. He has never sought to deny Mr. Crowninshield's leadership in the direction of the exaggerated above-water hull—of the scow-like body with an immense fin—but he himself has given to the type what is probably its ultimate power and refinement.

As far as this class of boat is concerned, *Reliance* must be considered the climax. In the face of Mr. Herreshoff's genius it would certainly be hazardous to declare off-hand that he could not successfully carry the racing machine one step further. Fortunately, the new measurement rules of the New York Yacht Club have sounded the death-knell of the type. Should there be another challenge for the Cup from any quarter, Mr. Herreshoff must give his attention to a new problem. That all forms of yachting will profit by this change we firmly believe. For two decades we have been witnessing a scientific digression—a *tour de force*—by which the cruising yachtsman and the merchant ship-owner have profited but little and have been injured a good deal, so far as they have attempted to imitate the Herreshoff machines. When Mr. Crowninshield built the only seven-master afloat, he returned at once to the clipper bow and the moderate stern overhang—a fact which confutes those who profess to see enormous gains to naval architecture in general from the cup contests. And hundreds of small, shallow-bodied, fin-keeled and oversparred imitations of the great machines force their owners into harbors when the breezes freshen, if they do not actually endanger the lives of their crews.

From all this there should be a reversion to the sensible and seaworthy cruising type. Future Cup challengers and defenders will, we hope, be stanch enough to cross the ocean under their normal canvas, as did *America* and many of her successors. We trust, too, that Thursday's race marks the end of the great singlestickers, with their costly bronze hulls and fragile rigging. Smaller sloops or racing schooners afford as much sport and give the designers as much scope as the vessels that now cost half a million dollars or more to build, fit out, and race during a five months' season. Indeed, the enormous sums spent on this year's racers have caused much uneasiness and much justifiable criticism. Certainly, no one can contend that the benefits resulting to yacht racing or to naval designing are sufficient to counterbalance such unduly extravagant expenditure. If the new rules and the outcome of this year's contest together mark the end of yacht racing by aid of millionaires' syndicates, the futile efforts of *Shamrock III.* will mark a turning-point of great importance in yachting history.

COBDEN ONCE MORE.

Those who recall the various phases of the tariff controversy in this country for the past two decades will remember how frequently Republican organs and orators fulminated their anathemas against the Cobden Club for its alleged disbursement of "British gold" among our people for the propagation of free-trade ideas. When a popular majority was registered at the polls for protection, we used to be told that the American workingman could not be corrupted by the jingle of the guinea. When the cause of free trade seemed to prevail at the ballot-box, Republican editors were wont to sit and scrape themselves with potsherds and lament the presence of "the accursed thing" within the camp. The picture of Zeus in the fable lavishly filling the bosom of Danaë with gold shadowed forth only dimly the alleged profusion of the minions of the Cobden Club towards the poor and susceptible American voter.

This canard of an insular British conspiracy against American protectionism has received only recently a death-blow at the hands of no less a protectionist than the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain. Having been taken to task by the Cobden Club in his attempt to fasten upon Great Britain the incubus of protection, he retorts that an answer to the Club's criticisms is unnecessary, as the Club "appears mainly to be supported by foreigners whose interest it is that we [England] should maintain our present system of free imports." It is in vain that the secretary of this treasonable club reminds Mr. Chamberlain that he himself was for many years a member of the club; that the only foreign members of the Club are elected to spread the free-trade agitation in their respective countries; and that these foreign members have neither voice nor vote in determining the Club's policy. No sensible Englishman will be caught by such Jesuitical chaff. Prove to him that the Cobden Club is an engine of "foreigners," and the days of free trade in England are numbered. Whatever be thought of Mr. Chamberlain's political consistency, his adroitness in striking a responsive chord in the breast of the average British Philistine is unquestioned. The Cobden Club's motto is, "The Field is the World." Mr. Chamberlain's motto is, "'E's a stranger: 'eav' 'arf a brick at 'im." There can be little question that "pushful Joseph" is a devout believer in what has been called the first rule in English politics—"When in doubt, kick Cobden."

But, whatever the result of the tariff controversy in England, the disclosure of the true inwardness of the Cobden Club's membership and animus is sufficient to suggest a number of very curious reflections. The conspiracy against protection is evidently no contracted, insular, English plot against American industrial independence, but a world-wide confederacy whose all-embracing malevolence is only less detestable than the hidden craft with which it has for years masked its designs under the outward form and semblance of the Cobden Club. Who are these foreigners? Are they possibly identical with the "Money Power" which the Thespian Bryan tried twice in vain to exorcise? Of their boundless wealth there can be no question, for, as Mr. McKinley taught us, "the foreigner pays the tax," and this little trifle of three hundred millions annually laid down at our custom houses still leaves them a margin wherewith to subsidize the campaign against Mr. Chamberlain and to defeat him in Argyllshire. The field of speculation which this query opens is evidently limitless.

Fortunately there is balm in Gilead. There is a sovereign remedy against the allurements of foreign gold. This is none other than the benevolent Trust. The first penetrating mind to detect and promulgate this truth was that incorruptible patriot, Senator Quay. Speaking upon the amendments to the Wilson bill, and apropos of the assaults upon the Sugar Trust, he said:

"The only serious argument against the

Trust is its large accumulation of profits, and, as I have shown in my introductory remarks, it is necessary that a great industry of this country should have a surplus of profit in view of the continuously threatened attack of the Democratic party."

Our British cousins need not be slow to take the Senator's hint. Let the industrial structure of England become still more thickly honeycombed with industrial Trusts whose surplus reserves are ample for all parliamentary exigencies, and "Britons never will be slaves" to those insidious "foreigners" who seek to perpetuate the industrial and commercial subjection of the tight little island. There is one qualification to the efficacy of this remedy against foreign gold, however, and it may perhaps be added in language which parodies the advice that Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* so kindly gave to Brother Jonathan:

"We can inform our cousin John Bull what are the inevitable consequences of being too much afraid of foreigners and their competition. Trust prices on every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot; Trust prices on everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; Trust prices upon warmth, light, and locomotion; Trust prices on everything on earth and the waters under the earth, on everything which comes from abroad or is grown at home; Trust prices on the raw material; Trust prices on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; Trust prices on the sauce that pampers man's appetite and the drug that restores him to health, on the ermine of the judge and the rope that hangs the criminal, on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice, on the wire nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his Trust-made top; the beardless youth manages his Trust-manufactured bicycle, with its Leather Trust saddle, on an Asphalt Trust road; and the dying American, pouring his imported medicine which has paid 50 per cent. into a tin-plate spoon which has paid 100 per cent., flings himself back on his taffeta bed which has paid 150 per cent., makes his will on a part of the product of the Paper Trust, and expires in the arms of a physician whose education has come from a Trust-endowed medical school. His whole property is then taxed by direct and collateral inheritance taxes to lessen the Trusts' tax quotas. His virtues are handed down to posterity on a slab bought of the Marble Trust, and he is then gathered to his fathers to be fleeced, we trust, no more."

THE LAST OF THE HUMBERTS.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the trial which has resulted in the condemnation of the Humberts is the ease with which a mystery, impenetrable for many years, has been unravelled in a few sessions of a French court. On the strength of phantom millions the Humbert family floated no less than 700,000,000 francs of notes, much of which went in usury and renewals, but 60,000,000 francs of which they actually received in cash. To understand how a fraud which deceived shrewd attorneys, grasping money-lenders, trained officers of justice, and all Paris, has reduced itself to a very simple and even vulgar lie, one must go back to the time when the peasant girl Thérèse Daurignac lived humbly with her father at Toulouse.

Old Daurignac was a visionary, such as Daudet would have loved. He brought up the family in the expectation of sudden riches from mysterious but certain sources. He imagined himself heir to a Portuguese estate. While his part in the later gigantic swindle remains in doubt, it is possible that he was merely the victim of an incorrigible imagination. In any case, it is interesting to note that Thérèse, driven into a corner by cross-examination, offered as sole and sufficient evidence of the fictitious Crawfords and their millions merely her father's word. Her own beginning as an impostor was apparently the discovery that she could borrow money on the family lies, and her first really characteristic transaction was to outwit her dressmaker into furnishing a trousseau for a brilliant but wholly imaginary marriage.

But the sheer inventiveness of Thérèse's temperament somewhat disqualified her from working out the details of her fictions. This defect she showed constantly at the trial, where she fell back on rather stupid iteration—"The Crawfords exist; the millions exist," etc. Accordingly, it is very doubtful if she would have achieved international renown in falsehood had she not added to herself an ideal confederate in Frédéric Humbert. The son of a highly respected jurist and esteemed member of Dufaure's Cabinet, Frédéric Humbert concealed under the mask of dilettante poet and artist the qualities of a skilled advocate and the capacities of an astute man of affairs. To him we may credit, probably, the invention of an interminable lawsuit with those imaginary litigants, the Crawfords. It must have been the genius of Thérèse that made the lie perfectly safe and permanently available, by obtaining a writ which sealed the supposititious millions against all the world—and herself. For it is only the part played by the empty safe in the Avenue de la Grande Armée which raises the Humbert affair above the average of rogues' comedies. The law had assumed that the safe was full of valuable securities; creditors could do no less. When they pressed for payment Thérèse could show them the safe and bid them be patient, as she was. Her argument was incontrovertible: the millions in the safe were under litigation in the French court; the lawsuit must have an end; sooner or later she was bound to come into possession; the risk was at the worst merely on the scale of a *post-obit* advance. Every bit of this argument was true except that the millions were not in the safe or elsewhere—an embarrassing detail, as Maître Labori later acknowledged for his clients. Before the mystery of her unopened safe Mme. Humbert was impregnable.

Whatever genius there was in the fraud lay in making a legal sequestration take the place of visible securities. The rest was very vulgar lying or primitive legerdemain. For example, M. Dumort, an anxious creditor, was allowed a peephole vision of the inventorying of the estate by the Humberts and Crawfords. He heard people counting what looked like securities, saw palpable coupons cut, and was satisfied. Another creditor was made manager of the fictitious château of Marcotte, about which so insalubrious a climate was promptly cast that he could not be persuaded to occupy his post. The *viveur* brother, Romain Daurignac, habitually played the parts of the younger Crawfords on the rare occasions when any of that persistently litigious family had to appear in person. All this was fraud of a very common kind. Accordingly, we feel that the counsel for the defence had recourse to a wholly untenable paradox when he maintained that the story of the Humberts was too strange, complicated, and consistent to be anything but true. It was, on the contrary, reducible to two simple inventions—namely, fictitious litigants and a legally registered but really uncertified deposit of the contested property under seal.

When the safe was opened and found empty except for a little rubbish, the Crawford millions vanished in the haze from which they had been evolved. For nobody will believe Thérèse Humbert in the incoherent assertions in which she builds a new and less plausible fabrication upon the wreck of the old. She will have us believe that Crawford was the *nom de guerre* of the condemned traitor, Régnier, Bismarck's reputed intermediary with Bazaine. It was—on this theory—the detestable origin of the Humbert fortune that gave Régnier-Crawford unlimited power over the unhappy beneficiaries. And, again, it was by compulsion of the sons of the traitor that the securities were removed to no one knows where just before Mme. Humbert's creditors had the safe opened. By a dire stretch of professional loyalty, Maître Labori asserted his belief in this legend. Few will follow him. It is far easier to see that Thérèse, confounded in the arch lie and cornered by the law, fell back upon the family habit of lying desperately and inconsequentially.

Contrary to expectation, the trial did not disclose official complicity in the fraud. The Humberts had invented premises so plausible and so readily believed that they were able to act upon what would have been honest lines had the phantom millions and the Crawfords ever existed. By the apparent regularity of their current transactions they put everybody off their guard, from the keenest of their usurer creditors to the humble folk who put their savings into the annuities of the *Rente Viagère*. The interest of the deception lay in its extreme simplicity—in the possibility of conducting endless litigation with men of straw, and, in France at least, of obtaining a kind of legal evidence of things unseen.

WAYS AND MEANS OF THE WEST COAST MEXICANS.

MEXICO, 1903.

The west coast of Mexico is often called a desert. During the dry season it certainly has a desolate aspect, but the luxuriant foliage of its almost interminable thickets, and the bush grass on the higher ground, where the oaks, palmettos, and sprawling guajalotes grow, give another and more pleasing impression during the rainy season. It then becomes apparent how mankind can live and thrive here. Even in the dry season the abundant population of Sinaloa would indicate that in some manner food could be easily and cheaply produced. The brown-skinned natives are encountered everywhere. In the very heart of the wilderness they are seldom out of sight. Here you see them clearing ground for a cornfield; there cutting firewood or burning charcoal; again building great stone walls to protect a coming crop of beans. Cutting wattles for a house, or palm leaves for thatching; digging clay for tiles and pottery; constructing ditches for irrigation; trenching a rich piece of ground for a canefield; driving burros laden with onions, or pumpkins, or oranges, to market—everywhere are men, women, children, where you least would expect a living soul, all busy after their fashion, patient, and contented. The roads are always full of people, from the Don who wears a white shirt and has shoes on his feet, mounted in a saddle with silver trimmings, to the peon with sandals, and a big kerchief tied at the corners and swung from one shoulder, containing some cold tortillas and an onion for lunch, and a red zarape for his bed at night.

Everywhere, too, are ranchers, great and small. A good bit of bottom land and a little water are sure to be supplemented by a group of palm-thatched huts and a teeming population. It may excite wonder to see so many people huddled by so small a stretch of cultivated ground, but one must not forget the *monte*, the adjacent wooded upland, where cattle and sheep find food for nine or ten months of the year. This explains part of the mystery. Furthermore, one must remember that these sturdy *peones* will start off merrily on foot for some big sugar plantation or busy mining camp, fifty, a hundred, even two hundred miles away, to earn good wages until the season for planting corn or rounding up their cattle. Distance does not deter these people, for they come of a race of runners, able to travel forty or fifty miles a day without fatigue. On the other hand, their wants are few. They tolerate no impedimenta. They leave their wattle houses without concern, for no one will steal or destroy them (a bit of freemasonry this); and when they return, a day's labor will repair the ravages of a season of disuse. There is something to be said in favor of such a life, after all. It does not promote the virtues which responsibilities are supposed to foster; neither does it narrow existence to a routine of cares. It certainly has the charm of freedom, and it encourages a happy (some might say a happy-go-lucky) disposition. Home life, of the kind which the Anglo-Saxon prizes, does not flourish under such conditions, which nevertheless yield the kind that rejoices the heart of the poor Mexican; and what quarrel should the world have with the way in which a certain people compass enough of happiness to make life worth living? There is often a beauty and picturesqueness in the family gatherings in these humble Mexican dwellings so irresistible that one would regret to have them changed. In the little kitchen—dingy, grimy *cocina* though it be—the women will be chatting merrily about the fire, grinding corn into *masa* on the great stone *metate*, or shaping the cakes with a ringing flip-flap between the open palms, while the men outside in the *portal* will be exchanging jests with the women, or stealing in beside them to toast a morsel of dried beef by the fire, or to get a whiff from a pot of savory *chili-con-carne*. The paterfamilias is almost certain to have the youngest scion of the house in his arms, caressing and playing with it. A charming characteristic of these people is their love for children, their devotion to their families, their self-sacrificing care for their kindred. In town they may drink too much mezcal, may patronize the cockfight and the bull ring, may stake their earnings too freely at the gambling table—but it were wrong not to weigh their virtues against their vices.

A different situation presents itself at the larger ranches. Here the community consists of a master and his men. The master is in his way a petty baron. His house is distinguished by stability, usually a solid structure of adobe, with a tile roof. It may even be plastered and whitewashed, with a blue or pink dado along the front under the generous *portal*. At one end of the porch will be a horizontal pole bearing an array of saddles, bridles, horsehair lariats, and other horse furnishings. His Worship is a horseman, first and last. He is fond of animals, and perhaps lives a little too close to them to suit some tastes. He enjoys seeing the pigs put on *arrobas* of fat, and will let them wallow at the edge of the *portal* under the *enramada*, that awning of branches which extends in front of the porch of every west-coast house. If his spouse has a fancy for flowers, then the pigs squeal dolefully just outside the patio. In the corral the Don will expatiate on the merits of each mule and burro. He looks zealously after his live stock. He keeps his corn well locked in a room in his house. He keeps a record of every *fanega* of this precious corn, every bundle of fodder; nothing on his ranch is too insignificant to enter into his memoranda and accounts. It will be seen that he is no rolling stone, but is of the kind that gathers moss. He is keen to get good prices, and will haggle over a cent. His *peones* get a pittance, and are held rigidly to their tasks. A man can do so much labor of this or that kind in a day. The Don knows precisely the amount, and is vigilant to obtain the worth of the wages paid. The methods of agriculture may look crude to foreign eyes, but the system is perfect, and in practising it master and man know their respective obligations to the uttermost detail. Precisely here lies the wide difference between the native and the foreigner, which causes the one to succeed where the other will fail. The immigrant attempting to operate a ranch of moderate size almost invariably finds himself overwhelmed by a labor account that cannot be curtailed, while the returns are utterly disproportionate to the expenses. A large plantation can be managed more successfully, because mainly of the possibilities which it affords for a division of labor, admitting of better superintendence. But the small immigrant farmer in Mexico will fail dismally where a Mexican would grow rich. It is useless to laugh at the primitive native methods when they produce as good crops as the foreigner can get with his improved ploughs and harrows and drills, and at less expense. The Mexican plough, the same as that used in Asia Minor millenniums ago, is especially an object of Gringo ridicule. It is a crude implement, no doubt, and its use would be impossible in a region where sod was to be turned under, as in the north; but in these light soils, free from obstacles, it is remarkably efficient, even though it does require more labor to prepare a given area. It is by no means the simple crooked stick that some imagine. It consists of eight distinct pieces. There is the *espiga* or plough proper, with its *mancera* and *manga* to guide it, the *timon* to draw it, the *orejera* to preserve the proper angle to admit of deep or shallow ploughing, the *telera* to firmly connect the *timon* and *espiga*, and two *cuñas* or wedges to tighten up all the parts. This complicated structure costs complete but one silver dollar, or about thirty-eight cents gold. If it bears a steel point, this costs another dollar, or seventy-six cents for the whole. The Mexican rancher will look long at the difference in cost between his native plough, which his workmen understand, and the imported article worth three or four times as much, and costing several silver dollars every year for repairs.

The small rancher is equally persistent in his devotion to the ways of his fathers in sugar production. Sugar is the prospective basis of future prosperity throughout Sinaloa; great plantations are already established, and greater ones are being opened up by both Mexican and foreign capital. The soil and the climate favor it. Those who have had experience in sugar culture affirm that the quantity of saccharine matter per ton is appreciably higher in the cane of Sinaloa than in that of Louisiana, and the tonnage per acre likewise greater. Hence the large sugar plantations in the valleys of the Fuerte, Culiacan, and Quilá (or San Lorenzo) Rivers. Here modern methods are in vogue, and not only sugar, but alcohol and imitations of imported liquors, are manufactured on an im-

mense scale. This industry is as yet only in its infancy in Sinaloa, but in a few years, at the present rate of progress, it will make of this State one of the great sugar centres of America. Even the small planter makes money to-day, trenching, planting, and harvesting by hand. He expresses the juice in a home-made wooden *trapiche*, which creaks and groans as the oxen slowly revolve it, grinding a half-dozen stalks at a time. He boils the juice in a great saucer-shaped copper kettle, made by local coppersmiths at $100 silver each; and when the sugar begins to crystallize, he beats it with a paddle until it is ready to cast into little cakes of *penoche*, weighing about half a pound, for which he gets three cents silver each. It is small business, but the Mexican rancher counts and hoards his pennies until he possesses a good bank account. He lets nature and cheap labor help him out as far as possible, and though the system be wasteful he is sure of enough profit to satisfy him. Even in the management of his cattle he is improvident according to Northern standards, but he makes it pay. He exercises no control over the breeding of his stock, and he lets them feed themselves. He sells a portion of his herd readily at from $20 to $25 silver per head. This is nearly all clear profit. He drives his cows in September up into the hills where the best pasture exists, and devotes a month to cheese making. He raises chickens, turkeys, pigs, and goats. Prudent, frugal, strictly attentive to the details of his ranching, he makes no experiments in new methods, but, sticking closely to the ways which he and his workmen know, he grows rich.

Even his land has cost him little. When you come into knowledge of the inner secrets of life here you will find many curious customs. The Don, in his substantial home, will usually be only the possessor of a *derecho*, that is, a "right," in a great tract of communal lands. The people around him, living in *jacales*, and serving him for wages which seem pitifully small, will often be his own relatives, likewise owners of *derechos* in these same lands. They are free to use the uncultivated portions of the lands, and all their natural products, if they choose. The main part is enterprise. The man who can is the man who extracts the good out of the land. If he fences a piece and uses it, large or small, it becomes his as fully as though he owned it in fee simple, until he chooses to abandon it. Thus the more aggressive, energetic men absorb estates, leaving nothing worth having for the other heirs. These *derechos* can be sold, previously giving to each of the other heirs the option of buying at the price offered. The *derecho* may bring little money, but the improvements, houses, corrals, fences, and the like, are the personal property of the man who erected them, and as such can be conveyed. Thus the buyer acquires all the advantage which the original holder of the *derecho* had possessed. The more progressive men, however, watch their opportunities to buy the other rights, and gradually acquire absolute ownership.

But there are uncertainties in their tenure, too, dangers which disturb the peace and serenity of these little barons. The communal holdings for the most part result from ancient grants to Indian tribes, and usually represent the areas tributary to some old mission which may have existed two hundred or more years ago. The limits were loosely determined, and conflicts ensued, leading to efforts at various times to reëstablish the boundaries. Good King Charles the Third, whose methods were eminently sane and business-like, issued a multitude of new titles to put an end to strife and bickerings in Mexico. But parchment requires better care than it receives in the oaken strong boxes of these rural people, and, in default of registry in well-kept archives, there is often great difficulty in establishing proofs of ownership. Also, many communities were careless in fulfilling their obligations to the tax department, or the records of their payments have been lost. Accordingly, great areas were solicited ("denounced" in local parlance) on representations that they were *baldío* or unclaimed lands. Many titles even were issues, to new claimants, covering old communal lands, and this process of absorption is going on to-day. Land grabbing on a large scale has become a profession practised by many who thus find an easy way to enrich themselves. Moreover, the limits of these lands are still uncertain. The law even recognizes classes of lands under the denominations of *excedencias* and *demasías*. *Excedencias* exist when the landmarks are well known and undisputed but the areas included between the side lines are in excess of what was claimed in the grant or title. *Demasías* are those which have been occupied and exploited by the holders of the ancient titles under the belief that they lay within the grant, when in reality they were outside of the lines intended. In either case the title is not valid with reference to such tracts, and serious difficulties often attend the rectification of boundaries, and obstinate litigation frequently ensues. Unfortunately for the owners, they are so prone to persist strenuously in defending their titles, when they might readily take advantage of the provisions of the later laws for their protection, that they become easy victims of the unscrupulous land grabbers. A community with a hazy title has only to redenounce the land as *baldío*, and all questions of ownership will be forever set at rest. Of course the matter of *excedencias* and *demasías* may cause trouble, and belligerent neighbors may refuse to recognize the limits of the new denouncement, but there are ways to solve such dilemmas, and as a last resort the law clearly recognizes prescriptive rights, which will preclude a man in actual occupancy from being dispossessed. But the amount which any person could hold in this way is so small that he would usually lose the great ranges of pasture which mean so much for his prosperity.

The Mexican Government is very wisely seeking to terminate all communal holdings by dividing the land among the several owners of rights. Such partition of lands is being brought about through the increase of towns, the inhabitants demanding local self-government, which is almost invariably granted. This involves a most interesting recognition of the communal basis on which these ancient grants depended. Each community was supposed to represent a group gathered about the old mission station. Surrounding the mission as a centre were the *ejidos* and *fundo legal*, forever inalienable from the community, consisting of a square league, more or less, for the common use of the people. This tract then becomes the modern town site, the head or *cabacera* of the municipality, and the lands beyond are subdivided among the heirs.

This principle is extended to undivided estates, so that on petition of a sufficient number of citizens the town site is set apart in accordance with their desires, and private owners can be compelled to sell the land required when the Legislature of the State grants the petition. The intent of the law is, in one way or another, to make definite the old shadowy titles, and to secure to the people the enjoyment of local self-government. But in permitting the denouncement by individuals of immense areas of *baldío*, or unclaimed, lands, many of the evils of the old régime are perpetuated. The Government, however, does not allow the denouncement of lands or water rights which are not to be used legitimately, and thus the sequestration of property for purposes of extortion are rare, and occur only where those who would suffer by it have not been diligent in making representation of the facts to the authorities in due season. There are few countries in the world where the laws relating to real property are simpler and fairer than in Mexico, and the complications with the old colonial laws are readily untangled if one secures proper legal advice. It is the native Mexican who suffers more than the foreigner, and this is because the bent of his mind disposes him to maintain that what always has been must remain unchanged. If he and his fathers were supposed to own a piece of land, if his possession has been recognized by his neighbors, he is ready to dispute any question of the strict legality of his pretensions, though he has not a scrap of paper to show for them, nor has complied with the laws touching the payment of taxes. He may even undertake to defend his claims with the rifle, and some bloody feuds have resulted in consequence. In equity he may have the right on his side, and one can but respect his attitude, but many of these men represent the spirit of the aborigines who, though possessing ample moral claims to the lands on which they lived, did not effectively occupy and use them.

COURTENAY DE KALB.

THIERS ENTREATING THE POWERS.

PARIS, August 25, 1903.

The 'Notes et Souvenirs' of M. Thiers, printed under the editorial care of his sister-in-law, Mademoiselle Dosne, was first given to but a small number of friends; but several passages in the volume, the publication of which was not authorized, having been indiscreetly cited and even reproduced, it has become necessary to publish it. The work relates to the eventful period of 1870-1871. "M. Thiers," says the publisher, "wrote no memoirs; he left only notes relative to his diplomatic journey in September, 1870, to his interviews with Bismarck on the subject of an armistice in October, 1870, and to the negotiations of the preliminaries of peace in 1871."

The journey in 1870 had for its object to interest the great Powers in the cause of France, which had suffered terrible defeats,

The Government formed on the 4th of September, which called itself the Government of National Defence, confided to M. Thiers a mission which had little chance of success. The Imperial Government had committed an irreparable mistake in declaring war on Prussia, on the most futile pretext; the new Government, improvised on the 4th of September, had not been chosen by the French people represented by a National Assembly; it was a government *de facto*, and nobody could clearly foresee what future and authority were in store for it. The war had, besides, led to successive defeats of France with terrible rapidity; mediation or intervention on the part of a European Power was hardly to be thought of, under the circumstances. M. Thiers undertook his journey almost against hope; but he felt that his activity in Paris after a revolution could not be very great, and he hoped that the consideration which was felt for him in Europe might eventually be of some use to his unfortunate country.

He first went to London, but he left no notes on his interviews with Lord Granville; he sent only two dispatches to M. Jules Favre, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Government of the 4th of September. They were published in M. Favre's work on the 'Government of National Defence,' and show clearly that Thiers obtained nothing from Lord Granville, who was courtesy itself, but his polite and kind words were devoid of any real political significance.

Thiers left London on the 18th of September for Russia. He stopped only a few hours at Tours, crossed the Mont Cenis and arrived in Vienna on the 23d of September. He had the next day a conference with Von Beust, whom he thus describes:

"M. de Beust, tall of stature, with some personal pretentiousness, always smiling, acute, witty, the man who, among all those whom I have known, seems to believe the least what he says, noting with pleasure the former mistakes of Austria, not forgetting the error he made her commit when he dragged her, with Saxony, into the affairs of Denmark. . . ."

After having said that France had not desired the war, that even the Ministry had made it in weak concession to the Bonapartist party, "the sole author of this fatal war," Thiers added: "I said that the Republic was the only Government possible at present, and perhaps for a time which nobody could calculate; perhaps forever, if it knew how to behave itself." He said further, that the interest of Europe was not to let Prussia have her own way; the Powers might each in what concerned itself commit the mistake which Napoleon III. made after Sadowa. Beust's answer was very refrigerating. Austria, to be sure, wished for a *revanche*, but did not wish it immediately. The country was recovering its material prosperity, but only in time could the finances be reëstablished and the army reorganized. "This country cannot be an ally for many years." There was evidently nothing more for M. Thiers to do in Vienna. He had, however, a conversation with Andrássy, who merely complained of M. de Gramont, to whom, he said, he had never given any hope or any illusion, and who said finally, "We cannot make war."

On the 24th of September, in the evening, Thiers left for Saint Petersburg. On his arrival he called on Prince Gortchakoff. After a few words on the authors of the war, "we came to the question which in Russia preoccupies everybody, the question of the republic. Prince Gortchakoff, who has the sagacious mind of a true statesman, and who likes to appear devoid of prejudices, confessed that the republic did not cause him any fear, and said that he knew some good republics. 'Yes,' said I, 'a republic (alluding to the United States) is now your best friend, and there will soon, perhaps, be two in your affections; at least, I hope so.' Gortchakoff answered with a smile: 'It would gratify me; but here people ask themselves if the republic is, in your country, anything serious, and if you can affirm that it will last long.' " The Russian Chancellor was convinced of the unstable character of the new French Government, whose credentials Thiers had received. Thiers told him that this Government was not the triumph of a party; that, if it satisfied no one absolutely, it condemned no one to despair. It was composed, in the majority, of wise and moderate men.

" 'This Government is honest, and I affirm that the next elections will place the direction of affairs in moderate hands. You can, therefore, in treating with us today, have the assurance that our pledges will be stable; and if it happen one day that I be not your interlocutor, you will find in my successor the equivalent of my way of thinking.' 'Ah! *if* it be you,' said the Prince; 'but it *will be* you, as I like to think.' "

The Prince added that the misfortunes of France had surprised Europe, and afflicted those who saw, not without inquietude, the prodigious rise of Prussia. When it came to the question of an alliance (and Thiers had full powers to conclude one), the Chancellor said:

"An alliance has always been promised us; Gen. Fleury spoke incessantly of it, but we never saw it come. But I believe you. I know that you can keep your word. However, now is not the time to conclude it. Don't let us make a bargain—we will busy ourselves later with uniting France to Russia; for the moment, let us try to get France out of her scrape."

Thiers insisted on the necessity of acting promptly, and spoke of a collective action of Russia, Austria, England, and Italy.

" 'Oh! collective, collective,' said the Chancellor. 'I understand you, but we don't want any such thing. It would only tend to irritate Prussia, which rejects the intervention of neutrals in the present war, and we should lose the very real influence which we possess in Berlin.' "

We know what this real influence was; it was owing to the personal friendship which the Russian Emperor felt for the King of Prussia. But this friendship was just what hindered the Emperor of Russia from interfering with the plans and actions of his uncle. The audience which Thiers received from the Emperor himself took place the day after news had arrived of the capitulation of Strasbourg.

"As soon as I entered, he gave me his hand, told me he was charmed to receive me in his Empire, and made me sit next to him. The Emperor, who is simple and natural, and speaks French easily, at once brought up the object of my visit to Russia. 'Monsieur Thiers,' said he, 'if people had listened to us, if they had listened to you, we should not be witnessing the cruel war which rends and frightens Europe. I have had a report of your explanation of the origin of this war. It has much interested me.' "

Having nothing more to relate on the subject of the true authors of the war, Thiers explained to the Emperor the origin and character of the new Government. The Emperor listened to him attentively;

"and when I said to him that this Government, issued from necessity, was the only one possible; that it was moderate; that it would be rendered even more moderate by being seconded, he answered me: 'As for myself, I have no objection to make to the republican form of government. Besides, it does not concern me; it concerns only France. I fear only the men of disorder, and especially the instability which is so discouraging when one comes to treat with a Government.' "

To reassure the Emperor, Thiers told him that the coming elections would certainly give a moderate majority. " 'So,' said the Emperor, 'you are not uneasy about the maintenance of order?' 'No, Sire; and the proof that my confidence is founded, is the calm which reigns in Paris under very grave circumstances.' 'All the better,' said the Emperor; 'now let us come to the present situation.' " It was explained with much lucidity by Thiers. He showed the dangers which might arise, even for Russia, from the excessive aggrandizement of Prussia, and extolled the advantages which might accrue to Russia from forming an alliance with France, which, "under a good government, would soon recover her former strength." The Emperor interrupted him here "with emotion," and said: "I know, Monsieur Thiers, how serious for Europe and for my Empire is the creation of a power such as you describe. I would willingly acquire an alliance like that with France, an alliance for peace, not for war and conquest [he emphasized these last words]."

In another interview with the Chancellor, Thiers touched on the attitude of Austria. "Paris was threatened; could not Russia at least allow Austria to succor Paris?" "I understand," said he, "that if he feared the entrance of the French into Berlin, the nephew should have come to the succor of his uncle"; but the circumstances were not the same. Paris was now threatened. "You touch there," answered Prince Gortchakoff, "on a most delicate, most difficult subject. . . . There is an engagement of the Emperor's which we cannot infringe; . . . let us leave this subject, I beg you; there would be no profit in speaking of it now."

These words were eloquent enough in their vagueness: there was an arrangement, a convention, in virtue of which Russia was afterwards permitted to denounce to the great Powers the Treaty of 1856, drawn after the Crimean war at the Congress of Paris, and to free herself from the humiliating clause which did not allow her to keep a naval force in the Black Sea, or to have a military base on the shores of that sea. Russia had seized the first opportunity (and who can wonder at it?) to abrogate a clause which was injurious to her interests and might even, in certain emergencies, imperil her safety.

The denunciation of the Treaty of 1856 was made only on the 12th of November, more than a month after Thiers's visit to St. Petersburg. On leaving the Russian capital, Thiers went again to Vienna, but heard nothing new from Beust or Andrássy. On the 12th of October he was in Florence, where he had interviews with the King, with General Cialdini, with the Ministers. He developed military plans: the presence of 200,000 Italians in the valley of the

Rhone would change the state of things, and force Prussia to end the war. He received, he says, from the Ministers but "poor answers." The King was friendly, but could do nothing without the Chambers, and the Chambers had adjourned. On the 13th of October Thiers returned to France. He brought nothing with him but the promise of safe-conduct, to be obtained by the intervention of Russia, permitting him to see Bismarck with reference to an armistice.

Correspondence.

COLLEGE ADMISSION ON SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several months ago you printed certain communications on the subject of admission to college on school certificate. The animus of these communications was decidedly against the practice. At the time, I was minded to put in an answer, but refrained, preferring to wait until the new college year should approach and the whole question wear a somewhat more practical aspect.

The data I have to submit, though few, bear directly on the main issue. Last winter the Registrar, at the request of our Committee on Admission by Certificate, made a full tabulation of the examination marks of all the freshmen admitted on certificate. His results were:

1. Schools from which students were admitted on certificate, September, 1902.....	167
2. Students admitted on certificate, September, 1902	306
3. No. of marks received by these students at end of first term, February, 1903.....	1,800
4. Of these 1,800 marks there were below "pass"	177
5. Schools the students from which received no mark below "pass"	100
6. Schools the students from which got one or more marks below "pass".....	67
7. Of these 67 schools the number chargeable with failure in only one subject out of an average of five and one-half taken was....	37

The figures need some interpretation. The round sum 1,800 in (3) is an approximation; the actual number may have been higher. The 100 of (5) means that 100 schools, or two out of three, got their freshmen through the first term without a single failure in a single subject! Number (7) means that, of the 67 schools which fell short of perfection in marks, 37 were chargeable with a mark below "pass" in one subject only. Besides, "below pass" does not necessarily imply total *failure;* it may mean and usually does mean a mere "condition."

Having been one of the doubters, I am free to admit that the conclusions from these data have completely staggered me. The examination marks represented tests of every sort in a multitude of subjects taught in nine distinct faculties. Nor may I overlook the circumstance that the examinations at the end of last January were held under peculiar difficulties. We were then in the beginning of our typhoid trouble; not a few of the students were already suffering from the disease, although neither they nor their examiners suspected this when the examinations were held.

That one hundred schools should get through without a scratch; that thirty-seven more should get through with only a single scratch; that of the remaining thirty only ten or twelve called for the slightest scrutiny on the part of our Committee—these are facts which the opponents of the certificate system will do well to ponder most carefully.

One more consideration. The greater number of our students are admitted on Regents' diplomas; these diplomas represent Regents' examinations. We ought to have a comparison of these Regents' students with the other. But, in the language of Kipling, that is another story, and—let me add—a much longer one. Still, I hope that our indefatigable Registrar may have the time and the patience another year to work out the statistics. J. M. H.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, September 1, 1903.

Notes.

A series of drawings on wood, by George Cruikshank, only in part cut and none ever published, has been acquired by Henry Frowde. They are in illustration of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and will be used, upon completion of the engraving, in an *édition de luxe* of that work from the Oxford University Press. One had rather see them popularized, but collectors will be on the lookout for them. They will be printed singly on Japanese paper.

The Century Co.'s autumn list includes 'In Search of a Siberian Klondike,' by Washington Vanderlip, edited by Homer B. Hulbert; 'Thirty Years of Musical Life in London,' by Hermann Klein; 'Theodore Leschetizky,' by the Countess Angèle Potocka, translated by Miss Genevieve Seymour Lincoln; the second part of Howard Crosby Butler's 'Northern Central Syria and the Houran: Architecture'; 'Gallops 2,' by David Gray; and in the "Thumb-Nail Series" a new output of FitzGerald's Omar (three versions), with John Hay's address before the Omar Khayyám Club in London in 1897.

'Vacation Days in Greece,' by Prof. Rufus B. Richardson, late head of the American School in Athens, and 'The Development of the Drama,' by Prof. Brander Matthews, are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have in preparation 'Recollections, Personal and Literary,' by the late Richard Henry Stoddard, edited by Ripley Hitchcock; 'Within the Pale,' the history of a great race question in Russia, by Michael Davitt; 'Life in the Early Colonies,' by George Cary Eggleston; and 'His Little World,' a novel, by Samuel Merwin, illustrated by Alonzo Kimball.

Henry Holt & Co. will shortly issue a new and enlarged edition of Prof. Henry A. Beers's 'Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus'; and 'Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel,' by Isabella Carrington Cabell.

Further announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are 'The Beginnings of Christianity,' by Paul Wernle, in two volumes; 'Rome and the Renaissance: The Pontificate of Julius II.,' from the French of Julian Klaczko, by John Dennie; 'The Art of the Italian Renaissance,' a handbook, by Prof. Heinrich Wölfflin, with many illustrations; and 'Japanese Physical Training,' by H. Irving Hancock.

The Outlook Co. are about to issue 'The Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies,' by John Dickinson—a limited edition with portraits and a colored print; and 'Tolstoy the Man,' by Edward A. Steiner.

'Tolstoy and his Message,' by Ernest H. Crosby; a 'History of Socialism in the United States,' by Morris Hillquit; and 'Connectives of English Speech,' by James C. Fernald, are in the press of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

'Three Masques by Ben Jonson'—of Oberon, of Blackness, of Beauty—is to be produced in a limited edition by Robert Grier Cooke, 307 Fifth Avenue, in two states of attractiveness.

W. A. Wilde Co., Boston, announce 'Out of a Fleur-de-lis: the History, Romance, and Biography of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition,' by Claude H. Wetmore, and 'In a Brazilian Jungle,' by the same author.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have nearly ready a book of Webster's best speeches, 'Daniel Webster for Young Americans,' edited by Prof. Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth.

By a slip of the pen we ascribed Cohn's 'Tests and Reagents' to another firm of publishers than John Wiley & Sons, for whom he is making a new translation of Frezenius's 'Quantitative Analysis.'

J. L. LeB. Hammond's 'Charles James Fox' we lately reviewed at some length. The American market is now being served with this "political study" by James Pott & Co.

From Messrs. Scribner we have a handful of pocket editions, two in the thin paper of George Newnes's "Caxton Series"—too thin to avoid transparency altogether—namely, Cary's 'Vision of Dante' and Lamb's Works, otherwise, very attractive in ornament of frontispiece and title-page and limp cover; and Chapman & Hall's reissue of Carlyle's 'Cromwell' in two volumes, and 'Essays' in three (for eight), with a somewhat thicker and more opaque paper, somewhat larger in size, and similarly bound. The same firm sends us Baedeker's 'Handbook for the Rhine,' the fifteenth English edition as compared with the French seventeenth and the German twenty-third; and 'Berlin and its Environs,' paralleling the twelfth German edition, still striving to keep pace with the city's growth.

Messrs. Appleton have reprinted from the edition of 1837 the Life of John Mytton by "Nimrod." The preface is dated "Calais, 1835," because "Nimrod," who was known to his creditors as Charles James Apperley, preferred the climate of France to that of the King's Bench prison, where his friend Mytton died. The book, with its colored plates, seems curiously antiquated, and gives a rambling and disconnected account of a very eccentric man. The writer's style recalls that of 'Life in London,' by Pierce Egan, which appealed so strongly to Thackeray's sense of humor, and which was already out of date in 1860. Mytton seems to have been a daring cross-country rider, a practical joker, and a spendthrift who squandered a fine property in a few years. He drank from four to six bottles of port a day, and was continuously drunk for the last twelve years of his life; but so vigorous was his constitution that, in spite of these and other excesses, he lived thirty-eight years. In the eloquent language of "Nimrod": "He is now safe in his urn, and let no one attempt to throw more stones at his monument."

The printing of a new edition of Dibdin's 'Bibliomania,' by the Bibliophile

Society of Boston, is justified by the beauty of print and paper, and by the illustrations specially prepared by Howard Pyle. A chatty preface by Dr. Garnett gives some information on Dibdin's rather sad career, and glances at the shortcomings of his character. More practical is Mr. W. P. Cutter's account of the prices paid for rarities in recent years, showing the rapid, though not always intelligible, rise in values. It is a pity that this essay could not have a wider circulation, for it is an interesting record of an extraordinary progress in the value of certain classes of books. Mr. Cutter is bold enough to announce a "law" on the values of books, but it is rather a tendency that he describes than a law.

Mr. George Thomas Ritchie of the Library of Congress has compiled a 'List of Lincolniana' in that Library, and the result is a volume of seventy-five pages. Magazine articles are not included—a wise exclusion, in our opinion—but some newspaper clippings are; a rather dubious proceeding, though justifiable perhaps in the case of a special scrapbook. The list is rather sombre in tone, because so large a part of Lincoln matter is composed of addresses on his death; but we are reminded of another aspect of the man in the joke and song-books, a catechism, and other campaign issues, often scurrilous. The list is printed by the Library of Congress.

'Thomas Gainsborough,' by Arthur B. Chamberlain (London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Dutton), is a fairly good piece of work, but is far from attaining the standard of the better books in its series, "The Popular Library of Art." To that series we have been accustomed to look for real criticism and an original point of view, and we cannot readily be satisfied with the negative virtues of a volume with which we have, after all, no positive fault to find.

The latest volume of another series, William Bayne's 'Wilkie' in "The Makers of British Art" (London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Scribner's), is acceptable enough as far as biography alone is concerned, but its author's rather phenomenal ignorance of painting leads to great vagueness as to what it is all about. Indeed, a writer who is capable of speaking of "the gems of painting and sculpture, as seen in the productions of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Cimabue," or of calling Correggio "the great Venetian," had best refrain from all topics even remotely connected with art.

'The Life of John C. Calhoun: Being a View of the Principal Events of his Career and an Account of his Contributions to Economic and Political Science,' by Gustavus M. Pinckney of the Charleston, S. C., Bar, has appeared from the press of Walker, Evans, Cogswell Co., in that city. It is a small volume of some 250 pages. Perhaps one-half the space is devoted to lengthy quotations from the speeches and letters of Calhoun. It would have been well if all of it could have been used in this way; for the best that can be said for the author is that he is an undiscriminating admirer of Calhoun, and that he has the courage of what one must call his emotions. The superlative is painfully in evidence. One learns that Calhoun was the greatest statesman, the profoundest political philosopher, the soundest financier, the most brilliant debater, the most successful prophet, the best man; and so on, *ad nauseam*. Apparently there were a few able men before his time, but none at all since. We are, generally speaking, as Carlyle might have said, seventy millions—mostly fools. Mr. Pinckney despairs of our ever being anything else. The evidence of it, precisely, is in the fact that the "protection humbug" still flourishes, and no one seriously considers the necessity of providing for nullification by Constitutional amendment. The suffrage and nullification are the two main supports of liberty; the Revolution furnished one, Calhoun showed us the way to the other. Still, blind as bats, we go blundering on, and so far from providing against the evil days, no one can be got even to listen to a discussion of the subject. The question of nullification, far from being academic, is as open as ever it was, etc. The book is harmless and useless; it is the sort of product one naturally expects from a specialist who attempts in a foreign field something for the accomplishment of which he is not at all fitted.

Mr. Clement F. Rogers's monograph on 'Baptism and Christian Archæology' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) has been taken as "an offprint" from *Studia Biblica*, whereof it is part iv. of volume v. It is the fruit of a careful and apparently impartial study of this department of Christian antiquities, and has many illustrations from early and mediæval frescoes. These would seem to support the author's conclusion (p. 304) that the early custom was "the pouring of water over the candidate's head by the Bishop" (why need it be a bishop?), "or the guiding his head under a descending stream, followed by the laying on of hands." At first, baptism, like everything else, was largely in the open; this continued in Syria till the fifth century at least, and would naturally have been in running or standing water. When churches were built and freely used, fonts came in with their other furnishings. One would prefer to think that the early Church exercised ordinary common sense in not being wedded to a given amount of water for this purpose, nor to a fixed shape and size of the vessel (if any) containing it; and since the documents confirm this supposition, let them have all due weight, in view of the question so long pending between sprinkling and immersion. But when did evidence ever settle a religious controversy?

A handsomely printed volume of nearly five hundred pages, rich in illustrations, is Miss Katharine M. Abbott's 'Old Paths and Legends of New England' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Some of the views are admirable, for instance that of the Munroe Tavern, Lexington, 1695, where Lord Percy had his headquarters. The text, which is animated and entertaining, preserves a due regard for historical accuracy. In these days when the step seems so easy from the snap of a camera to the page engraving, it is fortunate if your bookmaker has a refined taste and some literary skill. Miss Abbott displays more than this, and possesses the gift of lending, through the power of happy description, a new charm to scenes long familiar to the reader. The author loves the theme of which she discourses. If we must needs find a little fault, it is that Chastellux more than once is quoted, and words are stricken out of his sentences with no mark to denote the omission—a liberty that had best not be taken. That Christopher Hussey, the old settler of Hampton, appears as "Hervey," may be charged to the proofreader; but what does Miss Abbott mean when, after speaking of Daniel Webster as a youth, at Exeter, she goes on in the next sentence to say, "An acquisition to the Academy is the celebrated *Puritan Girl* by Martha Hale" (p 254)?

Charles Protheroe's 'Life in the Mercantile Marine' (John Lane) is a routine sea story, one of scores which are being printed to invest with melancholy the disappearance from the seas of square-rigged deep-water sailing ships. It is difficult to determine for what class of readers this book is intended—possibly boys, for whom tales of the ocean have unending fascination. It is hardly ripe enough for mature minds. The narrative covers a period before the advent of steamers in the trade between England and New Zealand. With their coming, the interest is transferred to cruises in the South Seas.

Dr. F. A. C. Perrine's work entitled 'Conductors for Electrical Distribution' appears to have left few problems pertaining to its subject untouched, however minute they may be—from the most economical way of transferring bars from one roll to another to the best way of drawing specifications for telegraph poles—and to have reduced every one to a question of exact science. The vivid clearness of the elaborate descriptions of the manufacture of wire, its finishing, insulation, and wrapping into cables, is like visiting the different works under the guidance of their masters.

Dr. G. S. Fraps has produced a book entitled 'Principles of Dyeing' (Macmillan Co.), which is intended to teach the general truths of that art in the classroom and laboratory to students who have little acquaintance with organic chemistry, and without much troubling them with that subject. We do not doubt that in some of our universities such a plan will be regarded as marking an enlightened appreciation of the educational conditions of our time, while individuals will be found to think it characteristic of an automobiling pedagogy which breaks down the distinction between liberal and professional education and produces something bad from either point of view. Given the plan, it is well worked out by Dr. Fraps.

Dr. C. Krauch's book, 'The Testing of Chemical Reagents for Purity' (D. Van Nostrand Co.), is a standard work of the highest authority and of wide utility. Its translators, T. A. Williamson and L. W. Dupré, have done their work well, and have sometimes substituted references to English books for those to German books, when they have the same value. The author has contributed some emendations.

Karl Verner's 'Afhandlinger og Breve' (Articles and Letters), recently published in Copenhagen through the Society for Germanic Philology, is a book of more than ordinary interest to linguists the world over. Verner owes his chief fame to the discovery of the law bearing his name, but all his investigations bore the stamp of distinction. In addition to the material indicated in the title, the work contains a life, by Marius Vibuk, a facsimile of one of Verner's letters, an illustrated account of Verner's apparatus for the study of

sound waves, and a number of portraits. It is to be hoped that this valuable contribution may be made more generally available by being presented in an English or German translation.

It is common knowledge that in the German universities, in case of a vacancy in the teaching corps, the faculties nominate from one to three men, one of whom the Government generally selects. In Paulsen's new and excellent work, 'Die Deutschen Universitäten,' are found interesting statistics showing how often during the past twenty years the governments have disregarded the proposals of the faculties and made their own selections, the data referring only to the nine Prussian institutions. During this period the law faculties made 140 proposals, of which 125 were adopted; the medical faculties 236, of which 207 were adopted; while the theological faculties made 110 proposals, of which only 82 met with the approval of the authorities, and 38 selections were accordingly made independently. This was done in order that the different theological tendencies might be represented in every faculty, and, with the sole exception of Greifswald, which is headquarters for orthodoxy in the Prussian schools, both liberal and conservative men are found in every Protestant theological faculty. The conservative men appointed against the express wish of the liberal element in the faculties go by the name of "Strafprofessoren," *i. e.*, men appointed to punish the other members for not being orthodox enough to satisfy the official creed of the church. Such "Punishment Professors" are found in Bonn, Marburg, and elsewhere.

The personnel of the Educational Commission which is to sail for this country on October 3, according to the list published in the London *Times*, indicates that Mr. Mosely has secured not only "trained students of education and men intimately connected with its administration in all branches, but also men of light and leading in the more important centres of commercial, industrial and intellectual life." The list of thirty includes a bishop, a mayor, two members of Parliament, three Fellows of the Royal Society, ten professors and university lecturers, as well as representatives of chambers of commerce and members of educational boards. During the early part of their tour, of which an itinerary has been drawn up with the assistance of President Butler of Columbia University, the commission will act as one body. Later it will separate so that the different men may see and report upon aspects of educational work in which they are specially interested, or on which they are specially qualified to form an opinion. These reports will be printed separately and distributed to educational bodies throughout the United Kingdom. The main object of the commission is to study our educational systems in their bearing upon national commerce and industry, and the results of Mr. Mosely's wise and generous expenditure will doubtless prove as beneficial to us as to his own countrymen.

In accordance with the recent enactment of the Parliament, Denmark has now declared its adherence to the agreement of the Berne literary convention. The King has published a decree both announcing and explaining the new rules pertaining to the rights of foreign authors and artists, in accordance with the Berne Convention, even if their works have not been issued by Danish publishing houses.

It has all along been considered a settled matter that Luther's great battle hymn of the Reformation, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," was composed in 1530. Prof. Dr. Groessler, in an address recently delivered in Eisleben, reported that he had discovered this hymn in collections earlier than the above date, and that everything points to its having been composed in the night of April 15-16, 1521, in the inn at Oppenheim, Luther's last stopping-place before entering the city of Worms, where the Diet that was to decide his fate was being held.

The German archæologist, Theodor Wiegand, claims to have discovered the tomb of Hannibal. Classical writers report that it was to be sought on the coast of the Sea of Marmora in Libyssa, not far from Nicomedia, and that the Emperor Severus restored the mausoleum in a magnificent manner. Wiegand searched the whole coast, and found at the place where the Dil River empties into the sea, on a small promontory just below the Anatolian Railroad, the ruins of a mausoleum which he regards as Hannibal's.

Two months ago, at Niagara Falls, the American Library Association discussed with favor a project for a headquarters. The committee appointed to plan details are Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress and President of the Association; Dr. John S. Billings, Librarian New York Public Library; C. W. Andrews, Librarian John Crerar Library, Chicago; Edwin H. Anderson, Librarian Carnegie Library, Pittsburg; and R. R. Bowker, editor *Library Journal*, New York.

—The latest addition to the "Legal Classic Series" is an edition of 'Littleton's Tenures,' in English, by Prof. Eugene Wambaugh (Washington: John Byrne & Co.). It is preceded by a valuable introduction, giving a biography of Sir Thomas Littleton (the main external facts of his life are matters of record, but little of personal biographical interest has come down to us), and a very full bibliography of the 'Tenures,' cataloguing (in no less than fifteen pages) all the editions of this very remarkable work. Littleton comes midway among those whom the editor calls the "five masters," *i. e.*, Glanville, Bracton, Littleton, Coke, and Blackstone, but he has the distinction of being the first thoroughly English law writer, Glanville and Bracton having both written under the influence of the Institutes. There is nothing to show that Roman law was ever studied by Littleton, and his subject—a purely feudal one—allowed him to neglect it. It cannot be said to-day that it is necessary for a lawyer to begin his reading with Littleton, but his 'Tenures' will be a classic as long as the history of law possesses any interest; and, as Professor Wambaugh says, even if the lapse of time has made the book superfluous as an introduction to existing law, "its arrangement, conciseness, and accuracy would continue to gain for it the favor of any one who appreciates a masterpiece." The version given is that adopted by Coke, and the work of the present editor is the result of much painstaking research.

—The eighth Annual of the British School at Athens for 1901-1902 (The Macmillan Co.) is made especially interesting by its summary of the results of the Cretan explorations, of which a somewhat detailed account has already appeared in our correspondence columns. To one familiar with Greek antiquities of the classic period, the illustrations of art and domestic life given here are an astonishing revelation of an undreamed-of civilization. A number of porcelain plaques are figured which formed part of a large mosaic in one of the chambers of the palace at Knossos. By a piece of extraordinary good luck, these little plaques represent towers and houses of two or three stories provided with windows, and (in some instances) with balconies where ladies are seen standing. The mosaic, when complete, represented a Minoan city, and was interspersed with landscapes and other scenes. We must assume that the houses were arranged in streets, and were the dwellings of the ordinary Minoan citizen; the plan and pattern are undoubtedly indigenous, though possibly influenced by those of the detached villa of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt. The façades have a strikingly modern appearance, and are quite clear enough to enable us to guess details of construction and coloring. These houses of the bourgeoisie were undoubtedly comfortable. At Palaikastro one of them was provided with a bathroom. The Knossian palace contained many of the conveniences and comforts of an advanced civilization. Mr. Evans gives the plan and section of a large, well-built drain, provided with ventilating shafts, with which were connected several tiled closets or latrines. The primary object of the drain was to carry off the torrential rains which frequently occur in Crete; but provision was also made for regularly flushing the closets. These sanitary arrangements and decencies would put to shame the Paris of a few centuries ago, when the cry of "Gare l'eau!" was to be heard from the upper windows, and gentlemen gave the ladies whom they escorted the inside place on the street as a piece of serviceable gallantry.

—The art pictured in plates ii. and iii. is a further astonishment, as one wonders how it could have vanished absolutely, and left Greece to begin anew with the infantile simplicity of the Dipylon period. These are photographs of ivory figures, probably tinted and chryselephantine, in which the long-limbed spare young athlete flies rather than runs, with arms and legs stretched to the utmost, and with head flung back like the bacchant in Dionysiac processions. "The freedom and *élan* of these figures in some respects," as Mr. Evans says, "seems to overpass the limits of the sculptor's art." This Crete is, indeed, the land of Dædalus, and this is his true period. Mr. H. R. Hall discusses the meaning of the term Keftiu, the people who appear figured frequently in monuments of the Eighteenth Dynasty, *circa* 1450 B. C. He identifies them in a restricted sense with the Cretans, and in a vaguer, wider application with the inhabitants of the northwestern coasts of the Mediterranean from Cyprus to Crete. Mr. R. S. Conway analyzes some pre-hellenic inscriptions of Præsos, with conclusions which point to the probability that this Eteocretan language was Indo-European, and that it was spoken in Asia Minor as well as in the Mediterranean basin in the Minoan age. Its speakers, perhaps, de-

veloped the so-called Mycenæan civilization. Finally, Mr. Bosanquet furnishes a detailed report of the results of the excavations at Palaikastro.

—Many Americans still harbor the notion that, in order to learn to speak the best German, they must go to Hanover. This belief may have arisen from the fact that the less educated classes there indulge less in dialect than elsewhere; but the language of educated Germans all over the empire is practically the same. Eduard Engel calls attention, in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to the fact that Berlin is rapidly becoming the "Riesenretorte für das Einheitsdeutsch der Zukunft." Just as, in England and France, London and Paris set the standard for the national language, so Berlin is laying down the law for the whole empire, and dialectic peculiarities are being more and more relegated to the lower classes. The dialect peculiar to Berliners is even now spoken in its purity by few; the children at school learn to look on it as something ordinary and to be avoided, and that seals its doom. Concerning this Berlin dialect very little has been written authoritatively, but recently H. S. Hermann published a book, entitled 'Der Richtige Berliner in Wörtern und Redensarten,' by three local teachers whose names are not given. They look on the Berlinese not as a corruption of German, but as a legitimate language *per se*, with its own words and its own grammatical rules. The semi-humorous accounts given by newspaper reporters of scenes in court constantly violate these grammatical rules, and often do not even get the words right. It takes a sharp ear and a good memory to avoid mistakes, and the language is only a spoken, not a written one. It is only the uneducated, who are little concerned with reading and writing, that speak a dialect correctly. The Berlinese has enough words of its own to fill a hundred double-column pages in the book referred to. Some of them are relics of the French immigration influence of two centuries ago; but these are few, and used mostly in a humorous or playful way; dialects do not favor the *Fremdwörter*. One of the oddest peculiarities is the almost entire absence of the letter *r*, as in Chinese and Londonese. *Verloren* becomes *falooan*, *verfrieren* becomes *fafrian*, *Herr Müller*, *Ha Mülla*, etc. Other sounds are similarly changed. When a street urchin says *zeidomma* he means *zeig doch mal*, and *guten Abend* masquerades as *Juen Aam*. Like all dwellers in large cities the Berliners are fond of superlatives and special ways of expressing them. In place of *sehr* they use *aasig*, *blödsinnig*, *esig*, *eklig*, *haarig*, *klobig*, *klotzig*, *knollig*, *lausig*, *diebisch*, *haarsträubend*, *mordsmässig*, *ochsig*, *rtesig*, *pyramidal*, *kolossal*, *kannibalisch*, *furchtbar*, etc. *Furchtbar* has, it seems, become current among the high-school girls; it was one of Wagner's favorite substitutes for *sehr* preceding *schön*. Amusing examples of caustic Berlinese wit and sarcasm are given, the following being particularly droll: "Wenn *Sie* so lang wärn wie Se dumm sind, dann kennten Se uff de Knie aus de Dachrinne fressen" ("If you were as tall as you are stupid, you could eat out of the eavesgutter on your knees.)

—When Garcilasso de la Vega (1540-1616), a descendant of the Incas, gave expression to his views on animal and plant worship among the aborigines of the Peruvian empire of old, he little knew the coming of "totemism" and its inexhaustible literature. In 'Social Origins,' by Andrew Lang, and 'Primal Law,' by J. J. Atkinson, which together make up a volume of 311 pages (Longmans, Green, & Co.), we have another book on the subject. The author of the second part (published posthumously) was a cousin of Mr. Lang, who spent most of his life in New Caledonia, where he died in 1899. His MS. was edited by his cousin, who states that he is indebted to it for "the conception of sexual jealousy as a powerful element in the evolution of exogamy." Mr. Atkinson's keynote is "the primal law of avoidance" between near relations, out of which has grown a customary rule of conduct. The ideas which gave birth to this "primal law" were in travail whilst man was in the animal stage, and their development made possible the ascent from brute to human. The mother kept the male child by her side (prolonged infancy) until he and his father had ceased to be enemies for sex reasons, and thus the group of the family, from which society was developed, arose. Before this were ages in which the male head of each group of anthropoid ancestors was in direct antagonism with every other male, and forceful disruption of "family" ties was the rule. The "peaceful conjunction" of father and son led to the "peaceful aggregations" which were the germ of human society. Mr. Atkinson's interesting views on "avoidance" should be read in connection with Mr. Crawley's recent work, 'The Mystic Rose,' in which the theory of tabu is elaborated. Mr. Lang's 'Social Origins' is largely a discussion of totemic theories, with the setting forth of his own "nickname" theory of totemism and the origin of the family. A good deal of it has appeared in substance before in the English scientific journal, *Folk-Lore*, etc.

LYLY'S WORKS.

The Complete Works of John Lyly. Now for the first time collected and edited from the earliest quartos, with life, bibliography, essays, notes, and index, by R. Warwick Bond. 3 vols., 8vo. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

The works of John Lyly have long been awaiting the careful editorship accorded to them in these attractive volumes. 'Euphues' has been accessible in Professor Arber's reprint; this contains no critical apparatus, though without it the difficult and allusive style of Lyly is wholly unintelligible; and the fragment which Dr. Landmann has edited is likewise quite insufficient for scholarly purposes. Fairholt's edition of the plays is inaccurate in the text, and grossly incompetent in such slight apparatus as it possesses. The doubtful 'Maydes Metamorphosis' has been reprinted by Bullen, and the two Anti-Martinist pamphlets assigned to Lyly, one at least with considerable certainty, have also been accessible in modern reprints. All these have been collected by Mr. Bond, and he has added some "Entertainments" and a large number of lyrics, which he assigns to Lyly on what, as we shall see later, seem wholly insufficient grounds.

In rendering the texts of Lyly's work, the first test of all editing, Mr. Bond has been singularly careful and successful. He has collated every edition in the British Museum and the Bodleian, recording the results with clearness and accuracy; but perhaps most of the doubtful passages in the novels and the plays have been cleared up by continual reference to Lyly's sources. Thus, the mysterious terms of 'Euphues,' with the aid of Pliny, Ælian, Plutarch, and Bartholomæus Anglicus, lose their confusion, as when the wonderful "naplytia," which leapeth into the fire wheresoever it seeth it (ii., 132), becomes intelligible as the "naphtha" of Pliny's 'Natural History.' So, also, the "fine wool of Ceres," as it appears in all previous editions of the 'Endimion,' including the recent one of Professor Baker, becomes, more correctly, "the fine wool of Seres," though here Mr. Bond has been more fortunate than thoughtful, for Lyly is not thinking (iii., 505) of Virgil's Georgics, but of Pliny's reference to the Seres, a people famous for their wool and silk ('Nat. Hist.,' vi., 17). On the whole, Mr. Bond has been exceptionally successful in his search for the origins of Lyly's infinite allusions, and he has added much valuable information to our rather hazy knowledge of the sources of Lyly's work. Thus (i., 352) he has established beyond dispute that the 'Euphues and his Ephœbus' was not borrowed directly from Plutarch's treatise on the Education of Boys, but rather from the Latin translation of Guarino Veronese and the English version of Sir Thomas Elyot. He has also cleared up the nature and extent of Lyly's borrowings in the plays.

When Mr. Bond ceases to concern himself with the text, its meaning, and its sources, when, in other words, he attempts the part of biographer, historian, and critic rather than that of editor, the results are highly unsatisfactory, and reflect not only on the accuracy of his scholarship, but even more so on his saneness of judgment. In the life of Lyly he has for the most part followed Professor Baker, adding some not uninteresting details now and then, such as the exact dates of Lyly's two petitions to the Queen, though none of these can be said to illumine the life of the Euphuist in any important degree; of his wild conjectures and fantastic assumptions it is unnecessary to say anything, while the arrangement of his material and the way in which it is scattered without coördination throughout the three volumes can be dismissed with a mere word of protest. The 'Entertainments' at the end of volume i. and the poems at the end of volume ii. are assigned to Lyly on the very flimsiest of evidence; the latter, chiefly on the ground that they bear marked resemblance to the songs scattered throughout the plays. Neither Mr. Bond nor his predecessors have hesitated to accept these last as authentic. They were added by Blount in 1632, where the original quartos indicated the omission of a song; but where or how Blount obtained them is unknown. It should be noted, however, that at least two of those in "Campaspe" had already been published as the works of others: "O, for a bowl of fat canary" in Middleton's "A Mad World, my Masters" (1608), and "What bird so sings, yet so does wail" in Ford and Dekker's "The Sun's Darling" (1623). Further external evidence could be adduced to cast doubts on Lyly's authorship of them, and the

internal evidence is wholly against it, for their tone is that of a later period—Jacobean rather than early Elizabethan. Yet it is by relying on a real or fancied resemblance to these lyrics that Mr. Bond has assigned to Lyly a large number of others, which he has labelled collectively "doubtful," but which he assures us are Lyly's beyond dispute. It is to be hoped that Blount had better reasons for ascribing to Lyly the songs in his 1632 collection than his successor has for adding over fifty songs—some of them doubtless by Sidney, Essex, Southwell, and even Shakspere—two hundred and seventy years later.

On the vexed questions of Lyly's style and of the origin and development of Euphuism, Mr. Bond has much to say, but he has unfortunately dissipated much of the force of his argument by printing it piecemeal in various portions of the three volumes (i., 119, 539; ii., 231, 473, etc.). The point of departure for all such investigations must of course be the well-known theory of Landmann, which is too radical because it limits the influences at work on Lyly's prose to one single source, that of the Spaniard Guevara. The investigations of others, including Child, Courthope, and Mr. Bond himself, indisputably lead to the conclusion that several important Renaissance influences focus themselves in 'Euphues' and the plays. "Traffic and travels," says Lyly in the prologue to "Mydas," "have woven the nature of all nations into ours, and made this land like arras, full of device, which was broadcloth, full of workmanship." But it is not sufficient to find, as Mr. Bond does, a source for single ideas or single passages; the trend of Renaissance thought in its broad outlines must be included, and herein Mr. Bond has for the most part failed.

Lyly's famous novel of 'Euphues' is obviously distinguished from the source ascribed to it by Landmann, Guevara's 'Relox de Principes,' in that the former is purely a love romance. The 'Relox' discusses love on occasion, and its second book is almost wholly devoted to the duties of husbands and wives. But the 'Euphues' is a love romance, and treats love in a way that had hardly ever been attempted before in English prose. The rhapsody on love at the end of Castiglione's 'Cortegiano' was well known through Sir T. Hoby's version in 1561; but that subtle metaphysical discussion of love which characterizes Lyly was due to a series of formal treatises beginning with Ficino's commentary on the 'Symposium,' in the fifteenth century, and including Leon Hebreo's 'Dialoghi d'Amore,' Firenzuola's 'Ragionamenti d'Amore,' Bembo's 'Asolani,' Equicola's 'Libro di Natura d'Amore,' Betussi's 'Raverta,' and other sixteenth-century works. These are all in dialogue form; some of them include novels and love-tales. Their theories were Platonic in origin, their terminology partly Petrarchistic. For, side by side with them, there had been developed a large body of love poetry in imitation of Petrarch which had made certain words, ideas, similes, and especially certain antitheses of heat and cold, sweet and bitter, conventional formulæ to be applied in the treatment of love. The most "conceited" school of Petrarchistic poets was that at the Neapolitan court at the end of the fifteenth century—the school of Serafino dell' Aquila, Cariteo, Tebaldeo, Sannazaro; and nine or ten of Wyatt's poems were directly borrowed from Serafino. Nothing was more natural, then, than that Lyly should make Naples (not Spain or England) the scene of his love romance, which owes so much to the conceited Neapolitan treatment of love. He scarcely ever mentions Spain, but the Italians are in his mind throughout. He knew the Italian poets, for his friend Watson translated some of them in the very collection ('Hecatompathia,' 1582) for which Lyly wrote a commendatory preface. He is always interested in discussing love; the passage in 'Euphues' where, after supper, the company devotes the evening to reasoning about love and beauty, and where the conventional love imagery constantly recurs, reminds Mr. Bond of Boccaccio's 'Filocolo,' but a hundred other examples might be adduced, for such questions of love were traditionally discussed, and their history has been traced at length by Prof. Pio Rajna ('L'Episodio delle questioni d'amore nel Filocolo,' in *Romania*, XXXI. 1 *sq.*, and "Una Questione d'Amore," in the 'Raccolta di Studii Critici dedicata ad Alessandro D'Ancona,' 1901, p. 553 *sq.*).

Besides being a love romance, 'Euphues' is an "Anatomy of Wit," an account of the gentleman or courtier of perfect grace and culture. There were many such discussions in the Italian Renaissance, the 'Cortegiano,' Guazzo's 'Civil Conversazione,' Della Casa's 'Galateo,' Muzio's 'Gentiluomo,' and similar works without number. To these also 'Euphues' owes something, but Lyly has emphasized the side of moral perfection equally with that of manners, and has added the characteristic Renaissance thought, "It is virtue, gentlemen, which maketh gentlemen," in the midst of a long discourse borrowed directly from Plutarch. Certain external elements of structure he maybe derived from the 'Relox de Principes,' and, in that case, 'Euphues' is a romance combining the structure of Guevara with elements derived from the Italian treatises both on love and on manners. So that his style in prose represents exactly what some of the contemporary poets represent in verse—an attempt to apply to the traditional ideal of courtly love, and incidentally of courtly manners, the elements of style encouraged by Humanism and the New Learning. There are also mediæval elements—outgrowths of the manner of the French *rhétoriqueurs*—in allegory, alliteration, simile, mediæval natural history, and in that view of woman which appears in the "cooling card" as in Boccaccio's 'Corbaccio' and elsewhere, even in "Hamlet."

The tricks of style introduced by the revival of the study of rhetoric developed along different lines in Spain and England, as Mr. Bond should have pointed out in greater detail. Thus, Guevara's use of classical allusion is quite distinct from Lyly's—a scholar's or pedant's, quoting directly as Lyly never does; *e. g.*, "Aulus Gellius in the sixth of the third book says," "Plato in the fourth book of the Laws says," and the like; nor is the proverbial wisdom of the Spaniard to be confounded with that of the Englishman, the natural history of Guevara with the "unnatural natural history" of Lyly, while his sententious moralizing may have been derived directly from Plutarch, although the Senecan influence had already started a sententious stream of native English thought which was to lead through Bacon's 'Essays' to Pope's 'Essay on Man.'

One fact, then, is clear. Euphuism represents a single, or national, phase of a disease of style which at that period was international and European. This has been the obvious result of that recent scholarship on the Continent—beginning, perhaps, with Farinelli's review of Child's 'John Lyly and Euphuism' in the *Revista Crítica de Historia y Literatura Españolas*—of which Mr. Bond is so profoundly oblivious. This conclusion is reinforced by an examination of Lyly's comedies, which have largely been neglected by the historians of Euphuism.

They are all classical or mythological in subject; even "Mother Bombie," in the idea of the changed children, employs a theme often used in Latin comedy and more often repeated by the Italian comic writers of the *Cinquecento*. In the subject-matter, and in such characters as Sir Tophas, the witty servants, and the like, Lyly is simply following the traditions of Italian comedy; his greater purity of thought and expression is conditioned by the fact that his plays were performed by the children of St. Paul's before the Queen. He adds, however, certain elements not in the Italian comedies, the rhetoric and the Petrarchistic conceit. There is but one comic source in which Lyly may have found all these elements combined, and it is strange that neither Mr. Bond nor his predecessors should have had their attention called to the Spanish tragi-comedy of the "Celestina," which appeared about 1499, and in an anonymous English version probably as early as 1530. The 'Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theatres' (1580), published just a few years before the appearance of Lyly's plays, mentions a tragi-comedy "wherein the bawdress Celestina inflamed the maiden Melibea with her sorceries." Lavardin's French version appeared in 1578; and there are other reasons for believing that the Spanish tragi-comedy was known, or accessible, to Lyly. Mabbe's version of 1631 (recently reprinted in the "Tudor Translations") shows what an Englishman with a naturally "precious" style could make of the original.

The characters of the "Celestina" are for the most part those familiar to the readers of Lyly. Celestina herself, go-between and sorceress, is like Mother Bombie, Sybilla in "Sappho and Phao," Dipsas in the "Endymion," etc. The hero goes to her for advice and assistance, just as Phao goes to Sybilla. The servants and pages in "Mydas," "Endymion," "Mother Bombie," "Campaspe," "Sappho and Phao" (they are in nearly every play) have two distinguishing qualities, keen wit and learning; their prototypes are Calisto's four servants in the "Celestina," who have, all of them, the same aptitude for witty argument, and who in the same way quote the classics with great readiness; in Latin and Italian comedy, such servants have wit, but seldom learning. Calisto and Melibea are like Lyly's heroes and heroines, especially in another point, their fondness for metaphysical discussions of love. It is in his treatment of love that Lyly differs from all his English predecessors in the drama, and from the Italian comic writers on similar themes. It is not a tragic passion; nor mere physical appetite as in Ovid, Terence, and the Italian comedies. The general sources for this new treatment of love, in the plays as in 'Eu-

phues,' were of course, as we have seen, the Petrarchistic love poetry and the formal treatises on love. But compare this from the "Celestina" (Tudor Translation, page 180):

"*Melibea.* How call you this grief that hath seized on the better part of my body?

"*Celestina.* Sweet Love.

"*Mel.* Tell me then, what thing this sweet Love may be? . . .

"*Cel.* It is a concealed fire; a pleasing wound; a savory poison; a sweet bitterness; a delightful grief; a cheerful torment; a sweet yet cruel hurt; and a gentle death"—

with the following in "Gallathea" (Bond's Lyly, ii., 435):

"*Cupid.* I pray thee, sweet wench, amongst all your sweet troupe, is there not one that followeth the sweetest thing, sweet love?

"*Nymph.* Love? good sir, what mean you by it? or what do you call it?

"*Cupid.* A heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness; which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts ears; bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, buried by ingratitude; and this is love. Fair lady, will you any?"

There are a few things like this in Guevara (*e. g.*, "the propriety of love is to turn the rough into plain, the cruel to feeble, the bitter to sweet," etc.); the common source is the Petrarchistic conceit. In the "Celestina," however, are to be found most of the characteristic elements of Lyly's style in comedy, his love of rhetorical questions, of repetition, and amplification, his fondness for lists of strange operations, given without metaphorical intention, as well as for proverbs (a Spanish quality), for classical illustrations (a humanistic tendency), and for "unnatural natural history" (a mediæval survival). Both have favorite subjects of discussion—the description of old age, the lists of women's false fangles and allurements, etc. It is impossible, within the limits of a review, to dwell at greater length on these remarkable resemblances: but enough has been said to show that in the "Celestina" there is a source which contains, within the comic structure, Lyly's rhetorical manner and tricks of style, his types of character and subject-matter, his unnatural natural history and fondness for proverbial wisdom, his theories of love, and some of his favorite themes. Whatever he may have owed to the "Celestina," the point to be made is that one need not go to Guevara for some of the essentials of the euphuistic style. Perhaps the forthcoming monograph of Professor Morel-Fatio of the Sorbonne, on the work and influence of Guevara, may clear up some of these doubtful points; the critical and historical matter in Mr. Bond's edition, interesting and suggestive as it often is, can scarcely be said to have done so.

CELTIC TEXTS.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be about the present attempt to revive the Irish language—and bitter disagreements have developed both as to the possibility and as to the desirability of such an achievement—cordial recognition is due on all sides to some of the publications of the Gaelic League. This popular organization has been for the past few years the centre of the language movement in Ireland. It has organized branches all over the country, and waged a lively campaign against everything "Saxon" in the intellectual and social life of the people. On the literary side, most of its energy has naturally gone into the dissemination of controversial pamphlets, or of easy, popular helps to the study of Gaelic. Besides Father O'Growney's 'Simple Lessons,' the first part of which was lately reported to have passed into its two hundred and eleventh thousand, the League has been issuing a series of "Popular Booklets" containing stories and other short pieces, each number sold for a penny; another series of "Students' Handbooks," selling at a shilling apiece; and still others devoted to music, folklore, and the language propaganda, all at correspondingly low prices. These are frankly ephemeral publications, which will have served their purpose if the Irish language is restored in any measure to practical and literary uses. None of them will contribute much to literature or science, except perhaps the series devoted to folklore, which may be expected to preserve some materials of value to the student of Western European traditions. The first volume is an interesting little collection of Monaghan folk tales, edited by Mr. J. H. Lloyd.

Of more general importance than any of the foregoing is a series of Irish texts, of which five volumes have already appeared. By these editions of modern Gaelic writers, the League is happily supplementing the labors of the Irish Texts Society. The authors thus far published have all been poets, and all good representatives of a literature hitherto very inaccessible. The series began with the poems of Geoffrey Keating (better known as the father of modern Irish prose than as a writer of verse), admirably edited by the Rev. J. C. MacErlean. The succeeding volumes have been produced under the editorship of the indefatigable Father Dinneen, who, besides being the author of nearly all the books in the League's series of original Irish works, has also edited Egan O'Rahilly for the Irish Texts Society, and is now compiling a dictionary to be issued by the latter organization. His editions of Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Seaghán Clavach Macdonnell, Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glen, and Timothy O'Sullivan ("Tadhg Gaedhealach"), form respectively the second, third, fourth, and sixth volumes of the League series. The poems of Pierce Ferriter constitute the fifth, which we have not yet seen.

Father Dinneen's qualifications as an editor and translator of modern Irish poetry are good, and not the least of his virtues lies in observing the limitations of his scholarship. He is not a philologist by training, and apparently has no special knowledge of the early stages of his native Irish language. But for the most part he avoids problems for which such technical equipment is absolutely necessary; and on the other hand, he brings to the interpretation of modern Gaelic poetry an immediate acquaintance with the spoken language and with the conditions of Irish life such as is not possessed in equal degree by the masters of Celtic philology. For that matter, the Irish writings of the last two centuries have received very little attention from Celticists of scientific training. Scholars turned first, for many reasons, to the older language and literature, and left the modern field to be exploited by men who, on their side, were similarly ignorant of the earlier periods. Irish studies have suffered from this over-strict division of labor, which has sometimes verged upon hostility. Men of either type have been more willing to abuse those of the other than to learn of them. Yet the modern Gaelic speakers possess information both about linguistic usage and about popular tradition which scholars can turn to account; and certainly the untrained "natives" might have saved themselves from many vagaries in history and archæology by cultivating a little more respect for scholarship. The knowledge of each of these classes of men ought to be at the service of the other; and if the Irish Texts Society and the Gaelic League can induce both types, or representatives of both, to work together, their publications cannot fail to be of service.

Such coöperation will be helped on, we believe, by the work of Father Dinneen, who, though by no means to be reckoned among the unlearned and irresponsible writers by whom the native scholarship has often been discredited, has nevertheless approached Irish studies from the modern side. His translations and glossaries constitute in a way original records of usage and tradition, which for the interpretation of the modern poets must be of some value. His accounts of versification, similarly, which would have no particular authority if Old and Middle Irish metres were under discussion, may be received, we assume, as a trustworthy statement of the way the poems of Owen Roe and his contemporaries are read or recited to-day by the peasants of Munster. Some of Father Dinneen's literary comments, we regret to say, are not equally useful. We quote the following sentences, for example, from the last page of his introduction to Owen Roe:

"His name [that is, Owen Roe's] deserves to be enshrined amongst the few supreme lyric poets of all time. What Pindar is to Greece, what Burns is to Scotland, what Béranger is to France, what nobody in particular, unless it be Mr. Kipling, is to England, that and much more is Eoghan Ruadh to Ireland."

The last remark is doubtless humorous, and may serve very well as a campaign joke in the midst of the present anti-English agitation. But it should not be offered as literary criticism; and the whole characterization is so intemperate that it will neither edify the student nor win the confidence of the judicious reader.

The condition of the Celtic language of Wales is very different from that of Irish, and it is not with a view to saving Welsh from extinction, of which it stands in no immediate danger, that there has been considerable activity of late years in the publication of old Welsh authors. The objects of such editions have been rather learned and historical than practical. A series, recently begun, which promises to be of great value to students of Celtic, is the "Guild Series" of reprints of Welsh prose works of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. It is issued under the auspices of the Guild of Graduates of the University of Wales, and four volumes have already appeared. They are all handsomely printed and edited with great care. The plan in each case has been to select the first edition, or the best available early edition, of the work in hand, and then to reprint it—errors and all—with scrupulous accuracy. In this way it is intended to bring

together a body of trustworthy material for the study of modern Welsh grammatical and orthographical usage. At the same time, in spite of their deliberate retention of old printers' errors and the like, the editors are supplying fine library editions of some of the prose classics of Wales. The introductions in every case contain new and valuable matter. The first volume, edited by Mr. Thomas E. Ellis, comprises miscellaneous pieces (including considerable verse), in both Welsh and English, by Morgan Lloyd. Among them is the celebrated 'Llyfr y Tri Aderyn,' reprinted from the original edition of 1653. The greater part of the verse is here printed for the first time, so far as is known. Mr. Ellis expresses in his preface the intention of publishing in a later volume the remaining works of Morgan Lloyd. The second volume of the series contains the 'Drych y Prif Oesoedd,' the extraordinarily popular history of Theophilus Evans, edited by Mr. Samuel J. Evans from the second edition (1740). The third and fourth volumes contain reprints of two books which contend for the fame of being the first printed book in Welsh: William Salesbury's 'Oll Synnwyr Pen Kembero Ygyd' (literally, 'The Whole Sense of a Welshman's Head Together'), a collection of proverbs obtained from Griffith Hiraethog; and a little handbook of religious information published in 1546 without formal title or indication of author, and ascribed to Sir John Prys, the energetic agent of Henry VIII. Salesbury's book is edited by Mr. J. Gwenogvryn Evans, to whose industry and accuracy Welsh scholarship is already much indebted. Prys's little volume is edited by Mr. John H. Davies, who reprints along with it what appears to have been the first Welsh pamphlet (1550), a defence of sacerdotal marriage by a citation from the laws of Hywel Dda.

Florence: Her History and Art, to the Fall of the Republic. By Francis A. Hyett, B.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Mr. Hyett has been moved by the laudable desire to write a one-volume history of Florence which shall be accurate and interesting. He has wished, besides, to unfold the intellectual and artistic evolution of the Florentines along with the political. The task is like that set for Sisyphus. It would not be difficult, indeed, to compile a clear narrative of the development of either the art or the literature of Florence; but to describe in small compass her political growth would require the genius of a Green.

The reason is obvious: the mediæval Italian commonwealths (except Venice) were the work of groups of intensely individualized citizens. They developed on a municipal scale, but their intensity gave them a world-wide significance. Accordingly, to understand what went on in Florence, or Siena, or Lucca, or Milan, you must know intimately what many families and individuals were doing—and this requires a study of details which conflicts with the purpose of an epitome. Yet unless you get as close as this, the play of cause and effect is lost, and the vicissitudes of the Italian republics seem hardly more intelligible than those of modern South American States, or than the writhings of leeches in a jar. This is true of all her neighbors, but most true of Florence, because the individuals who made her history surpassed the other Italians in genius, and endowed her experiments in government, trade, and social reforms with an enduring interest. That, together with her civic life, she should also produce a great literature and a many-sided art, which appear to be more directly than elsewhere the outcome of her political experience, adds immensely to that significance. The fact that her local quarrels were often merged in the vast conflict between the Church and the Empire, served also to relieve their pettiness.

Yet the political evolution of Florence was by no means regular. She did not pass from the semi-feudal condition of the Middle Age to her brief period of liberty, and then to her long term of despotism, without many attempts to go back or to turn aside. The French Revolution shows us the swift descent from absolutism to anarchy, and, after anarchy, the inevitable recoil to despotism; in Florence that process required generations instead of years. The real life of the Republic extends from about 1200 to 1530, when even the pretence of a popular government was abandoned; but the generations vary as greatly in importance as in interest. The period which practically coincides with Dante's lifetime, and saw the ascendancy of the People, the guilds at their zenith, the death struggle of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and the war of Blacks and Whites, is certainly the most dramatic. The fourteenth century is of secondary importance, although it showed, decade by decade, that the drift was setting almost irresistibly towards despotism. Finally, the last hundred years, from the rise of Cosimo Pater Patriæ to the destruction of the Republic, stand out with dazzling interest, especially during the generation which accepted the enlightened tyranny of Lorenzo the Magnificent and presently was swept into piety, excessive but fleeting, by the fervor of Savonarola.

Mr. Hyett devotes about 55 pages to the Dantean period, 125 pages to the fourteenth century, and 220 pages to the Medicean century. By this allotment he is able to trace in sufficient detail the constitutional changes from the days of the Ciompi on, and to follow the devious ways by which the Medici slowly fastened their grasp on power. While he has not slighted the earlier period, we believe that he might with advantage have elaborated his account of it, even at the expense of some of the later details. Still, he makes clear the confusing relations between Blacks and Whites—one of the stumbling-blocks for historians of Florence—and he gives an accurate summary of the organization of the trade guilds. We miss the vividness which we naturally associate with those years for which Dante is, after his epic fashion, the incomparable witness, but we have instead a painstaking, reliable narrative.

When Mr. Hyett reaches Cosimo Pater Patriæ, however, he works with more fervor, possibly because he has proportionately more elbow-room; so that the last half of his book contains the best English history of Florence from 1430 to 1530 written within similar limits. No better evidence of his ability appears than in his treatment of Lorenzo, particularly in the dozen pages in which he discusses Lorenzo's character. Were the entire book written on that plane, it might be that definitive history which lovers of Florence have long awaited. Mr. Hyett is not so successful in dealing with Savonarola, not from lack of sympathy, but because he seems less skilful in analyzing the subtle contradictions in the character and conduct of the great Dominican. Yet he sees the significance of Savonarola's career, as the following passage shows:

"Although the exile of Dante has brought a more lasting reproach on Florence in the eyes of the civilized world, the judicial murder of Savonarola was a greater crime. It was, too, a far more important event in her history. It was the turning-point in her career—the first step on her downward course—the landmark which divides a glorious past from an inglorious future. The story of Florence, from the beginning of the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth century, was the story of a fierce and constant struggle between Order and Anarchy. Order had generally been able to hold her own, but the struggle had never been an unequal one. . . . Henceforward Order fought a losing fight until, in despair, she flung herself into the arms of Tyranny" (p. 461-2).

In order not to be misled by this generalization, which is essentially true, one must remember that the author regards the government even under Lorenzo as popular rather than despotic.

One feature on which Mr. Hyett has set high hopes, we find hardly satisfactory. He reports that he has "endeavored to tell the story of the political growth and vicissitudes of the city, until its decline, more succinctly than it has been told by previous historians, yet devoting more space to art and literature than they have done." To carry out this purpose he intercalates from time to time a chapter on writers and artists, the total amount of such material occupying about a fourth of the volume. Almost everybody is mentioned, but the information is often scrappy. It would have been better to print these biographies in alphabetical order as an appendix, so that the visitor to Florence could find out at a glance when a given artist flourished and how many of his works can be seen there to-day. Naturally, Mr. Hyett has not himself mastered all the literature and art of Florence, and so he discreetly relies on the criticisms of Ruskin, Symonds, C. C. Perkins, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Morelli, Berenson, and others, with the result that one gets the impression of a compilation. Yet when he has space enough he occasionally produces a good sketch based on his own study—for example, his account of Michelangelo, the artist; his remarks on Michelangelo the poet are insufficient. But the general method of interrupting the flow of the narrative by inserting large sections of a biographical dictionary is surely a structural mistake.

We could wish, also, that Mr. Hyett had throughout got a little farther away from his authorities, so as to make his readers feel that he had not merely read up his subject, but had come to have an individual view of it. And, indeed, when he ventures on a generalization, we see that he has opinions of his own—witness the passage quoted above, or his concluding remarks on Renaissance art, which end with these sentences:

"The pedantry of Art, in its Post-Raphaelite days, had more to do with its overthrow than its secularization, and for this neither Paganism nor Naturalism can be held responsible. Nevertheless, pedantry was but a secondary cause. The primary cause of the decadence of Renaissance Art

in Italy was that Christianity and Paganism had both become shams" (p. 568).

On the whole, Mr. Hyett has attained his wish in writing the best single-volume history of Florence in English. He pays special attention to constitutional changes and to defining party platforms, and, as there is an unusually good index, the book can easily be consulted as a manual of Florentine politics. It is not so good as Mr. Horatio Brown's 'Venice,' and it lags far behind Green's 'Short History'; but it is clear and accurate, and it abounds in information. Until his better appears, Mr. Hyett indisputably has the field.

We note several misprints, among them these: Baptisterio (p. 2); sestier*i* (p. 25); benche and Rienz*a* (p. 145); the date of the birth of Maso Albizzi is given 1433 and his death 1417 (p. 225); on page 401 it is stated that the only first-rate artists working between 1540 and 1570 were Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, whereas Michelangelo did not die till 1564; conversazion*i* (p. 414); "Madonna *del* Impruneta" should be *dell'* (p. 448); Trionf*e* (p. 453); quattrocentesti (p. 528); *piu* for *più* and *parlo* for *parla* (p. 545, note); Impan*a*nata (p. 565).

Maxim Gorky: His Life and Writings. By E. J. Dillon. London: Isbister & Co.

Several chapters of Mr. Dillon's book have already been published separately in English reviews, but a good deal of the material is new, including translations of some of the author's short sketches. The Russian writer's autobiography has supplied the tale of his wretched nomadic youth, and the facts are here rehearsed chiefly for their value in explaining and interpreting his work. The method is perhaps the best that could be adopted for presenting Gorky fairly and clearly to foreign readers, because his tales are all drawn from his actual experience and adventures, and his thought is little more than an outpouring of rage and resentment against organized society, accumulated during years of struggle with hunger and cold, and indeed every form of evil fortune.

Mr. Dillon does not write of Gorky to praise him or to endow him with those great human attributes and artistic gifts which have won such wide appreciation for Tolstoy and Turgeneff. On the contrary, he begins by declaring that the vogue of Gorky's productions has been strikingly disproportionate to the intrinsic worth of his achievement; and his words of unmodified commendation are few and carefully chosen. His general criticism is to the effect that Gorky's work is monotonous; that its artistic power is impaired by persistently intrusive didactic intention, and even more by the attribution to every ruffianly tramp of his own dreamy temperament, his own unhappy soul, his own passionate emotions. Of Gorky's ethics he has a poor opinion, saying that "he insists on our completely blotting out the boundary line that divides right from wrong"; that, "with the exception of 'Ilya Lovnyeff' and a few isolated sketches, there are but a few scattered traces of moral purpose anywhere," and that "much of his work appeals to us like a panegyric of vice or an apotheosis of the devil."

Thus Gorky, according to Mr. Dillon, is only a tramp, with a stronger emotional nature than most men, be they tramps or bourgeois or aristocrats; which nature, long suffering in silence, has at last found expression in story-telling. We are not disposed to disagree with this view, yet do not find it consistent with the contention that Gorky has a deliberate didactic purpose to which "he makes his work subservient, and strives to prove, for instance, that life, not abstract thought, makes the true thinker, and that those who have battled with existence and been worsted are greater philosophers than Schopenhauer." Undoubtedly he does believe that wisdom comes from living, not from reflection, and he urgently desires to inform the law-abiding world that he has no respect for its opinions, feelings, and habits; but such intimations strike us more as the emotional utterances of an artist than as the deliberate dicta of a teacher eager to influence and to lead. At all events, to dignify as philosophy resentful diatribes against society, and jibes and jeers at every fine human sentiment, is to take an ignorant, prejudiced, and passionate story-teller too seriously. Gorky's habit of identifying himself with his heroes is to our mind a much more irritating and tiresome defect than are his childish screams and vague speculations; though even of this fault too much may be made.

"Gorky's heroes," says Mr. Dillon, "have but one soul in common, the soul of their genial creator. Hence his *dramatis personæ* resemble one another so closely that a feeling of weariness and depression creeps over the reader who attempts to wade through the five volumes which at present represent his contribution to Russian letters. . . . His heroes are but idealized projections of himself. . . . His portraits are nearly all portraits of Maxim Gorky in different poses, hating like him the lies and hypocrisies of society, bursting through the fine network of convention which hampers the development of individuality, and clamoring for the unattainable."

Against the monotony of this method Mr. Dillon neglects to set the intenser passion and pathos commanded by a subjective writer, and the poetry inherent in such lyrical expression. His unreserved praise is bestowed on Gorky's treatment of nature, and on his perception of a closer sympathy between human beings and the elemental forces. In this romantic use of nature he says that Gorky is unrivalled in Russian literature.

Mr. Dillon's contempt and loathing for the novel entitled 'Foma Gordyeef' are exaggerated. It has, he insists, no continuity or meaning, and the hero is a clumsy "loon with no culture, a boor, a dunce, a sot, a satyr." He rejects as an insult to judgment the assumption that this "brutish dullard" could formulate questions about life and death, and that he could express profound moral indignation at the customs of his associates. Quite a different impression, however, may be derived from the book itself, and it is conceivable that the author meant to represent Foma as the victim of heredity and social conditions, with not enough intelligence to raise himself to higher things, but with enough heart and right feeling to detest all that he himself was, all that he had been born to.

Mr. Dillon's book has defects common to books made up of separate papers. It has not been carefully revised, and there is consequently a great deal of repetition and some contradiction. After reading over and over again that Gorky is an enemy of society and an apostle of brute force, it is surprising to learn that, from certain fragments and touches, "a charming portrait of the *real* Gorky, sympathetic, tender, helpful, self-forgetting, puts itself together for the attentive reader." Still, the contradiction may be only apparent, and conflicting statements may be made reconcilable by the reflection that Gorky's "personality is divided into two," and that the "genuine artist and typical Russian is animated by the humane spirit of the gospel, which the whilom tramp and sansculotte would fain root out of the hearts of men." If Mr. Dillon really believes in the humane and Christian Gorky, he should have taken more pains to impress this figure upon his readers than is implied by a casual sentence.

The Bible in Shakspere. By William Burgess. Winona Lake, Ind.: Winona Publishing Co. 1903.

Michelet, in his history of France (vol. 5, p. 158), wrote: "Je ne me rappelle pas le nom de Dieu dans Shakespeare; s'il y est, c'est bien rarement, par hazard et sans l'ombre d'un sentiment religieux." This utterance, as seen by Mr. Burgess in John Taylor's 'Shakesperiana,' but otherwise unknown to him, led him, after a dozen years of gestation, to bring forth the octavo of 300 pages whose title we give above. But De Quincey, reviewing Michelet, said; "For my part, I am beginning to suspect that the word *la gloire* never occurs in any Parisian journal," and thought a single sharpshooter's bullet enough for the French skit. Mr. Burgess ordered this matter far otherwise. His census of the word "God," which he finds about 700 times in concordances, he tabulates as it appears with relative frequency in each play, from a single instance in "Lear" up to ninety-nine in "Richard III." Two pages of alternate terms for the Most High follow, reminding travellers of the ninety-nine variations of Allah among the Moslem inlays of the Taj Mahal. Lists of Bible characters, facts, and places mentioned in Shakspere complete the tale of statistics. The next twenty pages are filled with texts over against Shaksperianisms which are much like them in words or thoughts. This section is the cream of the book, and, studied by any intelligent reader, will add to his intelligence. Scripture and Shakspere lend and borrow light by mutual reflection.

The next section, "The Religious World of Shakspere," covers seven discourses—which may have formed each a popular lecture or perhaps sermon and are in evidence of the religion, or even religiosity, of Shakspere's writings. They show us Shakspere and Scripture as twin brothers as to heroes and heroines, types of character, plots, moral inculcations, views on the nature of tragedy and immortality, etc. Before certain audiences these effusions would be welcome. The last chapter in the book is unmistakably a temperance lecture, pure and simple, woven or pieced out with Shaksperian scraps.

Half the entire work is called "Scripture Themes," that is, topical extracts from the dramatist. The arrangement is called "cyclopædic" (meaning alphabetical). The selections were such as the author judged

would serve to thicken other proofs which perhaps did demonstrate thinly the bedrock of his conviction that Shakspere was a Christian. Mr. Burgess recoiled in such horror from Michelet's audacious remark that he pushed at once to his antipodes. His own question, "Was Shakspere a Christian?" few would answer till they were sure what the author's definition of a Christian is. Space forbids notice of his arguments to prove Shakspere a Christian, but we may mention one, clearly a favorite, because repeated and set forth as a conclusive sockdolager. The opening words in Shakspere's last will and testament are said "to declare his own absolute faith." That document begins: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made." But this language, as Halliwell-Phillipps, who has most fathomed the depths and shoals of the subject, writes, was "the usual first words in wills which were, like Shakspere's, lawyers' drafts, filled in, item by item, afterward by testators, as may be seen from numerous examples attached to the wills preserved at Somerset House. Nor can any conclusion be drawn from what was then an ordinary and formal disposal of soul and body" ('Outlines,' i., p. 248).

The work before us is carelessly printed. We note: "Our remedies oft in *themselves* do lie" (p. 75)—with as many such possible typographicals as there are pages. There are as many more that cannot be fathered on printers. Thus, Sly, "by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-ward, by present profession a tinker," is always declared to have been a tailor. There are more serious faults. Desdemona is stigmatized as "sacrificing race instincts, degrading herself socially, committing a crime against the order of nature, and [as if both were equal] the proprieties of civilized society" (p. 98). While mourning with Mr. Burgess that when his production was still in press the manuscripts and corrected proofs were all burnt in a holocaust of the printing-house, we must as deeply regret that he hurried his resurgent phœnix into this breathing world before its time, with so many imperfections on its head. Possibly it was not worth while to evoke it at all from the ashes of cremation.

Penal Servitude. By W. B. N. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

Few subjects deserve more and receive less attention than the administration of penal law. Occasionally philanthropists like John Howard and Elizabeth Fry appear, and fairly compel the public to listen to their accounts of the condition of the inmates of the prisons; but as a rule the people of any community will interest themselves in all manner of remote affairs rather than in the penal institutions in their own neighborhood. What goes on in these prisons is utterly unknown except to a few specialists, and yet much goes on that should revolt humanity. The book now before us is welcome because it is readable, and may therefore arouse the interest of many who would not otherwise care to acquaint themselves with the details of penal servitude. The fact that the author is the son of an English peer, and may some time, for all that we know, sit in the House of Lords, will undoubtedly give zest to his narrative of his experience as a convict. Few convicts possess literary skill, or care to display it in publishing their own ignominy. This noble lord, however, not only writes cleverly, but is also quite free from sensitiveness concerning his past years. It is not probable that he will be caught again; but we doubt if he has experienced a change of heart. He may be penitent; but he dwells on the hardships of his prosecution and conviction in a way that indicates a belief that he got more than he deserved.

While the author has no good opinion of the law, so far as his own conviction and sentence are involved, he speaks well of its administration. This testimony is of very high value. No doubt the author conducted himself well while in prison, and thus won the favor of his keepers. But this is not a sufficient motive for representing them as better than they are, and we feel justified in accepting the account as true. If it is, the English prisons are admirably officered, and, on the whole, very well administered. There seems to be room for improvement in the diet, especially in the matter of fresh vegetables. When convicts are employed in gardening, but are forbidden to eat so much as a leaf of lettuce, neither their health nor their discipline is improved. In most other respects the treatment is humane and scientific. First offenders are put in a class by themselves; the weak-minded receive special attention, and those dangerously insane are committed to a prison where they can receive appropriate treatment. Incorrigibles also have their own prison, and the system of hospital treatment and of medical supervision in general is excellent.

In the employment of prisoners, also, a humane wisdom is displayed. Every prisoner, so far as practicable, is set at out-of-door work several months in the year, and receives training in some trade when confined within doors. The barbarous practice of crowding two prisoners into a cell meant for but one, so inveterate in New York, appears not to prevail in England; indeed, communication between prisoners is very strictly regulated. Their life may not be a happy one, but it is on the whole healthy, and conducive to reformation. Good conduct ensures a shortening of the term of imprisonment, and the ticket-of-leave system tends to prevent relapse. That most important function, the inspection of prisons, is thoroughly discharged. The Governor, usually a retired military or naval officer, is responsible to the prison directors. These directors are appointed through the Home Office, and constitute the supreme governing body. They are highly paid, and one of them must visit every prison once a month. While there he exercises almost absolute authority in making investigations of every kind. Any convict with a grievance may appear before him and plead his own cause.

In addition, there is a Board of Visiting Magistrates, unpaid justices of the peace, who visit the prisons monthly and award punishments for all serious offences. Finally, there is a Board of Inspectors of Prisons, composed of retired governors, who make the round of the prisons every few months. As prisoners have also free right of petitioning the Secretary of State, it is difficult to see how they could be more perfectly guarded against maltreatment. No doubt they occasionally suffer injustice; but the law does its best to protect, and, according to our informant, succeeds admirably. Criminal statistics are generally untrustworthy; but, after all manner of deductions, we cannot fail to be cheered by the fact that, while forty years ago the average numbers of persons yearly condemned to penal servitude in England and Wales was 2,800, the population being 20,000,000, it is now about 750 out of a population of 34,000,000. Instead of 13 in 100,000, convicts number now but two, and these two get shorter sentences. The "segregation" of prisoners has had impressive results; less than 12 per cent. of the first offenders separately treated appear to be recommitted.

The imprisonment of this author may not have led to his soul's salvation, but it has enabled him to produce a work of unique interest, and one that may have most valuable results. Convicts are habitually untruthful as a class, and their stories must generally be taken with a large allowance for the personal equation. In this case we have the testimony of a witness capable of taking a broad view of the subject, and unusually free from prejudice. His information is therefore of exceptional value; and it is given with much vivacity. George Selwyn, observing the absence of a waiter whom he was accustomed to see at his club, and asking its cause, was told that the man had been convicted of a felony. "Dear me," he exclaimed, "what a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!" Our author's companions in Parkhurst Prison need not be disturbed by any such apprehension. Their failings are discussed with sympathetic discrimination, and the allowances made for defective endowment, physical and mental, are no greater than justice and mercy demand.

History and Chronology of the Myth-Making Age. By J. F. Hewitt, Late Commissioner of Chutia Nagpur. London: James Parker & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Those familiar with Hewitt's works will know what to expect from this volume. The line that separates learning from lunacy is often passed; but what hippomane especially tempts to madness the unharnessed chargers that gallop over the Akkadian domain? In no other field do common sense and historical sobriety seem to be so utterly abandoned. Even a scholar occasionally errs there, but whoever, like Hewitt, has entered this field without scholarship, once in is lost forever; his discoveries are mares' nests.

How can the credulous laity know this, so well known to the initiate? A journal making some pretence of literary learning recently published a review of this book showing clearly that the reviewer regarded it with mystified awe, as an almost incredible and yet trustworthy revelation of what happened in France and Mexico from 15000 to 8000 B. C. Thus do we renounce our judgment to the specialist, and, accustomed to marvels, fear to say that anything is untrue, however incompetent the specialist may be. Let it be said, then, at once that the myth-making age is still with us and has no better illustration than this last volume of Hewitt—unless, indeed, it be the

'Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times,' also by Hewitt, whom, in characterizing this later work as "le flot montant de ses folles spéculations, de rapprochements et de méprises invraisemblables et d'étymologies absurdes," one of the gentlest but keenest of French critics last year described as an "amateur intempérant, qui paraît bien décidé à mourir dans l'impénitence finale."

Hewitt knows a deal about India's aborigines, but what he says even about them is so confused with what he thinks they ought to think, that even in the one small province in which he might have been useful, he is useless. For years he has published his baseless speculations in any journal that would accept them, and the rubbish he has written anent *sū-astikas* and Akkadians is the worst of its kind. With no scientific training, he jumbles together whatever he finds in Egypt, India, Greece, France, and Mexico, and reconstructs history out of the chimeras of his own abandoned brain. Because a Hindu epic represents its opposed heroes as possessing seven and eleven armies, respectively, the ancients of the second millennium B. C. (according to this book) must have had years with these divisions; the fact that a king's car is dragged by mules shows that he was "born from the union of the sun-horse and the epoch-making three-legged ass" (of Hewitt's imagination). The Sanskrit *su* (*sū*) meaning "well," a frequent prefix, is the Su-bird identical with the Egyptian Akkadian mother-bird, Khu. These examples, found on every page, cast all the Müller-and-Cox sun-myths into the shade. Anybody can prove anything by this means, and we are not surprised to learn that "the merchant classes of India" (in the Bronze Age) taught France how to erect monoliths and then continued their journey to Mexico; that the Finns learned their magic from the Gonds of Central India (because both are expert in magic!); or that hendecasyllables and iambic trimeters (in their Sanskrit form) were invented by the poets of India to symbolize the years of eleven and of twelve months. Nor, to speak frankly, are we surprised to find that the Dravidians are repeatedly said to be "doliko-kephalic" *(sic, passim)*, for in this form is unconsciously reproduced all the hollow pretence of scholarship that characterizes Hewitt's treatment of his main thesis.

In a word, this book is like everything else that Hewitt has written. It is not worth while to read it, but, if any one should read it, it is worth while to know its worthlessness.

Les Insectes Ennemies des Livres; Leurs Mœurs, Moyens de les détruire. Par G. Houlbert, Docteur ès Sciences. Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. xxxviii, 269.

A sub-title states that this work embodies "recherches expérimentales sur les insectes qui nuisent aux livres et aux bibliothèques," and the preface explains that it is a prize essay on the subject covered by the title.

That a book of more than 300 pages can be produced dealing with insects that occur in libraries and feed on printed matter or the material enveloping it, seems passing strange, and yet the author has accomplished this feat. Sixty-seven species are enumerated, their life histories are fully detailed, and their particular influence upon the literature that comes under their notice is set forth. The beetles compose about half these troublesome pests, and many of them are old friends of our own—more or less cosmopolites in fact, occurring wherever their food occurs. Really, when we analyze the work as a whole, we find the great majority of these book-destroyers to be such as attack the materials of which the books are made under almost any other conditions. The roaches and the Lepismids will eat paste or starchy materials wherever they find them—on a nicely laundered shirt front or on the calendered leaves and bindings of books. The dermestid beetles will eat cloth and leather under all circumstances, and anything made of wood fibre is an attraction to the larvæ of certain little *Coleoptera*—genuine book-worms, in fact. We might, therefore, use very nearly the entire list of species in a handbook of insects troublesome in the household; only it is not realized that the librarian has to deal with these same pests, and that practically they are obnoxious to his entire stock, while the householder needs to watch only a comparatively small part of his.

"We see, then," the author states in his final summary, "how every part of a book is subject to their attack; it is forced upon us that, as the processes of deterioration vary, so must our methods of defence vary as well." And under a general head we have an enumeration of these methods of defence, while to the discussion of each individual species is appended a suggestion of how injury from it may be avoided. We are taught how books may be fumigated and disinfected, heated and frozen, how they should be kept to avoid attracting some insects, and what difficulties may be placed in the way of others. Excellent suggestions are made to papermakers, bookmakers, and binders; some feasible, others not so likely to win favor. Most of the insects discussed are illustrated, and it is a compliment to the United States Department of Agriculture that the figures from the publications of its Division of Entomology have been so generously copied.

The book is, on the whole, exceedingly well done. As its contents passed the scrutiny of a jury composed of well-known entomologists and librarians, securing the "Prix Marie Pellechet" as the best of twenty-three contestants, its general accuracy may be depended upon.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker, Karl. The Rhine. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker; New York: Scribners. $2.10 net.
Bain, F. W. The Descent of the Sun. London: James Parker & Co.; Oxford: Parker & Son; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.
Brady, Cyrus T. A Doctor of Philosophy. Scribners. $1.50.
Briscoe, Margaret S. The Change of Heart. Harpers.
Campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, 1862-1863. (Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, Vol. III.) Boston: Griffith-Stillings Press.
Chambers, Robert W. The Maids of Paradise. Harpers.
Cooley, Alice W., and Webster, W. F. Language Lessons from Literature, Book II. (Webster-Cooley Language Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Gulick, Sidney L. Evolution of the Japanese. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.00 net.
Huart, Clement. A History of Arabic Literature. (Short Histories of the Literatures of the World.) D. Appleton & Co.
Marriott, Charles. The House on the Sands. John Lane.
Marvin, Frederic R. Consecrated Womanhood. J. O. Wright & Co.
Mathews, Ernest. Economics in Dairy Farming. (The "Country Life" Library.) London: "Country Life," George Newnes; New York: Scribners. $2.25 net.
Mecredy, R. J. The Motor Book. John Lane.
Stephenson, Nathaniel. Eleanor Dayton. John Lane.
Symes, Mrs. Character Reading. Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co. 50c.
Tracy, Louis. The Wings of the Morning. Edward J. Clode.
Treman, Ebenezer M., and Poole, Murray E. The History of the Treman, Tremaine, Truman Family in America. 2 vols. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Ithaca Democrat Press.
Washington, Booker T., and Others. The Negro Problem. James Pott & Co.
Williams, Philip H. The Modern Chess Problem. London: George Routledge & Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903.

The Week.

While Postmaster-General Payne is explaining the removal of Miss Todd, President Roosevelt deals him a most unexpected blow by referring the Tulloch charges to Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad, his special investigators, for a decision as to their correctness. Mr. Roosevelt is really very unkind; did not the Postmaster-General say months ago that the Tulloch charges were merely "hot air"? And did he not "dispose of them" at least six times, each time admitting that there was more truth in them than he previously conceded, while declining to apologize for his abuse of Mr. Tulloch? Things have, indeed, come to a pretty pass when the President declines to take the word of a Cabinet officer, particularly when he is such an authority on wind and air. And then there are Charles Emory Smith and Perry S. Heath, both most estimable gentlemen. Does not the President remember their indignation at Mr. Tulloch's audacity, and the character of their explanations? Really, this campaign against poor Mr. Payne is going too far. Here are the *Press* and *Tribune*, the leading Republican papers of this city, abusing him in the most outspoken language. What base ingratitude for his past services to the party and his readiness to turn States over to Senators!

The appointment of Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore to act as Government investigator of affairs in the Indian Territory will be warmly received on all sides. Mr. Bonaparte not only is a man of national prominence, but is a member of the Indian Rights Association, which recently preferred the charges against Government officials. It is, therefore, as if Secretary Hitchcock had gone to the critics and said, "I will name one of you to tell me the facts as to your own assertions." The Indian Rights Association can in no way take exception to such treatment, while the Indians themselves are to be congratulated upon the certainty of a just hearing which Mr. Bonaparte's appointment insures. The practice of calling upon some outsider of prominence to investigate irregularities for the Government is steadily growing. In Indian affairs the special examiner unconnected with any bureau or department is almost a familiar figure. Mr. Bonaparte himself has been probing into the postal scandals for the President. We might even see in the future the permanent appointment of such a man as travelling investigator, were it not that the value of these special investigators lies in the fact that they are fresh from their own professions, and free from the bias of office-holding.

The Pension Commissioner's annual report bids fair to be as melancholy reading as usual, if one may judge from the abstracts printed last week. Mr. Ware has brought out the pension iniquity more clearly than ever by showing that the Government has paid out $2,942,178,145 in the past thirty-eight years, of which five and one-half millions have already gone to "heroes" of our war with Spain. We must be thankful, as Mr. Ware doubtless is, that more than 200,000 claims were rejected last year, particularly as there were 226,002 new applications for Government aid. No less than 11,970 of these applications were from warriors of 1898 and 1899. Of these veterans 12,862 already have secured places on the pension roll in return for their patriotism—as many, doubtless, as were actually under fire at Santiago. Commissioner Ware makes two excellent suggestions for new laws—one that men convicted of infamous crimes shall be ineligible to receive a pension, and must forfeit it if they have one; he would also deny aid to women who married pensioners after they were receiving Government money. Both of these recommendations should have been on the statute-books fifty years ago. Mr. Ware also urges a new system of examining applicants for pensions, to be placed under the civil-service rules, which we applaud the more heartily since Mr. Ware has seemed on one or two occasions to drift away from a strict merit system in the administration of his office.

If, as is alleged in the Washington dispatches, the Secretary of the Treasury were to adopt a formal policy of "punishing" banks which reduce their note circulation, we should have a rather odd chapter in political economy opened. This country, having been a fruitful field for all sorts of monetary experiments, has tried at least half a dozen expedients for currency maintenance or expansion; but currency obtained by threats would, we believe, be a new contribution to the record. So far as we are aware, there are two motives for the recent retirement of circulating notes by national banks. One is the rise in price of Government bonds deposited as collateral on the issues; the other, extension by the Treasury of deposits of public moneys in the banks—deposits which have to be secured, unless under special dispensation, by these same Government bonds. The rise in price of "governments" invites the banks to sell them and get the profit; the offer of public funds invites them to transfer United States bonds from collateral against circulation to collateral against deposits. The odd part of this whole movement to retire the bonds on which circulation is now based is that the motives inducing it arise directly from the Treasury's own action. Not only does the extension of public deposits itself invite transfer of collateral from note circulation, but it also raises the price of Government bonds because of the demand created by banks which buy them to pledge against such deposits. The whole movement is a vicious circle; yet we do not see how the banks are to be blamed.

Senator Hoar, speaking at Salem, Mass., resuscitated the moribund Iowa idea, with a difference, however, for the originators of the idea have not committed themselves to times and seasons, whereas Senator Hoar is convinced that there is one, and only one, time to revise a tariff—namely, the year after a Republican President has been elected. In comparison with most Republican utterances on tariff revision, Senator Hoar's is refreshingly definite. It is, for example, better than the usual offer to reduce the schedules "when that will not cause uncertainty." Now the senior Senator from Massachusetts takes the robust view, and declares that this disqualifying "uncertainty" is removed every time a Republican President is elected. It is an admission for tariff reformers to cherish, for in all human probability "uncertainty" will thus be dissipated after the next Presidential election. At that time we shall not fail to remind Senator Hoar that the hour and the bridegroom have come. It should then be his especial care, since he alone knows tariff times and seasons, to wake the sleepers, brush the dust from the reciprocity treaties, and burnish the lamp of "reform of the tariff by its friends."

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* affirms that Minnesota and the Northwest generally "are to-day almost unanimously in favor of tariff revision," and that the only way they can be held in line—that is, kept in the Republican column—is by the ratification of the Kasson reciprocity treaty and the offer of reciprocity to Canada. The latter step is the one which Minnesota particularly desires. She sees in her Northern neighbor a market for merchandise exports and for grain and lumber imports, both of which are now closed by an artificial barrier called the Dingley tariff. If this barrier were thrown down, both countries would be better off, but how shall the change be brought about, how shall the

Chinese wall be levelled? There are two ways. We can resume the sittings of the Joint Commission, which came to an end in 1899, and see if we can agree on a treaty. Failing that, we can repeal our own duties on grain and lumber. That will accomplish one-half of the end in view. Our purchases will be free, although our sales will still be handicapped. As it is now, we deprive American millers of a grist lying in their own vicinity, and American railways of a valuable freight, an American laborers of the wages they might earn by handling the crops of Manitoba. The only persons who gain by our tariff on wheat are the millers, railways, steamships, and wageworkers for foreign countries. We are glad to know that the people of Minnesota are becoming alive to the opportunities for trade with Canada which they might have enjoyed any time during the past quarter of a century if they had firmly demanded it.

Dispatches from Chicago affirm that an attempt will be made at Kansas City next week to oust Mr. Buchanan from the Presidency of the International Association of Structural Ironworkers, and put Sam Parks in his place. The difficulty of keeping Parks out of prison during the next two or three years seems to have presented itself to some of his admirers in Chicago, for later dispatches say that the Kansas City Convention will merely overrule Buchanan, and restore to the New York union (Local No. 2) the charter which Buchanan cancelled. Mr. R. G. Wall, who holds in Chicago the same relative position that Parks holds here, is quoted as saying that "Local No. 2 has not been guilty of any conduct contrary to the rules of their organization." This means that violating a written contract is not contrary to the rules of the organization. It means, also, that if Parks and Wall can have their way, the International Society will hereafter be based upon the principle of violating contracts at their own pleasure. Such is in fact the basis of the typographical union, as shown in the Spokane case. The disease is catching, but it cannot continue long without destroying the organizations attacked by it. Loyalty to the union cannot supersede for any considerable time allegiance to truth, fidelity, legality, and self-respect. There will always be a sufficient number of believers in common honesty to disrupt any organization based upon the denial of it. The Kansas City Convention next Monday can elect Sam Parks its President, or it can rescind Mr. Buchanan's action, but if it does either of these things, it will cut its own throat, as Local No. 2 has already done.

"An initiation fee" is the latest euphemism for blood-money. Sam Parks has been indicted again—the fifth time—for extortion. In December, the men on three large buildings on which the Tiffany Studios was doing work struck without warning. Their only reply to questions was, "See Sam Parks." Parks was an expensive person to see; indeed, he was the costliest thing on exhibition in this city last winter. He charged the Tiffany Studios $500, and when asked what the money was for, he answered, "It is in the nature of an initiation fee." The statement was exact so far as it went; the $500 certainly initiated the Tiffany Studios into the mystery of Sam Parks and his union. The encouraging thing about the present situation is that so many contractors are now coming forward to confess that they paid an exorbitant price for their knowledge; and that the accumulated experience and energy of the neophytes promises to terminate the public career of Parks.

When the Sunday sessions of the Central Federated Union of this city are chiefly given up to disciplining its constituent unions, one cannot fail to perceive that its authority is correspondingly waning. On the 13th instant, for example, it suspended the Blacksmiths' Union for promising an employers' association not to call sympathetic strikes. On this occasion the Central Federated Union propounded a very illuminating definition of the sympathetic strike, namely: when a union strikes to support another union's fight with capital, that is not in any obnoxious sense a sympathetic strike; but when a union strikes to support another union against a rival, that is a sympathetic strike, and illegal. In other words, as against capital all's fair in war; as between unions, a fair fight and no favors. The blacksmiths, who have been willing to fight fair in both cases, will, we imagine, lose little sleep over their suspension. Indeed, the Central Federated Union took occasion to emphasize its inanity on Sunday by memorializing the Hon. Jacob A. Cantor as the friend of labor, and by regretting his threatened withdrawal from the sphere of reform politics. That action pretty effectively prevents the remaining business of the meeting from being taken seriously.

More than two months have elapsed since the new law against the importation of adulterated food went into effect, and the first detention of a shipment of foreign product on this account was made only a fortnight ago. No one, of course, will construe this as meaning that there never was any danger of deleterious substances in imported foods and wines. Doubtless the same acuteness which led the Europeans to make truffles out of bits of silk and snails out of cattle's lungs deterred them from sending these delicacies to us when their detection became likely. Yet the almost daily reports of health officers in one State or another show how much greater is the need for a general pure food law at home. The articles for the table which we import are for the most part luxuries and in many cases beyond the reach of the average family. The impure products which we produce at home, on the other hand, are staple articles, and, whether actually harmful or not, defraud those least able to stand extra expense. Dairy and Food Commissioner Warren of Pennsylvania, for example, has just ordered thirty-six additional prosecutions against food and liquor dealers. Ice cream bought in a Philadelphia park contained boric acid. Strawberry preserves contained some strawberry seeds, but were composed mainly of coal tar dyes, starch, and glucose. Eight samples of sausage and Hamburg steak were well loaded with preservatives and aniline dyes. A quince jelly made in Baltimore was found to be compounded of glucose, starch, and pear juice. It is in just such a case that a national food law would be useful. As it is, if Maryland fails to suppress such products at the factory, their export goes on unchecked, and it is a hopeless task for the neighboring States to attempt stopping the sales at the retail grocery store.

As was expected, the Fusion Conference last week once more selected Seth Low to lead in the fight for good government in this city. Its action is, of course, not binding upon the bodies whose delegates made up the Conference, but probably foreshadows their ultimate decision. The Mayor can enter upon his third campaign with a good conscience. Every day the real significance of his Administration and the remarkable character of the work done by him and his heads of departments have become clearer and clearer. That the Mayor has erred or been deceived in some of his selections for office has been from time to time pointed out by friendly critics. But he has steadily grown stronger and more sure of himself; of better courage and with cleared perceptions of the people's needs and rights. He never appeared to better advantage than in the letters before the Conference. He was perfectly willing that Mr. Russell, one of his own Commissioners of Accounts, should oppose his nomination. As for the Conference, Mr. Low made it plain that it was free to act without the slightest reference to his own feelings. He subordinated himself to the cause, and announced his readiness to step aside, in language so manly and fitting as to call for especial commendation, as does his plea for the renomination of Mr. Grout and Mr. Fornes. His refusal to take seriously the charges of Mr. Rid-

der and his henchmen that he has been conspiring with President Roosevelt and Gov. Odell to run the city government in the interest of the Republican party, must make them feel exceedingly small.

Mr. Jerome's hostile attitude towards the renomination of Mayor Low is regrettable. So far as can be gathered, he is opposed to the Mayor's candidacy, not because he has any vital criticism to make of the Administration, but because he thinks that Mr. Low cannot win at the polls. In this he shares the views of Mr. Russell, the Commissioner of Accounts, and is directly opposed to Mr. R. Fulton Cutting's judgment, while his cue has been eagerly followed by the *Staats-Zeitung*, which now declares that it will oppose the return to power of Tammany Hall. No one of those who would see another candidate at the head of the Fusion forces, has any name to suggest. We do not believe that Mr. Jerome himself could point out any one, Democrat or Independent or Republican, whose reputation is so great or whose personality is so attractive as to give promise of a better run than Mr. Low would make. Were such a man in sight, it would have been the duty of the Fusion Conference to select him, precisely as Mayor Low suggested. Under existing circumstances Mr. Jerome and those who feel like him are imperilling the great cause by insisting on their personal predilections when they should be aiding it by presenting a united front to the common enemy.

The Beirut business is simmering down to its essentially insignificant proportions. At the joint request of France and the United States an efficient Vali has superseded a weak one. This has been effected, or rather expedited, by the presence of two United States cruisers in the harbor. It has not yet appeared that foreign Christians were in peril before the cruisers arrived, and the single riot of any importance took place only after their coming. So far as obtaining satisfaction for the attempt on our Vice-Consul's life was concerned, the presence of the cruisers in Turkish waters would have been sufficient, without sending them to Beirut. Mr. Roosevelt has had the satisfaction of making a somewhat sensational and apparently gratuitous display of force. In a sense, all's well that ends well, but the sober judgment of the people will hardly bear out the President in his hasty recourse to the high hand at a time when the Near Eastern question is critical. Apparently, the Christian community at Beirut was in none but the chronic uneasiness, and the time was ill-chosen to press old claims or collect old debts. The whole affair is an unwelcome illustration of that hot-headedness in all foreign negotiations which the President showed so signally during the recent Mantchurian pourparlers.

Mr. Chamberlain was undoubtedly prepared for hard knocks when he launched his fiscal scheme; its rejection by the Trades Union Congress at Leicester is a staggerer even beyond his anticipation. Only two of the union delegates were found to vote for the dear loaf and Imperial reciprocity. "Mischievous and dangerous" were the words of the resolution of condemnation. The incident suggests that when Mr. Chamberlain said that he was prepared to enter every cottage in England to prove that the corn tax would not increase the cost of living, he was rather describing the necessities of his campaign than using a figure of speech. Obviously, under trade-unionist roof-trees his work is all to do. Of course, the Leicester Congress was in favor of Government old-age pensions, and Mr. Chamberlain may get some sorry crumb of comfort out of labor's acquiescence in the spending part of his plan. The only consolation he gets for the free-trade resolutions of the Congress is the determination of the trade unionists to support a distinct Parliamentary labor party. Such action would reduce the Liberal strength, and may or may not run with Mr. Chamberlain's ultimate ambitions. Meanwhile the sturdy rejection of his protection nostrum by the people who have been reading his Birmingham circulars shows that the real progress of the preferential campaign has borne no relation to the noise with which it has been conducted. After this signal repudiation by organized labor, Mr. Chamberlain will surely see fit to cut his project down to an inoffensive minimum. And here, be it said, there is more peril than in the larger and more vulnerable scheme.

The inefficiency of the British universities and the illiberality of the British public towards institutions of learning were Sir Norman Lockyer's text in an address delivered last week before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The speaker contrasted the number of richly endowed or State-supported universities of Germany and the United States with the handful of English colleges which languish without either private benefactions or Government aid. So serious seemed the emergency to the speaker that he advocated a Government fund for increasing the "brain power" of the nation, and suggested the immediate appropriation of £24,000,000—the amount of the naval budget for 1889-90—for new buildings and equipment for existing institutions. Such a suggestion would hardly get a hearing in Parliament, but the fact that it is made in all seriousness by a noted scientist reinforces the familiar criticism that in educational matters, and especially in technical instruction, England is many years behind the times. Of course, there is little likelihood that during Capt. Mahan's lifetime England will be willing to strike a budgetary equilibrium between "sea power" and "brain power," but it is possible that the Government may be forced into supporting at least one central school. For we are inclined, with Sir Norman Lockyer, to doubt if the American invasion is complete enough to have inculcated the American habit of lavish giving for educational purchases.

Diplomacy must evidently learn to distinguish a simple evacuation from an evacuation *à la Russe*. And the latter kind will bear examination. On October 8 next, Russia, in fulfilment of treaty obligations, is to evacuate Southern Mantchuria, making only the following conditions: Russia is to retain control of the military telegraph line—this probably authorizes the retention of the present military garrison; China shall not alienate, except to Russia, any of the restored territory. To this Russian Monroe Doctrine we may hardly object—in fact, we are at least nominally the gainers by the Russian stipulations, for when these go into effect we gain free entry at Mukden and Ta-tung-Kao. To be sure, Mukden is a river port remote from the Gulf of Liao-tung, and Ta-tung-Kao, on the Yalu estuary, is a fourth-rate haven at best and closed many months by the ice—but the granting of the two ports is a valuable strategic gain. When once the retiring Russian has thus yielded to the principle of the "open door," Secretary Hay will know how to ask for better ports, and should get them. Probably a Mantchurian traveller who should view the country before and after evacuation would be inclined to fall back upon the well-known proverb, "The more it changes, the more it's the same thing."

Whether the Agrarian element in the Prussian Landtag will again oppose successfully Emperor William's plan for a great interior waterway connecting the Rhine, the Weser, and the Elbe, at an expense of at least $60,000,000, remains to be seen. The Prussian Cabinet has determined to present the scheme once more. The opposition appears to be based upon the same arguments as those used by the enemies of the Erie, Oswego, and Champlain Canals in this State. The Prussian farmers are afraid that the canal will cost too must and will not benefit them when it is completed. The Government formerly acceded to this view to the extent of offering large tariff concessions to the Agrarian interests in return for the sanction of the canal project. The concessions were accepted, but the favorable vote was not forthcoming. The plan persists, however, and may meet better fortune.

TREASURY AND DEPOSIT BANKS.

Secretary Shaw's recent announcement that he would place two and a half millions of the Treasury surplus with the St. Louis banks, on collateral of high-grade securities double the value of the money deposited, attracts notice less from the nature of the step itself than from its possible serving as a precedent. Even in the latter aspect, it is more likely to excite curious conjecture than angry criticism. The case is this: St. Louis banks have advanced five or six million dollars to the projectors of next year's Exposition at that city. Since St. Louis is also one of the Western "reserve centres" from which small banks of the harvest States draw currency when the crops are moved, a double drain on the resources of the institutions was impending, which, in the prevalent scarcity of money, might be somewhat awkward. The Treasury, under the Secretary's recent interpretation of the statutes, is at liberty to transfer from Washington to depository banks money already collected through internal taxes. It has a considerable surplus of this sort. Therefore, it is proposed to select certain St. Louis banks as depositories, and to place Government money in their hands on the terms described. If the public surplus is to be located arbitrarily, such a disposition of it would appear to have something in its favor. It will probably be regarded by many people as no great stretch of authority beyond that assumed by the Secretary, for instance, on the frequent occasions when a serious money stringency at New York has been met by increasing public deposits with the banks of this city.

The novelty of Mr. Shaw's action arises more from the Secretary's assertion of his right to transfer money from the Treasury to the banks than from the fact that the Secretary selects the point where the money shall be placed. The theory hitherto adopted by Treasury administrators, when they increased public deposits in the banks, was that the Government was drawing to itself, through a redundant revenue, the circulating medium which the money market needed. To avert what might be an unpleasant outcome of this process, checks received in payment of internal revenue were collected by the banks. These institutions, after providing collateral of Government bonds, were allowed to retain the money, crediting the Government with so much in a deposit account, and then, by loaning the money out again, were able to keep it in circulation.

Now it was possible, theoretically at least, that this device might be so employed as to place in bank all the internal-revenue receipts, leaving the Treasury itself to collect nothing but the customs. Even so, however, the process would have been gradual; the banks would have been drawn upon for public expenditures, as the Exchequer draws on the Bank of England; and, in the main, the surplus money taken in taxes from a given market would have been left at the service of that market through the banks connected with it. The general circulation would not be changed. Thus analyzed, it will be seen that the practice hitherto adopted was something very different from the arrangement now proposed. These new deposits, and all which are made on a similar plan, will not necessarily be gradual; the money lies in the Treasury to-day, and may be moved to-day wherever the Secretary orders. This is quite true of the two and a half millions to be placed by the Treasury at St. Louis; hence that is not a case where the draining of a market through excessive taxes is averted. Nor is it, apparently, contemplated that the money deposited shall be utilized at will by the Treasury through drafts on the St. Louis banks against current expenditure. That it will, in due time, be "gradually recalled," the Secretary's announcement stipulates; but the real nature of the operation is pretty well indicated by the Secretary's further language, which describes it, not as a deposit of public funds, but as a "temporary loan."

In other words, we appear to have been brought to a situation where the entire surplus of the Treasury is in theory at a Secretary's disposal, to lend to such national banks as he chooses, and, inferentially, to withhold from such as he may choose. No interest is charged, but perfectly safe collateral is required. Not much discernment is needed to see that this is an unusual situation, which should be considered with caution. We have said that the use made by Secretary Shaw of his asserted powers in the case of the St. Louis banks, has arguments in its favor. We do not doubt that Mr. Shaw would, in his further use of the same power, do his best to serve public interests justly and impartially. He may, in fact, never assume the same arbitrary power again, except where the money is offered on equal terms to all national banks. But the power has been assumed and the precedent created; and, in our judgment, the power is one which no state is likely to grant deliberately to its finance ministers, and the precedent is one which might, under conceivable circumstances, be grossly abused. It is not at all difficult to picture the use which a crafty politician, in the Treasury on the eve of a campaign, might make of it. If such control over public funds, habitually exerted, did nothing else, it would infallibly revive the suspicions and accusations which surrounded the similar use of the Treasury's surplus moneys throughout the political struggles of the thirties.

The moral is, we should say, that no time ought to be lost in providing clearly and unmistakably, by statute, how and on what conditions, open to all national banks alike, the public surplus may be placed with depository institutions. The existing status has always been dangerous financially; but the Secretary's latest moves have made it dangerous politically. It would not be possible to carry very far the plan of removing blocks of money from the Treasury and lending it to a designated group of banks, without giving ample material for campaign literature for the Opposition. Nor would it help matters, in this respect, that the loan is made without interest, and in face of the fact that the representative body of New York financiers last winter advised that if the system of depositing national surplus should be enlarged, the Treasury should fix a charge for the use of it.

THE TYPO'S OATH.

The great International Typographical Union has been brought freshly before the bar of public opinion by an incident occurring at Beloit, Wisconsin. A Roman Catholic priest at that place has refused absolution to a printer because he had taken an oath which made his duties to the union superior to those which he owed to the Church and the Government. The oath to which members of the Typographical Union subscribe contains, among other pledges, an affirmation that "my fidelity to the union and my duties to the members thereof shall, in no sense, be interfered with by any allegiance that I may now or hereafter owe to any other organization, social, political, or religious, secret or otherwise."

The issue made by the Beloit priest has stirred both religious and labor circles, and seems likely to precipitate a crisis in the affairs of the International Typographical Union. It could hardly do otherwise, for if we are to give a literal interpretation to the words of the oath, it makes the allegiance of the members to their own organization superior to that which they owe to the Government of the United States as well as to the Catholic or any other church. That the drift of unionism is in that direction has been shown lately by the attempt of unions to expel members who serve in the militia, and also by the pretension of the Bookbinders' Union at Washington City that they can force President Roosevelt to discharge Foreman Miller from the Government employ because he has been expelled from that union. This attempt is still persisted in, and it has received the endorsement of the Central Federated Union at Washington City. The issue raised by the Beloit priest gives a new significance to the Miller case, for at bottom they rest upon the same foundation. Miller's discharge is asked because the rules of the union are superior, in the

eyes of its members, to the civil-service laws of the United States. That is the real issue, and it cannot be obscured by going back twenty years and finding that Miller's marriage at that time was irregular.

The position of the Roman Catholic Church on questions of this kind has never been doubtful. It has been at war with the Masonic order and all other secret societies from time immemorial, because those orders either claim an allegiance superior to the Church, or so conceal the terms of it as to make it doubtful which is the superior. The newspapers contain interviews with a number of prelates approving of the action of the Beloit priest. Bishop Scannell of Omaha says that no man can be a good member of the Roman Catholic Church who adheres to the typographical obligation, since the keeping of it would render all government, ecclesiastical or civil, impossible, and render null and void all courts of law. The clergyman temporarily in charge of the archbishopric of Milwaukee, to which the Beloit priest is attached, approves of the action of the latter. On the other hand, Mr. Jerome F. Healy, Secretary of Typographical Union No. 6 of this city, says in a published interview that he knows of nothing in the obligations of members of the union which would interfere with their duty to their churches. In other words, he thinks that the oath should be interpreted not strictly in accordance with its terms, but in a kind of Pickwickian sense. Recent events in another quarter have shown a tendency on the part of this union to take a broad view of its duties, and not to "stick in the bark" when its members are reminded of their legal obligations. The case of their broken contract with the *Spokesman-Review* newspaper of Spokane, Wash., is still unsettled, we believe.

The Roman Catholic Church refuses to take the terms of the typo's oath in a Pickwickian sense. How ought the public to look at it? In the interpretation of any instrument it must be assumed that the makers of it meant exactly what they said, and that the subscribers to it were in like manner intelligent and serious when they gave their pledge of obedience and fidelity. They promise that their duty to the union shall not be interfered with by any "allegiance" owed to any other "organization," social, political, or religious. The word allegiance means, first of all, duty to one's government, and it must have been used in this sense by the framers of the typo's oath. So the oath means that those who take it will not allow their duties to the municipality, the State, or the nation to interfere with their duties to the Typographical Union. This was the position taken by the Schenectady unions when they expelled the militia member for obeying the orders of his superior officer. It is the position taken by the Bookbinders' Union at Washington when they demanded the discharge of Foreman Miller. Before public opinion can sanction such a pretension it must first trample the love of country under foot, abandon government by the ballot-box, and substitute in its place government by walking delegates.

THE CASE OF MISS TODD.

The Sunday newspapers contained a statement, given out by Postmaster-General Payne, of his reasons for removing Miss Todd from the office of postmaster of Greenwood, Delaware. It begins by affirming that there is no law, rule, or regulation forbidding the removal of a fourth-class postmaster at any time, except an informal rule, adopted during the Administration of President McKinley, that an arbitrary removal should not be made until the incumbent had served four years. When Mr. Payne himself became the head of the Department, he says that he endeavored to prevent the removal of such postmasters even after they had served four years, but that "there was never such a rule formally adopted." The question arises here, What is a formal rule? Any public statement setting forth the principles by which a department is to be conducted falls under this definition. The "endeavor" which Mr. Payne says he made when he came into office, was couched in the following words, bearing date of February 14, 1902:

> "The policy of the Administration is not to make removals of fourth-class postmasters without cause. The removal of an officer is a proposition entirely different from the naming of a successor at the expiration of a postmaster's commission. It is therefore desired that removals be not made except for some good reason which affects the service, or at the request of a Senator or Representative endorsing the petition for such a change made by patrons of the office in question. In some sections of the country, notably in the South, not represented by Republican Representatives in Congress, these demands for changes in fourth-class post-offices are made, not for the good of the service, nor for any proper purpose, but to subserve the interests of rival factions."

Whether this rule be classed as formal or informal, the only reasons admissible under it for making removals are those which "affect the service," or the fact that a petition for a change has been made by patrons of the office, and supported in writing by a Senator or Representative.

How to bring Miss Todd's case within the terms of his own rule has evidently taxed Mr. Payne's ingenuity. In his statement to Miss Todd herself, in the presence of Senator Ball, he said that he had removed her because she was "particularly and personally obnoxious to Senator Allee." Upon this ground Mr. Payne rested his case for one week and until President Roosevelt called for a report upon it. It was not affirmed that Miss Todd had failed in any particular in discharging the duties of her office. There was no hint of a petition for a change from the patrons of the post-office. For seven days Mr. Payne's justification rested on the personal representation of Senator Allee that Miss Todd was particularly and personally obnoxious to him. Now, however, he has shifted his ground and advanced a charge that Miss Todd allowed her office to be made the headquarters of a political party, or a faction of a political party, and that she and her family were "the most active factors in a factional quarrel inside the Republican party."

That this charge has been trumped up since Miss Todd was removed is manifest, but even if it were true, it would not come within the rule which Mr. Payne prescribed for his own conduct. If Miss Todd allowed her office to be used as headquarters for a political faction working against another faction inside of the Republican party, and if she was an active member thereof, those facts should have been signified by a petition from patrons of the office, endorsed by a Senator. Then there would have been a basis for action under the rule applicable to such cases. It would naturally have occurred to a fair-minded person having the decision of the case, to acquaint Miss Todd with the charge against her and hear her defence, if she had any. A country post-office is usually too small an apartment for political meetings, and the postmaster is usually too busy sorting and delivering the mail to listen to the chatter of people waiting for their letters on the other side of the boxes. If some of these persons are talking politics they have a right to do so, and there is no way for the postmaster to prevent them. The country post-office is usually the headquarters of the social, religious, and business gossip, as well as political gossip, of the town, and he would be a bold and unpopular postmaster who should seek to set limits to it.

But, it is said, Miss Todd and her family were the most active factors in a factional quarrel inside the Republican party. Miss Todd is not a voter, and the Delaware newspapers say that she has never meddled with politics. Very likely she has her opinions of J. Edward Addicks and his henchman, Senator Allee—she would not be the reputable member of society that she is if she were indifferent to the debauchery which Addicks has introduced into the politics of the State; but no evidence of her activity in politics had been presented or even thought of before now. What her relatives may have done is perfectly immaterial. She has no family of her own and she cannot be held responsible for the others. The fact that they are introduced in Mr. Payne's statement shows that he has no good case against herself.

Finally, Mr. Payne falls back on his oft-repeated assumption that he must treat all Senators alike, and that Sen-

ator Allee stands on the same footing as Senator Hoar. So he does if we allow that there is no difference between right and wrong.

THE M'CLELLAND APPOINTMENT.

The facts surrounding President Roosevelt's offer to appoint Senator Charles P. McClelland a member of the Board of General Appraisers are now fairly established. The offer was made a couple of months ago, considered by Mr. McClelland, and, in spite of many protests, finally accepted. This involves his retirement from the State Senate a year before the expiration of his term, but, so far as we are aware, he has not yet sent his resignation to the Governor. Neither has he been formally appointed. The offer never should have been made. Having been suggested by the President, it ought to have been indignantly declined by Senator McClelland unless he is willing to became the pawn of his own party's enemies in a political game. Moreover, we hold that, although the steps preliminary to the appointment have been taken, it never ought to be carried out. Mr. McClelland is still free to withdraw his acceptance, and President Roosevelt still has time to save himself from the charge of assisting in a new "rape of the Senate." If Mr. Roosevelt wants precedent for it, he need go no further than the history of his own State Administration, in the case of the unspeakable Plimley, who was far nearer appointment than McClelland, but who is still reposing in the grateful obscurity of private life.

Briefly stated, the appointment of McClelland is the crucial part of a scheme to hand back the control of the State Senate to Platt. We are prepared to hear that the President is innocent of any such design. We do not know whether he is or not. It is not for us to say what his motives are; we deal only with his acts. And in this case his act is the first of a series, carefully planned, which will reëstablish Platt's domination at Albany, unless the scheme breaks down somewhere. Platt's control of the Assembly was as strong as ever last year. In all human probability it will be unshaken this winter. The holdover Senate, however, consists of twenty-eight Republicans and twenty-two Democrats. Three of the Republicans, Senators Elsberg, Brackett, and Brown, have taken their stand irrevocably against Platt. They refused to vote for his candidate for floor leader. They supported Elihu Root instead of Platt for United States Senator. In short, from the moment the session began they declined to "take orders" from the Boss, and until final adjournment exercised their own individual judgment upon each legislative problem as it presented itself.

Platt domination was impossible under these circumstances. Small schemes which he and his henchmen were accustomed to slip quietly through the Legislature on the plea that "the Old Man wants it," could no longer be whispered to passage. As they could not be defended openly, they all failed. The situation was bitterly annoying to Platt and to all accustomed to employ his intimates as legislative brokers. It resulted in some scandal, too, since "dealing with individuals," as the dispatches described the new process of securing legislation of a well understood kind, occasioned inevitable talk in the newspapers and elsewhere. But when the Legislature adjourned and the enacted statutes were examined, it was found that one year's emancipation from slavery to Platt had resulted in vast benefit to the State. "Jamming through" had been impossible. Not a single bad bill against which public opinion had expressed itself clearly, found its way into the session laws of 1903.

Seeking escape from these baffling conditions, Platt chose as his aids Roosevelt and McClelland. McClelland, a Democrat, had been elected Senator by a narrow plurality in a district which went Republican in 1900 by more than 3,000. Circumstances surrounding the defeat of the Republican candidate led to the belief that it would not be repeated if a special election could be held in 1903. How to get McClelland out then became the problem. Col Jewell, one of the Democratic members of the Board of General Appraisers, had just retired. The law required that he be succeeded by a Democrat. The place is one of great responsibility, is practically a life position, and the salary is ample. As a ready excuse for the President there was the fact that McClelland was once a Deputy Collector of the Port, and that as an attorney his practice had been largely around the Custom House and before the Appraisers' Board. The fly was cast temptingly in the Senator's direction, and he rose to it with eagerness.

The Constitution of New York has done all in its power to prevent scandals like this within the State. No member of the Legislature can be lured from the performance of the duties intrusted to him by means of any appointment within the gift of the State or any of its municipal divisions, for such appointments are prohibited. Correlatively, State and local offices cannot be used for the purpose of juggling with the Legislature. But the State has no power in its fundamental law or statutes to protect itself if the Federal Executive chooses to engage in this sort of manipulation. Public opinion has done what it could to erect a barrier, but the State must still chiefly depend for safety from attacks of this sort upon the faithfulness of the legislator and the conscience of the Federal appointing power. If both fail, the State is helpless, but an outraged public will sooner or later have its reckoning.

THE SITUATION ON THE ISTHMUS.

Dispatches from Bogota inform us that the Committee of the Colombian Senate having charge of the Isthmian Canal question have reported a project for a new treaty with the United States whose leading features are these:

"First—The United States to pay to Colombia $20,000,000 outright for the privileges specified in the Hay-Herran treaty, with the exception that Colombia shall retain absolute sovereignty over the canal zone, including the administration of the law.

"Second—The United States to pay to Colombia an annuity of $400,000, to be increased 25 per cent. at the end of each century.

"Third—The new Panama Canal Company to pay to Colombia $10,000,000 for the privilege of selling its concession to a foreign Power, this privilege not having been granted thus far by Colombia.

"Fourth—The reversion of the Panama Railroad to Colombia."

It is a safe prediction that none of these terms will be conceded by the United States. They will be refused by the Executive branch of our Government. They are so far beyond the limits of reason that they could not command 10 per cent. of the votes of either branch of Congress. But the inevitable question recurs, "What next?" Shall we take up the Nicaraguan route, or wait awhile, and see what consequences follow this dashing of hopes on the isthmus itself?

It has been shown that if a revolution should break out in Panama, it would be almost certain to interrupt the operation of the transit railway, and that it would then be a duty as well as a public necessity for us to land a force sufficient to restore order. We are authorized by treaty to do so. We are accustomed to take such action when war or rioting occurs there. We have exercised this right, or rather have performed this duty, once within the past twelvemonth. After restoring order it would be incumbent on us to restore the territory to the Chief Executive of Colombia, who happens to be the man who signed the treaty which the Colombian Senate rejected. What he would do next we need not anticipate. If he should deem the building of the interoceanic canal his chief duty and the greatest interest of his own country, he would probably find means, with the backing of the French Company and the moral support of the United States, to bring about that result. It is a trenchant fact also that we shall be released, on the 22d of September, from the payment of the $10,000,000 bonus if the treaty is not ratified meanwhile. The money will be in the Treasury of the United States subject to the disposal of Congress. It will be available as a payment to Panama if a new government should be established there, and it would go far to strengthen such a government.

But, however much we may desire to forward the work of opening water communication between the oceans, we can neither incite a revolution on the isthmus nor take part in it. Nor can we do less than execute our own neutrality law if armed expeditions should be fitted out on our shores for the purpose of aiding such a revolt. Important as the canal enterprise is, the moral standing of the nation is still more so. We must use only lawful means and we must bide our time. Probably the sellers of the canal will provide all the disturbance that is needed on the isthmus. They have sufficient provocation in the new demand formulated at Bogota that they shall pay $10,000,000 for the privilege of selling their property to us. This demand, calling for one-fourth of the purchase money, is little better than blackmail. We are very sure that it would not be allowed, even if we should consent to the fresh demands upon our treasury. It will, however, be strongly resented at Paris, and will doubtless prompt the company to appeal to the local authorities at Colon and Panama to take steps to protect them against such ruinous extortion.

The advocates of the Nicaragua route are insisting that President Roosevelt shall proceed immediately after the expiration of the time for ratification of the treaty to negotiate with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, for example, makes the demand that he take this step without waiting for future action of Congress. That discerning sheet has strong suspicions of the motives of those who think that it would be advisable to wait a few weeks and see what view Congress may take of the new and unexpected situation. It has no doubt that this suggestion of delay "is born of a desire to obstruct the project," meaning the project of any canal. It hints at a mysterious influence, doubtless the Pacific railroads, controlling and directing the opposition to the Nicaraguan route. This is not worth notice, but it is safe to say that Congress will never find fault with a President who waits to get further instructions from it in an unexpected emergency involving such vast national and international interests.

THE RISING IN THE BALKANS.

Bulgaria has added another to many protests against Turkish atrocities in Macedonia, and this time the appeal to the Powers is accompanied by the intimation that if they will not, Bulgaria will come to the rescue of the tortured population across her borders. A few days will tell how serious that promise of intervention is; meanwhile it justifies technically, at least, the desperate campaign which the *komitajis* of Macedonia have been waging for six weeks past. For the object of that hopeless warfare against the Turks has not been immediate success; Boris Sarafof and his comrades know well that their bands will speedily be cut to pieces or driven back to the mountains. But these partisan leaders hope meanwhile to provoke the Turkish soldiery to such inhuman outrage that Christian Europe shall, for very indignation, intervene. And there are, indeed, indications that the comparatively feeble Balkan States may undertake an enterprise before which the Great Powers quail.

Only upon this theory of a campaign of provocation are the events of the past few weeks explicable, for the insurgents have been the losers in departing from their guerrilla tactics and fighting in companies or battalions. But this policy, though it has cost the lives of some thousands of revolutionaries in the Monastir district alone, has apparently effected its purpose. It has brought an army of Turks into the centre of revolt, and has subjected that region to so horrible a campaign of reprisals that Bulgaria at least seems ready to fight against overwhelming odds on the chance of putting a stop to the dreadful business. Meanwhile, the Muslims have been still further irritated by alarming but ineffectual attempts to blow up railroads and public buildings with dynamite. Shocking as the policy of provocation deliberately adopted by the Macedonian Committee must seem, it contains their only hope. Under Turkish rule there is neither peace nor safety. Successive programmes of reforms solemnly drawn by the European Concert have been disregarded from the moment of publication. No native Christian of the peasant class is able to say that to-morrow his goods, his cattle, his children, or his wife will surely be his own. Bulgarian emissaries tell him that across the border in the new states torn from the Porte life and property are safe, and a good woman's honor. It is the desire for these elementary rights and the despair of getting them from the Turkish tyrants that make a revolutionist out of the shepherd or ploughman. For years past the committees supported from Bulgaria have supplied schoolmasters, missionaries, and rifles, and these agencies have been almost equally efficacious in building up a new Bulgaria out of many races, and in creating a small but brave force, composed of mere handfuls of men, who should, between the winter season and that of work in the fields, harass the Turkish garrison, the prosperous Greek minority, and all the enemies of the Bulgaria idea.

But the present revolt differs in important respects from these perennial disorders. In the first days of last August, a full month before harvest and the annual outbreak, regular military operations were begun by the revolutionists in the vilayet of Monastir. The capture of the little city of Krushevo by the Macedonians, its recapture by the Turks, and the massacre of its inhabitants, are the latest additions to the bloody chronicles of the Turkish empire in Europe. The taking of Krushevo was the signal for a series of operations in the Monastir region. In general this has been the only part of Macedonia in which the insurgents have made a consistent campaign and have won substantial successes. The details of the small fights of the past few weeks are of inextricable perplexity. The dispatches frequently have set both geography and probability at defiance. Suffice it to say that until the middle of August the insurgents had very much their own way, that after that time the Turks were reinforced and began a campaign of extermination, and that between the two parties more than one hundred villages have been destroyed in the region between Ochrida and Kastoria—the centre of the revolt. It is as unlikely that 65,000 people—one of the higher estimates—have been killed during this campaign as it is that the revolutionists have ever been in a position to lose 1,000 men in a single battle—one of the wilder reports; but the simple truth would be heart-rending enough. Many thousands of non-combatants have been ruthlessly slain, many more have been driven from the pillaged fields to the forests and mountains, to probable starvation, and the worst instances of unspeakable brutalities to women and children are confirmed by a Russian representative, M. Mandelstamm, who was sent there for the purpose of making out the best possible case for the Turks. In a sense the revolution about Monastir has been crushed out, but men who have lost their possessions and their families are rather more than less inclined to continue the feud against those to whom that loss is due. Furthermore, the reports of the outrages in the Monastir zone are ably doing the work of revolution, while the revolutionists themselves are driven back to their original condition as isolated guerrilla bands.

Minor features of the rising may be thus summarized. To the east, between Adrianople and the Black Sea, the revolutionists celebrated the advent of the Russian fleet, August 19, by burning a score of villages, destroying lighthouses and the like. The revolt was more or less of a surprise; it was dangerously near the Bulgarian border, and the Porte has taken vigorous and apparently successful measures of repression. About Uskub, in Old Servia, the Turks have been active in persecution, although revolutionary activity has been slight in that region. These acts of oppression are in irritating proximity to the co-religionists of the sufferers in Servia and Bulgaria. An apparently unsuccessful attempt to transfer the revolt begun about Monastir to the valley of the Struma above Demir Hissar might be-

come important in case of Bulgarian intervention, for the Struma is one of two main routes across the Bulgarian frontier.

One way or the other, the fate of the revolution will soon be settled. The Powers of Europe have given the Sultan a free hand, with all that that implies. His policy is to do the work of proscription so swiftly that the neighboring states will have neither time nor courage to interfere. The plan of the Macedonian revolutionaries is, contrariwise, merely to prolong the struggle until help comes from outside. Bulgaria appears to be on the verge of a decision. Should she bravely decide to become the open ally of the revolution she has covertly brought about, a new set of problems would arise. The Powers would try to isolate the war as they did unsuccessfully with the Balkan Confederation in 1876 and successfully with the inglorious Greek war of 1897. Should they again succeed in boxing up a war in the Levant, the Near Eastern question would be merely postponed, not settled. Settled it cannot be until the Ottoman garrison is finally expelled from Europe.

ACROSS THE SIERRA MADRE IN DURANGO.

MEXICO, 1903.

It was the time of the plague in Mazatlán. All Sinaloa was in a state of subdued excitement and fear. Rumors of fresh outbreaks of the dread malady were spread by every courier, and the frightened people put up new crosses in their houses, and pasted on their doors printed prayers for deliverance from the past. The State of Durango closed her gates against Sinaloa—that is, she established rigid quarantine on every road leading in from the stricken State, and communication with the western coast was severed. The natural route of travel from west Durango, by way of Culiacan and Altata, to the north being barred, there remained only the alternative of two mule trails over the Sierra Madre to the central plateau. One was relatively short, but beset with difficulties. The other was an ancient highway, arduous enough, as it turned out, but leading always where food and water could be had.

The start was not propitious. Heavy clouds hung over the serrated mountains. The air was sultry; and this in January, in a land of unflecked sapphire skies, was a phenomenon that caused the *mozos* to cast uneasy glances toward the line of peaks that marked the eastern limit of Sinaloa. The road followed closely the Humaya River; and following a stream in Mexico means to be in it a large part of the time. It is usually one extreme or the other—either floundering through water to the dismay of mud-hens, cormorants, and stone-chats, or scrambling over ridges amidst rocks and dust, brushing against bearded *pitayas* or other merciless cacti, and dodging thorny acacias that overhang the way. How utterly my little white Barbary steed detested it all! He was a creature of the plains, never happier than when rounding up cattle, steady as a rock when he braced himself for the shock of a lassoed steer; but he groaned over the irregularities of these mountain roads, and if there was a *chalote* hole within reach he was certain to have a foot caught in it. These little gophers were only a cause of torture to him, but to the dusky Indian, who knows every secret of the hills, they often render a peculiar service. If there is anywhere a bit of ferruginous soil, the *chalote* will infallibly choose it for his burrow, and so reveals many a hidden capping of a metalliferous vein. The ores of this region quite generally present no conspicuous indications on the surface. They seldom exist in the harder rocks which, resisting denudation, form the saw-toothed ridges and cañon walls that tower above the water courses. It is not an attractive country for the prospector, but the man who knows how to win his way to the native's heart will find that the land has been searched by keen eyes possessed of a sort of second sight in finding minerals. Taught by the experience of others who have been defrauded of their rights, the mountaineer discovers his treasures only to conceal them again. In every *jacal* are samples of ore. Ask where they came from, and the master of the house puts a stop to further discussion with that universal Mexican interrogation, "Quien sabe?" If he should offer to show you the vein, beware! He will show you the wrong one, unless you have truly made him your friend beforehand. You will lose less time with such a one as that old Indian of Tabahueto who summed up his ambition in the words, "Soy esperando la muerte." Satisfied with life, awaiting death—for the phrase will bear no pessimistic interpretation—this is the peaceful state of the great majority of the dwellers in these hills. Against such imperturbable contentment there is neither argument nor persuasion. If they possess some of the instincts of the miner, they are nevertheless essentially ranchers and agriculturists.

At San Jorge de Norotal is an example embodying all that makes life worth living at its best in these mountain fastnesses. The road turns off from the Humaya River into a wild *quebrada*, mounts high among the sharpened pinnacles, winds around dizzy precipices, plunges again into a deep gorge where pools of crystalline, beryl-tinted waters lie half hidden in grottoes worn into the cliffs. It wanders from one side of the water course to the other under great wild-fig trees, and climbs on toward the springs where the stream takes its rise. In this semi-arid country men seek the source of the waters to make their homes. Presently signs of human activity appear—walled fields where the corn has recently been harvested and the beans are ripe; and just beyond lies the ranch of San Jorge, a cluster of tile-roofed adobe houses, one above the other on stone-walled terraces, embowered in orange trees ablaze with yellow fruit, while high above on the steep mountainsides are fields of stiff, grayish-green mezcal plants extending up to the oaks and pines that cap the summits. Down in the arroyo are patches of brilliant sugar cane, and groves of *guayabas* sending up a perfume from ripening fruit, and everywhere the wide-spreading domes of stately *papayas* lift themselves above the surrounding vegetation. Here also are glossy mangoes, and *aguacates* (alligator pears). On the terrace walls bloomed roses, pinks, balsams, and violets, while the hanging gardens, if those curious Mexican garden plots on stilts may be so called, were resplendent with hollyhocks, here more euphoniously termed the *flor de San José*. Don Pedro Angulo stood on the great porch wrapped in a purple zarape with black stripes, a peaked straw hat on his head, and *guaraches* on his feet, just such sandals as had been worn by a long line of ancestors stretching back to the days of Abd-er-Rahman. What courtesy there was in his greeting, and what dignity! He had the air of a baron, of a man used to authority and ease. On every side were evidences of rural abundance. His granaries were filled with corn; he had stores of sugar and honey; cheese and milk and fruits were plenty. His corral was full of mules and cattle; pigs and chickens were ubiquitous. He showed with pride his *trapiche*, a great home-made sugar mill, and two huge coffee kettles for boiling down the cane juice; and farther up the arroyo, past a stream of sparkling water, he led to the mezcal still, an ingenious backwoods contrivance for making fiery liquor from the plant which is at once a financial boon and a moral curse to Mexico. The still consisted of a copper kettle, set over a fire-box, having a wooden cover with a hole in the centre, from which a wooden pipe conducted the vapors to an inverted kettle cooled by a stream of water trickling over it, a double system of troughs serving to keep the water separate from the distilled liquor. The mezcal is cut at seven years of age, the long sabre-like leaves severed close to the trunk, and these fibrous pulpy trunks, called *cabezas* (heads), are packed in alternate layers with dry wood in a pit dug in the earth. The wood is kindled, and the mass allowed to smoulder for some days (after the manner of making pit charcoal), when the fire is quenched, the heads macerated and fermented, and the ferment distilled. By this method fifty heads of mezcal yield three barrels of twenty gallons each of a clear white liquor, worth $20 Mexican silver per barrel at the ranch.

From his mezcal and cattle, his sugar and cheese, this mountain baron derives an income which renders him independent, and sustains a half-dozen dependent families and a retinue of servants, male and female. But, with all his rural comforts, he lived on a plane no better than his *peones;* his palate was familiar chiefly with tortillas and beans; he had no books, no newspapers; the outer world and its stirring affairs were all unknown; he had no conception of the use or management of a common kerosene lamp which was tendered as a gift; and his poor bedridden wife was afraid of simple remedies which were offered to relieve her suffering. The old woman lay in the best room in the house, which was a dark cavern with rough adobe walls, having only one little barred window, two feet square, near the ceiling, draped with cotton print to exclude whatever health-giving light and air might have tried to enter. Five home-made chests, some clothes on the wall, and three cots, were the only furnishings; and in this dismal prison the wretched creature had lain for three long years.

The cheery song of a wren (*saltapadero*) on the adobe wall overhead ushered in a

new day with promise of fair weather after the rain, and our party was soon on the road winding up the arroyo towards the pine woods. Peones were shelling corn into a square *trocha*, made of canes, screening it through an *ixtle* sieve, as we passed the last *jacal* of the settlement. The floods still poured down the narrow defile, washing the rocks overgrown with rich green vines, whose hidden recurved thorns aptly entitled it to the native name of *diente de culebra* (snake's-tooth). Semi-tropical plants soon gave way to oaks, the young plants everywhere covered with compact woolly balls of a pink hue, called *borrego de encina*. Above the oaks came the pines, still mingled with hardwoods, for the altitude was not great, and in a short distance the summit was passed, the road leading down through mezcal fields to another ranch, notable for its gorgeous flowers, giant daturas with thousands of white pendent bells, and flaming poinsettias, by the Mexicans not inappropriately associated with Christmas eve in the name of *Nochebuena*. Here again were spacious houses, set upon walled terraces devoted to blooming plants. Here were fruits in abundance, and cane fields, laboriously irrigated by sweeps lifting leathern bags of water to troughs leading to the ditches.

There is an indefinable charm in this simple life, in the rude makeshifts by which men manage to achieve comfort in these remote wildernesses, setting up standards of thrift and industry and leisure at variance with those of the rest of the world, yet compatible with a peace and contentment that others, born in what we choose to call more favored circumstances, in certain moods might envy.

From these elevated ranches three days of difficult travel down the Norotal and Siánori valleys led to Tamazula. The distance was short, but the rivers were in full flood. The cañon was a wild, seething mass of water; and after an adventure in a dangerous ford, where one of the party barely escaped death by drowning, we retreated to a camping-ground to await the subsidence of the stream. From this dilemma a benevolent rancher extricated us, offering to serve as guide over an obscure and roundabout trail through the Sierra. With implicit faith we followed; the very name of our deliverer, Celestino Niebla, being a good omen for those needing some one to lead them out of the wilderness. It was a wild ride, among the pinnacles and domes of lofty mountains, along dangerous cliffs and over perilous *lajas*, where the smooth, slippery stones slanted towards the edges of precipices at appalling angles. The views were stupendous, embracing thousands of square miles of jagged mountain and rolling plain, stretching into the distant blue towards the Pacific Ocean. Finally, from the edge of a mighty cliff, we could look straight down upon the Tamazula River, with the little town of Aguas Calientes so far below that it resembled a toy village more than the abiding-place of men. After two days' additional travel, we were once more under this cliff, looking up from the village plaza at that goat's path where it seemed almost incredible that any horse could have passed in safety.

Tamazula is the most considerable town of western Durango, belonging geographically to Sinaloa, but by some political freak linked with the destinies of a state of the central plateau. It was an important Indian town before the days of the Conquest, and it can never be forgotten in Mexican history as the birthplace of that distinguished patriot Juan Felix Fernandez, better known as Victoria Guadalupe, first President of the Republic. Its ancient church bears witness to the energy of early missionaries and to the devotion of generations of zealots. It is full of treasures—gorgeous braided *casuyos*, and stoles embroidered in silver and gold, handed down through a long succession of priests. Its copy of the famous *tilma* of Our Lady of Guadalupe, painted in 1776, bears the mark of a master hand, and the massive silver frame is a superb example of the silversmith's art. The vestry is peculiarly rich in specimens of that curious folded linen work (*encarrujado*), in which the Mexican women reveal a skill and taste as remarkable as in their better-known "drawn work." The crusade against the public spitter has also reached Tamazula, where the *cura* exhorts the worshippers to cultivate neatness, posting on the church door in rude rhyme,

> "Ama el aseo del templo,
> Pues en el un Dios habita.
> De escupir al suelo evita,
> Dando de este modo ejemplo."

The old highway from Culiacan to the City of Durango passes through Tamazula. A few leagues above the town it takes chances with the floods in the great Quebrada or cañon of the Tamazula River, one of the wildest, most picturesque, and most dangerous gorges in western Mexico. As the stream reels from side to side between its crowding walls, the road makes counter loops, crossing and recrossing, until the effort to keep dry becomes too painful, and the traveller allows his legs to hang down and be drenched. In the narrower portions of the cañon the road deliberately follows the bed of the stream, and many a death-cry has sounded above the floods between these beetling precipices. From the entrance to the Quebrada to the junction with the Canelas arroyo, a distance of about fifty miles, there are two hundred and thirty-five fords across the Tamazula River.

Canelas arroyo is short but steep, and booming with cataracts. Near its head the mountains swing in a semi-circle of magnificent precipices around an extensive mesa, cleft in the middle by a gorge, on the edge of which clusters the most unique town in western Mexico. From any direction the entrance to this little city of Canelas is through winding lanes, walled with stones now green with moss. Beyond the walls are visions of beautiful gardens, with beds of lettuce and onions, *garbanzos*, *chiles*, squashes, and cabbage, with groves of orange and lime trees, apples, pears, peaches, luxuriant bananas, and papaws with their melon-shaped fruit clustering around the stems up to their very crowns. The walls are often overrun with brilliant nasturtiums and rich-foliaged gourds. To the delight of these beautiful gardens is added the charm of rippling waters, which flash across the lanes and sing through the orange groves, making the air musical wherever one turns. The buildings are quaint, and suggestive of infinite romance, of mysteries, of dark conspiracies and sunny loves. They seem to have jostled each other rudely before coming to settled peace, so that each one defies the lines which its neighbor tried to establish for a street. Balconies reach out from under the eaves of the peaked tile roofs; *miradas* break the sides of the structures into fascinating retreats where one may see and remain unseen; stairways are indifferent whether they run up on the inner or outer walls; and narrow alleys wriggle between the houses, dodge under arches, and lead to pleasant intimacies with pretty patios, or dusty rambling corrals, or verdant gardens with their limpid laughter of sparkling rivulets. The plaza was choked in its growth to a pitiful half acre, but it puts on a gay bravado of glowing bloom, and smiles up at one of the most picturesque churches imaginable, which developed in gables and wings as defiant of geometrical symmetry as the streets themselves. Only the tower grew into stately, well-proportioned dignity, with a belfry whose big bronze bell peals in solemn disdain of the jangle from the little bells in the belfries that sprung erratically out from the churchyard walls. Canelas may not be a paradise, but it is one of the loveliest spots in the world, a place of surpassing beauty, perfectly salubrious, the meeting-point of all climes. Her broad wheat fields lie green side by side with sugar cane, and the fruits of the tropics grow luxuriantly in the same gardens with those of northern latitudes. Grim pines on the mountains, with their feet in the snow, look down upon banana orchards only a mile away.

It was a severe change passing from these balmy airs to the icy Sierra. The change in the character of the country was also startling. The rugged hills, the towering cliffs, the dimly lighted cañons, all were past. These belong to the deeply eroded western fringe of the great mountains. The Sierra proper was only a vast rolling plain overgrown with lofty pines and massive hemlocks. Now and then the scenery was diversified by a low range of hills, or a gorge cutting back toward the continental divide. Provisions became scarce, for the settlements were far apart, and the people mostly existing in miserable poverty. At Llano Grande was some evidence of prosperity, shown chiefly in an *atajo* or band of splendid cargo mules. The ranch itself possessed the appearance of a Siberian penal station; the houses of logs, with hemlock shingles held down with heavy stones instead of nails. A high stockade of pine poles surrounded the gloomy structures. Indoors was a total absence of common comforts. There were no chairs, nor a single bed. A room filled with corn had to be cleared out to provide us with quarters, where we rolled up in blankets on the cold floor to pass the night.

Beyond Llano Grande conditions grew worse. Chickens and eggs and milk were not to be thought of. Except for squirrels and red-winged flickers which we shot, we should have had but little meat. The most difficult problem was to find corn and fodder for the animals. At Ciénaga a poor woman, living in a squalid log hut, with a half-witted boy and a shrinking little girl, after answering every request for provisions with a drawling "No hay," confessed to the ownership of fifteen bundles of fodder, only half enough for our famishing mules, and she could be persuaded to sell eight of these only at an exorbitant price, offering as her excuse that other travellers

might come, and she would have nothing to give them! It thus became necessary to shorten each day's journey to afford the animals a chance to graze. It was monotonous travelling, the road winding league after league through the giant woods, with seldom an opening, save where some boggy savanna gave rise to a stream. Occasionally the solitude was broken by trains of cargo-mules laboring toward the mines of Topia or San Andrés de la Sierra. For a few minutes the wild cries of the *arrieros*, "ú pale!" "acho!" and their sharp yells and piercing whistle, would resound through the forest, and then only the soughing of the wind through the pine needles would disturb the solemn stillness.

The highest point on the road is reached at Camellones, said to be ten thousand feet above the sea, a wretched ranch, surrounded by fields walled in by cliffs of sandstone sculptured into fantastic forms. The master of the place is a son of a once famous bandit, who still practises his father's art in a modified form, the trick being to secrete a mule and await the proffer of a reward for "finding" it. The trick in this instance failed to work, and came near landing the rascal in the merciless hands of the *rurales*, the Mexican gendarmerie.

It was interesting to observe how the vegetation gradually changed as the great plateau was approached. The hemlocks disappeared, the cedars grew less, the tall pines gave way to scrubby species and to one form like the umbrella pine of Italy. Madroños with their red-flushed branches, and thickets of manzanillas became abundant. Tunas and other cacti clustered on the hillsides, and lechugillas, like giant "hen-and-chickens," spread over the parching ground. The wind blew, and blinding clouds of dust whirled down the arroyos. The soft airs of the west coast, the verdant plains of the high Sierra, were exchanged for the harsh conditions of the arid plateau. The River Nazas tried to redeem the desolation. Women were washing clothes on the bank below the dull brown hamlet of Rincon which clustered about its white Church of San José. A league beyond was Santa Catarina de Tepehuanes, with another church, a green plaza, stores, hotels, a bull-ring, and the Mexican International Railway. It almost seemed like civilization, after twenty-two days of horseback travel in the wild Sierra Madre, to exchange the camp for a house built with some suggestion of northern style, and to feel that the way was open for rapid transit to Durango and the land of "Tio Sam."

COURTENAY DE KALB.

Correspondence.

MANUFACTURING CAPITAL AND THE CENSUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an article entitled "Suicidal Protection," in the *Nation* of August 20, 1903, in which the statement is made that "the Census figures show there has been a striking diminution in the ratio between the capital of American manufacturing industry and the value of the product"; a statement the truth of which the article undertakes to establish by drawing numerous comparisons between the census statistics of 1880 and 1900. Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the comparisons here made are worthless, and all the deductions you attempt to draw from them are without foundation, so far as the Census statistics are concerned.

The reasons why such comparisons are worthless are fully stated in the Census reports, and should have been obvious to any careful student of them. Attention is frequently called to the fact that, up to and including the Census of 1880, the inquiry regarding capital took no cognizance of the live capital employed in manufacturing, and that the enormous increase in the amount of capital invested, shown by a comparison between the censuses of 1880 and 1890, was due to the fact that the latter census for the first time included in its capital inquiry all forms of capital—that is to say, cash on hand, bills receivable, unsettled ledger accounts, raw materials, stock in process of manufacture, finished products, and other sundries. In view of this fact, it was stated at page lxi. of Part I. of the report on manufactures for 1900, and elsewhere in that report, that

"In the inquiry concerning capital, comparisons have no statistical value prior to the Census of 1890. The form of the inquiry regarding capital at all censuses down to and including 1880 was so vague and general in its character that it can not be assumed that any true proportion exists between the statistics on this subject as elicited prior to 1890. . . . The form of this inquiry of 1890 and 1900 was so similar that comparison may be safely made."

Assuming that you will not desire to make the Census responsible for false conclusions when it has taken all possible pains to guard against these conclusions, and that you will desire your readers to know that the editorial above referred to has no real basis in Census statistics, I venture to write you this letter.—Very respectfully,

S. N. D. NORTH, Director.

CENSUS OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
September 10, 1903.

[The United States Government publishes each year a volume of statistics entitled 'Statistical Abstract of the United States.' On the fly-leaf is the statement, "Prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury." On page 512 of the latest number (that for 1902) is a mass of statistics headed "Summary of Manufactures, by Specified Industries, 1880, 1890, and 1900. From reports of the Census." A footnote to this caption explains that the summary is exclusive of statistics of eighty-five Governmental establishments in the District of Columbia. Nothing is said regarding the peculiar character of the 1880 figures referred to by Mr. North, and a publication which has hitherto been regarded as authoritative, turns out to be a slovenly and untrustworthy affair. The editorial on "Suicidal Protection" was based on the figures contained in the Statistical Abstract.

Mr. North's statements do not, however, invalidate the argument outlined in the editorial on "Suicidal Protection." Discarding the 1880 figures, and employing those for 1890, with which Mr. North says the 1900 figures may safely be compared, we still find that the tendency of capital has been towards a lessened turnover. While capital increased about 50 per cent. between 1890 and 1900 (according to the 'Statistical Abstract'), value of product increased less than 40 per cent. We have gone over every article of manufacture specified in the editorial on "Suicidal Protection" and have made a comparison between 1890 and 1900. We have found, as we very well knew we should, that in practically the whole list the tendency was pronouncedly in the direction of a lessened turnover of capital.—ED. NATION.]

RACE PROBLEMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been reading, with pleasure, your valued paper ever since the days when its editor had the courage to criticise the actions of the greatest of all the Federal generals, after he had become President of the United States, and had committed what your paper very naturally considered some serious blunders as President. It is therefore with regret that I have of late noticed a decided tendency on the *Nation's* part to deal harshly, and as I think unjustly, with the South, its customs and policies. In your issue of September 3d, for instance, in commenting upon Mr. Shepard's answers to the questions propounded to him by the *Evening Post*, as to his attitude on the race question, you say that "his words indicate how hollow will ring the Democratic protest against the oppression of the Filipinos while there is Democratic acquiescence in injustice to the negro." You go on to say that a Democratic campaign in this respect would be one of overflowing love for the brown brothers whom they cannot see, but of callous disregard for the black brothers whom they can see. A little impartial investigation and consideration, Mr. Editor, might convince you that the failure to appreciate the many virtues and beauties of the black brother is not confined to Democrats or to Southerners "steeped in ignorance and vice."

No better evidence of this fact could be given than is to be found in the recent conduct of the people of Waterloo, Ia., a city of 20,000 inhabitants, in politics overwhelmingly Republican, where the cry has gone up, "We want a white city"—not a clean city, or an orderly city, but a white one, free from negroes. In speaking of the matter, a well-known and prominent citizen of Waterloo said:

"We are in earnest. We do not intend to persecute the negroes, but they are given to understand they are not wanted here, and that is all there is to it. We believe the city will prosper more and its people will be better off without them. Up to recent months our colored people, being few, have been as desirable a class of citizens as people of this race can well be, but if their increase in the make-up of the population of this city is allowed to continue in the proportion seen at Des Moines and Marshalltown, it would certainly be a detriment to the city."

Waterloo is a sample case of the negro problem in the North. It is astonishing what a sudden change of sentiment occurs in a Northern Republican community when

it has a chance to study the negro problem at close range. A. C. READER.

NEW ORLEANS, September 9, 1903.

[But this is not the negro problem at all. In Boston, at the time of the anti-Irish riots in 1837, it would have been called the "Irish problem"; in San Francisco it is the "Chinese problem"; in the coal regions of Pennsylvania it is the "Slav problem."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The A. L. A. Publishing Board, 10½ Beacon Street, Boston, expects to issue early next year its 'Index of Portraits Contained in Books and Periodicals,' edited under the direction of Harvard's Librarian, William Coolidge Lane, and Nina E. Brown. The two volumes will contain more than 100,000 references to portraits in periodicals, published collections and illustrated works. "Practically all the material in the large libraries of Boston and vicinity and in those of New York, that was thought desirable," has been availed of. The portraits in genealogies and local histories have had to be neglected, as a rule. Six years have been employed on this most valuable production.

Ex-President E. Benjamin Andrews reappears as an author in 'The United States in Our Own Time: A History from Reconstruction to Expansion,' which Messrs. Scribner will publish along with 'An Unpublished Essay by Jonathan Edwards on the Trinity,' edited for subject and author by Prof. George P. Fisher, and 'In African Forest and Jungle,' by the late Paul Du Chaillu.

'My Favorite Book-Shelf,' a body of selections from famous authors by Charles Josselyn, is promised by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

Following the fashion which substitutes photographic *tableaux vivants* for imaginative illustration, Doubleday, Page & Co. have just issued a new edition of Kipling's 'The Light that Failed,' with scenes from the dramatic version rendered by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott. They have in hand a Life of Gen. Samuel C. Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, by his daughter Edith (Mrs. Talbot).

A Life of the late Senator James McMillan is to be prepared for private circulation by his confidential secretary, Charles Moore.

Henry Holt & Co. announce 'The Regency of Marie de Médicis,' by Dr. Andrew Power Lloyd, with five rare portraits; Tarde's 'Laws of Imitation,' translated by Elsie Clews Parsons; 'Dante's Influence on English Poetry,' by Prof. Oscar Kuhns; an Italian Grammar, by Prof. Mary V. Young of Mt. Holyoke College; and a new edition of Lavignac's 'Music and Musicians,' with an added chapter on "The Present State of the Art of Music," by H. E. Krehbiel.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have nearly ready 'Letters from a Chinese Official,' and 'Falk,' three short love stories by Joseph Conrad.

Forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are a new volume of poems by William B. Yeats, 'In the Seven Woods'; 'Venice and its Story,' by Thomas Okey, elaborately illustrated; 'The Anonimo Morelliano,' translated by Paolo Mussi; 'Benozzo Gozzoli,' by Langton Douglas, with many illustrations; 'Millet and the Barbizon School,' by Arthur Thompson; 'The History of Portrait Miniatures, from the Time of Holbein, 1531, to that of Sir William Ross, 1860,' by George C. Williamson, gorgeously illustrated; 'Hans Holbein,' by Gerald S. Davies; 'J. McNeill Whistler and his Work,' by Arthur G. and Nancy Bell; 'The History of American Painting,' by Samuel Isham; 'A History of American Sculpture,' by Lorado Taft; 'The History of American Music,' by Louis C. Elson; volumes 3 and 4 of 'A History of English Poetry,' by W. J. Courthope; 'Studies in German Literature in the 19th Century,' by Prof. John F. Coar of Harvard; a luxurious edition of the Works of Matthew Arnold in 15 volumes; another, of Hakluyt's Voyages in 12 volumes; 'The Bible in Browning,' by Minnie Gresham Machen; 'A History of the Appointing Power,' by Prof. Lucy Maynard Salmon of Vassar; 'Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius,' by Prof. Samuel Dill; 'The Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia,' by Prof. Baldwin Spencer; 'Two Centuries of Costume in America,' by Alice Morse Earle; 'Old Quebec, the Fortress of New France,' by Sir Gilbert Parker; 'The Foundations of Modern Eurcpe,' by Dr. Emil Reich; 'A History of Modern England,' by Herbert W. Paul, the first two of five volumes; 'Lectures on the French Revolution and on General Modern History,' by the late Lord Acton; 'South Carolina as a Royal Province,' by W. Roy Smith; 'The Industrial History of the United States,' by Prof. Katharine Coman of Wellesley; 'Contest for Sound Money,' by A. B. Hepburn; 'A Manual of Old French Dialects,' by Prof. L. E. Menger of Bryn Mawr; a Life of John Fiske; and Morley's Life of Gladstone.

J. B. Lippincott Co. expect to publish next month 'The True History of the Civil War, Illustrated,' by Prof. Guy Carleton Lee of Johns Hopkins, in 500 pages, illustrated.

Prof. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, author of 'The Souls of Black Folk,' is at work on a novel which will likewise bear the imprint of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Dr. Henry J. Morgan purposes bringing out a second edition of his valuable 'Canadian Men and Women of the Time.' It will contain a necrology.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, we learn from the Bollettino of the National Central Library of Florence for August, will shortly publish her second volume on the anonymous Spanish-Mexican codex in that library, 'Libro de la Vida que los Indios antiguamente hazian.' She will follow up her facsimile with the Spanish text, an English version, and a commentary, the labor of ten years.

The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, extend their elegant series of American historical reprints with John Miller's 'New York Considered and Improved' (1695). The work has been twice publisned—in 1843 by Thomas Rodd, London; in 1862 by William Gowans, New York, with Dr. J. G. Shea's annotations. For the present edition recourse has been had to the original MS. in the British Museum, and a new editor has been found in Mr. V. H. Paltsits of the New York Public Library, an institution which chances to own two works from Miller's collection. Miller, who, after graduation at Cambridge, came over in 1690 as military chaplain, describes the city topographically with much care, and adds a not very flattering report on the state of public morality. He gives plans of New York and Albany, and of Fort William Henry at the Battery. Mr. Paltsits has succeeded in enlarging our previous knowledge of Miller, and has usefully provided this edition with notes, appendices, and an index. Miller's scholarly hand is shown in a facsimile of the concluding page of his MS.

The sixth volume of the Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association contains a great variety of matter, in which form is often (and properly) subordinated to substance. This is conspicuously the case with the reminiscences of Judge C. C. Cox, who served as a lad of fourteen in the Texan navy, which reflected all the cruel traditions of the American navy, as that did of the British; who was drawn to California by the gold fever, and afterwards entered reluctantly into the war of secession on the losing side. He bears witness to the demoralizing after effects of the war in Texas. His illiterate narrative describes some old customs which furnish curious reading. He pays a sincere tribute to Mexican character. There is mentionable also a brief but valuable sketch of the slave trade in Texas, to which there was much popular and official opposition; but the simple remedy of abolishing slavery was not proposed. However, the trade attained no great proportions, though as late as 1856 slaves were introduced under the guise of "camels."

The special summer number of the *International Studio* (John Lane) is devoted to three "Masters of English Landscape Painting," namely, Cotman, David Cox, and De Wint. The three short monographs are of varying degrees of merit, those on Cotman, by Laurence Binyon, and De Wint, by Walter Shaw Sparrow, containing some intelligent and intelligible criticism, while that on Cox, by A. L. Baldry, contents itself for the most part with biography; but the important things are the very numerous illustrations, in black and white and in colors, which give us a better opportunity than we have hitherto enjoyed of estimating the work of these painters. Although the color reproductions seem to be unusually good, it is dangerous to judge of coloring from reproductions alone, but one should be able to form a pretty fair idea of other qualities. Of the three, David Cox comes out least well. His color, if pleasing, seems rather conventional, and surely no painter ever achieved a great reputation who had less sense of form or of composition. One is left in wonder as to what his fame is based upon. De Wint makes a better impression, especially in some of his rapid sketches from nature, which have a vigor and dash not unlike the water-color work of Winslow Homer, but his more elaborate compositions are rather commonplace. The only one of the three who seems to approach greatness and to justify the title of "master" is Cotman, whose work shows dignity and even majesty of composition, strong draughtsmanship and classic beauty of line, a fine decorative sense, simplicity and directness of method, and a feeling for color alternately subtle or splendid. Though none of these men was very successful or much appreciated in his lifetime, the greatest of the three had by far the hardest life and suffered the most from consistent neglect. They all painted, more or less, in oils,

but the bulk of their work, and, so far as the reproductions enable one to judge, the best of it, was in water-color, their oil paintings having a certain air of translation.

A "Société Amicale Gaston Paris" has been organized in Paris, the purpose being to keep the magnificent library of the recently deceased French prince of Romance philology intact and to publish his literary remains. The widow has entrusted all the papers to the Society, of which Prof. Antoine Thomas is the President.

A comparatively complete report of the reforms instituted in the higher grade of schools in France, modelled to a certain extent after German precedents, is given by J. Caro in No. 5 of the *Monatsschrift für höhere Schülen*. According to this, the school work is begun by a five years' course in elementary branches, followed by three years corresponding to the first three years in the gymnasium. Then comes the *enseignement secondaire* proper, covering a period of seven years and divided into two parts. The first is four years long, corresponding to the middle gymnasium classes, with obligatory Latin but optional Greek in the two higher classes, and with considerable prominence given to the sciences and modern languages. The last three years present considerable choice of subjects, there being four courses—(1) with Latin and Greek; (2) with Latin and modern languages; (3) with Latin and natural sciences; (4) with modern languages and natural sciences. The first, second, and fourth correspond in general to the three kinds of German secondary schools, but the third is unique for France. Caro explains the existence of this course by the French demand that every educated man be acquainted with Latin. This combination of four courses will be found only in the larger *lycées;* the smaller must be content with one or two. The graduates of any of the courses secure the bachelor degree, corresponding to the German *testimonium maturitatis*, and likewise entitling its recipient to enter any department of the University and prepare for any of the professions.

It has now been definitively decided to establish a new Academy in Posen, as part of the German element's struggle for the mastery of the intellectual life of the Polish province. It has been organized, with the approval of the Government, by the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Kunst und Wissenschaft, which has arranged the work for several years to come. The work begins on the 21st of October with a rector in charge and a corps of assistants numbering about a dozen. It is expressly declared that the Academy is to serve the interests not only of the city, but of the whole province. The rector chosen is Dr. Kühnemann, hitherto professor in the Universities of Marburg and Bonn.

The Seminar für Orientalische Sprache in Berlin, the leading school in the world for the practical acquisition of Oriental tongues, reports a total attendance of 229 in the present semester. Although it is not an integral part of the University, the director is the university professor, Sachau, and its students can attend the academic lectures. Each language has at least two representatives in the teaching corps, one German who does the scientific work, and one a native to conduct the practical drill. During the present term Chinese is being studied by 24, Japanese by 7, Arabic by 20, Persian by 7, Turkish by 8, Suali by 26, Haussa by 8, English by 61, French by 42, modern Greek by 8, Russian by 41, Spanish by 14. The students are chiefly candidates for positions as missionaries, dragomans, Governmental and mercantile servants in the Orient. Only five women are enrolled. At the close of the last academic year twenty-eight students passed the examinations.

The Œcumenical Patriarch of the Greek Church, Joachim, residing in Constantinople and representing the non-Russian section of his church, has recently, together with his bishops, addressed an official communication to the Holy Synod, representing the Russian section of the church, asking that body to arrange for the substitution of the Gregorian Calendar in the place of the Julian, for practical and scientific reasons. The Synod has now replied, declining to take such steps, for the reason that the matter is very complicated and really belongs in the province of scholars. Moreover, "considering it from a purely scientific point of view, competent Russian authorities are inclined to give the preference rather to the Julian Calendar than to the Western. Hence, the church authorities are inclined to hesitate to make the change, which would also seriously affect the sacred festivals and confuse the average Christian."

—It is pleasant to note that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the International Literary and Artistic Association, founded in Paris by Victor Hugo, in 1878, is to be held on German soil amid the classic precincts of Weimar, with much promise of intellectual interchange and sincere good-fellowship. The time of meeting is from the 24th to the 30th of this month, and, in addition to the opening meeting, there are to be eight working sessions. The programme includes papers on copyright protection, for engineering works, by the French engineer, Pesce; works of architecture, by Georges Harmond of Paris; photographs, by the well-known authority, Alphonse Davonne, the president of the Society of French Photographers, and on art as applied to industry, by Raoul de Clermont. The further revision of the Berne copyright convention is to be discussed by the Paris lawyer, Georges Maillard; Intellectual Property from the Point of View of Theatrical Art, by M. Giraud; the better protection of historical works and criticism, by Alfred Vaunois of Paris; while a special report is to be presented on mechanical musical instruments in relation to copyright, and reports, by various hands, on copyright movements in the principal countries. A contribution of special note is that promised by the president of the Association, Eugène Pouillet, on the sale of works of art, and publishing contracts in relation to artistic productions. Saturday afternoon and evening are set aside for an excursion to Jena, and Wednesday for visiting Eisenach and the Wartburg, while the intervening Sunday is to be devoted to the various points of interest in and about Weimar, including the Belvedere, and the tombs of Goethe and Schiller.

—The September instalment of Andrew D. White's diplomatic reminiscences in the *Century* deals largely with persons eminent in the learned world. Lepsius, Ernst Curtius, Von Sybel, Droysen, Du Bois-Reymond, Helmholtz, and Hofmann were among those whom he met at Berlin. Among teachers of history he speaks with especial praise of Oncken, whose lectures at Giessen he regards as the best in manner of presentation he has ever heard, with the exception of Laboulaye at the Collège de France, Seelye at Cambridge, and Goldwin Smith at Cornell. With Knaus, Carl Becker, Anton von Werner, Adolf Menzel, and other artists he also formed pleasant acquaintance. Diplomatic vacations gave him opportunity to travel and form friendships outside of Germany. In France especially he met many eminent men of letters, statesmen, artists, and teachers, for whom he professes a profound respect. "It is a thousand pities that a country possessing such men is so widely known to the world, not by them, but by novelists and dramatists largely retailing filth, journalists largely given to the invention of sensational lies," and a low order of politicians. He speaks with great affection of Frederick III., "that embodiment of all qualities which any man could ask for in a ruler of a great nation." An article by Cardinal Gibbons, on the Character of Leo XIII., might almost be called a "scoop" if the *Century* were in the field of modern sensationalism. No one will question the sincerity of the Cardinal's characterization of Leo as an eminent religious leader and scholar, a man of courage, strength, and understanding. John Gilmer Speed contributes an interesting study of horse-breeding in America, condemning with good reason methods of breeding for speed which result in only about two per cent. of success, with a residue of ninety-eight per cent. of failures which cannot profitably be utilized for any other purpose.

—In the September *Atlantic* we have the first instalment of Sir Leslie Stephen's promised reminiscences. It is somewhat disconcerting to find at the outset an emphatic assertion of unfitness for autobiographical writing because of a treacherous memory, but the reader will take this self-depreciation with the same kind of allowance which one makes for the confessions of atrocious wickedness by a Bunyan. Sir Leslie's memories flow with a broader sweep, with less of piquant detail, than is found in Andrew D. White's opening chapters in the *Century*, but they promise a rich feast none the less. He is rather disposed to congratulate himself that he owes no debt of gratitude to some Carlyle, Emerson, or Newman for arousing his slumbering intellect and convincing him of the possession of a soul. "Spiritual guides are very impressive, but sometimes very mischievous persons. Prostration before a prophet is enfeebling." The Cambridge teachers of his time were not given to enthusiasms, but preached common sense, and common sense said, "Stick to your triposes, grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree." Lyman Abbott answers for women the question why they do not want the ballot; but the most important suffrage question of to-day is not whether women could give serious attention to politics without too heavy a draft upon the time and strength needed for the duties necessarily imposed upon them by their sex, but whether men can be induced to take from other pursuits and

pleasures the time and strength necessary to even a passable discharge of the political duties resting upon them. Practical objections to female suffrage must be sought along other lines than the probable absorption of woman's interest to the exclusion of more important concerns.

—The article of most evident interest in the September *Scribner's* is a chapter of Senator Hoar's forthcoming 'Autobiography of Seventy Years.' The noted jurists of his day and acquaintance form the subject of this paper, Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw naturally taking the foremost place. Frederic Irland describes at length the Wyoming game stronghold, where the elk, antelope, and deer still flourish much as they did before the white man's arrival, and Capt. T. Bentley Mott tells of the life of the military attachés of our diplomatic system. The remainder of the number is given up chiefly to fiction and poetry.

—Is it possible that Sir Norman Lockyer displays an understanding of British human nature, in endeavoring to stimulate it to vast expenses for universities, by pointing out that in this respect that country is far behind Germany and America? If such were the best argument to use, England would be looking into a dismal future. What people conscious of great vitality and genius was ever fired with the idea of following in the wake of others? One would not find much response to such an appeal in Washington, nor in Paris. Would not Sir Norman do better to address his countrymen in some such language as this? "For the last three centuries every single idea of really sovereign preëminence in science has been largely (in most cases undisputedly) of British paternity: the Inductive Philosophy, the Corpuscular Theory, Attraction, the Differential Calculus, the Atomic Theory (and the type theory of chemistry), Natural Selection, the Mechanical Theory of Heat (or that first principle of it which was the solid core of the great doctrine of the Correlation and Conservation of Forces), the Theory of Light as transverse vibrations, followed up by the true Theory of Electricity, the Electro-magnetic Theory of Light, and the Electron Theory of Matter. The new science of radiations, if it has importance enough to be mentioned in this connection, has grown directly and uninterruptedly out of Crookes's experiments. To continue these services to civilization is no more than our plain duty. *Noblesse oblige.* They must be continued; they will be continued. British soil is fertile in men of the highest types of genius. It shall not be found that their fruit is not forthcoming because Great Britain's purse was not long enough to sustain British science against foreign competition." The above are the sober facts; they will bear scrutiny. If they were put before the British Parliament and the country, would not patriotism be moved?

—The librarian world had a sudden and not long preparation for the news of the death of Charles Ammi Cutter, librarian of the Forbes Library of Northampton, Mass., at Walpole, N. H., on September 7, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Cutter was a native of Boston, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1855. After some study of divinity, he became assistant in the college library. In 1869 he succeeded the late William Frederick Poole as librarian of the Boston Athenæum, from which, after twenty-five years, he passed to the new foundation in Northampton, selecting its many thousand volumes and fixing its character. In this congenial place and service he remained till death overtook him. His monumental work at the Athenæum was his completion of its printed catalogue in five volumes. In the art of cataloguing he was past master. His Rules are universally known and widely observed as standard. His system of classification also made him eminent in his profession, which reckoned him among the half-dozen foremost American librarians of his time. Some traits he probably lacked for the highest efficiency in administration. He was a man of slender body and shy presence; little demonstrative; with a low voice; more genial than forceful. He used to quote the saying that the librarian who reads is lost; but he both read and wrote admirably. His culture was very wide, and the evidences of it are embalmed in the *Nation*, to which he was a voluminous contributor (in the mass) for thirty-five years, with slight interruption. His odds and ends of leisure were naturally employed for "Notes" rather than for longer essays, which were, however, not wanting, in the shape of articles or book reviews, or, a few years ago, in a charming series of letters from England and France, in which his architectural interest was plainly revealed. In the Forbes Library his love of art was gratified by collecting photographs of the masterpieces, and these were frequently displayed in special exhibitions in the upper hall. For twenty years or more the *Nation* relied mainly upon him for its reports of the meetings of the American Librarians' Association from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. We part with regret from this modest and lovable character.

—The idea of erecting a statue in honor of the author of "Hamlet" at Elsinore, forever made famous by Shakspere's drama, seems to be gaining strength in Denmark, where it was first started by the sculptor Hasselriis, who even went so far as to model the statue. As was to be expected, the project has particularly taken the fancy of the little town by the Sound, where enterprising innkeepers have already not only caused a Hamlet's grave to be forthcoming, but also had a statue erected of the ill-fated Prince of Denmark. The Elsinore *Gazette* seems to be especially interested in the project, and comes out in a supplement to its number of August 12 with a richly illustrated, semi-scholarly article strongly advocating the idea. The writer has delved deep into church registers and old archives, not to mention such household works as Brandes's book on Shakspere, and for a small provincial paper the article is very well written with regard to what is known about Shakspere's early relations to the Amleth story, and his later connection, through William Kemp and George Bryan, with Elsinore. There is even a hint of the possibility that Shakspere himself may have visited the city in the disguise of the "boy, Daniell Jones," who in 1582 played there for the court in the company of William Kemp of Leicester's troupe. Among the illustrations is one which, by a clever trick of the photographer, prophetically shows the Shakspere statue in the centre of the market-place of Elsinore. The actual erection is pronounced a national obligation. There has been some opposition manifested, chiefly among the younger generation of authors, one of whom does not care to honor the man who has forever linked the name of Denmark with "something rotten."

THE TIMOTHEUS PAPYRUS.

Timotheos: Die Perser. Herausgegeben von Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff.

Der Timotheos-Papyrus. Lichtdruck-Ausgabe. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1903.

The papyrus which is here deciphered, and edited, with a graceful dedication to the Royal Irish Academy, is very remarkable in several respects. It is the oldest papyrus that has come down to us; it goes back to the time of Aristotle and Alexander the Great, and it antedates the founding of the great Alexandrian Library. It is, therefore, not very far removed from the period of Timotheus himself. Singularly enough, the characters, which are of great beauty and clearness, are modelled after those of monumental inscriptions on stone of the period, and show no traces of the cursive script which must have been employed even at that date.

The publication of this bit of flotsam from Egypt has been awaited by scholars with curiosity and expectation. Timotheus was known as the greatest lyric poet of the later classic period from 400 B. C., as a daring and successful innovator in lyric forms, and as a master of the newer music, whose development he aided, and whose vogue persisted for centuries. He received the approval of Aristotle. It was hoped by some scholars that this poem might yield a new source of history for the battle of Marathon, to be placed beside the narrative of Herodotus and the drama of Æschylus. There was no very good reason for these expectations, and they are certainly disappointed. This fragment gives us no history, it mentions no famous name, it touches no lofty note of sentiment or patriotism. There is no attempt at the pedantry of reproducing details of the actual methods of naval war in the period of Themistocles. We are presented simply with an imaginative description of a typical sea fight (such as the writer may have seen) of the period of Thucydides or somewhat later, containing some expressions which find their explanation in his narrative of the Sicilian expedition. No useful comparison is possible, therefore, with Herodotus or with the great drama of Æschylus; only contrasts are possible, which are not enlightening or instructive. On the other hand, Wilamowitz quotes a rhetorical description by Ephorus of the battle of Cynossema, which forms an exact parallel of the picture given by Timotheus; in places it reads like a paraphrase.

The fragment, which includes only the latter part of the poem, takes us into the thick of the fight. The poet sketches onsets and retreats, the sallies of boarders, tiers of oars shorn off by collisions, the plunging and rearing of vessels under the impact of rams and "dolphins," till they capsize or sink with a toss of the head; the showers of missiles quivering as they light; hurtling masses of lead and fiery balls, "while

the emerald-haired sea has its furrows crimsoned by the droppings of the ships." This is told with a fine frenzy and rush of words, in phrases sometimes tortured and obscure, but in the main vivid and picturesque. The incidents and their order are not quite clear, partly by reason of *lacunæ* in the text, partly by reason of the fine phrases of the poet. What are "the droppings of the ships"? Are they streams of blood or flaming timbers?

The poet next turns to the fortunes of individuals who are typical or representative; and here we reproduce one of these episodes, so far as our English serves:

"Some landsman of the Phrygian plains, lord of estates that stretch a day's journey, now ploughing the watery plain with his legs and smiting it with his hands, swam on, turned islander perforce, and, buffeted by the winds, searched for ways of escape. . . .

"The foaming rain, unquaffed of revellers, poured down his throat, and as the brine gurgled back and gushed from his lips, with shrilling voice and frenzied mood he gnashed his teeth and uttered threats against the sea for its despiteful usage. 'Bold though thou art, thou didst yield thy haughty neck erstwhile to the yoke and wert curbed in hempen bonds; and now again, my lord and master—mine—shall harass thee with pines sprung from the mountain, and with his roving glances shall encompass thy plains where sail the ships. Abomination that I hate of old! thou frantic wanton, faithless paramour of the blast that sweeps the whelming surge!' So spake he, panting, with faint voice, while from his lips he belched foul froth and spewed the brine."

He pictures next the flight and rout of the Persian fleet, the long chain of ships dashing one another to pieces—the sea "bestarred" with white corpses, the headlands filled with shivering, naked fugitives, wailing and crying to the Mountain Mother for deliverance. They fling away their arms, they tear their faces with their nails, they rend their garments; and Xerxes (who is named only as the King), when he sees his routed host, utters a brief lamentation, as he calls for his chariot and bids his followers burn their tents and bear away his countless treasure. A lively episode sketches some captive of Celænæ, dragged by his long hair, and stammering petitions to his captor in barbarous Ionic Greek of Asia Minor. The poem closes with an invocation to Apollo, and a curious and highly interesting bit of personal confession and declaration on the part of the poet.

The brief abstract in which we have attempted something between a translation and a paraphrase is of course a misrepresentation more or less. It omits rhythm, the fabric of the compound words; it betrays slightly, perhaps, the color and the sense—one cannot take his oath to its fidelity. For one thing, it is impossible to reproduce in English a fashion of speech which is more than half made up of compound substantives or adjectives. Wilamowitz himself declines the task of translating this; and as he has at his command the resources of the German language in ready-made compounds and its license for new coinage, we must bow to his judicious example. He confines himself instead to a paraphrase in very plain Greek prose, after the style of the scholiasts to Euripides or to Lycophron; and this reserve on the part of a scholar whose literary gift matches his learning, may be taken as a signpost marked "no thoroughfare." But our version of the episode does not seriously misrepresent two features of the author's style—his dithyrambic magniloquence and the hardiness of his realism. This is the innovator who "outraged music with his twelve (?) strings," imitated a storm at sea—a "tempest in a teapot" some one styles it in Athenæus; who dared to express musically the birth-pangs of Semele, and offended by his daring the conservatism—perhaps, too, the Puritanism—of the Spartans. For this reason we have given a taste of his manner which is not entirely "traitorous."

So far as his matter is concerned, our author does not soar, or, if he soars, he tends to fall. The ship fight and the rout, in spite of offensive mannerisms, is a busy, rapid, and vigorous scene. The prayer of the fugitives to their own Asiatic goddess for salvation is appropriate, and contains many natural touches of what we call "local color"; the lament of Xerxes even condescends to simplicity and sincerity. The seasick Phrygian landlubber is a trivial and sorry figure, and his brag strikes a false note. It is a bit of empty, unnatural bombast; for the boast of Xerxes in Herodotus which it echoes was a sort of madness quite in character with that despot who had not the wisdom of King Canute; but his courtiers, surely, when indulging in an unofficial fit of seasickness, had no motive to express anything but a candid opinion of their master. On the other hand, the long-haired rustic of Celænæ makes an excellent bit of comedy as he stammers solecisms and dialectic remonstrances to his captor: "When I'm to home, I live down to Ecbatana." This particular variety of realistic expression was familiar to Sophron and Plato and Aristophanes, and is grown of late distressingly familiar to ourselves. The dialectic man of Celænæ is at any rate the least tedious of his tribe; for he sputters briefly—and, under Wilamowitz's commentary, most instructively—in a little speech that is prophetic of later Hellenistic forms and syntax.

One feature of style is here carried out to the utmost, and that is the use of compound words, often newly coined, as epithets or elements of the sentence. Two, or even three, are frequently packed together, each one built of two, and occasionally of three, simple words. The Mountain Mother is not only fair-armed, but she has golden-braided hair, and a dark-leaf-broidered robe. This peculiarity of expression is, of course, perfectly familiar in all Greek poetry; such formations were facile and native to the genius of the language. They have persisted from Homer down to Bikelas's versions of Shakspere. But these *nova verba*, as Horace calls them, were especially at home in the domain of the dithyramb; to judge from this specimen—which, though called a nome, is transformed by the dithyrambic spirit—they were a fashion of speech *de rigueur*. This freedom of coinage, then, was a privilege of the craft—a privilege which Timotheus abused and carried out to license and extravagance. But the tortuous audacities which he affected, the superfine phrases, the verbal tricks and riddles, show a graver taint which infects the very body of his style and presages dissolution. He must not call a spade a spade. The oars to him are anything but oars; they are the ship's *hands*, or its *feet*, or the *mountain-grown pines*. The sea is emerald-*haired*, and it is *starred* with clusters of white bodies. A lance or javelin is the *murderous thong-bound Ares sped like fire* upon the foe. There is no mistaking the drift of these meretricious whims and turns of fancy. They mean simply degeneration and decadence, the descent toward sheer vaporing and insipidity, and false strained ingenuity which gave rise to the proverb, "Sillier than a dithyramb"; they are a portion of the antics and vagaries of expression which Aristophanes satirizes in the "Clouds." They mark the transition from classic restraint to rhetoric, and the passing of rhetoric over to Asiatic floridity, to euphuism and bombast and cold, petty conceits.

Timotheus is an Asiatic, and a rhetorician rather than a poet; he represents the flood-tide of his musical art, when the music was supported by an adequate and striking libretto. He is quite capable of an occasional fine phrase or lofty sentiment, which struck the hour, so to speak, and lived. Several of these occurred in the "Persæ," and contributed toward making its fortune. "'Tis Ares," he says in a line transmitted by Plutarch, "who is lord and master, and Greece is not afraid of gold," alluding to the apprehension of Persian bribery and despotism. In fact, we hear of this very piece being produced about two centuries later in Arcadia, and one of its phrases being applied with applause to Philopœmen. Two centuries is a very respectable life for a poem of this kind, and this longevity was due to some solid qualities independently of the music. Timotheus was an artist of ideas, of force, of boldness and cleverness, a finished and scientific metrician, a dexterous rhetorician; a poet with the divine spark he certainly was not. And indeed he himself makes no such claim. "I am a musician," he says in the closing lines (or *seal*, technically so-called), "and an innovator in my art, with my lyre of eleven notes. I am the successor of Terpander, as he was of Orpheus." This novel music, with its virtuosity, had already captivated Euripides, and had led him to compose monodies to be sung by trained vocalists, as well as pretty odes whose trills and runs are derided in the "Frogs." Tragedy was beginning to surrender to its handmaid, music. The "Persæ," then, was a libretto written for a score, a sort of oratorio accompanied by mimetic action. The music was the important and principal thing; the libretto was secondary. As libretto we may admit its merits—its dash and verve, its talent and cleverness, the varying fitness and perfection of the rhythm—probably, too, the suitability of the sonorous language to the music. As a poem, however, if we only think what Archilochus might have given us, "who knew how to make the dithyramb when thunder-smitten with wine," or what Simonides might have given us in a complete "Danaë," it reminds us that the mummy case is a tantalizing lottery. Or suppose that the papyrus had brought to light for the first time the "Enchantress" of Theocritus or the "Thyrsis," which bewitched the ear of Milton and inspired some of the cadences and turns of thought of "Lycidas," should we have doubted for an instant that these little waifs, not differing much in length from the fragment of the "Persæ," were true gems, and, in their own rank, things of beauty to be treasured forever?

From another point of view, we may resign ourselves with equanimity to the decrees of fortune which have buried almost

completely this branch of literature. Chance, in this case, has not been so very blind. It has doubtless saved the scholar much labor, and the littérateur some vexation of spirit. This particular relic leaves hardly a word to be changed in previous estimates of Timotheus, and confirms the best verdict of antiquity as to the merits and vices of his school. As a specimen to fill an empty niche in the history of Greek literature, it is invaluable, especially when illuminated by the commentary of such an editor as Wilamowitz-Moellendorff.

This scholar points out (page 64) that the "Persæ" itself bears witness to two things, viz., that Timotheus was proud of his musical innovations, and that he also felt the need of defending them. Chief among these innovations, in the eye of the unskilled, was the addition of one, or, as another tradition has it, of four strings to the lyre, or the cithara. This conflict of traditions leads Wilamowitz to reject the well-known story of the Spartan police breaking from Timotheus's lyre the four added strings. He justly regards as more probable the other tradition, which tells of the gradual extension of the scale from seven to eleven strings, and even names those who successively added one to the number already in use. If we might venture on a conjecture which would reconcile the conflicting traditions, it would be that while Timotheus himself may have added only the eleventh string, he may have been the first who had ever dared to present himself at the *agon* of the Spartan *karneia* with an instrument of more strings than the seven of Terpander's lyre. When the Spartans accused him of bringing the older music into contempt, Timotheus's own defence was that he had not innovated as boldly as their revered Terpander. Orpheus first contrived the shell of many lays; Terpander yoked the muse to ten strings; Timotheus sings to a cithara of eleven. Our author very justly regards this as special pleading, based, not on historical fact, but on the presumed ignorance of his judges.

In this connection Wilamowitz lays it down as unquestionable that the three or four-stringed lyre was a mere speculation of the theoretical musicians and at no time a real thing. Few students of the history of music will accept this dictum, for an original seven-stringed lyre almost necessarily implies an original seven-note scale, whereas all musical history compels us to believe that every race of men has begun with an incomplete scale; and there are excellent *a-priori* reasons for holding that the first lyres must have had strings for the tonic, the dominant, and the sub-dominant, and if a fourth string, then either the octave or the sixth, but no more. If the Hellenes started at once with a complete diatonic scale, they differed quite incredibly from every other race of men; while if they delayed the adoption or the invention of the lyre until they could give it seven strings, they were far behind the rest of mankind. The fact that one of the Homeric hymns gives seven strings to Apollo's lyre merely proves that the lyre had that number when that hymn was written. If we were bound to take such expressions literally, we should also have to accept the synonymity of lyra and cithara, which the poets use interchangeably, while from more exact writers we learn that they differed in shape and also particularly in their difficulty—the cithara being beyond the capacity of any except professional players.

While Timotheus probably carried innovation much further than his predecessors, the real author of the sudden revolution in citharody was his immediate forerunner, Phrynis. As Aristotle ('Metaphysics,' I^b, 1) puts it, "If there had been no Phrynis, there would have been no Timotheus." To understand the true nature of this revolution, we should conceive the music of the nome to have been analogous to our traditional hymn tunes (such as "Dundee," "Germany," etc., etc.). These established nomes were used with new words without much regard to fitness, as is the case with our old hymn tunes. This custom was reformed by the innovators, who now wrote new music for new poems, whether their own or not, just as has happened with our church music, and with much the same result—that the new nome was no longer adapted to ordinary musical talents, but required highly trained artists for its performance.

While these changes were going on in citharody, a similar development affected the dithyramb, into which, though confined at first to the dactylic measure, the freer verses were gradually introduced. These appear in the choral songs of Bacchylides, which the grammarians have called dithyrambs and which our author distinguishes (p. 102) as "narrative dithyrambs." Of the ancient dithyramb like those of Xenocrates (or Xenocritos) we have no example; but in the narrative lyric we see, as to-day in Wagner's work, what would naturally follow when the musician was also a poet. The fetters of the traditional style were broken, and measures were used which would afford the utmost freedom to imitative musical composition. The nome, and side by side with it the dithyramb, departed from the ancient models until they came so near each other that, from a musical point of view, the difference between them was merely in the name.

Technically, the changes introduced by Phrynis and Timotheus consisted in substituting for the sober and statuesque simplicity of the traditional melodies a style overloaded with ornaments and technical difficulties, including a richer instrumental accompaniment, a greater variety of modulations, a striving after surprising effects and striking contrasts. Whether or not it be true, as Gevaert affirms, that during the Peloponnesian war (431-405) the dithyramb was altered, in sympathy with the new citharody, from a choral composition to a *bravura* solo suited to display the skill of a *virtuoso* performer, like the Theban Dionysius, who was music-teacher to Epaminondas, or Stratonicus of Athens somewhat later, there can be no doubt that the innovators in each of these nearly allied styles encouraged and stimulated those in the other. For some reason—perhaps that aggressiveness which we detect in more than one of his fragments—Timotheus seems to have been regarded as the chief among the revolutionary reformers of music, and to have been selected as such by Pherecrates as the special object of his invectives against the then "Music of the Future." If we call Phrynis, as Gevaert does, the Rossini of Greek music, we should perhaps be justified in naming Timotheus its Wagner; and, if there is any truth in the story of the encouragement and consolation offered to him by Euripides, his words would seem to imply that the tragic writer also regarded him as the standard-bearer of musical reform.

French Music in the XIXth Century. By Arthur Hervey. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is a pleasure to come across a book so sane in its opinions, so free from bias, as Mr. Hervey's. He is not one of the pessimists who, having no sense of humor or knowledge of the history of criticism, forever parrot the opinion that all the great things in the world were achieved by men who are now dead. Nor has he any sympathy with those "sham aristarchs of taste" who recognize Brahms as "about the only modern composer." It was to writers of this class that Gluck referred when he spoke of "the pedants, doctors in taste, a species unfortunately too numerous, which in all periods has been a thousand times more pernicious to the progress of the fine arts than that of the ignoramuses." A venomous professional critic like Dr. Hanslick may be witty and entertaining, but an enthusiastic amateur like the late Sir George Grove does infinitely more good in the musical world. Music probably is, as Mr. Hervey remarks, the most disheartening of all the arts. For most musicians the struggle for recognition is extremely hard, and the period of popularity and fame very short. It is well, therefore, to seek for what is best in the living, and to dwell on and attempt to rescue what was best in the masters of the past. This is what Mr. Hervey has done in the present volume, and what helps to make it the best and most useful book on its subject.

Referring to the liberal subsidies granted by the French Government to the two opera houses in Paris, the author remarks: "The magnificent operatic harvest that has been gathered in Paris during the past century is eloquent of the good that accrues from State intervention, and speaks volumes in favor of Government subventions. It also points triumphantly to the great part taken by the French in the musical movement of the age." To be sure, not a few of the prominent names in the history of the Parisian opera are those of foreigners. But the very fact that Lulli, Gluck, Piccini, Cherubini. Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Donizetti came to Paris to seek a home at the Grand Opéra bears witness to the wisdom of the French policy and the beneficent results of the French love of dramatic music. Even Wagner, at the beginning of his career, tried his fortune in Paris; but the time was not propitious for him. Grétry, whose opinions were considerably in advance of his music, had, indeed, predicted in his 'Mémoires' (1789) that "one day everything that is not strictly in accordance with the poem will be rejected by the educated public; singers who add vocal ornamentation to their parts will be sent from the theatre to the concert room; roulades will seem so absurd that they will be employed only to imitate the nightingale." Gluck had not only preached, but practised such principles; but his operas were forgotten in the delirium of the Rossini fever, caused by music that violated all these principles; and the Rossini fever had been followed in Paris by the infatuation over the music of Meyerbeer, which retained much of what was meretricious in Rossini.

Mr. Hervey is not one of those who condemn Meyerbeer *in toto*. He makes no attempt to palliate his shortcomings, admitting that "there is something pathetic in the spectacle afforded by this richly endowed man seeking to curry favor first with one, then with the other; fearing to impose his ideas on the public, timorous of the opinion expressed by the obscurest journalist, ready to be the humble servant of the vocalist, and to gratify the whims of any prima donna by supplying her with vocal acrobatics"; but he nevertheless holds that Meyerbeer was a great man, who is now considerably underrated; and he calls attention to a point which his detractors have not sufficiently taken into consideration. Being, as a dramatist, certainly superior to Rossini, he was "gradually initiating the public in the understanding of a better class of music." Had he been as uncompromising as Wagner, he would at that time have frightened the masses away; whereas by making concessions he attracted them, and helped to prepare them for the understanding of the music drama. From this point of view Meyerbeer might even be regarded as a martyr, who benefited the cause of dramatic music by partly sacrificing the honorable place he might have held in the history of opera.

In a similar conciliatory spirit Mr. Hervey writes of that other Prussian Jew, Offenbach, who became the idol of the Parisians before the days of anti-Semitism. Although it was his musical buffooneries that won fame and fortune, there was a serious side to Offenbach. In the days when he was a musical critic he severely condemned "mercantile music," praised Mozart and Weber, and championed Berlioz. Through his buffo operas, moreover—and this is the screaming paradox of musical history—he became the ally of Wagner! Both in their librettos and in their music the Offenbach operettas were burlesques on the operas of the period, and as, especially in Paris, nothing is so fatal as ridicule, Offenbach thus helped to clear away the débris and pave the way for Wagner. Nor were his merits merely of this negative sort. He was an original melodist, and he had a genuine vein of musical humor on which Mr. Hervey does not dwell sufficiently.

Of the fourteen chapters in this book the best four are those on Berlioz, Gounod, Bizet, and Saint-Saëns. In common with most writers on music Mr. Hervey teaches that Berlioz "inaugurated a new epoch in the art of instrumentation." This is giving him more honor than he deserves. His first great orchestral work appeared several years after Weber's "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe," and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. In these three works, much more than in those of Berlioz, lie the germs of the orchestral splendors of Wagner, Liszt, Dvorák, and other great modern colorists. Berlioz needs no apostle; he is at present over rather than under-rated. Ideas, after all, are much more important than colors. Berlioz himself wrote that "sound and sonority rank below the musical idea"; and since our author agrees that Berlioz was not gifted with a rich vein of melody, his themes being often "poor and trivial," and that he did not "shine appreciably as a harmonist," he evidently should have denied him genius while allowing him talent, instead of the reverse; for musical genius consists chiefly in the power of originating new melodies and harmonies. The point in which Berlioz most resembled Wagner and other men of undoubted genius was in his audacity—his bold defiance of artificial rules and his determination to write as he saw fit. In his operas we miss even this audacity; they are conventional, and have never enjoyed any success.

In America, Gounod means "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet." In France he means incomparably more. For a time his vogue and influence were almost as great as Mendelssohn's in England. At present there is a reaction, but the best of his work will live, and it will include much more than the two operas named. "Among all the composers of the nineteenth century," says Mr. Hervey, "probably not one has appealed so much to the heart of woman as Gounod"; and since women constitute nine-tenths of our musical audiences, it is not likely that they will forego the pleasure of hearing his sweet, emotional melodies. They should try to make propaganda for his sacred music in this country; and they would do well to read pages 127 to 129 of Mr. Hervey's book, where he calls attention to the fact that Gounod's genius is at its best in the prelude and first act of "Faust," to which most hearers pay little attention. Our author's remarks on Saint-Saëns also are to be highly commended to the attention of professionals and amateurs. Saint-Saëns is, as he points out, the only modern master who may justly claim to have achieved success in all the great branches of music. Not only has he reached a high level in the French specialty—operatic music—but "he is the first Frenchman who may be said to have successfully competed with German composers on their own ground, that is, in the domain of symphonic and chamber music." He is, at the same time, of all composers the most difficult to describe; and that makes him interesting to write about. Mr. Hervey devotes sixteen pages to him; and in his last chapters he brings the story of French music up to our day with Bruneau and Charpentier, who represent the Wagnerian phase of Gallic art. Optimist to the last, he declares that the musical situation in France has probably never been so promising as it is now.

Wordsworth. By Walter Raleigh, Author of 'Style,' etc. London: Edward Arnold. 1903.

Mr. Raleigh's 'Wordsworth' will not disappoint the reasonable expectation of those who read his 'Milton' a short time since. If the later book is the less satisfactory, it is because Wordsworth is a more difficult subject than Milton, and presents problems of a more subtle character. Mr. F. W. H. Myers's 'Wordsworth' was one of the best of the "English Men of Letters," and that one who remembers it can read Mr. Raleigh's book with keen delight and with no painful sense of difference and inferiority, is liberal praise. More exclusively critical than Mr. Myers, Mr. Raleigh is less biographical. To appreciate Wordsworth's poetry, he does not think it necessary to pay much attention to his life after the publication of "The Excursion." He had then thirty-six years more to live, but his work was done, save for a few fitful gleams. On the other hand, we are assured that we cannot profitably neglect those parts of Wordsworth's poetry published before "The Excursion" which are commonly least esteemed, and especially by those who think themselves the special guardians of his fame. We cannot, thinks Mr. Raleigh, attend too carefully to those theories of his art which meant so much to Wordsworth, and to the poems which illustrate those theories. "Are not his professions and his method worthy of the closest examination even where he seems to have failed?" We can understand a great poet as little as a great soldier without attending to his defeats. "Indeed, it is from the defeats that most may commonly be learned, for there the same genius and boldness that lead to victory are seen overreaching themselves, planning too ambitiously, trusting too superbly, until at the crisis and height they are broken by their own excess." With Wordsworth it is preëminently so. Mr. Raleigh is not the first to claim that the wisdom of Wordsworth's theories was justified by their children, but he claims this with a boldness and emphasis which few of the later critics of Wordsworth have approached. He does not deny the failures, but he insists that some of the most notable successes were distinctly illustrations of those principles upon which Wordsworth's detractors and admirers have flung themselves with equal rage.

If but little more than half of Wordsworth's lifetime signifies for the student of his poetry, the part that counts cannot be attended to with too patient care; hence Mr. Raleigh's chapters, "Childhood and Education" and "The French Revolution: Coleridge." "There was nothing Wordsworthian, so to say, about the boy Wordsworth," is a wide departure from Wordsworth's own persuasion that

> "The child is father of the man."

What availed for him was his "emotion recollected in tranquillity," his return upon his early life with nature after the failure of the hopes which rose upon him with the dawn of the French Revolution and set behind its storm-tost, blood-red clouds. He had to free himself not only from the hallucinations of that period of storm and stress, but from the imitative zeal of his earliest poetical production. It is an interesting and valuable criticism that here his emancipation never was complete; that in some of his more admired passages he is a pensioner upon the art of others, clothing his sentiments in the phrase and manner of Shakspere. If these passages were the best he had to offer us, Mr. Raleigh would feel his occupation gone. He quotes one of them from "The Affliction of Margaret," and compares its sonorous roll and pomp with another passage from the same poem of a purer and more wonderful beauty, in which Wordsworth's practice is a perfect illustration of his theory. Much more important than his early love of poetry was his early delight in natural scenes and sounds,

> "A feeling and a love
> That had no need of a remoter charm
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye."

This sensuous passion lasted until the fevers of the French Revolution supervened and drove it out. It never was renewed, but it fed the roots of Wordsworth's poetical mysticism until that, too,

faded away into the common light of those conventional sentiments and opinions which were the pale illumination of his later years. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that his revolutionary ardors left no deep impression on his mind. They initiated him into mysteries of pain and darkness but for which his voice never could have vibrated with the intensity it often manifested. Henceforth there were for him *lachrymae rerum*: through all the gladness of the world there was a pathetic undertone of human misery which he must try to understand and to resolve into some deeper harmony.

The study of Wordsworth's relation to Coleridge abounds in interesting matter. It abates considerably from the praise commonly given to Coleridge's criticism of Wordsworth's doctrine of poetic diction, contending that, in so far as this doctrine broke down in practice, it was not because the speech of humble folk and ordinary life had not the value assigned to it by Wordsworth, but because the arrangement of words is quite as important as their meaning or their associations. But Wordsworth's poetic diction has a chapter to itself of extremely fresh and valuable appreciation. It is commonly argued that just in proportion as the poet failed to observe his own rules he wrote well, whereas Mr. Raleigh insists that he seldom obeyed his own rules, and that such poems as those describing Michael and Margaret, in which he most nearly observed his rules, are among the best he wrote. A comparison of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" with Wordsworth's "Peter Bell" carries the discussion to its highest point of interest. The two began "The Ancient Mariner" in collaboration, but their respective manners proved so radically different that the experiment broke down. "Peter Bell" is Wordsworth's "Ancient Mariner." His attempt to achieve an effect as profound as that of Coleridge's supernaturalism without supernatural means failed most lamentably, the unexplored associations of Peter's ass proving as fatal as those of the idiot-boy in the poem seldom named but with contempt. Nevertheless, we are assured, and this convincingly, that in these failures Wordsworth was knitting up his strength for such successes as were attained only a little further on.

A chapter called "Nature" and one called "Humanity" are the two most subtly reasoned of the seven which make up the sum of Mr. Raleigh's book. In the former he takes definite issue with Mr. John Morley, where that writer says, opposing Wordsworth, "No 'impulse from a vernal wood' can teach us anything at all of evil or of good." Mr. Raleigh contends that Nature was what she was to Wordsworth in virtue of no "pathetic fallacy," but because of his resolute determination to see her in her simplicity and reality, with a "wise passiveness." Nor did he blink the "red with ravin" side that Nature turns to the biologist, but "joy in widest commonalty spread" was the pervasive fact which no tragic circumstance could long obscure. The "Humanity" chapter successfully rebuts the notion that Wordsworth's interest in nature was fatal to his sympathy with human life. The next chapter, "Illumination," sometimes gives us momentary wonder whether it is of Wordsworth or of Emerson that we are reading. The whole doctrine of Wordsworth on the lessons of Nature is quoted in one noble passage. "If it is didactic, it teaches not by forced parallel, but by perceived identity." His moral reflections are never homiletic in their intention, but are the surprises of wonder and awe that come to him in the true mystic fashion, which is not to look *through* things, but *at* them till they speak. It does not seem possible that any one can read Mr. Raleigh's book and not feel with its author that, however signally and obviously Wordsworth failed in some particulars, "it is a good discipline to follow that intense and fervid spirit, as far as may be, to the heights that denied him access."

The Angevin Empire (A. D. 1154-1216). By Sir James H. Ramsay of Bamff, M.A. With maps and illustrations. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

M. Aulard, in writing the political history of the French Revolution, affirms that he has made no statement which cannot be justified by an appeal to original authorities. Sir James Ramsay might almost repeat this claim on behalf of his 'Foundations of England,' his 'Lancaster and York,' and his 'Angevin Empire.' The latest of his works is marked by the same qualities of diligence and thoughtfulness which have distinguished its predecessors, and follows the same methods. The military motive is again emphasized, and we observe once more a strong desire to determine particular facts; but, from the nature of the subject, the antiquarian element is less conspicuous in the 'Angevin Empire' than in the 'Foundations of England.' For the political, administrative, and military history of England during the reigns of Henry II. and his two sons, this volume is a learned and valuable compendium of facts. Of the three rulers whose acts are here traced, Henry II. must be styled the founder of the Angevin Empire and its chief representative, for Richard was no politician, and John, by the failure which attended his crimes, merited the title of "Lackland." Considered from the standpoint of the Angevin dynasty, Henry's reign is by far the most interesting of the three, and the political success of the father in everything save his domestic policy gives him clear precedence of his sons. Accordingly, in the present notice, we shall confine our comment to Sir James Ramsay's judgment of Henry II., especially as more than half the narrative is devoted to his reign.

The paradox of Henry's career is, that, while building up an empire, he should not have been actuated by an imperial policy. There can be no doubt concerning the degree of prestige which he enjoyed throughout the whole of western Europe. The Conqueror himself had not been so famous nor so courted. As Sir James Ramsay says:

"Henry's management of foreign affairs was undeniably successful. He held France in the hollow of his hand. He built up and kept together in a marvellous manner a Continental dominion in which the antipathies of Norman and Gaston, of Breton and Poitevin, as well as the instincts of Feudalism, had to be mastered and held down. These possessions were protected by friendly alliances with Germany, Maurienne, Arragon, and Castille. He established a footing in Ireland, and effectually asserted the supremacy of England over Wales and Scotland. With respect to the latter country, we must especially praise the tact with which Henry kept his hold on William the Lion without irritating the Scots by interference in their domestic affairs. All this was due to the moderation of his aims and his persistence in following them up."

But over against these triumphs must be set the pathetic humiliation of Henry's last days, and that spectacle of filial disobedience which, at the distance of more than a hundred years, impressed itself upon the imagination of Dante (*Inferno*, xxviii., 130-142). Not only did the Angevin Empire lack coherence, but its greatest ruler had no conception of perpetuating it, as can be seen from his scheme of heritage partition. Sir James Ramsay, while crediting Henry with cleverness, activity, and unusual diplomatic gifts, calls him "ignorant of human nature and of the world in which he lived." Otherwise, after crowning Henry, he could not have declared Richard heir to Aquitaine; and again, after the "young king's" death and Richard's designation to the crown, he could not have planned to make John the lord of Ireland. Feudalism and nationality both stood in the way of an Angevin Empire; but more fatal to it than either was the family policy of Henry II. With a dynastic position which in many ways anticipated that of Charles V., he pursued a different policy, for Charles desired Philip to be Emperor, while Henry had no sense of structural or even nominal unity.

Sir James Ramsay has selected a picturesque title, and one which can easily be justified by a reference to the Continental interests of Henry II. and his sons. As a matter of fact, however, this volume is a contribution to English history in a somewhat limited sense of the word. References to Continental affairs cannot fail to occur at frequent intervals, but English authorities have been followed very largely, and the rôle of the Angevins is considered with a view to its English rather than to its European associations. One of Sir James Ramsay's specialties is the Becket controversy, which he approaches with the design of showing what "Liberty of the Church" meant at a time when the words possessed real significance. His personal estimate of Becket is one that would have satisfied Froude rather than Freeman—to recall an historical *cause célèbre*:

"An undoubted martyr, but no true saint, he fought and fell in the cause of sacerdotalism pure and simple. The ascendency of the clergy in matters temporal was the ultimate end for which he strove. He would have subjected England to a virtual hierarchy, of all known forms of government perhaps the very worst. No sense of patriotism, no regard for the cause of the poor, for the advancement of education, or even of religion, except as resultant from clerical domination, can be traced in his words or acts. Fighting what might be supposed to be a spiritual cause, and with spiritual weapons, he conducted the struggle in a thoroughly secular spirit. With all his Biblical jargon, he fought as a politician and the leader of a political party; and such, but for his end, would have been the unanimous verdict of history."

Sir James Ramsay's account of the Angevin invasion of Ireland opens up an interesting question—the more so as he admits the authenticity of *Laudabiliter* in opposition to Mr. Round, and also to Professor Thatcher, whose study apparently he has not seen. The point is too involved and too technical for discussion here, but we certainly think that Sir James Ramsay

advances no satisfactory grounds for the acceptance of this much-debated document. The only other matter upon which we shall touch is a general one. Sir James Ramsay, like other investigators, has found that the mediæval chroniclers are utterly mendacious in their exaggeration of numbers and amounts. Going a step further, he endeavors to set up a standard by the aid of which the statistics of twelfth and thirteenth-century annalists may be reduced to their proper dimensions.

"I have lost," he says, "no opportunity of testing these, wherever possible, by comparison with more authentic personal or Record evidence, the last being the only authority really trustworthy. The result is that I find that multiplication by ten might almost be called a normal rate of amplification. Whether dealing with the strength of an army or the produce of a tax, the student *prima facie* will do well to take one-tenth of any given number if he would arrive at a prudent estimate. In some cases that proportion would be found too large."

Here is another interesting sidelight on the Ages of Faith!

Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society. By Richard T. Ely. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The author of these essays, which appear as a volume in the "Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology," states it to be his conviction that "scientific work in the field of the humanities may generally be made interesting to intelligent citizens through cultivation of clearness in statement and literary style." He adds that it is his aim, as editor of this Library, to bring every volume up to the present standard of science, and that he hopes even to push forward the boundaries of knowledge. The statement of these aspirations, he thinks, will prove helpful to the reader, who is in some danger of going astray in that immense borderland where economics, ethics, biology, and sociology meet.

We concur in the view that scientific work may be made interesting in the manner proposed, but we can think of no definition of scientific work that would include such matter as is here collected. The book is largely compiled from miscellaneous writings and speeches, and furnishes little evidence either of "cultivation of clearness in statement and literary style," or of careful observation and sound reasoning. Very few of its conclusions, indeed, make any pretence of being logically deduced. They seem to the author to be established scientifically when they please the public, or are in harmony with his own predilections. The lessons of experience are frequently ignored altogether; sometimes they are grossly misstated. The dedication of the book is significant of its quality, being to Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court, "in appreciation of the enlightened philosophy so conspicuous in his opinions, which is laying a firm foundation for a superstructure of industrial liberty"!

In this enlightened spirit the author assures the intelligent citizen whom he addresses that "for a long time, in this country, under the influence of eighteenth-century philosophy, we were inclined to regard men as substantially equal," but that it is now plain "that this theory works disaster, and is indeed cruel to those who are in the lower stages, resulting in their exploitation and degradation." The bearing of this on our slaughter of the Filipinos is grimly humorous. Such doctrine is not rendered more palatable by the platitude that "processes of readjustment in human relationships always have brought suffering, and doubtless always will bring suffering, although the suffering may be greatly mitigated by a better will and a higher intelligence." The author is on surer ground when he informs us that where differences of wealth pass a certain point—of uncertain position—they operate as a social barrier. Those who contest this proposition may know that it has been recognized by philosophers from time immemorial. It is equally safe to assert that those who sympathize with the employing class read with approval newspapers which express their sympathies, while those who entertain the views of the working classes read with approval the diametrically opposite utterances of the labor press. "The effects of classes are both good and evil," we are told; those who would know more than this are assured that "it rests with us to see whether or not the forces of social union shall triumph over the forces of social disintegration." In the name of the Prophet—Figs!

As to the formidable question whether the vigor of a population may not be decreased by the modern provisions made for saving the lives of those who would have formerly perished of their weakness, the author explains that the apprehensions felt by Charles Darwin and Professor Marshall are unwarranted by the facts. "There has been a great deal of talk on this subject, but no strictly scientific work." Several "thoughts and observations" convince the author that the vigor of modern nations is increasing; but he admits that his views are not final. "What is here stated must be regarded as only suggestions, which, it is hoped, will be followed up by others, and upon which the writer will be glad himself to do further work, if leisure therefor can be found."

It is rather startling to read that "competitive price is uniform"; "where we have perfect competition working, we have one uniform price charged for the same article at the same time." Some account of the existence of such a state of prices, drawn from experience, would be of much interest. Much is said of the "cause of labor," by which is meant the claims of the participants in those monopolies known as trade unions. Nothing is said of the rights of those unfortunate laborers who are deprived of employment by trade-union policy; nor is there any reference to the system of piracy called the protective tariff. That scandalous piece of political jobbery, the Industrial Commission, is highly praised, especially because of the large number of "economists" who secured remunerative employment thereunder. According to our author, these persons were selected in response to the demand of public opinion. Other influences, it is well known, operate in the distribution of this form of political patronage; and there are worse cases than that of the Industrial Commission.

We are not surprised that the taxation of inheritances finds great favor with this author. His scheme, he complacently observes, will stand every test that can be applied to it. It is so perfectly in keeping with true democracy that the purer the democratic countries have become in which this reform has been tried, "the more they are inclined to move further along the same line. . . . It antagonizes no other line of progress, but helps forward every other true reform. . . . It lays a burden heavy to be borne on no one." As a matter of fact, this "reform," to take the State of New York as an example (the rate of taxation there, by the way, is incorrectly stated), has been attended with outrageous corruption, and is carried out by the odious practice of paying spies and informers. The burden is a very heavy one, as every lawyer knows who has to settle an estate; and few estates can be settled without the aid of a lawyer. A small estate is often mulcted in an amount equal to that received by the State. The process of settling the tax is frequently vexatious to the last degree, and it is speaking moderately to say that no other tax is so expensive in collection or so annoying to its victims. The tax "meets with approval" because politicians and demagogues think that it falls on the rich; but they ignore the forces which cause the diffusion of taxes, and the resort to informers proves that the incidence of the tax is unequal. To say that such a tax meets every test that can be applied to it shows the superficiality of Professor Ely's views. His intentions are doubtless benevolent; but the boundaries of our knowledge are not pushed forward by pouring a collection of platitudes and fallacies into a menstruum of sentimentality.

George H. Hepworth: Preacher, Journalist, Friend of the People. The story of his life, told by Susan Hayes Ward. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Mr. Hepworth could not have had a biographer more disposed to give a favorable account of him. If the note of personal loyalty obscures that of the judicial biographer, it does this so obviously that due allowance can be made. Mr. Hepworth was not a great man. He was not a fresh and original thinker, nor a powerful one; he was not an editor whose rank was with the first or second best; his stock in trade was a handsome face, a good voice, and a fund of good nature and good fellowship. There was nothing in his character or his achievement to justify an elaborate biography, and Miss Ward's must be regarded as a tribute of that private affection of whose fond exaggeration we are many of us beneficiaries to an appreciable degree.

Several aspects of Mr. Hepworth's life present a surprising if not contradictory appearance. He was apparently still-born (1833), yet grew up to be a "muscular Christian," rejoicing in his strength, which he cultivated by "deep breathing" and gymnastic exercises, while yet again his proud health proved unstable; for many years he was an heroic sufferer, and he died midway of his seventieth year. Entering the Unitarian ministry when he was but twenty-two, after a brief settlement in Nantucket he went to Boston, where he sided with the radical Unitarians, and on the death of Theodore Parker pronounced a generous eulogy upon him and administered a rebuke to Dr. Bellows for saying that Parker had not complied with the conditions of salvation. Two of his Boston ventures excited particular attention—one, the institution of theatre-preaching, a showy but futile enterprise; the other, a theological school

corrective of the pretensions of "a learned ministry." The results discredited the method; and the Harvard Divinity School, after emulating for a time its bad example, adopted higher standards for entrance and graduation than had been insisted on before.

The Church of the Messiah in New York with a big debt and a small congregation, and suffering from an overdose of "scholarship," resolving on the opposite extreme, called Mr. Hepworth, who by this time (1869) had so far abjured his theological radicalism that he engaged with heart and hope in an attempt to foist a creed upon the Unitarian Association. For her account of this business Miss Ward has gone to Dr. A. P. Putnam, Mr. Hepworth's principal coadjutor. They thought they had secured Dr. Bellows for their great ally, but in the moment of their anticipated triumph he turned and rent their project in a fatal manner. Dr. Putnam thinks he was captured by the young radicals, but Dr. Hedge's influence is a likelier explanation. Dr. Putnam seems to have forgotten that Dr. Hedge's heavy guns did quite as much as Dr. Bellows's Rupert charge to ruin the reactionary line of battle. What Mr. Hepworth had failed to do in the Unitarian Association he attempted the next year in the National Unitarian Conference, and his persistency was rewarded by some measure of success. But it was far short of the lengthened dogmatism of the creed drawn out in eight elaborate articles to which he aspired. The next step was one of the surprising contradictions. In default of a more definite Unitarian creed, he resorted to one definitely orthodox. He would gladly have made over his church into his own likeness, but there were difficulties in the way, and a painful situation was developed. In the excited Unitarian imagination Mr. Hepworth was hardly to be distinguished from "the man who stole a meeting-house." Finally, he joined the Congregationalists, and in 1872 the Church of the Disciples was built for him—a huge monstrosity of corrugated iron, its "squatty dimensions" affording an outward and visible sign of a mortgage of $200,000 on the property. To lift this might have been possible had not the crash of 1873 supervened. In 1876 the building was sold at auction and bought back by the trustees for a fraction of its orginal cost—a transaction in which the children of this world were not wiser in their generation than the children of light. Even when Mr. Russell Sage had cleared the church of debt, Mr. Hepworth found the burden of its pecuniary anxieties greater than he could bear, and he resigned his charge in 1879.

He had already become a writer for the New York *Herald*, and for the remainder of his life the best part of his energy flowed into the columns of that paper, yet never in a manner that was significant of detachment from his original calling. The "play impulse" was strong in him, but he liked work better than play, preaching better than yachting; and for some years he did regular preaching in Newark in connection with editorial work on the *Herald*. When in 1885 he was made superintending editor of the *Herald*, his formal connection with the Newark church ceased, but not his preaching then or ever. Besides, the *Herald* afforded him a pulpit from which he addressed a congregation larger by many thousands than that which he had gathered in the Church of the Disciples. Mr. Bennett of the *Herald* had other affinities with him than those of the yachtsman; he liked his preaching, and proposed to him a series of editorial sermons. These delighted a great multitude of readers. They avoided controversy, they pleaded for "the unity of the spirit," they went far to identify religion with the moral life. On similar lines Mr. Hepworth wrote a number of small books which were particularly acceptable to that large body of people who like to have the mysteries of a future life treated with happy confidence, and Mr. Hepworth wrote of them as knowingly as of Ireland and Armenia after his visits to those countries. He died June 7, 1902, and his body, which he had always respected, was cremated in accordance with his wishes and commands.

The Mental Traits of Sex: An Experimental Investigation of the Normal Mind of Men and Women. By Helen Bradford Thompson. The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

The comparative psychology of men and women has been one of the last things seriously to interest mankind. A few questionable generalities about the minor distinctions of sex, an occasional newspaper paragraph on the relative sensibility of the sexes, sufficed for the curiosity of the lay public, always rather impatient of such comparisons; men of science, until lately, left psychology to the Philosophers, who are seldom minute. Mathematics and, one by one, the rest of the sciences long since shook off the guiding hand of philosophy; psychology is the baby among them, now sharply reminded that she is precocious, now warned that she must walk alone. With much energy and still more uncertainty of result, she does now, in fact, walk alone. In all reputable colleges psychology now has a separate chair. Ten years ago Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his 'Man and Woman,' drew up a very clear and popular summary of the results of modern study of sexual differences, ranging over the whole field of those differences as they are displayed by the human being from birth to death. Some of the conclusions which he quoted have achieved a popular success—that woman is centripetal, her motions tending inward from right to left, as man is centrifugal, with his motions outward from left to right; that Tennyson went far when he denied that woman is undeveloped man, but not far enough—the truth being that man is undeveloped woman, since woman approximates more closely to the infantile type, which is higher in the line of evolution than the adult type. This interesting generalization is supported by the marked effeminization of highly civilized man. But, after all, valuable as it is, Mr. Havelock Ellis's report left the reader with a conviction of the profound inconclusiveness of all the evidence that may be fairly called subjective, and the conflicting character of the rest. Even on the objective question of the relative weight of the brain, the statistics conflict. All agree that a man's brain weighs more than a woman's, but only absolutely; relatively it is lighter; which raises the question, relatively to what? To difference of weight or difference of measurement? The point is still debated. But it is not till we reach the field of such experiments as Miss Thompson's that we appreciate how elusive is the subjective and how completely we are at the mercy of shifting statistics. Lombroso in Italy finds the sense of touch more obtuse in women; Jastrow at Wisconsin University finds the same sense more obtuse in men. Who shall calculate and allow for all that differentiates the Italian woman of the middle and lower classes from the American girl who goes to a co-educational college? Those who range over a different manor cannot expect to put up the same game.

Miss Thompson's little volume of 188 pages is a report of careful experimental work in a narrow field. The subjects of her experiments were twenty-five men and twenty-five women chosen from the undergraduates and younger graduate students of Chicago University. Colleges and prisons are the favorite experimenting-ground of psychology. But it must be admitted that at present the college woman is not exactly comparable with the college man. She is usually the cleverest girl of her family, urged by ambition or poverty or incompatibility of temper to leave her home; he goes to college as a matter of course, whether for the training or the athletics or the social prestige. Time will adjust this difference and color Miss Thompson's results with anachronism. The number of her subjects is fatally small; another set of fifty students even drawn from the same university might reverse all her results.

Miss Thompson's experiments covered the various senses, motor ability, intellectual processes, and affective processes. Her tests of taste by a series of solutions went to prove that men have a keener discrimination for strong tastes in all cases, except for salt; this fact has no doubt secured to men the profession of wine and tea-tasting. Miss Thompson does not seem to have taken into account that her men subjects probably smoked while the women almost certainly did not. It is hard to believe that persistent smoking does not lessen the keenness of perception for the weaker solutions. The method employed in this test was that of Messrs. Nichols and Bailey, who reached a conclusion precisely opposite. Miss Thompson's results, however, fall into line with those of Ottolenghi. One of the Chicago men could not distinguish sour, another did not know sweet from bitter; these cases could scarcely be called normal, and for so small a number they would destroy the value of an average. In the test of smell, also by solutions, the women had lower thresholds—*i. e.*, were slightly more sensitive to the weaker solution—while for strong odors, as for strong tastes, the men were more discriminating. The popular way of stating this would be that a woman detects a faint smell more easily, while men more readily find a strong scent too strong. But the evidence from other experiments on smell is, so far, conflicting. The same is true of hearing. Jastrow, Galton, and Lombroso found the hearing of women more acute; Miss Thompson's experiment revealed a slight superiority of women in pitch discrimination. No conclusive test has as yet been made; probably the masculine monopoly of piano-tuning is, *en attendant*, fairly significant to the lay mind.

Like nearly all investigators, Miss

Thompson found that women have the better memory, while men have far greater ingenuity. The competition in general questions showed that women were ahead in mathematics, biology, and English literature, equal with the men in chemistry, inferior in history and physics. This is obviously a test that, in the case of only fifty students, has no value at all for sex-discrimination. All the authorities agree on the greater motor ability of men. In factories the manufacture of the best cigars and cigarettes—a good test of deftness and speed—is never intrusted to women. In card-sorting the women were more rapid, but here color-blindness, so frequent in men, comes into play. The discovery that, among fifty students, the women devote less time than men to study, or that women for their recreation prefer the opera while men prefer outdoor sports, is again wholly without significance.

Miss Thompson's tests were made with great care, and probably reached a high pitch of accuracy. While some of them seem to be valueless, it is, at any rate, certain that if definite conclusions on any or all of these questions are to be reached, it must be from an enormous amount of cumulative evidence, based on such tests as these. Her work is in this sense a contribution. Its value for statistics lies partly in the fact that she was not, like some psychologists, content with averages; the numerous diagrams in the volume are of curves which show at a glance the abnormal man or woman whose presence in a group of twenty-five would have stultified an average. Miss Thompson betrays no bias. Her general conclusion is that psychological differences of sex are largely due

"not to difference of average capacity, nor to difference in type of mental activity, but to differences in the social influences brought to bear on the developing individual from early infancy to adult years. . . . If it were really a fundamental difference of instincts and characteristics which determined the difference of training to which the sexes are subjected, it would not be necessary to spend so much effort in making boys and girls follow the lines of conduct proper to their sex" (p. 181).

Generally speaking, Miss Thompson's work and her summary of results obtained by others tend to show that the clear distinctions of such writers as Lombroso are being gradually superseded. Lombroso, confronted with the athletic American girl of to-day, might well have been more tentative. One of the compensations for women to which Mr. Ellis drew attention was the fact that if the male is, as Lombroso asserts, everywhere and in all respects more variable than the female, that same variability gives us the preponderance of male idiots no less than of male geniuses. Karl Pearson has vigorously attacked this theory on the ground that the sex which produced the greatest abnormalities of genius and idiocy would not necessarily produce the widest normal variations. In any case, it seems to be the pretty general opinion that it will be safer for women not to "lose the childlike in the larger mind." Meanwhile, the fluctuations of sexual psychology rival the fluctuations of the Homeric question.

R. F. and H. L. Doherty on Lawn Tennis. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1903.

In a chapter of this book comparing lawn tennis with other games, Mr. Eustace Miles makes the strong statement that, with this precious volume in their possession, "there is now no reason why beginners and others should continue in error." We have never believed it possible to learn any game by precept alone, but certainly any young player who will read this book carefully and try to adopt, in his daily practice, the principles laid down by the Messrs. Doherty, can hardly fail to improve. The authors have just added the American championships to a long list of similar honors, and are undoubtedly the best living exemplars of this excellent game; and in their preface they declare that they have kept back nothing, but have given all their secrets to the world. The most important of their injunctions, and one that is repeatedly insisted on, is the necessity of keeping the eye on the ball, instead of yielding for an instant to the temptation to see what the opponent is doing on the other side of the net. This is quite as important as the analogous necessity in the game of golf. Then comes the overhead or smash stroke, the accurate execution of which is the sure indication of a fine player; and lastly—and perhaps most important of all—the young player is advised to cultivate a moderate first service which will practically always land in the court, rather than a severe one which will generally be a fault.

The writers appreciate the difficulties of what is known as the American service, but they have shown in recent games that these difficulties can be successfully overcome. Of the leading American players they have a high opinion, and consider that when they fail their failure is due to lack of steadiness, to the effort to achieve severity rather than certainty, and to their weakness in executing the low volley. Presumably this judgment was in print prior to the Newport tournament, and its correctness was signally demonstrated by that event.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A History of Johnny Quae Genus. New edition. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Ashley, W. J. The Adjustment of Wages. Longmans, Green & Co.
Bain, Alexander. Dissertations on Leading Philosophical Topics. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Aftermath. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Bignell, Effie. Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Boniface, John J. The Cavalry Horse and his Pack. Kansas City, Mo.: The Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.
Boone, Henry B. The Career Triumphant. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Cain, Neville. The Fairies' Circus. R. H. Russell.
Corwin, Edward T. A Manual of the Reformed Church in America. Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America. $3 net.
Dallas, Richard. A Master Hand. Putnams. $1.00 net.
Darling, Mr. Justice. Scintillæ Juris. London: Stevens & Haynes.
Dodge, Charles W. General Zoölogy. American Book Co.
Dunlap, John R. Jeffersonian Democracy. The Jeffersonian Society.
Fahie, J. J. Galileo. James Pott & Co. $5.00.
Flick, Lawrence F. Consumption a Curable and Preventable Disease. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.00.
Foa, Eugénie. Le Petit Robinson de Paris. American Book Co.
Forrest, G. W. Cities of India. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Fowler, Ellen T. Place and Power. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Fox, John, jr. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Scribners. $1.50.
Froissart, Jean. Chronicle, Vol. VI. Translated by Lord Berners. (The Tudor Translations.) London: David Nutt.
Gottschalck, Oscar von. Innocent Industries. R. H. Russell. $1.25.
Hammond, J. L. Le B. Charles James Fox. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: James Pott & Co. $2.00 net.
Hart, Albert B. Actual Government. (American Citizen Series.) Longmans, Green & Co.
Heyse, Paul. Mary of Magdala. Translated by William Winter. The Macmillan Co.
Hobson, Anne. In Old Alabama. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Horne, Olive B., and Scobey, Kathrine L. Stories of Great Artists. American Book Co.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Little Comrade. J. F. Taylor & Co. 75c. net.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Light that Failed. New edition, stage illustrations. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Laing, Gordon J. Masterpieces of Latin Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
McCutcheon, George B. The Sherrods. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Miller, D. R. The Criminal Classes. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Publishing House. $1 net.
Norris, Frank. A Deal in Wheat. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Paine, Albert B. The Wanderings of Joe and Little Em. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Palmer, Frederick. The Vagabond. Scribners. $1.50.
Partsch, Joseph. Central Europe. (Appleton's World Series.) D. Appleton & Co.
Rice, Clarence E. Illustrations for Sermons. Putnams. $1.00 net.
Special Summer Number of the International Studio. J. S. Cotman, by Laurence Bingan. David Cox, by A. L. Baldry. Peter De Wint, by Walter Shaw Sparrow. John Lane. $2.00 net.
Stanwood, Edward. American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century. Vol. I. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Stiles, Robert. Four Years under Marse Robert. Washington, D. C.: The Neale Publishing Co. $2.00.
Sunday Reading for the Young, 1904. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Taylor, Joseph R. The Overture. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Thacher, John B. Christopher Columbus, Vol. II. Putnams.
Thompson, R. C. The Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia. Vol. I. London: Luzac & Co. 16s. net.
Webster, W. F. Elementary Composition. (Webster-Cooley Language Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Wiggin, Kate D. Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Willis, Frederick M. The City of Is, and Other Poems. San Francisco: Mercury Press. $1.
Winter, Louise. Hearts Aflame. The Smart Set Publishing Co. $1.50.
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CHAPTER I.—THE MEN WHO MADE IT

ONE HUNDRED years ago Noah Webster—journalist, scholar, patriot—was brooding a great undertaking. He had worked with Jay and Hamilton for the adoption of the Constitution and the support of Washington's administration; freedom and order were established; now for a science and literature worthy of the young republic! At the foundation of all is language. Webster had already made a Speller which speedily became and long remained a text-book for the entire people, training to uniformity of spelling and pronunciation, and yielding the author a maintenance which enabled him to carry on the vast and uncompensated work of "An American Dictionary of the English Language." In the exposition of that language no real advance had been made since Johnson's dictionary sixty years before. The new age and the new country had produced a flood of new words and usages for which there was no interpreter or arbiter. Webster essayed to cover the whole literature and the living use of the English-speaking race, with special inclusion of the new nationality. He brought to the task a natural genius for language, a special aptitude for lucid, exact, and terse definition, a ripe scholarship, and a tireless industry. With his work well begun, he stopped to broaden his knowledge, and mastered the main vocabularies of twenty languages. He studied for a year in Europe. Johnson worked intermittently for eight years on his dictionary; Webster spent twenty years on his. He gave it to the world in 1828—a splendid monument of scholarship, and in its substance fitted to every-day needs. But it was in two bulky volumes; its price was $20, it contained a few eccentricities of spelling, and the American public was not yet emancipated from deference to English authority. The first edition of 2,500 copies was enough for thirteen years. Webster stood to his guns, bated no jot of his peculiarities even where most unpopular, revised the work on its original lines, and brought out a new edition, at $15, in 1841. That, too, found little sale; and in 1843 Webster passed away, after a full and happy life, but with his *magnum opus* lying stranded like Robinson Crusoe's boat, a vessel too big for the builder to launch.

One hundred years ago, to a country printer in western Massachusetts was born his first son, George Merriam. The second son was Charles, and then came a flock of brothers and sisters. The boys were educated in the district school and the printing office; they toiled early and late; when their father died they gave their slender patrimony to their mother and sisters, and pushed their own way; and in 1831 G. & C. Merriam began business as retail booksellers in Springfield, Mass. They gave to business every hour not given to their families or their church. They began publishing in a modest way, notably an admirable series of school readers—the "Child's Guide," "Village Reader," etc.—compiled by the elder brother. When at Dr. Webster's death, his book came into the market, they discerned something of its potential value, and bought the unsold edition and the publishing right. That purchase marked an alliance of business and scholarship which has borne fruit for sixty years. The new publishers' first care was to fit the scholar's wares to the public's want. They employed Prof. Chauncey A. Goodrich, Webster's son-in-law and literary heir, to re-edit the book; the eccentric spellings were dropped and the reasonable changes retained; such scientists as Silliman and Dana were employed as contributors; and in 1847 the full work was brought out in one volume for $6. The public favor was instantly won and never was lost. Webster's executors had appraised the copyright for the unexpired ten years at $3,000, and the Merriams bought it for that. They so increased its value that when the copyright was renewed for fourteen years they made terms with the Webster family by which during that period they paid to them, for the large book with its Abridgments and the Speller, a quarter of a million dollars. The Merriams leased the Abridgments and the Speller to other houses, and concentrated their whole energy on the large book.

In 1850 it was proposed in the Massachusetts legislature, unsuggested by the publishers, that a copy of Webster's large dictionary be placed in every district school. Before the legislative committee the advocate of a rival book sneered at Webster as an ignorant pretender. Professor Noah Porter of Yale College replied with so eloquent a vindication of Webster's scholarship and services that local prejudice was conquered. The schools were offered their choice, and 3035 took Webster and 105 its competitor. Soon after, New York state placed 10,000 copies of Webster in its schools, and thus began its acceptance as a school standard which to-day extends over the entire country.

When the enlargement of Worcester to an illustrated quarto was announced in 1859, the Webster publishers made a prompt counterstroke. They put into a supplement a large number of classified illustrations—a new feature in an American dictionary—added a supplement of new words which had long been accumulating; appended a valuable table of synonyms by Prof. Goodrich; and brought out their enlarged work well in advance of the new Worcester, which never approached it in popularity.

Then they set to work on a radical and thorough revision. Under Dr. Porter's supervision, with the aid of a group of eminent scholars, the advances in linguistic science and in popular usage were inwrought with Webster's solid groundwork. The period of this revision was that of the Civil War; business fell off; the Southern market was lost; the income from the Speller was intermitted, and payments to the Webster family were by amicable arrangement postponed; war taxes were heavy; but the three brothers (Homer Merriam being now included) pushed steadily the revision, while they supported the war, and looked for the return of peace and prosperity. So came to birth the great book of 1864, known familiarly as "The Unabridged"; its predecessor being completely superseded and withdrawn from the market, until revamped and foisted upon the public under false pretenses half a century later.

A battle of pamphlets turning largely on the question of spellings; the general prevalence of the Websterian practice, and an eclipse of all rivalry in the commercial field; a fresh supplement of new words in 1879; the gradual addition of biographical and geographical tables—these were incidents preliminary to the next great revision. To this revision—a work covering ten years and costing over a third of a million dollars—were given the fuller elaboration, the larger permanent staff, the freer employment of specialists, and the exact attention to every detail, which accord with the advanced methods of modern scholarship and business. In a work carried on thus through generations, there has developed a special art of dictionary-making, with an invaluable tradition of experience, yet progressive and always expanding to meet the new conditions. The result appeared in 1890 in a work whose title marked the supremacy won throughout the English-speaking world, Webster's International Dictionary.

Its improvement has never ceased for a day. New matter has been added; tables have been scrupulously brought up to date; the accumulation and sifting of new words and meanings has gone steadily on. A Supplement of new words in 1900; tables of biography and geography substantially made over in 1902; a steady accession of improvements with no special announcement—this has been the later history of the book. To the chief editorship so long and ably filled by President Porter has succeeded Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education and a scholar of world-wide repute.

It is to the alliance of scholarship and business sagacity that Webster has owed its success and growth. From that alliance has sprung a harmonious aim and a comprehensive plan of work. Before setting forth that ideal, a word more may be given to the personnel of the combination, past and present. On the publishers' side the force was strengthened in 1877 by the addition of Mr. O. M. Baker, trained as an educator and a school superintendent; an experienced and able bookseller. Mr. H. C. Rowley, came in two years later; the change by incorporation to "The G. & C. Merriam Company" in 1892 was a change of form only, the same hands still manning the ship; to the directors was added Mr. K. N. Washburn, who had been long engaged in the company's service; and while the first two Merriam brothers have passed away, the directorship includes two of the family name, and Homer Merriam still presides in a hale old age.

At the head of the editorial force have been in succession three scholars of high repute; Dr. Goodrich, the heir of Dr. Webster in mental acumen; President Porter, with a rare combination of original intellect, acquired knowledge, and practical sagacity; and Dr. Harris, officially the first man in the American educational world, and eminent in a wide variety of studies. Next to these have been a group of contributors of the highest standing in general scholarship or special branches, such as Dr. Mahn of Germany, Prof. W. D. Whitney, President D. C. Gilman, Professors Hadley, Lounsbury, Sheldon, Remsen, Verrill, Justice Brewer—the list could be indefinitely prolonged. Of highest practical service have been men perhaps less famous who have through arduous years perfected themselves in the technical art of dictionary-making; as chiefs of staff should be named, among the departed, William A. Wheeler and Loomis J. Campbell, and, among the living, F. Sturges Allen. With these have been scores of faithful and serviceable workers, whose lot has been "to widen knowledge and escape the praise."

So much for the men who have made the book; the ideals they have followed and the methods they have used will be given next week.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1903.

The Week.

The Ohio campaign has been opened in the good old-fashioned style. Voters of that State are to be asked to vote for a Republican candidate for Governor and for a Republican Legislature which will return Senator Hanna to the United States Senate, principally on the ground that by so doing they will "uphold the hands of President Roosevelt" and "sound the bugle call" for the Presidential campaign of 1904. Few persons in Ohio, so far as we are aware, will venture to reply that the Governorship has nothing to do with national affairs, and that Senator Hanna's attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt has not always been such as to render the reëlection of the former an enthusiastic endorsement of the latter. Unfortunately, the Democrats of Ohio are in poor position to take advantage of their opponents' choice of national rather than State issues in a State campaign. The Democratic convention did not consider its work complete until it adopted a resolution inviting Bryan to stump the State.

"Tom" Johnson's path to the Governorship of Ohio is not strewn with roses. His friends assure us that his convention methods were honest and aboveboard, despite the popular belief to the contrary. But Mr. John L. Zimmerman's followers do not think so. They declare that Johnson threw out Zimmerman delegations regardless of all rules and precedents, and they feel so badly that they are not willing to aid the candidate in his campaign. Conservative Gold Democrats cannot be got to support Mr. Johnson, either, and are preparing to take to the woods on election day—to their bitter regret, for they would gladly help to defeat Hanna's hopes of a return to the Senate. Despite the visit of demagogue Bryan, the Ohio free silverites are not particularly happy because of the endorsement of a Gold Democrat for Senator. If Johnson is likely to make gains in the cities, there is, on the other hand, rising opposition to him among the farmers because of his single-tax views. Still, many Democrats and Republicans long for an end of Hanna's domination.

Speculation has been toying with the names of Senator Quay and Gen. James S. Clarkson as possibilities for the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. This, of course, on the supposition that Senator Hanna will retire. Either Quay or Clarkson would be a worthy successor, for each is a perfect specimen of the robust spoilsman; each has that superb digestion which enables a man to stomach anything in politics; each can sleep soundly and happily with the strangest lot of bedfellows. But there is one man whose accomplishments in this line make Clarkson and even Quay seem like mere amateurs—Edward J. Addicks of Delaware. Addicks is under deep obligations to the Republican national organization, for Hanna and Quay have been his good friends; he is an energetic campaigner; he is the embodiment of those qualities that distinguish national chairmen: a heart of iron, a face of brass, and a hand full of gold. If Quay or Clarkson, why not Addicks?

President Roosevelt's admirable declaration that he will not use his position to influence in any way any municipal election will have a good effect, not only upon the coming contest in New York, but upon municipal politics throughout the country. Publicists are generally agreed that one of the most potent causes of corruption in our city governments is the maintenance of party lines in purely local elections. If thousands of well-meaning men did not vote for Tammany under the delusion that they were forwarding the Democratic principles of tariff reform and abolition of class legislation, the complete destruction of Tammany would be a comparatively simple task. But in spite of Lewis Nixon's warning that a voter may support Fusion this year and cast his ballot for a Democratic President next year, hidebound Democrats cling to the theory that Murphy, Sullivan, Grady, and Finn are the precious vessels in which the saving truths of Democracy are preserved. President Roosevelt has done all in his power to commit the Republicans to the idea of non-partisanship in city elections. We hope for an equally explicit and stimulating utterance from Gov. Odell. He can help the cause of Fusion in New York in no way so much as by making it plain that the fortunes of the State Republican machine are not bound up with Mayor Low's reelection; by avoiding not only interference, but even the appearance of meddling. President Roosevelt should in consistency take one more step—withdraw the McClelland appointment. He has unwarrantably thrust his hand into the politics of Westchester County, and strengthened the grasp of Platt there by nominating Senator McClelland for the Board of General Appraisers.

If Capt. Mahan or George Haven Putnam should be nominated for Alderman following Mr. Cutting's excellent lead, and should accept the nomination, the example would be an inspiration to good citizenship which, we believe, would extend far beyond the limits of New York. Other equally good names mentioned are those of President Butler of Columbia University and Professor Seligman of the same institution. With such men to choose from, the friends of good government cannot go wrong. This is a case where each of the gentlemen named would prefer that another than himself should be chosen for the office—a case where the office seeks the man, not the man the office. The city of Chicago has led the way to a high sense of duty in the choice of a city legislature, and she is now reaping her reward in the feeling of absolute security and trust in her Board of Aldermen. It was supposed, or rather hoped, that New York had achieved a similar blessing two years ago, but when the Pennsylvania tunnel project came before the Aldermen she found reason to doubt. That enterprise, although sanctioned by all the higher city authorities and by public opinion, was "held up" by frivolous objections purporting to come from "labor." How these objections were overcome has never been revealed, but the fact that they existed at all, and that they blocked the way of a needed public improvement, was a disagreeable surprise. Chicago has no "hold-ups" of this kind, and no "let-goes" that cannot be satisfactorily explained.

The indictment of a State Senator on the serious charge of bribery and conspiracy must bring with it a sense of humiliation and shame to every citizen of the State. Fifty men make up the higher branch of a Legislature which is law-giver to more than 7,000,000 persons. Senator Green, who was arrested on a Federal warrant on Saturday, is not only one of the fifty; he is also a member of the majority party in that body, and a person of influence, closely associated with the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, Col. Dunn. In other words, one of the leading officials and most influential Republicans of the State has been charged with bribery and conspiracy by a Federal grand jury. Senator Green was President of the International Time Recording Company. As such, he is alleged to have paid bribes to George W. Beavers, the Post-Office Department official who is under indictment. The two men are also charged with conspiracy in the sale of time recorders to Government officials. Mr. Green has given out a statement in which he denies the charges. He very properly announces his retirement from

the chairmanship of his party organization in Broome County. We can, of course, make no comment on the probable outcome of the proceedings.

Chicago "hustle" has already invited Mr. Chamberlain to address the Illinois manufacturers on the crippling of their trade through his retaliatory duties; and doubtless, such is the artless enthusiasm of our nation, many other organizations, from Tammany Hall to the Epworth League, will hasten not to get left by Chicago. But Mr. Chamberlain really cannot be turned over to Major Pond's successor until the secret of the fiscal scheme is out. That duty he owes to his countrymen. Revelation would not now embarrass the Ministry, and it seems proper that Mr. Chamberlain should say just what duties he desires Parliament to impose, and precisely the preferential tariffs which he means to advocate as between the mother country and the colonies. The period of inquiry is finished, and he cannot go before the country on a vague principle of Imperial solidarity. A blind taxation pool, such as Mr. Chamberlain has been promoting since last May, cannot long retain its allurements for the sturdy British voter. But, most of all, Mr. Chamberlain owes a full and complete explanation of the fiscal plan to Mr. Balfour. The author of 'Philosophic Doubt' should not be allowed to break his political shins over the Chamberlain stumbling-block without at least having the opportunity of examining the obstacle philosophically.

The Washington Central Labor Union has requested all central unions throughout the country to petition the President for the removal of W. A. Miller, the Government Printing-Office foreman. Their solemn resolutions reveal once more the megalomania from which trades unions everywhere are suffering, for they liken themselves and their cause to the thirteen original States which founded this Government. Perhaps, however, we should be truly thankful that they do not openly insist upon that superiority to the Federal Government which the oath of the typographical union indicates. The Washington union is trying to make Mr. Roosevelt understand that he is its servant, and that he must take its view of the Miller case under threat of political punishment. His just treatment of the foreman they dub an "unfriendly act," and they call upon him to discharge Miller forthwith. The test which the President may thus have to face is a severe one, but one which your true statesman and your strong servant of the people cannot flinch from, whatever the cost. Mr. Roosevelt understands so clearly and has expounded so frequently the baneful influence of the craven and the weakling among us that he must welcome this chance to practise what he preaches. Having done what is right, we have no more fear that he will allow himself to be terrorized by the labor vote than that he will be moved to do injustice to the negro by the criticisms of the South.

The local Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union has written itself down for Samuel J. Parks. The conservative members who tried to rescue it last week were soundly defeated by the followers of Parks, and have given up the fight. As a result, the local delegation has gone to the Kansas City Convention backing Parks for the international presidency. The plain meaning of the incident is that there are not enough honest men in the union to make a successful stand for decency; Parks, the blackmailer, has captured the union bag and baggage. If it were possible for the union still to have a standing among sober and responsible employers of labor after Parks's career of extortion, that possibility has been destroyed. It is difficult to conceive of any basis upon which a building contractor can now deal with this organization of the housesmiths and bridgemen; he cannot trust the word of the accredited leader, he knows that the rank and file have no honor to lose by violation of agreements. The union cannot expect public or private consideration when it has deliberately put itself very near the level of the "Monk Eastman gang" that terrorized the East Side of the city on Tuesday week.

The relations between capital and organized labor in the hat-making industry at Danbury, Conn., which have attracted attention from all parts of the country since the strike of 1893, have lately entered a new stage. It appears that the members of the Hatters' Union, which has been persecuting the firm of D. E. Loewe & Co. with a boycott since last March, have been very much disturbed by the bringing of lawsuits against them and the levying of attachments on their property at the instance of the boycotted firm. D. E. Loewe & Co. had refused to discharge non-union men from their employ. The union had accordingly sent notices to all dealers in hats directing them not to buy those manufactured by Loewe & Co., under penalty of being themselves boycotted, and had in other ways curtailed the firm's sales and injured their trade. Many members of the union in Danbury own the houses in which they live. They are in comfortable circumstances. Some of them do not work more than two or three days in the week. They are enjoying a well-earned rest. Their condition is such as all Americans must contemplate with pride and satisfaction. Naturally, they do not bother their heads much with the doings of the union. The leaders, the business men, the walking delegates, conduct their operations mostly in secret. Their plans are not divulged even to their followers, and the latter do not desire that they should be. So long as the results are satisfactory they do not concern themselves with methods. This is human nature. The stockholders of the New York Central Railroad do the same. These men have been startled by attachments levied upon their property at the instance of Loewe & Co., who have sued them under the State law for damage to their property and business resulting from the boycott, which they affirm is an unlawful conspiracy. Action has also been brought against the same parties under the Sherman Anti-Trust act—the same under which an action was brought against the Northern Securities Company. This form of retaliation is a disagreeable surprise to the property-holding members of the Hatters' Union. It operates as a cloud upon their titles, which nobody likes to have. Even if they have considerable confidence that it will be eventually cleared off, it causes uneasiness. Nobody knows what view of the subject the court of last resort may take.

The police courts are daily furnishing us with examples of what labor-union tyranny may mean to the worker who has not had a share of the "graft." For the second or third time within ten days there was a case on Thursday of a man being brought before a Magistrate charged with larceny committed in order to keep his wife and children from starving. Thomas Gowan was the offender—a well-recommended driver employed by a firm of coal-dealers. The union ordered him to strike on Labor Day because the firm would not give its men a holiday. Unable to obtain work, he went to his home to find his wife and children suffering for want of food. In his despair he stole a few doorknobs, only to be detected at once. When ordered to strike he had but $4.12. The heartless union forced him to spend $4 of this for a cap, a belt, and a cane, with which to parade on Labor Day. We are informed that there is a great amount of similar destitution in this city—but not among the Parkses, the walking delegates, and the leaders. Truly there is no crime which may not be committed and no suffering among innocent women and children which may not be caused in the name of Labor.

An exhibit that attracted much attention at the National Irrigation Congress held last week at Ogden, Utah, was a model irrigated farm of twenty acres. A praiseworthy desire to illustrate practically the methods of irrigation, and to show the results of a wise use of ditches, led the State to set aside a tract of land used by one of its institutions, and on

this model farm a complete system of canals and laterals has been contructed. All the modern machinery for measuring water and controlling it has been installed. Crops of every sort that can be raised on irrigated land are growing there, as well as most kinds of early fall fruit. Practical irrigators piloted delegates and visitors over the model farm, explaining in detail the processes of ditching and the proper application of water. This was an admirable experiment for bringing to the visitor whose knowledge of the subject was vague and theoretical a vivid illustration of what irrigation means to the arid West. Upon this point one need not fully accept Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiastic view, as expressed to the Congress last week, that the passage of the National Irrigation bill was one of the greatest steps forward in the "progress of all mankind," to realize what great possibilities the movement holds in store. The President wisely called attention to the fact that forestry and irrigation should go hand in hand. It would be well if the delegates could also have an object lesson at hand to convince them visually as to the pressing truth of this statement.

Mr. Justice Brewer's suggestion that the right of appeal be abolished in criminal cases has aroused the protest of members of the bar throughout the country, as well as of the public in general. It has, nevertheless, performed an excellent service in sharply calling attention to the evils of undue delays in the execution of criminal judgments, caused by merely dilatory appeals. This subject is discussed in an article in a current number of the New York *Law Journal*, especially in its relation to outbreaks of mob violence. Two excellent reforms are suggested in this article: First, that by every legitimate means the possibility of delaying the execution of criminal judgments by means of frivolous appeals be curtailed; and, second, that the special favoritism toward criminal defendants, traditional in American procedure, be discontinued. The writer cites a number of cases in which the Court of Appeals of this State has exhibited an inclination to further both of these ends. Power to override mere technical exceptions, and to sustain a verdict clearly based on sufficient evidence, though legal errors of an immaterial nature occurred at the trial, is granted in the Code of Civil Procedure; and in a recent case, People vs. Conklin, the Court of Appeals, in a unanimous decision, administered the policy of that statute against the defendant.

The decision of the Philippines Government to collect duties on military supplies sent thither by the United States Government may be correct in point of law. Almost anything may be done under the decision of the Supreme Court in the Insular Cases, which decision, Mr. Dooley said, "was rendered by Mr. Justice Brown, eight judges dissenting." It may be defensible in other aspects also, although it seems odd that Uncle Sam should incur heavy expense to maintain his army and navy in the Philippines and then pay duties on the articles he buys for their support. However that may be, we trust that the Bureau of Statistics, in its future statements of the growth of our commerce with the islands, will separate the military and naval supplies from our other exports to them. It will be easy to do so after the practice of paying duties begins, since that will be an additional expense to Uncle Sam, and ought to be noted as a separate item. The reason assigned for levying the duties is the familiar one based upon protection to home industry. The Manila merchants cannot sell their goods to our soldiers and sailors if they have to compete with free importations by the Government. That is an argument which the American Protective Tariff League will be prepared to maintain before any tribunal here or elsewhere.

At a manufacturers' convention at Toronto on Thursday, Mr. Birge, the presiding officer, affirmed that American manufacturers not only sold their goods 10 to 40 per cent. cheaper to Canadians than to their own people, but that they shipped goods partly or wholly finished to Canada, by way of England, in order to take advantage of the preferential duties which Canada grants the mother country. As to the former charge, we presume that nobody on our side of the line would take pains to deny it. Such things are done all the time. The process is called "dumping." We fix our tariff so high that the foreigner cannot "dump" on us, and then, when we have more of any particular goods than the home market can take, we use any dumping ground that we can see. As Canada is the nearest, we use that in preference to any other. It is quite likely, too, that some American goods reach Canada by way of England in order to take advantage of the lower duties; but what reason has Mr. Birge for imputing that heinous offence exclusively to us? Does not the English merchant also perceive that source of gain? What is to prevent him from coming into our market and buying any goods that are ready for dumping, and then sending them to Canada via England? If it is worth while for the American to do this, it is worth while for the Englishman, and is equally lawful, defensible, and proper. Mr. Birge suggested a higher tariff in Canada to meet both of the evils mentioned. He had not then heard of the grand crash of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for preferential duties in favor of the colonies. Perhaps he will now favor abolishing Canada's preferential duties altogether.

The news that the Macedonian revolt has really spread to Melnik is of very considerable significance, since the scene of the new outbreak, which was rumored two weeks ago, is directly on the main line of communication from Sofia into Macedonia. Apparently, the Turks have dispersed the insurgent bands in the Monastir region, and the refugees have succeeded in starting a fresh revolt beyond the Struma River. Here, in the Rhodope mountains, the insurgents have the best kind of country in which to keep up their guerrilla warfare, and are near enough to Bulgaria to draw supplies and to keep in close touch with their Bulgarian sympathizers. Whether the London *Times's* estimate of 10,000 fighting men in Melnik and Demir-Hissar is correct or not, there can be no doubt of the seriousness of this new turn which the uprising has taken. With fighting going on so close at hand, it will be more difficult than ever to hold back the Bulgarians and their rulers. The transfer of base seems, indeed, to have been timed with a view to producing a sensation at the very moment when Bulgaria must come to a decision. If the plunge into war is to be taken, this is the hour.

Herr Bebel, addressing the Social Democrats at Dresden, seemed to fear that the party was dying at the top. He warned the proletariat against learned leaders who are always the friends of compromise and at present are trying to make the Social Democrats accept a Vice-President in the Reichstag, and thus become a parliamentary party. Orthodox Socialism demands that its adherents foment the war of classes and remain in irreconcilable protest against all existing institutions. Herr Bebel's sincerity and consistency have had the effect of postponing the compromise with parliamentarism; but no one can doubt that the future of the German Social Democrats lies with the "academicians" whom Bebel so heartily scorns. A glance at Italian Socialism under the intellectual guidance of Ferri, and of French Socialism as represented by Millerand and Jaurès, shows that as soon as the collectivists come into political power and responsibility they invariably turn from their original programme and become simply Radicals. As such they work for definite social reforms, and seek rather to benefit their constituents immediately than in the future to set up the ideal Collective State. Bebel's overwhelming triumph in the Socialist Convention at Leipsic is another splendid tribute to the power of this man's personality. His unsullied character is the mighty fortress in which he is entrenched.

MR. BALFOUR'S MANIFESTO AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S EXIT.

The British Premier has adopted the singular expedient on the eve of a great political crisis of addressing the public in a pamphlet, sold by the trade for a price, and entitled 'Insular Free Trade.' It is to be accepted as the official commentary on the bulky report presented simultaneously and containing the data upon which Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal plan is to be based. Mr. Balfour's position required that he should take the lead, or seem to take it, in announcing the Government's policy. Instead of making a speech from the platform for this purpose, according to his usual custom, he "asked leave to print." There must have been a reason for this, and it is not far to seek. He does not understand the subject under debate. He has no command of the arguments for and against free trade. He would be at the mercy of his audience in an off-hand discussion of that theme. The arguments advanced are very musty. Every one of them was refuted with inextinguishable laughter in the *Catechism of the Corn Laws* as far back as 1844. A reprint of that precious document seems to be called for at the present time.

That British trade is still increasing under free trade, Mr. Balfour is ready to admit, but its rate of increase, he says, has, on the whole, seriously declined. In some departments there has been no increase, in others there are symptoms of decay. Argal, give us a little protection. It has perhaps never occurred to Mr. Balfour to look into the causes of any particular decline—as, for instance, the exhaustion of certain natural resources, such as Bessemer ores, the increasing cost of coking coals, etc. Is a protective tariff likely to increase the supply of British ores or coke? If not, how is it going to help the British steel trade? Again, it may be that America and Germany have gained advantages over England by better technical means of handling their natural resources. We have been reading many contributions to this purport in the *Times* and other British newspapers of late. Is the technical superiority of other nations to be overcome by protective duties or preferential tariffs?

Involved in a confusing tangle of words, the idea is advanced by Mr. Balfour that since other nations have protective tariffs, England must have them also in order to have standing ground for free trade hereafter. The *Catechism of the Corn Laws* riddled this argument completely. Trade, it said, consists of exports and imports; that is, of sales and purchases. If France, by a protective tariff, puts an obstacle in the way of our sales, that is no reason why we should put a similar obstacle in the way of our purchases. Free trade means no artificial impediment on either side of the Channel. We cannot control the French side. We can control our own. France can destroy one-half of the profit of our trade with her. The other half remains. How does it help us to destroy that other half? Do you say that we shall teach France a lesson and bring her to a better understanding of the subject? What? Shall we change her ideas by following her example? On the contrary, she will say that we have now acknowledged that she was right from the beginning. That is exactly what the protectionists of the United States are saying now, in anticipation of England's change of base. So far from laying the basis of a treaty of reciprocity between England and America, the adoption of the Chamberlain policy will be hailed with joyful acclaim by the protectionist politicians and the protected trusts from one end of the country to the other. They are much in want of a new argument. Will England supply it to them after her sixty years of free trade?

The simultaneous resignation of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Ritchie from Mr. Balfour's Cabinet bears a very simple explanation. Mr. Balfour, in his pamphlet, has conceded too little for the protectionist, too much for the free-trader. The Prime Minister has here adopted about half of Mr. Chamberlain's programme, committing himself to a vague policy of retaliatory duties against protectionist nations, but refusing for the present to propose food taxes or to enter upon preferential negotiations with the colonies. That is a compromise which both parties have naturally rejected. To free-traders it offers the perils which they associate with the whole plan of Imperial reciprocity; to convinced advocates of the Chamberlain scheme it slurs the very principle upon which their propaganda rests. It is obviously an evasion, for Mr. Balfour, in his letter to Mr. Chamberlain, practically declares his belief in the idea of Imperial preferential trade. Plainly, then, Mr. Balfour is considering not the future of the Empire, nor the immediate well-being of England, nor, for the matter of that, any principle whatsoever, but simply how to keep himself in office.

Mr. Chamberlain advised him to accept defeat on the scheme in its integrity, believing that it could be carried after a brief Liberal interregnum. But Mr. Balfour hopes to win piecemeal. He is willing to preach the doctrine of retaliation and negotiation from the Treasury bench, while Mr. Chamberlain, outside, furnishes the pure milk of the preferential word. It is, we believe, a mistake, as well in the immediate expediency as in the ultimate political principle involved. Mr. Balfour, who should and probably will go before the country for a mandate, is quite as likely to be beaten on the half programme as on the whole. And Mr. Chamberlain, who writes of conducting his own campaign while preserving his Unionist loyalty, has no logical course except to add a new chapter to his already distinguished career as a schismatic—this time from the Unionist party. How Mr. Balfour has been led to so lame and impotent a conclusion will be apparent when the influences to which he has subjected his judgment are studied. Unfavorable bye-elections have frightened him away from food taxes, discontented and timorous elements in the City and in the manufacturing centres have insisted that something be done for their interests. They have driven him to do something now to prevent the imagined ruin of British prosperity in the remote future. Accordingly, his policy emerged unglorified by Mr. Chamberlain's large dreams of Imperial unification, and disfigured from the first by all the sorry and sordid paraphernalia of a protectionism which England long ago repudiated.

Mr. Chamberlain, on the contrary, has not been disobedient to the preferential vision, and stakes his political future upon nothing less than the whole cause. This lends a strongly personal and almost a dramatic interest to his resignation, for it may well mean the disappearance of Mr. Chamberlain from the political stage. With his support Mr. Balfour might have won on the half programme. Then, had retaliatory duties been imposed by England, the way would have been open to some very small tax on food, and that would have rendered possible, nay, made almost inevitable, preferential negotiations with the colonies. But Mr. Chamberlain has characteristically refused to take the circuitous way. Upward or downward he carries his head high. There will hardly be energy enough in his declining years, and there certainly is not truth enough in his cause, to carry the working masses of England, upon whom he now casts himself. But the endeavor, however mistaken politically and economically, has in comparison with Mr. Balfour's sop to the speculative operators something heroic about it. Its obstinacy is conspicuously in the character of Mr. Chamberlain. It would be fitting if his career should thus close upon its dominant note.

Looking backward a little, there seems a peculiar irony in the fate which has committed the hard-headed boss of Birmingham to a cause fantastically impossible of realization. In a remarkable letter of Cecil Rhodes to Sir John Macdonald—when they were Prime Ministers of the Cape and of Canada, respectively — the great empire-builder asked, "Can we invent some tie with our mother country that will prevent separation? It must be a practical one, for future generations will not be born in England." That was written in the spring of 1891, and from about that time, by a curious coincidence, Mr. Chamberlain has been at the audacious task of

"inventing" a bond of empire. As well invent a law of gravitation or of magnetic attraction—the student of history will exclaim.

Of the immediate political prospect, one may only say that Mr. Balfour, having espoused a cause without enlisting its enthusiasms, is pretty certain to be beaten in the general election, which cannot now be long postponed.

PAYNE'S LATEST BLUNDER.

The latest developments in the case of Miss Todd, who was removed from office to oblige Senator Allee of Delaware, have made the affair more than ever one of national interest. Because of her dismissal the astonishing discovery has been made that fourth-class postmasters are included in the classified service. We say astonishing, because neither the spoilsmen, nor the press, nor the public, have been aware that these officials were brought within the civil-service laws by the new rules which were signed by the President on March 20 last and went into effect on April 15 of this year. The Civil Service Commission itself has had no occasion up to this time to call public attention to the new order of affairs, notwithstanding its great importance.

Not for some years has so stalwart a blow been struck at the spoilsmen in and out of Congress. Previously fourth-class postmasters could be removed at the will of the President for any and all reasons. They were universally appointed because of their politics to oblige local bosses, Congressmen, or Senators. The custom of allowing an appointee to serve four years has had no foundation in law, so that there has never been even a fixed term for these creatures of the politicians. But when the new civil-service rules were drawn up last spring so as to cover all persons not employed as laborers or subject to confirmation by the Senate, the fourth-class postmasters were inevitably included. This does not mean that they are now within what is known as the merit service. No examinations are required before appointment. The President may still designate as fourth-class postmasters any men or women he chooses to. He can remove them at will without even filing the grounds for his action—except for two reasons: he must not discriminate against them because of their *political or religious* affiliations. This is positively forbidden by the second paragraph of the first of the civil-service rules. In removing Miss Todd to please Senator Allee, the Postmaster-General has therefore plainly violated the law, for his only reason—an evident afterthought—was the alleged pernicious activity of Miss Todd in the interest of the respectable Delaware Republicans.

Naturally Mr. Payne is indignant. Every drop of the spoilsman's blood is protesting. "Surely no sane man," he declares, "will contend that fourth-class postmasters are in the classified service." But Commissioner Greene is still perfectly sane, and so are the officers of the National Civil Service Reform Association. They have the law, in black and white, before them. They know that Commissioner Foulke and his colleagues drew the new rules with the deliberate intention of including the fourth-class postmasters. It was done entirely above board, and if the Federal heads of departments were not aware of the changes it is their own fault. The proposed rules were all sent to them long before adoption.

We take no stock whatever in the stories that the President was unaware of the far-reaching effects of the rules which he signed. He who was long the foremost champion of civil service reform in public life, and for six years a Civil Service Commissioner, cannot, it seems to us, have been blind to the purport of the new regulations. But if he has been in ignorance, he, too, has only himself to blame. If there is any such thing as consistency, he must rejoice that the fourth-class postmasters are at last within the classified service, and he should, moreover, welcome their inclusion as a step towards their being placed within the merit system. Not one of the reasons which Mr. Roosevelt so earnestly urged as Civil Service Commissioner for the putting of clerks and minor officials under the rules but holds good in the case of the village postmasters who have so long been the tools of political corruptionists. Since Mr. Roosevelt has become President, we have seen no more incredible dispatches in regard to him than those which credit him with anger at Commissioner Greene's ruling, or, as it is called, this "annoying" a Cabinet officer at so inopportune a time. Aside from the fact that every believer in good government thinks this the time to "annoy" Mr. Payne with demands for his removal, it is preposterous to assume that Mr. Roosevelt can be angry at any official who does his sworn duty. This is the sum of Commissioner Greene's offending.

For the President to take any other course than to sustain Mr. Greene would be to break with the most creditable part of his past official life. We cannot believe this any more than we can credit the story of his planning to take the fourth-class postmasters out of the classified service by a new executive order. Such a step would forever prevent his representing himself as a true friend of the civil service. On the contrary, we shall expect that the Postmaster-General's latest blunder will once more open the President's eyes to the necessity of ridding himself of Payne the spoilsman. Whether it is also to be Payne the mendacious remains to be seen, for the President cannot too speedily settle the direct question of veracity which has arisen between Miss Todd and the Postmaster-General. There are three reputable witnesses who are prepared to testify against the Cabinet officer. Every day that he remains in his Department the discredit to Mr. Roosevelt grows. Of this the denunciation of Mr. Payne in the Republican journals everywhere affords the best proof.

THE PUBLIC-LAND PROBLEM AND IRRIGATION.

The National Irrigation Congress at Ogden, Utah, just ended, with its large attendance of delegates representing every Western State and Territory, and including scores from the Atlantic slope, has shown how widespread and earnest is the interest in arid-land reclamation. Through the convention's proceedings it has been made manifest that in the coming session Congress will be asked to do much more to further the work already begun for transforming the desert into fertile lands. The efforts, however, thus far made under the new irrigation law have shown that the undertaking is subject to great hindrances by reason of abuses existing in public-land distribution. The Government is constantly being defrauded by speculators who absorb, either for ranches or for purposes of speculation, lands that properly should go to actual settlers.

The rapidity with which the public land is disappearing is not generally realized. The Secretary of the Interior in a recent report stated that, "owing doubtless to the commercial depression that existed from 1893 to 1897, there was no great activity in entries under the Timber and Stone act, but that with the revival and return of prosperity in 1897 activity in such entries became so great that from 357 entries in 1897, embracing 40,609.95 acres, they increased until in 1902 the entries numbered 4,022, embracing 545,253.98 acres." He also called attention to the fact that the reports from one public-land State alone for the quarter ending June 30, 1902, show the number of timber and stone entries to have been 331, covering 48,585.50 acres. During the quarter ending September 30, 1902, the number of entries went up to 1,183, embracing 181,052.02 acres, an increase of 852 entries and 132,466.52 acres. In another State, during the same period, there was an increase of 294 entries and 45,086.28 acres. The acreage laid claim to in desert-land entries was also shown to have increased from 174,201.19 acres in 1897 to 929,230.23 acres in 1902.

The startling character of the information thus disclosed brought a favorable report on a bill for the repeal of the Timber, Stone, and Desert-Claim acts and of the commutation section of the Homestead law, but the measure failed of enactment. When it is remembered

that a single cattle company has under fence over 1,000,000 acres; that fences run for fifty miles without a break, embracing whole townships of public land, and that "hobo" filings are so common as to outnumber the actual entries in some sections of the West, the importance of the problem is manifest.

It is expected that during the next decade the progress of irrigation under national control will add not less than 15,000,000 acres to the tillable portion of the public domain, and that eventually, through the workings of the irrigation law, 35,000,000 acres will be made fertile. These lands should be reserved for the families of our westward-moving population, to be transformed into farms. The nation has a right to ask that our legislators devote their attention to the solution of this problem, which affects the entire surplus population of the country. The demand for homes comes from the new generation, and so long as the Government retains an interest in its public domain it should so safeguard its disposition as to insure its being allotted to those whose ownership is likely to benefit the nation most. If the actual settler can be protected by the repeal of the existing homestead laws or by any portion of them, there should be no hesitancy in amending or repealing the statutes. The great West is especially interested in the outcome. It has direct and positive advantages to gain from a fair distribution of public lands. To bring to the Western States bona-fide settlers and their families means added prosperity and richer harvests; to give the public lands to speculators and cattle ranchers means squandering a portion of our national wealth, and a wasteful spending of the West's greatest resource—its farm soil.

It is estimated that the westward tide of emigration takes across the Mississippi more than 400,000 home-seekers annually. The fertile lands having already been occupied, values have reached figures that are practically prohibitive to the man in a "prairie schooner." If it be not for these that the costly irrigation enterprises upon which the Government is entering, then who is to be benefited? Those already well to do and able to finance their own ditch undertakings—the wealthy speculators and range-owners? Irrigation congresses are attended largely by men of wealth or representatives of rich enterprises, to whom Governmental assistance will be of vast value, particularly to the ditch companies with extensive interests in the arid lands, a class of property that is rapidly increasing in popularity with the investor, as the profitable use of water is better understood. It is all the more necessary, therefore, that the public should realize that the greatest good from irrigation should accrue to the modest home of the settler, and that unless there is an attendant recognition of his rights in the distribution of the public land, the carrying out of the extensive plans proposed will be both wasteful and unfair.

The present confusion of land matters, together with the varied charges that the allotment of Indian holdings is tainted with fraud, and with the assertion of irregularity in the settlement of the free range, makes this the proper time for some aggressive and positive measures in regard to the disposition of public land. This is quite as important as the suggestions of the Irrigation Congress. If, as Mr. Roosevelt says, this irrigation work is one of the greatest public undertakings ever begun in any age, not a moment should be lost in overhauling the land laws. Otherwise, the country will have to face the reproach of having spent millions upon millions in the interest of speculators and syndicates, with but slight regard for the home-builder.

CAN MAYOR LOW BE RE-ELECTED?

Whatever Mr. Jerome says merits careful reading and respectful attention. This the public owes him for his great services in its behalf. He has come out with a letter saying, first, that "Mr. Low should not be renominated because of his personal unpopularity, caused not by adherence to the principles of reform, but springing from the personal character of the man." His second point is that the victory of 1901 was won by the sincerity of the campaign. "Should Mr. Low be renominated," he concludes, "we should commence the campaign patently insincerely," and he elsewhere reiterates his belief that Mr. Low cannot be reëlected. But can Mr. Jerome in reason expect a Citizens Union convention and several other bodies composed of thinking men to accept his say-so and to put aside an executive whose official acts he in no way criticises? It is idle for the District Attorney to quote the unfavorable opinions of Republican district leaders. The same sentiments were attributed to them two years ago. Yet when the time came they did their part, however grudgingly. It would, moreover, not be difficult to match Mr. Jerome's prophecy of defeat for Mr. Low with many others made two years ago. Tammany Hall, for instance, professed to rejoice over his selection and to count the victory won as soon as he was nominated.

Failing any criticism of Mr. Low's purely executive acts, Mr. Jerome lays stress upon Mr. Low's personal weaknesses. Everybody knows the Mayor's foibles, he says, and he avers that they were obvious when he was a candidate for the Presidency of Columbia University and for the Mayoralty in 1897. So doubtless they were. Mr. Low did not arouse any marked enthusiasm in his first campaign. There were plenty of workers at the Twenty-third Street headquarters who freely expressed their disappointment with him as a candidate when he went down to defeat in 1897. Then as now he lacked personal magnetism and warmth of manner. But the Seth Low of 1901 was not different from the Seth Low of 1897. Why, then, did Mr. Jerome not oppose his nomination two years ago on the ground of personal unfitness? He has not to-day a single reason to offer for his charge of insincerity against the Fusion conferees and the Citizens Union which would not have been equally valid then. Mr. Low's supporters were not then actuated by the belief that they were voting for a "jolly good fellow." Was there for that reason any insincerity in their support of him as a reform Mayor?

In short, Mr. Jerome would have us dispense with a most valuable executive because that official has not the same faculty of winning personal adherents and creating popular enthusiasm which he himself possesses. The Mayor, he substantially says, is an egotist. Therefore turn him out and nominate some one who cannot be charged with so grave a shortcoming. It is a counsel of perfection which he offers. Should the Convention accept it, they would deprive the city of the right to vote for a Mayor who has had a remarkable training for his position and has clearly shown sterling integrity, unusual executive powers, special fitness for dealing with financial problems, and unswerving devotion to the city's interests. An unblemished official record must be forgotten because of unsympathetic personal manners! And all this when Mr. Jerome himself has no candidate to suggest who would have all of Mr. Low's good qualities without his weaknesses.

In brief, Mr. Jerome's indictment of Mayor Low is an indictment of the citizens of New York. He attributes to them such narrow minds and such violent prejudices as will make them refuse to overlook the shortcomings with which all worthy candidates are more or less burdened. If, in fact, Mayor Low cannot be reëlected, something is radically wrong with the electors. They are being weighed in the balance in this canvass far more certainly than even the Mayor is. He has had his trial during the last two years. Elected or defeated, as an executive he is a fit subject for praise and emulation. He has erected a standard of civic administration. It is his standard and that of the men who rally around it. It will be the standard of a majority of the people of the city when they adopt it at the polls. In 1901 they voted in the hope that such a standard would be set up. They had only seen it from afar in Mayor Strong's time. It is possible that they did not fully understand what clean government

involved, and that they do not like it now they have had it. If they wish to continue it, how can they fail to reëlect Mayor Low? If he is renominated, and they do not reëlect him, will it not be a fair inference that the desire for good city government is not yet really grounded in the people? That possibility must be faced and that test made. Prating about Mr. Low's personal popularity only obscures an inevitable issue.

Of course, the Fusion officials, as well as the community at large, are similarly on trial. Their devotion to principle, ability to rise above personal considerations, and perseverance in right-doing will also be under examination. That this is already well understood is evidenced by the haste of individuals to protest that, whatever they think of Mayor Low's chances, they themselves mean to vote for him if he is renominated. The discredit involved in voting against Mr. Low under such circumstances is fully recognized by those who are violently objecting to his renomination. Why, then, should they deny to the rest of Mayor Low's old supporters the ability to exercise so obvious a loyalty? We, at least, do not believe that abnormal sensitiveness and finical political casuistry prevail in the larger public, whatever may be the case within a little circle of malcontents.

Sincere and well-meaning doubters should take courage from an examination of past election figures. Instead of being a poor vote-getter, Mayor Low has always proved exactly the contrary. In 1881 he carried his until then Democratic city of Brooklyn by a plurality of nearly 5,000. After election he proved as independent as a Mayor as he was successful at the polls. When he was renominated, two years later, it was predicted, as now, only far more emphatically, that he could not be reëlected. Besides his failure to please the politicians, it was argued that Brooklyn was really Democratic; that the approach of the Presidential campaign of 1884 would cause a return to old party lines. This false prediction had greater force then than its recent echo, because the doctrine of non-partisanship in municipal affairs was then in its infancy, if indeed it had yet been born.

In 1897, when Mayor Low first came before the electors of Manhattan, his vote of more than 150,000 was phenomenal, in view of the fact that the national parties each had a candidate in the field, as had the followers of Henry George. In that year there was every indication of marked public confidence in him as a successful municipal administrator. The Committee of One Hundred early selected him as the man to lead the fight, and were willing to carry his campaign on even after it became impossible (thanks to Messrs. Platt and Quigg) to unite all the anti-Tammany forces. It was recognized by all that Mr. Low's election would insure far better government than that secured to the city by Mayor Strong. Between 1894 and 1897 the better element had learned to recognize that the kind of administration which suited them in 1894 would not do at all in 1897. The President of Columbia represented to them the higher needs of the hour. They counted upon him because he was familiar with the science of good government when they had welcomed Mayor Strong three years before merely because he was a representative of a kind of heavy business respectability. Again, in 1901, when he polled nearly 300,000 votes, Mr. Low was well at the front of his fellow-candidates, Comptroller Grout alone securing a slightly larger total. Mayor Low has in the past proved fully as strong as the cause which he represented. There is no good reason to suppose that it will be otherwise this year.

THE OPEN MIND.

When Mr. Balfour said he viewed Mr. Chamberlain's proposals for preferential tariffs with "an open mind," he struck a sympathetic chord; for if there is one thing on which the modern advanced thinker prides himself, it is his open mind. He looks with such horror on the bigotry of his ancestors, their perseverance in error, that he is hospitable to every opinion. The Bible is probably inspired, but probably also it is not; free trade is unquestionably sound in theory, but so is protection; lynching is a horrid crime, but nothing else is possible under the circumstances; the moral law should always be supreme, but we need not apply it strictly in practice. In short, our minds are not only open, but open at both ends. Easy-going tolerance, the ability to believe contradictories, to regard the utterances of a fool as seriously as those of a wise man, have been the mark of certain temperaments in all ages. Balaam was ready to curse either the children of Israel or the Moabites, and naturally he was guided in his decision by the words of an ass. He stands as one type of the person with broad views; another appears in Voltaire's 'Zadig.' In that witty tale there is a memorable supper at which men of different races begin to display their prejudices. The discussion is growing warm when the highly superior Man from Cambalu chimes in: "I have a profound respect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Celts, for Brahma, for the bull Apis, and the beautiful fish Oannes." This dictum of the Man from Cambalu is the note of latter-day emancipated souls, who believe one thing is quite as true as another, if not truer.

In the church a lack of conviction is, religious leaders agree, the root of evil. We no longer hold to any tenet fiercely enough to burn the infidels; but, what is more, we are so doubtful about our creed that we will not even back it with our money, let alone going to the stake for it. When a person allows that millions of heathen are doomed to perdition for ignorance of the Christian gospel, common humanity will prompt him to subscribe to missions; but when he has discovered that Confucius and Christ are both right, that Pagans and Christians can look forward alike to a happy hereafter, he will not sacrifice his automobile for an equivocal benefit to distant and disagreeable Chinamen. The devotee to whose imagination the pains of hell are as real as his own existence cannot but prefer a half hour of boiling oil to eternity in the brimstone lake; but no one will choose the oil vat in order to escape "the symbol of an outraged conscience" or "a forcible metaphor."

In the world of finance we are equally ready to grasp new and comfortable doctrines, to display a wide-open mind—especially when we may thereby gain a dollar. Not long ago some of our shrewdest financiers began urging, "Why do you cling to the antiquated prejudice that two and two make four? Consider this subject in a more enlightened way. Admit that two and two may often make ten, and sometimes one hundred." The appeal was irresistible; our fathers might have been mistaken, for they usually were; and, then, if two and two made ten, we were more than twice as rich as we had supposed. Accordingly, there was general assent to the proposition, except among a half-dozen fogies. They were quickly seen to have petty conceptions of finance, worthy of a pack-peddler, to be stupid and malicious enemies of progress. Oddly enough, however, the discarded dogma is again finding many adherents, while the men with a wide outlook and liberality toward fresh ideas are nervously figuring on the stock-table and unable to apply the recent rules in arithmetic; for whatever two and two might have made last year, the sum total is four to-day.

In politics, too, we refuse to be zealots. Time was when Americans rose in white fury to defend the thesis that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. But our brightest wits have long since outsoared such provincialism; they admit that consent may be desirable, but insist that as much may be said in behalf of dissent. They call the Declaration of Independence a glittering generality. Learning it by heart is a good memory drill for children, like learning the alphabet, the multiplication table, the Ten Commandments, or any other empty formula. Our protest in 1776 against the monarchical theory was well meant, but quixotic. The maxims of imperialism are as sound as any others; and the sooner we lift our hand against our weaker brother and the more ruthless our blow, the larger our share of his property. The meek shall

inherit the earth only so long as the aggressive do not want it.

A few of us are growing skeptical about the Fifteenth Amendment. Millions of people once swore by high heaven that the right of citizens to vote should not be abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; and for that ideal poured out their best blood. But in the year of our Lord 1903, fashionable statesmen are filled with philosophic doubt. In the same breath they assert that the ideal is a worthy one, but that in the rough field of practice the white man must strangle the black, regardless of the latter's intelligence and character. Ideals, after all, are only so much paper to burn. Under the new dispensation nothing is simpler than to eat your cake and have it, too. The soil of slavery nourishes the fairest fruits of liberty, and we can lay the foundations of freedom upon the solid bedrock of injustice. These are the precepts of statecraft which our subtle leaders ask us to follow.

But though the world is moving swiftly, not all the wisdom of the ancients has even yet become folly. In the long run the multiplication table and a few other shreds of principle may survive our progressive iconoclasts. Those inborn traits which make men prefer honor to life itself will not be blotted out by an intellectual ambition to reconcile opposites. Uttering paradoxes can never be an amusement for the masses of the American people, whose home-bred sense we may trust to keep them steady in the old political faiths.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

Columbia University reports a probable deficit for the coming year of more than $100,000, most of which must be begged by President Butler from wealthy friends of the university. Not long ago an Eastern scholar was called, at a generous salary, to the presidency of a Western university, and, on his arrival, bidden to go out and collect his salary. Another university president, a noted metaphysician, has recently resigned his position because he found the periodic canvassing for funds too difficult and distasteful. Upon this superior form of beggary Mr. Booker T. Washington, in his remarkable autobiography, casts a very pleasant light, but he was sustained by an uncommon enthusiasm and by the inspiration of a new cause. Even so, the duty of collecting funds was largely incompatible with his function as chief of the Tuskegee School, and when Mr. Carnegie endowed that institution liberally, the gift was applauded largely on the ground that it enabled Mr. Washington more fully to exercise personal leadership and to give up the distracting occupation of an itinerant collector.

Plainly, the business management of a modern college is in many respects incompatible with academic leadership. As an executive officer, a college president needs to be on terms of easy intercourse with his faculty and graduates, and on terms of respect with his students. This means that he should possess certain qualities of a man of the world. But he should be also the most philosophical mind of his faculty, capable of understanding the educational significance and wider bearings of the studies towards which his professors have necessarily a myopic view. He should be capable of representing his college on public occasions with intellectual distinction. He should be in all senses the finished and well-rounded product of the academic life. Something of aloofness necessarily goes with such an ideal. Our intellectual aristocrat should grace any table at which he may sit, but it must be humiliating to him deliberately to haunt the tables of the rich and systematically to cultivate the acquaintance of those who neither value academic culture nor possess it. A few college presidents are broad enough, or sturdy enough, to come to terms with commercialism while retaining their academic ideals intact. An Eliot and a Gilman, in a sense, have conquered the general public without flattering it; but it is doubtful if these two great university presidents representing more emphatically the more disinterested studies—for example, the humane arts—would have had an equal success, while it is certain that in many cases college presidents have undergone a subtle moral deterioration in the pursuit of riches. Worse yet, the undue emphasis placed on money-getting has resulted in the formation of a small but somewhat influential class of university "bagmen" who adopt the vocabulary of culture without grasping any of its informing ideas.

What results when a president of this type shapes his university after his own mind is shown by a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who, though he writes with some rancor, is evidently a professor in such a college and painfully sure of his facts. He describes an institution in which the President's ideal is money-getting through advertising. By the familiar methods of the syndicate promoter X University is ever kept before the greater public. This notoriety the president offers to his millionaire patrons in lieu of dividends. Professors are expected, nay, exhorted, to do "popular" things. A succession of press interviews becomes a more valuable asset than a *magnum opus;* a flash-in-the-pan reputation as a *littérateur* is more highly appreciated than years of faithful service as a teacher or international reputation as a scholar. In this gloomy picture there is doubtless some exaggeration, but it undoubtedly indicates at least a trend towards the commercializing of our larger institutions of learning. One cannot forget that the sage Tolstoy, recalling a meeting with one of our most talked-of college presidents, declared that he was a "barbarian" and utterly incapable of understanding the things of the mind.

If this destructive tendency exists in academic life, we must seek a remedy either in finding presidents who can combine the commercial and academic disposition, or else we must cut presidential duties to suit the men we can get, and delegate the surplus duties to others. The latter is the more hopeful course. Indeed, it has been suggested that the college presidency in America should be made largely honorary, like the chancellorship of a British or German university; that the term should be limited, and the executive functions divided between a treasurer and—for purely academic matters—committees of the faculty. This would undoubtedly "decommercialize" the college presidency, but it would constitute a disastrous break with all American traditions. We believe that the president should be something of an autocrat in his proper domain, and that faculty government would be bad government. But we are convinced also that every board of trustees should appoint a kind of chancellor of the exchequer, who should have general oversight of the university budget. The office has long existed in the older institutions; it is as much needed in the smaller. This policy would allow the President greater leisure in which to exercise the more personal duties of his office and to revive the traditions of the great presidents of simpler times.

Naturally, no college president of today can live in a supermundane contempt of the main chance. His influence will be potent in inspiring donors, who will naturally value his advice and wish to deal with him personally. All one can ask is that, in the matter of making academic ends meet, there should be all feasible division of labor, and that no college president should be expected to reinforce the qualities of the promoter with the practices of the sycophant.

GASTON PARIS'S COLLECTED ESSAYS.

PARIS, September 9, 1903.

The friends of M. Gaston Paris have just republished in a volume, under the general title of 'Legends of the Middle Ages,' several articles which he had inserted in various reviews. The three first articles, "Roncevaux," "Le Paradis de la Reine Sibylle," "La Légende du Tannhäuser," were composed between 1897 and 1901, and appeared not long before the death of Gaston Paris in the *Revue de Paris*, and he may have meditated giving other articles on similar subjects to this review and to form a volume out of the whole. His friends have added to the three articles above named two more, "Le Juif Errant," which

appeared in 1880 in the 'Encyclopædia of Religious Sciences,' edited at the time by M. Lichtenberger, and "Le Lai de l'Oiselet," which was contributed in 1891 to the *Journal des Savants*. This last study had served as an introduction to a limited edition of the little poem in question, which was not shared with the general public.

A worldwide reputation has been given by the genius of Wagner to the legend of Tannhäuser:

"When," says Gaston Paris, "Richard Wagner composed, in 1842, his musical drama, he was not yet fully in possession of all the ideas which he afterwards seized and realized with so much strength; but they were already floating in his mind, and he had at least indicated in the 'Flying Dutchman' the idea which dominates and resumes them all, and which he incarnated so powerfully in 'Tannhäuser.' I mean that grandiose conception according to which music, closely allied to poetry and emanating from the same soul, ought to be the deepest and most pathetic interpretation of the mystery of human existence, suspended between love and death, between egoism and sacrifice, between ideal aspiration and the fascination of the senses."

This complete union of poetry and music was more easily derived from popular legends than from history. History is too precise, and does not give scope enough to the imagination of the poet. Wagner sought his legends in the German poems of the Middle Ages, knowing little of their origin in antiquity, unconscious that they were not purely Germanic, but Celtic, that they expressed the feelings of the race to which belonged the Gauls, the Irish, the Gaels of Scotland, the inhabitants of Wales and of Brittany. Wagner did not take the legend of Tannhäuser directly from a German poem of the thirteenth century, but simply from a much more recent popular song, which he found in Heinrich Heine. "What an admirable poem!" said Heine in speaking of an old *Volkslied* which he reproduced. "Except the Song of Solomon, I don't know a song more burning with love than the dialogue between Dame Venus and Tannhäuser. This song is like a love-battle: you see flowing in it the reddest blood of the heart." Wagner became enamored of this legend, and saw in it an expression of the struggle between carnal love and pure and ideal love. In reality, it is something different: it is the adventure of a man who, thanks to the love of a goddess, penetrates the supernatural regions where reigns perpetual spring. Wagner added to the legend of Tannhäuser the episode of the poetical war of the Wartburg, which has nothing to do with it. He added also the element drawn from the personage of Elizabeth, whom he created wholly, and who plays such an important part in his musical drama.

The story of the knight Tannhäuser, of his entering the Venusberg and coming out of it, does not appear in Germany before the middle of the fifteenth century. Hermann von Sachsenheim wrote in 1453 a long poem on the enchanted mountain where Venus kept her court with her husband, Tannhäuser. About the same time there appeared a small poem in which Tannhäuser expresses his regret for having entered the Venusberg, and tells how the Pope Urban IV. refused to pardon him. Another little poem, of the middle of the fifteenth century, in the form of a dialogue, represents Tannhäuser declaring to Venus that, notwithstanding her reproaches, he counts on obtaining pardon of Jesus and his mother. But it was only in the sixteenth century that appeared the song which gave to the legend its present form, and which was so much admired by Heine. It ends with censure of the Pope for his refusal to pardon Tannhäuser. "No Pope, no Cardinal, ought to condemn a sinner, be the sin never so great. God can always forgive."

The curious emblem of the dry stick which becomes green and bears flowers again is a mere spontaneous invention of the popular imagination. In the legend, as it was transformed, we see the unforgiving Pope telling Tannhäuser that he would be pardoned only when his stick became green. Already, in Homer, we see Achilles swearing by the wand which he carries in his hand, and "which will bear no more leaves or branches, since the sword has taken from it its foliage and its bark." M. Gaston Paris will have it that in the legend the name of Venus was substituted for that of the Sibyl, and that the Venusberg was originally a mountain not of the Thüringer Wald, but of the Apennines in Italy.

"The Italian legend travelled to Germany, probably through Switzerland. The name of the Sibyl was replaced by the name of Venus, and the Venusberg long became for the Germans an object of terror and of desire; only they did not know where to place it. . . . It was in Italy that the legend must have taken its religious form, localizing itself in the mount of the Sibyl. . . . The journey to Rome seems to indicate this. It is not far from the Sibylline hills to Rome, and it is said that in fine weather the dome of St. Peter's is visible from their summit. . . . The legend of Tannhäuser as it appears in Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is not of Germanic origin; it goes back to the legend of the 'Monte della Sibilla.' "

It must be added that this religious form of the Tannhäuser is only an adaptation to Christian ideas of a legend anterior to Christianity and probably of Celtic origin, brought to Italy from the distant shores of the Britannic sea.

A great part of the interesting volume of M. Gaston Paris consists of an elaborate study of the Legend of the Wandering Jew:

"It is generally thought," he says, "that the legend of the Wandering Jew spread over Europe during the Middle Ages; and because of the antiquity attributed to it there has been a tendency to see in it a deep and mystical sense. But there is nothing of the kind: no trace is found of the Everlasting Jew in the vast collection of the Greek or Slav apocrypha, nor in the traditions of Oriental Christianity, nor in the abundant legends of the Latin Middle Ages. The popularity of the Wandering Jew is restricted to certain countries in the northwest of Europe—to Germany, Scandinavia, the Low Countries, and France. It is of recent date, and has been propagated, not orally, but purely in a literary way.'"

Some old legends have a certain relation to the Wandering Jew. As has been remarked, Cain may be called the first Wandering Jew. The Jews of Arabia have their Samiri, who fabricated the Golden Calf and was sent away by Moses from the seats of Israel. A *chanson de geste* speaks of the leper cured by Jesus Christ, who strikes him and becomes the object of a peculiar damnation. (This was made the explanation of the incurability of leprosy.)

The curious legend of Marcus or Malc is still popular in Venice, Naples, and Sicily. The celebrated monk of St. Albans relates that in 1278 an Armenian archbishop came to England and, among other marvellous stories, spoke with much particularity of one of the witnesses of the Passion who was still alive. This archbishop repeated the same story at Cologne and Tournai, and it found its way into the Chronicle of Philippe Mousket, who wrote at Tournai about 1243:

"When the Jews were taking Jesus to the cross, this man bade them 'Wait for me; I am going too to see the false prophet on the cross.' Jesus turned round, and, looking at him, said: 'They will not wait for me, but you shall.' And he still waits, not having died since. Every hundred years he becomes young again. They say that he was baptized by Ananias; he will die only on the Day of Judgment."

We must pass to the beginning of the seventeenth century to find a reappearance of the legend of the Wandering Jew; but the art of printing gave it at once an immense popularity. The oldest edition of the 'Marvellous Relation of a Jew Called Ahasuerus' appeared at Leipzig in 1602. Paul von Eitzen, Bishop of Schleswig, is said to have told several persons that he saw Ahasuerus at church—"a tall man, with bare feet, standing near the pulpit during the sermon, and bowing every time the name of Jesus was pronounced." After the sermon, Eitzen asked him who he was. Ahasuerus was his name; he had been a witness of the Crucifixion, and gave many details of the Passion. "When Pilate had pronounced sentence, knowing that Jesus was to pass before his house, Ahasuerus ran to his home, told his people to come and see, and, taking his little child in his arms, stood before his door." He was a cobbler. Christ stopped a moment before his door; and he, believing him to have been justly condemned, told him to hurry along and go where he was ordered to go; upon which Jesus looked at him intently and said: "I will stop and rest, but you shall march till the last Judgment." These items were given in a letter by Eitzen, who acquired some celebrity from the part he took in the struggle of the Reformation. The legend was popularized by images, by pamphlets, by songs, and was transformed in its details in every country. Without speaking of all these transformations, we will say only that Goethe had contemplated writing an Ahasuerus. He conceived the subject with originality; he thought of giving the cobbler of Jerusalem a character combined of good common sense, of narrowness of mind, and of irony, which would have allowed him to take a personal attitude contrary to the movements of humanity. He wrote a sketch of his poem and then renounced the composition of it, and devoted himself, fortunately for us, to the legend of Faust.

Correspondence.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent issue you comment editorially upon the Dick law, commencing your editorial by saying that the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans has disbanded. That is a mistake. The Washington Artillery has not disbanded, and, furthermore, does not intend to disband. It

is as active as it ever was, and as it ever will be.—Sincerely,

WM. KERNAN DART.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., September 19, 1903.

[The source of our information was a New Orleans paper.—ED. NATION.]

ARNOLD'S MARCH TO QUEBEC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reviewer of 'Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec,' in speaking of the "exact references" in my notes as "comparatively few," chanced to overlook one point. The book is based mainly on journals, which consist of dated paragraphs, and therefore the citation of a journalist in connection with a dated event constitutes an exact reference. Such citations are certainly not few. For example, in the case of Chapter V., I think that the figures should be 74 instead of the reviewer's 14. A page reference would be less precise; and, if made to the MSS., might be worse than useless. JUSTIN H. SMITH.

September 11, 1903.

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Signor Umberto Gnoli's suggestion, contained in the *Nation* for July 2, that the great Borghese Titian, popularly known as "Sacred and Profane Love," should be called "Venus and Medea," is interesting; but does this new title, to use his own words, "quite succeed in fully explaining the composition of that masterpiece"? It is, by the way, worth remembering that Morelli, in his learned critique, suggests that the picture is distinctly Giorgionesque; and Mr. Eugene Benson, the American artist, long resident in Venice, informs me that he is confident that this picture is one of the unfinished canvases left by Giorgione at his death, and afterwards completed by Titian, who bought the contents of the younger artist's studio. Mr. Benson's profound practical studies of the methods of the Venetian masters peculiarly fit him to speak with authority on the subject. He points out that, while the brushwork is undoubtedly Titian's, the subtly suggested thought of the picture is much more typical of Giorgione.

What is this thought? Signor Gnoli is evidently somewhat astray when he asserts that *all* the critics have considered the nude figure a Venus; for the suggestion of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle that the picture should be called "Artless and Sated Love" is based on the fact that the nude figure is, from its evidently virginal quality, *not* a Venus, but an innocent maiden, unlearned in the mysteries of life and love. Notice how intensely earnest she is; how nervously perched on the edge of the water-filled sarcophagus, twisting her legs together like a schoolgirl, and searching, with deeply stirred, inquiring gaze, the face of the completely clothed, quiet woman who sits at ease in an attitude and with a countenance betokening an entire absence of passionate desire. This woman's expression seems to be that of one contented, who remembers and gazes off as if questioning the future.

Back of this sarcophagus, at either end of which these female figures are seated, stands Love (Cupid), who turns away from the contented woman, while he stirs the water; and it is to be noted that the woman also turns away from him. In the background behind her, a pair of rabbits (symbol of fecundity) quietly graze, side by side, and a cavalier gallops off to the battlemented town in the distance. Evidently, like the hero of Browning's "Night and Morning," this gay rider feels

—"the need of a world of men."

It is noteworthy that this theme is repeated in the carved design on that portion of the sarcophagus on which this woman sits. The carving there represents Cupid as helping the lover to mount and ride away. But beneath the nude maiden figure, Love is represented in the carving there as waking the sleeper with lashings, and a lover seeks a maid, both of whom have an arm round the trunk of a tree.

Noticeable, too, is the fact that the roses are all gathered on that side of the rose bush nearest to the woman, who holds one in her lap beneath her hand, while another fades on the marble beside her. Had Signor Gnoli more attentively studied the picture, he would have noticed that the object guarded by this woman's encircling arm is neither "a box, basket, nor jewel casket," but a dark covered bowl of semi-transparent glass, through which we observe that it is already partly filled with that water of life which Cupid is busily pressing toward the shoal crystalline dish which the maiden has placed beside her on the fountain's rim. On the side of the maiden, too, the flowers still bloom ungathered. The stream issuing from the front of the sarcophagus, that shrine whence Death has departed, floods and freshens these unculled roses, which the innocent maiden, as yet, leaves unheeded on the stem. Behind her the rustic lovers embrace, and the white lambs of innocence feed, the frightened hare flees from her pursuer, and the two cavaliers come racing hitherward. Signor Gnoli remarks that she holds a lighted lamp aloft with the arm over which floats off her crimson robe; but is this lamp, as he says, the Cytherean censer and placed there as an attribute of Venus, or only a symbol of love, or is it the lighted lamp of a virgin who awaits the bridegroom's coming?

It *is* quite true that the whole picture breathes of love. But, if we cannot agree that we are to see in this virginal figure a representation of Venus, shall we not find it yet more difficult to discover therein an idea which has been expressed by the long misused phrase "Profane Love"? Can we even imagine a humanist of the sixteenth century, who professed to adore with antique fervor all the phases of passion as a manifestation of the divine recreative power, so characterizing the innocent longing of an evidently inexperienced maid? Does not the misapplied title of "Sacred and Profane Love" in itself imply an ascetic view of the subject quite foreign to the whole tenor of the age which saw the production of the picture? And where shall we find therein an incident that justifies its application? Is it not rather a glorified vision of a scene common enough in Italian roadsides, where an antique sarcophagus has been utilized to form a fountain-basin for a bubbling spring, whither matron and maid may come and tarry and chat of their experiences while they fill those household vessels they chance to have brought with them to carry home the water they seek?

We recall that Titian, writing to one of his correspondents, says he sends him another "poesia" (*i. e.*, poetical, pictured allegory), in which he "will find many interesting things about life." Are not these "many interesting things," the every-day incidents of this picture, glorified by the poetical thought of the whole? He says we shall find here a poem. Let us then give a metrical form to our recollection of these incidents, and thus attempt to see how far they lend themselves to that intention. So recalling them all, must we not conclude that, as they all illustrate this theme and cannot all be included in another theory, the theme of this picture is therefore necessarily

LOVE—INNOCENT AND SATISFIED.

Who linger seated by this fountain side?
What wave refills death's long deserted shrine
Where Love is stirring? Ah! whose limbs entwine
Restlessly? Who, more calm, would beauty hide?

Why then turns Love from her, and that full tide
Of living water toward yon crystalline
Shoal glass still presses? What would she divine
With that fixed gaze on one so satisfied?

The woman heeds not that her lord to-day
Would seek man's world; that gathered rose of hers,
And that filled bowl, she guards, content to stay.

The restless maiden leans toward Him from whence
Those stirred waves come; and fruitful Love prefers
To fill with life that crystal innocence.

WILLIAM P. ANDREWS.

ROME, July 20, 1903.

Notes.

John Lane's fall list embraces 'New Letters of Thomas Carlyle,' edited by Alexander Carlyle, who also makes rejoinder in 'The Nemesis of Froude'; 'Émile Zola, Novelist and Reformer,' by Ernest A. Vizetelly; 'After Worcester Fight,' contemporary accounts of Charles II.'s escape, edited by Allen Fea; the fourth volume of Helps's 'Spanish Conquest in America'; 'Africa from South to North through Marotseland,' by Major A. St. H. Gibbons; 'Juniper Hall,' by Constance Hill; 'The Life of St. Mary Magdalen,' from the Italian by Valentine Hawtrey; a new illustrated edition of William Morris's 'Defence of Guenevere'; a new volume of Essays by Gilbert K. Chesterton; 'Hortus Vitæ,' moralizing essays by Vernon Lee; 'The Poet's Charter, or the Book of Job,' by F. B. Money-Coutts; 'The Ethics of Garden Design,' by Thomas H. Mawson; two illustrated volumes, 'A Hundred Fables'—of Æsop, of Lafontaine, and a third, 'A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals'; 'Cornish Ballads and Other Poems,' by Robert Stephen Hawker, and his 'Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall'; 'The Ancient Halls of the City Guilds,' drawn in lithography by Thomas R. Way; and 'A Book of Country Houses,' nineteen examples by Ernest Newton.

From D. Appleton & Co. we are to have 'Admiral Porter,' by J. Russell Soley; 'The Life of Lord Beaconsfield,' by Wilfred Meynall, in two volumes; 'My Literary Life,' by Madame Adam (Juliette Lamber); 'Chronologies of the Life and Writings of William Cullen Bryant,' with a bibliography of his prose and verse, by Henry C. Sturges, and a memoir by R. H. Stoddard;

Bryant's Poetical Writings in a Roslyn edition; 'Stately Homes in America,' by Harry W. Desmond and Herbert D. Croly, illustrated; 'The Story of Rapid Transit,' by Beckles Willson; 'Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory,' by Oscar P. Austin; 'Rocky Mountain Exploration,' by Reuben G. Thwaites; 'Paris before the War,' letters by Madame Northpeat; 'The Book of the Short Story,' by Alexander Jessup; 'The Psychology of Adolescence,' by President G. Stanley Hall, in two volumes; 'Garden Mosaics,' by Alfred Simson; and 'The Modern Bank,' by Amos K. Fiske.

Little, Brown & Co. have nearly ready 'The Indians of the Painted Desert Region,' by George Wharton James; 'Pioneer Spaniards in North America,' by William Henry Johnson; 'The Adventures of an Army Nurse in Two Wars,' from the diary of Mary Phinney, Baroness von Olnhausen; 'Famous Actors and Actresses and their Homes,' by Gustav Kobbé; 'Ballads of New England,' by Dr. E. E. Hale, his family and others; and a popular edition of Renan's Writings, translated and edited by Joseph Henry Allen.

Fleming H. Revell Co. will publish 'The New Era in the Philippines,' by Arthur J. Brown, D.D.

'The Encyclopædia of Household Economy,' by Emily Holt, and 'The Way of the Sea,' stories of Newfoundland fisher folk, by Norman Duncan, are in the press of McClure, Phillips & Co.

'The Poems of John Cleveland,' the seventeenth-century poet, edited by John M. Berdan; 'Months and Moods: A Fifteen-Year Calendar,' by Edward Curtis; 'The Twentieth-Century Chronology of the World,' by C. N. Horwitz; 'History of Ancient Wethersfield, Conn.,' by Henry R. Stiles, M.D.; 'The Handbook of Columbia University,' by George H. Butler, jr.; 'Starting a Printing-Office,' by R. G. Mallette and W. H. Jackson; and 'Republics versus Women,' by Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey, are among the fall issues of the Grafton Press of this city.

The Baker & Taylor Company will bring out an enlarged edition of the 'New Library of Poetry and Song,' originally selected by William Cullen Bryant; and 'How to Judge Architecture,' by Russell Sturgis.

Several sonnets have been added to the collection of his own verse, 'Sonnets and a Dream,' by Dr. William R. Huntington of Grace Church, and the volume will bear the imprint of Thomas Whittaker.

A new volume in the choice historical reprints of Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, is to be Gabriel Thomas's 'Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pensilvania; and of West-New-Jersey in America' (1698), edited by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, announce an extension of the scope of their documentary collection, "The Philippine Islands," without increasing the number of volumes (55). Instead of stopping short with the nineteenth century, they will continue on to 1898.

The California Promotion Committee, whose headquarters are in San Francisco, have deemed it pertinent to their objects to print in a neat volume the crumbs of eloquence and patriotism let fall by the President during his tour of the coast in May last ('California Addresses by President Roosevelt'). As the cover design imports and one of the many photographic illustrations demonstrates, the speechmaking was often from the train's end; but there are addresses as well as passing remarks. The President's doctrine of expansion is developed along the usual lines, with equal praise of Wood and of Taft "simply as examples." He has also a timely word for "brotherhood in its broadest sense; brotherhood that does not recognize the difference of sections, and that recognizes just as little the difference of class; that treats a man on his worth as a man, and, if he is square, stands by him."

The list of small handbooks on Greek sculpture is enlarged, but not made greater, by Miss H. Edith Legge's 'A Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors' (London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: James Pott & Co.). Written in an hysterical style, in English not always undefiled, and with occasionally an unpardonable blunder—as when she tells us (p. 78) that Mt. Pentelicus "lay on the *west* but a few miles from the city [Athens]," there is nothing new or suggestive in the book, unless it be the author's individual impressions of the works she describes. These are at all events original. Speaking of the room in the Acropolis Museum which contains the archaic female statues, she says that "sometimes it is almost eerie to go into that room and see these figures ranged round one"; though why it should be at certain times rather than others, or indeed at all, her readers may never know, unless the "veritable effort to be alive" is held to account for it. The statue of the Doryphoros makes an impression of "self-contained exactitude," whatever that may be; but here again the impression does not seem to be constant, as we are told that it is gained when we "look again at the statue." That the distinguished authority who provides the introduction to the book could have encouraged its publication, passes one's comprehension, having in mind the excellent manuals of Ernest Gardner, Tarbell, Paris, and Collignon, with no one of which is Miss Legge's worthy to compete.

The seventeenth volume of the 'Account of the Operations of the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India' is devoted to a description of the electro-telegraphic longitude operations for determining the difference of longitude between Karachi and Greenwich. Before 1900 two values of longitude had been employed in mapping the survey of India. The Atlas sheets were based on Lambton's value of 1805, and the standard sheets on Warren's value of 1815. In 1878 these values were found to be too large, and it was necessary to add to all maps a footnote stating that all longitudes required a correction of 2′ 30″. In 1893 Capt. Burrard and Lieut. Conyngham were ordered to undertake new measurements, and the total distance from Karachi to Greenwich, 5,163 miles, was divided into four sections. The first part of the present volumes contains a description of the instrumental equipment and of the operations generally; the second, an abstract of the operations and the reduction of the results. A map and several illustrations accompany the volume.

"Bulletins of the Geological Survey of Victoria" is the title of a new serial published by the Department of Mines of that Australian State. The first number contains an account of the "Geology of the Berry Lead at Spring Hill and Central Leads," by J. W. Gregory, Director of the Survey.

For a frank looking of a gift horse in the mouth, commend us to the "Report of the Committee on the Authenticity of the First Meeting-house in Salem," which fills the greater part of the July number of the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute. Nearly forty years ago the frame of a dilapidated little outbuilding was presented to the Institute by those who credulously saw in it the meeting-house. It was furnished with new roof and walls, a door and windows, and became a very proper worshipful relic. The doubters from the start gained little attention, but in 1900 the issue was sharply raised and the above-named committee was appointed, with the result of discrediting the legend altogether. The documentary research is given in full, with views, diagrams, and plans of Salem sites and properties; and this work of the well-known Essex antiquary, Mr. Sidney Perley, was well worth doing.

As usual, echoes of the Commencement oratory sound in the September issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. William James's spiritual picture of "The True Harvard" fits in well with Professor Shaler's indictment of athletics as the cause of the "serious degradation of the capacity for attention in the less studious half of the men"—as the "disease which is ravaging the educational system of our English people." The more thorough, one might infer, the organization and official establishment of athletics, the profounder the attack on the precious gift so admirable in infancy when all impressions are fresh, and that wanes so steadily with the increase of adventitious aids to knowledge. Yet praise seems to be due to Professor Hollis, whose notable six years' incumbency of the Athletic Committee's chairmanship is here commemorated with a portrait, as are the careers, so honorable to Harvard and so divorced from athletics, of the late George Shattuck Morison and Henry Barker Hill—engineer and chemist among the foremost.

Professor Hirth, the new professor of Chinese in Columbia University, was recently the guest of honor at the regular meeting of the Munich Orientalische Gesellschaft, delivering on that occasion a noteworthy address on "Bilder aus der Chinesischen Kulturgeschichte." The full report is published in the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 160. Prominent among the points emphasized is the evidence furnished that all efforts to connect the oldest Chinese civilization with that of any Western people have failed. As far as can be determined now, Chinese civilization is an absolutely native and independent product. A considerable part of the address was devoted to a presentation and discussion of the new hieroglyphics that go back to the second millennium before Christ, and out of which the modern Chinese characters have been developed. Hirth reports that some years ago he and the deceased Professor Ebers had carefully compared the Chinese with the Egyptian hieroglyphic system, and had reached the conclusion that they were independent products of the two peoples employing them, the similarities between them being accidental and in the nature of things. It is only natural that in each system the sun

should be represented by a circle and the moon by a crescent. The first evidence of the influence of the Western culture in China appears in the second century B. C., as a consequence of the expedition of the Emperor Wu-ti in a western direction, resulting from a previous visit of the Chinese General Shang-Kian to the court of the Indo-Scythians in the regions of the modern Bokhara. The speaker found traces of Hellenistic and Western Asiatic influences in the architectural ornamentation of that period. A brief reply, casting doubt on these conclusions, appeared in the following issue of the *Beilage*.

Some most instructive information on the inner workings of the German book trade and its relations to learned research is furnished by a small volume of 244 pages, recently published by Dr. Karl Bücher, lately elected Rector of the University of Leipzig, and bearing the somewhat enigmatical title, 'Der Deutsche Buchhandel und die Wissenschaft.' The declaration of the sub-title, according to which it is a "Denkschrift im Auftrage des Akademischen Schutzvereins," shows that it is a quasi-official work. The whole is a protest, in the name of the learning of Germany, against a ring which has been formed by the "Sortimenter," *i. e.*, the retail book dealers of the whole country, and directed against the author, the publisher, and the public for the benefit of the middle-man. The Akademischer Schutzverein, in whose name this booklet is sent out, has its headquarters in Leipzig, but has branch societies all over Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, chiefly in the university towns, and authors from all over the country are invited to join it, the fee being but three marks. Bücher is not the first to raise his voice in protest. Some months ago the noted Professor Paulsen of Berlin, in the *National-Zeitung*, scathingly denounced the sins of the German book traders, in an article entitled "Vom Bücherkaufen und von Bücherpreisen in Deutschland," which produced considerable newspaper polemics, and called forth a formal reply from the Göttingen publisher, Ruprecht, in which the attempt was made to defend the exorbitant prices charged by the German dealers. Bücher's book is published by Teubner in Leipzig, at 1.60 marks, the profit all going to the Verein.

The last number of the *Zeitschrift des Deutschen Palästina-Vereins* (*Band* XXVI., *Heft* 4) contains a map of Palestine according to the Onomasticon of Eusebius, laid down on the excellent hand-map of Dr. H. Guthe and Dr. Hans Fischer, and this entire number of the *Zeitschrift* is taken up with a discussion of the Onomasticon, its text, its sources, and the meaning and value of its contents. In conjunction with the Orient-Gesellschaft, the Palästina-Verein is at the present time conducting excavations at Mutesselim-Lejjun, supposed to be the site of Megiddo-Legio, on the southern edge of the plain of Esdraelon, under the immediate direction of Dr. Schumacher, the American Vice-Consul at Haifa. The Emperor of Germany, who, since his visit to Palestine a few years since, has shown a keen interest in Oriental research, is said to be one of the largest contributors to the fund to defray the expenses of these excavations. He is also concerned in the excavations at the extraordinary ruins of Mesheytta, on the east side of the Jordan, presented to him by the Sultan. It is further reported from Palestine that Dr. Sellin, the Austrian explorer, intends to resume work this autumn at Ta'anach. Among the results of his last excavations at this site were some clay tablets with cuneiform inscriptions, throwing light on the worship there of Hadad Rimmon. Outside of Tel Hesy (Lachish) this is the only place in Palestine where inscribed clay tablets have yet been found.

—Professor Lounsbury's discussion of the "Standard of Pronunciation" in English, in the current *Harper's*, demonstrates the absurdity of taking any English dictionary as an infallible guide. "The truth is, that the pronunciation of every dictionary expresses the preferences and prejudices of the particular person or persons who have been concerned in its compilation." The dictionary is of value as a practical assistant, but there is no obligation of unquestioning obedience to the decisions of any one of them when they conflict, or even of all when they agree. They can record no final standard of correctness, simply because the language is in such a constant state of change that none exists. The Director of the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine, London, gives the results of recent experiments on the effects of low temperatures upon organic life. Series of bacteria were subjected to the extremely low temperature of liquid air, and even of liquid hydrogen, for long periods of time without loss of vitality. This use of liquid air is manifestly of great practical value. Natalie Curtis writes of her attempts to learn something at first hand of the native music of the Hopi Indians, "an art that is now fast passing away beneath the influence of the Moody and Sankey hymn-tunes and patriotic songs taught the Indians in the Government schools." In rhythm she regards the Hopi songs as surpassing our own. Their melodies are rich and beautiful, though harmony is almost completely lacking, as would be expected in so primitive a race. She had the good fortune to secure a phonographic record of a newly composed "Katcina dance" song, sung into the instrument with great zest by the composer himself, and received with enthusiasm when reproduced before a Hopi audience. Both the music and the words of this song are given, together with a translation.

—P. S. King & Son, London, have brought out the second edition of Edwin Cannan's 'History of the Theories of Production and Distribution.' During the ten years which have elapsed since the appearance of the first edition, this work has won wide recognition, and it remains to-day the most important contribution ever made to our knowledge of the field which it covers. Mr. Cannan is able, indeed, in the new preface, to say that the researches of the last ten years have not affected the substantive conclusions of the earlier edition. In fact, such work as has been done upon the genesis of the 'Wealth of Nations' confirms his original conjecture of the manner in which Smith's scheme of distribution was evolved. Mr. Cannan considers it needless, also, to alter any of those sharp, and sometimes flippant, references to the work and opinions of contemporary economists which have made the book seem breezy or undignified, according to one's point of view. With sublime confidence he calmly remarks that "what appeared to be ill-tempered blasphemy in 1893, will now be seen to be the calm statement of undoubted fact." The new edition contains few changes of greater importance than "the conversion of 'Mr. Giffen' into 'Sir Robert Giffen,'" and the correction of a few misprints and grammatical blunders. Mr. Cannan has, however, added about a dozen pages which treat of more recent changes in economic theory and the usefulness of modern contributions to the subject. Here he presents some of his own theories with a confidence that is surprising in one who has devoted so much study to the rise and fall of past systems of thought; yet his work in his special field has been so useful that no one will feel like begrudging him this one little fling. Then, too, it will make capital material for some future historian of economic theories in England.

—Filial biographies might sometimes best be left in manuscript for domestic benefit; apart from natural affection, it is a fine thing to have had an eminent man in the family, even at long range. But it is often Hobson's choice between this sort and none; and perhaps 'The Life of Philander Chase, First Bishop of Ohio and [of] Illinois, Founder of Kenyon and Jubilee Colleges,' by his granddaughter, Laura Chase Smith (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is as well done as could be expected at this distance from the facts. It tells a good deal about its subject's ancestry and youth, and not as much as might be of his later life in Illinois, 1835-52; but of this latter there may be not much to tell. The Ohio episcopate, 1818-31, was the most memorable part of his career, and certainly Jubilee College counts for less than Kenyon. In more than one instance Chase was badly used; but to call the objection to his consecration "one of the most inexplicable and malicious, almost diabolical events, which cannot even now be accounted for except by the agency of some evil spirit from the nether world," is to use large language. Fortunately, the attack upon his administration in 1831 and his consequent resignation are here narrated by "one perfectly unbiassed." It appears to be true that "he had nourished and brought up children, and they rebelled against him." Whether genius or no, a bishop who, in hope to save some part of his work, could throw up his office and take his family into a remote wilderness, there to create a farm and mill and to labor as an independent missionary, was at least a character. A hardy and indefatigable pioneer, forceful and fearless, he more than once attempted great things under huge difficulties. What he accomplished was at his own expense; indifference, opposition, slander, physical hardships, perils, and broken bones, affected him only as they hurt his work. The results are appreciated now as they were not at the time. Neglected in the East, he made warm friends in England; but, masterful as he was, he failed to attach and control his subordinates. To his sincerity and devotion was joined "a human pride of opinion and an unmistakably bellicose spirit." "The saint's is not the hero's part"; but hero and saint were queerly mixed in him. There should be more anecdotes, such as his answer to a query, "How does spiritual religion prosper at your college?" (pp. 327-8), and his forcing the passengers on an Ohio

steamboat to kneel for prayers. But he had no Boswell, and the romantic phases of his career found no adequate narrator.

—The fourteenth volume of the Harvard Studies in Classical Philology (Cambridge, published by the University) is appropriately dedicated to the memory of the late Professor Greenough, through whose efforts the original endowment of this annual publication was secured. It contains four articles. The first is a sympathetic memoir of Greenough by Prof. G. L. Kittredge, the greater part of which is devoted to an account of that remarkable pamphlet entitled 'Analysis of the Latin Subjunctive,' and to Greenough's review of Delbrück's 'Conjunctiv und Optativ.' The former little monograph, being privately printed, never in itself won much attention. The latter drew forth from Delbrück a most appreciative letter, which is here first printed. As Professor Kittredge points out, there can be no doubt that the indirect influence exerted upon syntactical study by these two productions has been very great, because their methods and results were applied in that Latin Grammar which made Greenough's name familiar all over this country. What happened in this case was no single phenomenon in the life of this generous-minded scholar. Into his many text-books "he put, in the form of notes, comments, and *obiter dicta*, the ripest fruits of his scholarship and the most brilliant of his discoveries, seldom taking the trouble to designate them as anything new." Thus they became common property, and there can be no doubt that many scholars are quite unaware of the actual source of some of their most familiar doctrines. In the second article in the volume, Mr. Warde Fowler of Lincoln College, Oxford, makes some observations on the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil, dealing chiefly with the last four verses. These, he thinks, may be applied as a touchstone to the interpretation of the poem as a whole, and certainly his treatment of them is both sane and sound.

—The rest, being more than five-sixths, of the volume consists of two articles on the illustrated manuscripts of Terence, and must in future form an indispensable part of the critical apparatus of that author. The author of one of them, Mr. K. E. Weston, while a member of the American School in Rome, became interested in these MSS., and copied the miniatures of the "Phormio" in the four of most importance. His sketches are here reproduced in ninety-six plates, so that for the first time these works can be seen and studied side by side. It becomes obvious at once that the pictures in all these MSS. are "derived from a common original, so completely do the positions of the figures, the gestures, and the general action of each scene or group coincide." With this first conclusion by Mr. Weston we think that all will agree, and almost as many with his second, that the gestures show that the common original was earlier than the time of Quintilian. Perhaps these two contributions were enough to expect from one young scholar, yet those who are familiar with the questions which have been raised about these miniatures will recall at once several to which the information in his possession might have enabled him to give answers. And all readers will recognize a certain feebleness and vagueness of statement in the written part of his production—faults which the editors of the volume might readily have removed. The final and longest article is a much more scholarly performance by Mr. J. C. Watson, who speaks of himself as a student of classical philology in Harvard, but who writes apparently at Cornell. Its title is "Relation of the Scene-Headings to the Miniatures in MSS. of Terence." Our space does not admit even of a résumé of this important treatise; suffice it to say, that the histories of the scene-headings and of the miniatures are found to hang closely together, and that the author is able to prove that the widely accepted views of Leo and Schlee about the relationship existing between the several classes of Terentian MSS. are not sound. In parting for the moment from this interesting volume we must not omit to mention the opening elegiacs, signed "C. L. S.," and evidently written by one of Greenough's colleagues. They are a sign that the gentle art of Latin versification is still lovingly and successfully practised at our oldest university, and they form a prelude of a kind which was dear to the heart of the genial and brilliant scholar to whose memory they are addressed.

THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT

A Treatise upon the Law of Copyright in the United Kingdom and the Dominions of the Crown, and in the United States of America. By E. J. MacGillivray. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902. Pp. xxxvii., 403.

The Law of Copyright. By Thomas Edward Scrutton. Fourth edition. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1903. Pp. xxv., 331.

With two such satisfactory books on the subject as Mr. Copinger's extensive compilation and Mr. Scrutton's admirable compend, there would seem to be little room for another volume in English on copyright. But Mr. MacGillivray explains in his preface that he had found in his own law practice great need of a textbook on this subject which should be exhaustive of the case law, and at the same time contain a concise and clearly arranged epitome of the statutory provisions. He has been successful in meeting this need in a useful and convenient work which, while displacing neither Copinger nor Scrutton, will admirably supplement them.

Dismissing the history of copyright in a few pages of introduction, with the explanation that the subject has already been fully dealt with by Copinger, Scrutton, and Drone, and by Professor Birrell in his Lectures on Copyright, he devotes separate chapters to the subject-matter of copyright —books, engravings, sculpture, paintings, drawings, and photographs; the ownership of copyright; infringement; right of representation; colonial and international copyright; common law in relation to copyright, and the agreements between authors and publishers in relation to printing and publishing. Very wisely he has departed from the usual method, and has printed as a separate division of his book the five short chapters (67 pages) devoted to the law of copyright in the United States. An appendix contains the statutes in force (the repealed sections being distinguished by italic type), and the texts of the Berne convention. The book is well printed in a large, readable type, and there are very few typographical or other errors. Some misprints occur in the titles of American cases, the most noticeable being Nifflin for Mifflin (page 256), while on page 258 the term of United States copyright protection is inadvertently given as thirty-two instead of forty-two years, and two copies of the title-page are said to be required instead of one. The act of June 18, 1874, seems to be not fully understood, the statement being erroneously made regarding labels and prints for articles of manufacture that "as trade-marks they will be protected if registered in the Patent Office"; whereas, the registration required by the act cited is for copyright, and is not under the trademark law.

All the important copyright cases have been cited, but the Supreme Court decision in the case of Bleistein vs. Donaldson doubtless failed to reach the author before his book was printed. This reverses the decision of the court below, and his statement (p. 246) that "a poster with colored drawings of a circus performance had been refused protection" should therefore be changed to read "was granted protection." The contradictoriness of the decisions in copyright cases is very manifest, and comments expressing doubt or dissent from the judicial interpretations—such as "It is almost certain that this is bad law," "I doubt if this is sound," "It is almost certain, however, that this decision would not now be accepted as sound," "This, however, is not law"—are frequent; while in the cases of directly contrary opinions the remark not unfrequently occurs, "Which is the correct view it is difficult to say." The author is doubtless wise in warning his English professional brethren that, while the decisions of the American courts may afford valuable precedents, they should not be cited at random, and before quoting them it is essential to compare the statutory provisions of the two legislations to ascertain whether the decisions are really applicable. Of the copyright legislation of Great Britain, Mr. MacGillivray asserts that it is "perhaps the most complicated and obscure series of statutes in the statute-book"; that the present law is "bad both in substance and form," and that "there are probably more pitfalls for the unwary in dealing with copyright than with any other branch of the law." The long delay in securing the hoped-for reform of this legislation—it is now a full quarter of a century since the Royal Copyright Commission made an elaborate report—is due, he thinks, to dissensions among those who are interested in copyright, failure to come to a satisfactory arrangement with the colonies, and want of time at the disposal of the Legislature.

The author confines himself wholly to an interpretation of the law as it stands, and it is only indirectly that there is any expression of his opinion as to the legislative policy that should be followed in copyright legislation. Incidentally, however, glimpses are obtained showing his attitude towards mooted points. In speaking of the English act of 1842, he says: "Perhaps the other most important change (it cannot decently be called a reform) is the reduction of registration at Stationers' Hall to a mere use-

less and troublesome technicality. Instead of being, as formerly, a condition precedent to protection, and therefore a useful index from which one could ascertain whether a book was copyright or not, it is now made merely a condition precedent to action." In discussing the situation of copyright in Canada, the author, while expressing a doubt whether the act of July 18, 1900, is not *ultra vires* of the Canadian Legislature, nevertheless considers that it would be satisfactory to see this act obtain the hitherto withheld imperial confirmation. This act embodies an interesting variant of the typesetting and prohibition-of-importation provisions of our act of March 3, 1891. A possible unsuspected effect of the typesetting clause in the act of March 3, 1891, is pointed out when discussing the perpetual copyright enjoyed by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in the case of books bequeathed to them. It seems that this perpetual privilege subsists so long as the book is printed only within the respective universities or colleges, and for their sole benefit and advantage. "*Quaere*, if some of Jowett's works, for instance, were printed in the United States in order to acquire American copyright, whether that would destroy the perpetual copyright by reason of copies being printed outside the University."

Mr. Scrutton's work occupies a unique position in English literature relating to copyright. It was originally published in 1883 as a revised edition of the successful Yorke prize essay of the University of Cambridge for 1882 on the subject, "The Law of Property in Literary Compositions: The Principles that ought to regulate it, and How far such Principles have been acted upon in Different Countries." The first edition of the book was therefore largely historical and theoretical, and was published under the title, 'The Laws of Copyright: An Examination of the Principles which should regulate Literary and Artistic Property in England and Other Countries.' The work attracted favorable notice because of its admirable conciseness and clearness of statement; and a second edition, entirely rewritten, omitting the theoretical portions, revising the parts dealing with the law then existing, and adding the texts of the statutes in force, was published in 1890, and a third edition in 1896. The present, fourth edition, with very little increase in bulk, shows careful revision, and leaves the work a most useful, up-to-date handbook of the English law on this subject. Colonial copyright, however, receives but half a dozen pages, with a mere mention of Canada, while international copyright is granted but a single brief chapter, of which only a few pages deal with the United States law. The author is outspoken as to the need of revision of the present British statutes, which he refers to as the "existing chaos of legislation." The inadequate act which went into effect October 1, 1902, to give additional protection to musical copyright, he calls "a striking object-lesson of the difficulty of getting Parliament to extend to literary and artistic property the protection they would hasten to afford to pheasants, were they threatened." Mr. Scrutton does not so frequently as Mr. MacGillivray express his own opinions as to the value of the decisions rendered, but of the much-discussed decision of the House of Lords in the case of Walter *vs.* Lane, protecting the copyright claimed in a reporter's edition of unwritten speeches, he speaks very frankly:

"But for its decision, it would seem startling that a person should be the author of a work to which he has contributed neither the words, nor their arrangement, nor the ideas contained in them, when his only relation to that work is that he has correctly copied from dictation the language of the speaker who composed the thoughts in words. The so-called author shares his authorship with the mechanical phonograph, but, under the protection of the House of Lords, acquires a property in his copy from dictation. . . . It is idle to discuss whether decisions of the House of Lords are right; otherwise there is much to be said for the view of the Court of Appeal and Lord Robertson that a mere copyist does not produce a 'book' within the Copyright Act, and that the phonograph is not an 'author.'"

Mr. MacGillivray, who discusses this decision at length, insists that the essence of the case is that the reporter was entitled to copyright because it was he who first reduced to "book" form the literary composition contained in Lord Rosebery's speeches. It seems desirable, however, not to strain the application of Walter *vs.* Lane, and to seek an explanation of that decision in the facts of the case. Lord Rosebery delivered his speeches without manuscript. The *Times* went to the expense of taking them down in shorthand and printing them. The defendant reprinted them from the columns of that paper, without authority of the proprietors. The Lord Chancellor in his judgment said:

"I should very much regret it if I were compelled to come to the conclusion that the state of law permitted one man to make profit and to appropriate to himself the labor, skill, and capital of another. And it is not denied that in this case the defendant seeks to appropriate to himself what has been produced by the skill, labor, and capital of others. In the view I take of this case, I think the law is strong enough to restrain what to my mind would be a grievous injustice."

It is probable that very similar reasoning led to the recent decision which so aroused the ire of Mr. Furnivall in the case of Parry *vs.* Messrs. Moring and Gollancz, granting an injunction against a new edition of the 'Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple.'

THE POPISH PLOT.

The Popish Plot: A Study in the History of the Reign of Charles II. By John Pollock, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Duckworth & Co. 1903.

The attempts of the English Catholics to secure toleration and to gain power have already furnished a fruitful theme to the historians of the seventeenth century. Gunpowder Plot, the most dramatic of all political conspiracies with the exception of St. Bartholomew, has recently been recalled to memory by Gardiner's debate with Father Gerard. In this case the learned chronicler of the Stuarts made himself a detective, and sought, by the most careful scrutiny of all available records, to show that Gunpowder Plot was something more than the successful angling of an *agent provocateur*. Guy Fawkes and his confederates were bent on doing serious mischief. The evidence against the alleged promoters of the Popish Plot is by no means so clear. Many writers, indeed, who cannot be suspected of fidelity to the Roman cause, look upon the plot merely as the invention of perjurers like Oates and Bedloe—the ghastly fiction of human vampires. Mr. Pollock's attitude towards it may be gathered from a line out of "Absalom and Achitophel" that stands upon his title-page:

"Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies."

There is detective work in the present volume, and historical disquisition as well. Mr. Pollock divides his subject into four parts: "The Designs of the Roman Catholics," "Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey," "Politics of the Plot," and "Trials for Treason." This arrangement has the merit of great clearness, and it also permits us to touch upon each of the author's main topics.

Titus Oates came forward with his story of a popish plot against the life of Charles II. in September, 1678. A hundred years later, when rationalism and toleration had taken the place of religious bigotry, Hume declared that none but a confirmed Whig could believe in the existence of such a conspiracy, while Charles James Fox, the bulwark of contemporary Whiggism, declared the whole tale to be spurious. Mr. Pollock is not quite at one with these historians of the eighteenth century. He makes no attempt to rehabilitate Oates, for it would be past the ingenuity of the most accomplished whitewasher to defend such an utter rascal; but he does say that "unless he made a prodigious guess, the most fortunate in history, Oates must have acquired [at St. Omer] hints dropped on the subject of the movement in England." Plotting is one thing and a mature plot is another. Mr. Pollock adduces evidence which proves that the Jesuits were plotting for the restoration of Catholicism in England long before James II. came to the throne. That a conspiracy against the life of Charles II. was a part of their programme, cannot be established by evidence of the same validity, but it can hardly be doubted that such a subject was discussed.

Those who are familiar with the career of Robert Parsons and with the nature of the tradition he founded, can readily understand how the hope of the Jesuits went out toward the sons of Henrietta Maria. In the days when Milton was exclaiming, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," the prospects of the English Catholics could not have been bright, but the Restoration permitted hope to revive, and the Treaty of Dover might well seem a long step towards the redemption of the realm from heresy. Unfortunately for the Jesuits, Catholicism with Charles II. was a means and not an end. For the sake of escaping from a niggardly Parliament and of making himself absolute, he was willing to accept a French pension and the religion of the King of France. But the Treaty of Dover was in reality, as Lord Acton has said, "a plot under cover of Catholicism to introduce absolute monarchy, and to make England a dependency of France, not only by the acceptance of French money, but by submission to a French army." However, this shameful compact led to nothing save the abortive Declaration of Indulgence in 1672. A year of war with Holland, along with the domestic complications it involved, convinced Charles that he would not gain absolutism through the Catholic interest. Accordingly, in 1763, he repudiated the Declaration of Indulgence by accepting the Test Act; and at the same moment, the hope of

the Romanists, deserting him, went out to the Duke of York, whose adherence to the ancient faith was less contingent upon politics.

The King's change of front at once led to fresh projects, and Mr. Pollock looks upon the summer of 1673 as a time when intrigues began which five years later suggested the embellishments of Oates. Until the close of 1675, the course of the plotting can be traced with considerable clearness in the correspondence of Edward Coleman, a Jesuit and the Duchess of York's secretary. Throughout his letters there is much treason, construing treason according to its legal sense, for Coleman aimed at nothing short of turning England to Catholicism by French gold or Austrian gold or papal gold—it matters little where the money comes from. With Coleman, who was an enthusiast, the propaganda is religious and not ecclesiastical. After 1675, the nature of Jesuit designs is more difficult to trace. During Danby's ministry the Catholics had little to hope from the court, and after 1676, when the Duke of York avowed his conversion to Rome, the relations of the King and his brother became difficult. So much depended upon the length of the King's life! With what we know about Edward Petre in England and Père La Chaise in France, how can the fact of Jesuit activity be doubted? What the details were, the world may never know. Mr. Pollock is cautious, and confines himself to the following general statement: "This much only can be said with safety, that the brothers hated each other, that the death of the King was talked of in Jesuit seminaries on the Continent, and that James was not above tolerating, if he did not direct, an attempt to murder the husband of his daughter."

We have already said that Gardiner played the detective in his little book on the Gunpowder Plot. The atmosphere of Scotland Yard also pervades the present volume, for, besides the political plotting of the Jesuits, there lies embedded in the midst of the Oates conspiracy the mysterious death of Sir Edmund Godfrey. Was he murdered, or did he take his own life, as L'Estrange would have us believe? If he was murdered, who were his murderers, and what was their motive? To these dark and tragic questions Mr. Pollock applies his ingenuity. He will not accept the judgment of Hume that the problem is insoluble, nor is he content to follow Macaulay and Ranke in calling it unsolved. Rejecting the opinion of Sir James Stephen and Mr. Sidney Lee that Oates himself was the murderer, he evolves a very interesting theory which is largely founded on the testimony and career of Miles Prance. His conclusion is that Godfrey had accidentally come into possession of a secret the revelation of which would have prevented the Duke of York from succeeding to the throne. Godfrey was on good terms with the Catholics, but he was also a magistrate, and might impart this fatal piece of intelligence to the Government. He was therefore murdered by the Jesuits in Somerset House, the Queen's residence, and his body was kept there for several days before being taken to Primrose Hill, where it was discovered.

Mr. Pollock finds the cornerstone of his theory in a statement which Oates was constantly reiterating, namely, that a Jesuit congregation had been held "on April 24, 1678, at the White Horse Tavern, in the Strand, where means were concerted for the King's assassination." The particular allegation is untrue, though a congregation of Jesuits was held in London on the date in question. This meeting, however, took place not at the White Horse Tavern, but at St. James's Palace, the residence of the Duke of York, as may be seen from Sir John Reresby's 'Memoirs,' and Father John Warner's 'Persecutionis Anglicanæ et Conjurationis Presbiterianiæ Historia.' Warner was a provincial of the Jesuits in England, and a confessor to James II. The constancy of the Jesuits is proved by the fact that nine of them suffered death during the course of the Popish Plot rather than reveal the secret which would have destroyed the future of Catholicism in England. Had this secret been divulged, the Opposition would have been masters of the situation. Mr. Pollock is perfectly moderate when he says:

"The discredit into which Oates would have fallen would have been of little moment compared to the extent of the gain to the Whig and Protestant party. To Shaftesbury the knowledge would have meant everything. Witnesses of the fact would certainly have been forthcoming, and James's reception of the Jesuits in his home was a formal act of high treason. The Exclusion Bill would have been unnecessary. James would have been successfully impeached, and would have been lucky to escape with his head upon his shoulders."

To return to Sir Edmund Godfrey. On September 6, 1678, Oates had come to him as a magistrate and sworn to the existence of a Catholic plot against the King's life. Oates's story was carried by Godfrey to Edward Coleman, who, if we accept Mr. Pollock's theory, disproved it—at least to Godfrey's satisfaction. In the course of a conversation held between the magistrate and the Jesuit at the house of a common friend, Mr. George Welden, on September 28, Coleman disclosed by word or hint Oates's perjury regarding the meeting of the Jesuits at the White Horse Tavern. In order to establish his hypothesis, Mr. Pollock must persuade us that Godfrey knew when the congregation was actually held, and that the Jesuit body knew him to be possessed of their secret. Three days after his meeting with Godfrey, Coleman was committed to Newgate. What was the nature of his part in the plot against his friend, the magistrate? Having given Godfrey the information, did he become a party to his death? This is a point of some consequence, and one upon which Mr. Pollock does not throw much light. As Godfrey disappeared upon October 12, the design against his life hurried rapidly forward, and Coleman in durance could have afforded little direct aid. It is clear that Godfrey believed Oates to be a perjurer, and also considered his own life to be imperilled by the chain of events which began with Oates's deposition in his presence.

For the rest, Mr. Pollock opens up a new vista by his scrutiny of Prance's evidence and conduct. This man was a Roman Catholic silversmith, and an important witness at the trial that followed Godfrey's death. While his evidence seemed to be directed against certain Catholics, it diverted suspicion from Le Fevre, the Queen's Jesuit confessor, and several other Jesuits. In December, 1688, when Father John Warner, late provincial of the Jesuits in England, was attempting to escape from Gravesend, his boat was stopped in the harbor, and it was found to contain one other passenger, Miles Prance. A good understanding had apparently existed between him and the Jesuits during the ten years that followed Godfrey's murder, and his testimony must be construed with this fact in mind. Mr. Pollock's treatment of circumstantial evidence is highly plausible, and his theory of Godfrey's death deserves careful consideration.

On the political side, the chief motive of this book is furnished by Charles II.'s contest with the Whigs, ending in their severe discomfiture at the Oxford Parliament of 1681. To those who derive their knowledge of Charles's reign from Gramont and historical novels, the statement that the Merry Monarch was a determined politician may come as a surprise. Mr. Pollock finds him both determined and capable, a worthy foe of Shaftesbury, and the ablest member of his line. Not that he strove for the highest national aims. His purpose was simply to enhance the power of the crown, whether by the Treaty of Dover or by the tactics of Danby. The Popish Plot served to place him at a great disadvantage, for he desired the succession of James rather than that of Monmouth, and the Whigs had ground to hope that through the Plot they might force his hand. In the end the King prevailed over his foes by patience, and gained a personal triumph which Mr. Pollock calls unique. The decisive moment was reached in March, 1681, when Charles dared to dissolve Parliament after the first reading of the Exclusion Bill. No revolution followed, and the Whigs were driven into the Rye House Plot. We quote the passage in which Mr. Pollock indicates most clearly his conception of Charles as a politician:

"While to the world he seemed a genial debauchee, whose varied talents would have fitted him equally to be a chemist, shipwright, jockey, or dancing master, this horseman, angler, walker, musician, whose energy tired while his company delighted the most brilliant of English courts, more admirable than Crichton had he not been more indolent, he labored in an inner life at a great endeavor, and, chiefly by letting himself be misunderstood, achieved it. He restored the crown to its ancient place in the State whence his father and his grandfather had let it fall. He gave Parliament just enough rope to hang itself."

The volume closes with a study of the trials for treason which sprang from the Popish Plot. Before coming to the trials themselves, Mr. Pollock discusses at length the criminal procedure then in vogue and the rôle of the judges in political trials. The miscarriage of justice was such as might be expected under the circumstances; the bench being a branch of the Administration and chiefly concerned to defend the cause of the Crown, the witnesses being mostly perjurers, and public opinion being excited to the last degree by venomous rumors. The Popish Plot is an episode in national psychology no less than in national politics, and, though an extremely unpleasant subject, it fully deserves the attention which Mr. Pollock has devoted to it in this learned and well-ordered study.

TRENT'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A History of American Literature, 1607-1865. By William P. Trent, M.A., LL.D., Pro-

fessor of English Literature in Columbia University. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

Professor Trent's volume is in general so well conceived and executed that, as one of Mr. Gosse's "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," it will not be shamed by its companion volumes, unless some of these attain to a degree of excellence far in excess of that reached heretofore. In his preface he is lavish with his modesty, saying that his book would have dwindled to an essay if he had "treated so callow a literature on the scale adopted by the writers of the volumes dealing with the mature and extensive literature of France and England." A fuller treatment than theirs has enabled him to pay more attention than their scheme would permit to the fairly important as distinguished from comparatively eminent writers produced by our democratic conditions; it has also enabled him to deal with certain pioneer authors "as though they were reputable and fairly interesting men," not as though they were unpresentable progenitors, always to be kept in the background. But Professor Trent's modesty extends to the more modern periods of our literature. We are too near to these for the historian and critic to deal justly with them, and consequently Professor Trent disclaims all pretence of having written a history of our literature from 1830 to 1865. What he has written is an impressionist appreciation. So much modesty is commendable, but we cannot but believe that he has builded better than he thinks. It is perhaps the defect of his participation in a history of universal literature that he seems to be habitually in fear that he may claim too much for any American writer. It is as if he sought to ingratiate himself by "singing small." One can easily imagine how much more doughtily Col. Higginson would stand to his American guns.

The earlier chapters take us through such immeasurable sand that a certain dryness would be only what we should expect; but actually we have less of this to complain of than of a too resolute vivacity, extracting sunshine from cucumbers of the most forbidding character. We tire a little of so much whistling when we know that it is done to keep the author's and our own courage up, and we would have him abandon himself to a dulness more in keeping with the books and authors he describes. A more serious defect than this, which leans so obviously to virtue's side, is that which becomes conspicuous only when we arrive, in the later chapters, at the chief American writers—the conscientious endeavor to determine whether this, that, and the other one was a great author. Matthew Arnold never less approved himself as a wise critic than in such mechanical measurements; and where Arnold failed, Professor Trent is hardly likely to succeed. Emerson counted five writers of the highest rank. Many of us would stop at three, and to "size up" a writer becomes increasingly difficult as we come down the line.

The first two parts of Professor Trent's book (186 pages) cover almost precisely the period of the late Prof. Moses Coit Tyler's four royal octavos. It would have been quite impossible for Professor Trent to carry his researches farther than Professor Tyler, so that from 1607 to 1788 the merit of his work is mainly that of faithful condensation. Moreover, Professor Tyler's emphasis was generally so just that to differ from him in this respect would be to go astray. Michael Wigglesworth is for Professor Trent, as for every literary critic of the New England theocracy, the typical Puritan poet, nor does he deny himself the inevitable quotation from "The Day of Doom." It is Professor Trent's disadvantage as compared with Professor Tyler, that he has much less room for quotation, which is the greater pity, because he has less skill than some others in plucking out the heart of a writer's mystery. He circles about an author like a swallow round a chimney, but without the bird's conclusiveness. "Annalists of the Seventeenth Century" is a chapter that reaches to its climax in a warm word for Bradford's Journal, and that on the New England divines of the same period in a generous tribute to Cotton Mather; his biographer, Mr. Barrett Wendell, faring equally well. "Later Colonial Verse" (1701-1764), "so dry that you might call it wet," would make the "Later Colonial Prose" of the same years shine by comparison, even if it did not have the master names of Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards to conjure with. Prof. Trent makes much of these oases, but not more than they deserve. For logical acumen he mates Edwards with John C. Calhoun, and might have found them complementing each other, one as the apostle of "man's inhumanity to man," the other as the apostle of God's similar disposition. Here again we have the inevitable quotation, Edwards's description of young Sarah Pierrepont, which certainly does read like a stray leaf from Dante's 'Vita Nuova'; but the longer passage, which he quotes to show that Edwards had in him the makings of a great prose writer, does not at all bear him out in that particular.

Coming to the "Revolutionary Period" (1765-1768), John Dickinson's 'Letters' are evaluated as the work of "the most important writer on political topics," but as less effective in hastening independence than the work of Samuel Adams. Is there not, however, a provincial note in the hint of Adams's "coarseness" as "a fact which partly accounts for his comparative failure to impress himself upon the popular imagination"? Still, so long as we are not invited to consider the whole course of Adams's revolutionary career as a profound mistake, we have little reason to complain. And so far is Professor Trent from this construction that he is even more generous than Professor Tyler in his appreciation of Thomas Paine. "He had grave faults, but one is almost tempted to say that the man who at this late day emphasizes them has greater"—a possible reminiscence of Henley's saying that he would rather have had Burns's faults than have written about them in the manner of Stevenson. A habit of infelicitous comparison has for one example the comparison of Paine's inferiority to Burke to Kingsley's inferiority to Newman. But where generally praise of Paine's political service to America has been offset by condemnation of his religious heresies, Professor Trent has the courage to say that much of Paine's Biblical criticism has not been prevented by Orthodox assaults upon 'The Age of Reason' "from seeming fairly conservative to-day, at least in point of substance."

Among the "Poets and Miscellaneous Writers of the Revolutionary Period" Freneau easily forges to the head; but a neglected point of view is taken where, over against Scott and Campbell's borrowing each a line from Freneau, we are reminded that his own borrowings were more royal. Of Timothy Dwight's multifarious writings Professor Trent would save one hymn and the 'Travels,' so much less than they might have been if Dwight could have subordinated to reality his predilection for "elegant English." Joel Barlow is considered with more than ordinary sympathy, both for his affecting story and for certain real merits, more conspicuous in his "Hasty Pudding" than in his "Columbiad." The word "notorious" has become so "soiled by all ignoble use" as to make it doubtful whether Professor Trent should have written of Barlow's friend and monodist as "the notorious Helen Maria Williams." John Woolman is described in terms that will satisfy all but the fanatical admirers of that noble journalist.

As the literary product becomes more various, Professor Trent's difficulties in achieving a satisfactory classification increase upon his hands, but his success commends his ingenuity. For the "Formative Period" (1789-1829) he is no longer reminiscent of Professor Tyler as in the two preceding parts, but is not less informing than when following the Tyler trail. From "Transitional Writers" he passes to "Writers of Fiction," under which head Irving and Cooper are treated with generous elaboration. Irving, "the first successful American man of letters," is eagerly defended from the assault of hypercritical depreciation, and the treatment of Cooper cannot be better praised than by a recognition of its substantial agreement with Professor Lounsbury's capital biography. The acceleration of interest promised by this chapter is hardly maintained by the next following, wherein the point of departure is Kettell's 'Specimens of American Poetry,' in three volumes, published in 1829, the term *ad quem* of the verse-writers of the period under consideration. Among Kettell's one hundred and twenty-five poets Professor Trent discovers only one of real importance; for, though the collection had some of Longfellow's and Whittier's early verse, there was little of the former's and nothing of the latter's to herald their long since established fame. We are once more reminded that the introductory and concluding parts of "Thanatopsis," as it now stands, were additions of much later date than the body of the poem; but the idea that they bettered it, is one from which the more judicious will appeal. The account of "Unitarianism and Transcendentalism" has as much prominence as in Mr. Wendell's 'Literary History,' but the manner of it has no taint of Mr. Wendell's patronizing airs. Emerson is highly exalted, not without qualification, while the praise of Thoreau as a writer, rather than as an observer or thinker, marks a tendency widely apparent, and Professor Trent's cordial abandonment of himself thereto. "The Romancers" (1830-1850) are preëminently Hawthorne and Poe. Hawthorne is invited to the highest seat, but with some demur at the narrowness of his vision, and with such admiration for his moral nature and winning personality as Emerson's personal contact did not excite and many of us cannot feel. There is no

attempt to rehabilitate Poe's character—a hopeless task—but if his special cult is not satisfied with the estimate of his prose and verse it is only because to set him above Shakspere would not be enough. Much of Longfellow's significance ("The Poets," 1830-1850) is found in his revealing the Old World to the New. A more careful reading of Pickard's Life of Whittier would have reshaped some of the sentences about Whittier's "shrewd campaigning" in a harsher mould. It is a right judgment that "some of his best work" deals with "such an unpleasant topic as slavery"; and if we are not prepared to say that "Ichabod" is the only great one of his personal poems, we may without hesitation recognize it as the greatest of its class. The minimizing view of Holmes's poetry would have sorely afflicted that genial egotist, could he have anticipated it, but he would have been comforted by being crowned as "the typical representative of Unitarian Boston and the heretical descendant of Calvinist saints." Hardly less minimizing is the view of Lowell as prose-writer, critic, and poet, with the grand exception of the first 'Biglow Papers' as the obvious culmination of American satiric and humorous poetry. We read of our longing for a new Lowell to satirize our new follies, but the old Lowell answers tolerably well, so closely are the new follies patterned on the old.

A chapter, "Poets and Novelists" (1850-1865), has 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for its top and crown, and Professor Trent's unhappy predilection for the literary parallel betrays him into bracketing Mrs. Stowe's novel with Aphra Behn's 'Oroonoko.' The humorists from 1830 to 1865 have a chapter to themselves which is convincing that humorists in the lump are miserably indigestible. The concluding chapter celebrates a line of "Historians, Critics, Publicists." George William Curtis would not regret to find his service as Independent and civil-service reformer set above his work as orator and essayist, but the admirers of Webster will certainly object to having his Reply to Hayne refused the honors of great literature. Is it so sure that an ice-cold historical criticism is a better test of literary quality than the heat of contemporary passion? In reserving Abraham Lincoln for the climax of his work, Professor Trent, not forgetting the Gettysburg address and the inaugurals, seems to have intimation that the measure of literary greatness is not so much excellence of form as height of soul.

Portraitures of Julius Cæsar. By Frank J. Scott. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

The collection of portraits of Julius Cæsar published in 1887 by the late John Ropes of Boston was richer in illustrations than any that had before been made, and his study of them must still be read by all who are interested in the personal appearance of the great Roman. But numerically it is now superseded by the work of Mr. Frank J. Scott, an architect of Toledo, who has been more successful than was even Bernouilli in getting together material.

The latter's list, in his well-known 'Ikonographie,' included sixty statues and busts, and was illustrated by eleven plates or cuts. In Mr. Scott's list there are added twelve ancient and fourteen Renaissance or later works, and he gives us twenty-nine full-page plates and forty-five cuts in the text, all illustrations of portraits of Cæsar, together with ten more plates and cuts of kindred subjects. During four years of travel in Europe the author visited all the great museums and many private galleries, studying, comparing, making sketches, or causing photographs or casts to be made of all the materials, ancient, mediæval, or Renaissance, which might throw light on the features and head of Julius Cæsar. His studio, with its collection of this material, must be a fascinating place, to judge by one of his plates which represents a shelf supporting sixteen plaster casts of the most important busts.

Aware that, excluding coins, we have not a single portrait which was certainly executed or certainly not executed in Cæsar's life-time; confused at first by the curious variations in those which professed to represent him; with intenser study, ideals of the man's real presence began to shape themselves out of the aggregate of the marbles preserved, until finally Mr. Scott was able to fix, with other iconographists, upon certain ancient busts and statues as having been executed probably in Cæsar's time, and upon others as probable studies of ancient works no longer in existence. Not that he blindly follows any iconographist, even the greatest. For instance, he differs from them in distrusting Cæsar's effigies on coins as fundamental for knowledge of his features. Rightly; for the coins, wretched as works of art, and all of them struck towards the end of Cæsar's life, can give us nothing but one or two salient characteristics of the man at that period, to be read into the more general conception of him which is to be got from busts and statues. Again, Mr. Scott differs from the many who hold that the colossal head in Naples is the most valuable single portrait of Cæsar now known. This palm he would award to the Vatican head in the Chiaramonti Museum, No. 107, considering it the finest representation of Cæsar the thinker, jurist, statesman, and gentleman, although it fails to give evidence of his military dash, his audacity, and his energy. These latter traits Mr. Scott thinks are best expressed in a bronze statuette hitherto unpublished and undescribed, which he had the good fortune to find in Madrid. Of the striking bust of an old man with his toga drawn over his head, which used to be called "Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus," and which he justly considers altogether too old for the real Cæsar, he has the interesting theory that the original was merely an idealization in clay, never intended by the sculptor for literal duplication in marble, but copied literally in later times as a speculation.

In connection with this and with several inferior busts resembling it, Mr. Scott ventures the theory that there was a death-mask of Cæsar which served as their prototype. This thought was suggested to him by the discovery in Turin of another unpublished head which, unfinished at the back, certainly seems to be the copy of a mask; but whether of Cæsar or of another is a difficult question to determine. That a death-mask was made, Mr. Scott need not have doubted had he recalled the Roman *imagines* and known of Appian's description of the funeral of Cæsar with the puppet which figured there. This reminds us to say that it would perhaps have been better if Mr. Scott had omitted much of his chapter entitled "A Brief of Cæsar's Life." The word brief is well chosen; the chapter is a piece of special pleading on his favorite's behalf, for, to Mr. Scott, Cæsar must be like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion. And in his protest against the Shaksperian representation of Cæsar's funeral, where Mr. Scott argues that the actual spectators in the Forum that day must have behaved with the stern taciturnity of Americans when they received the news of the assassination of Lincoln, he entirely overlooks the difference between Italians and Anglo-Saxons, and has apparently never read the account of Appian to which we have referred. It was necessary, of course, that he should tell us of his conception of Cæsar's character; but he might have done this in a few words, and devoted the space thus saved to translations of those descriptions of the man's personality which have come down to us from antiquity. Here, by the way, he would have found it a difficult job to produce many descriptions by writers of Cæsar's own day, although he several times alludes to such as existing. Still, later descriptions, modelled upon earlier, no doubt, would have been welcome.

But the book is a good book, and will be full of interest to sculptors and to the general reader. The point of view is confessedly not that of the classical scholar, yet the work will be (and perhaps for that very reason) useful to scholars in spite of some slips like "Sueton" and "Plineus," and some curious usages of English, such as "histrionic" (for historical) and "portraited." That the heroic statue in the court of the Conservatori came from Cæsar's forum is a somewhat doubtful tradition, not a "belief," and the statue was executed towards the end of the first century or at the beginning of the second rather than "near to Cæsar's life-time." Finally, we may note that it is curious that one so familiar as Mr. Scott must be with the Vatican collections should not remember that the "Roman in a toga, sacrificing," a cast of which he saw in the Crystal Palace and proceeded to enter in his list as a possible Cæsar, is a prominent object in the famous Sala della Biga, where he must have seen it many times, though naturally then never thinking of adding it to his collection.

Rossetti Papers, 1862 to 1870: A Compilation by William Michael Rossetti. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

This last instalment of Mr. William M. Rossetti's family papers, containing as it does many letters of the most celebrated people in art and literature of the time, cannot fail to have a general interest, much as it will be regretted that its compiler has not limited himself to giving only what would have furthered the chief object he had in view—*i. e.*, to throw more light on the career of his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Although many books have been published about D. G. Rossetti, it is generally acknowledged, by all who knew him, that as yet there is none that gives any adequate idea of his genial personality or of the influence he exercised over the men who

came under the spell of his genius. To the future biographer of Rossetti, the letters here included will be of value, showing in many instances his appreciation of the humorous, the kindliness of his nature in attempting to secure purchasers for his friends' pictures, and his rare generosity in acknowledging the qualities he liked in the work of others. Several letters from Ruskin to D. G. and to W. M. Rossetti throw some light on the interruption of friendly relations between the artist and his former patron and critic.

Among the noteworthy correspondents whose letters are given are Carlyle, Robert Browning, Walt Whitman, Professor Norton, "Baron" Kirkup, W. J. Stillman, James Smetham, W. Allingham, Madox Brown, W. B. Scott, etc. Then we have several disputatious letters on business matters relating to the non-execution of commissions or the delay in their execution, about which it is impossible for the reader to judge, as the answers to the artist are withheld. Many notes to Madox Brown, the friend with whom D. G. Rossetti was constantly in touch, are too scrappy to deserve reprinting; but Mr. William Rossetti's method of reproducing everything he can lay hands on is too well known from former volumes to call for comment here, nor would his readers expect of him any concession to the virtue of discretion. It is, therefore, rather astonishing to find in his preface that he has clipped at all. "The passages omitted are very generally such as would be of little or no interest to the reader, although occasionally it happens that something which might be of interest is excluded on other grounds."

On the score of good taste we should think he might have withheld the nonsense verses, among other trivialities, as unfit for publication. Amusing as they may have been as impromptus, they are too personal and ephemeral in their fun to be intelligible to outsiders.

The interpolation of W. M. Rossetti's diary, which runs through the book, might well have been spared also, occupying as it does so much of the text with fragmentary jottings as to his own vacation journeys, dinings out, visits, opinions on pictures seen, accounts of spiritual séances at which nothing happens that is noteworthy—entries, in fact, which only serve to recall a date, and which could be of no permanent use to any one but himself. The references to Christina Rossetti are few, and consist chiefly of letters from her, referring to the publication of her poems, or her brothers' criticisms and suggestions about them, the change of a word, etc.—matters with which the public has no concern.

With all respect to the present craving for the human document, in giving the papers left by people of note to the public some discrimination should be used, as much in its own interest as in theirs, as to what is significant and characteristic, and what is utterly unimportant.

Sacred Sites of the Gospels. By W. Sanday. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

Dr. Sanday's 'Sacred Sites' consists of fifty-five process reproductions of photographs, seven maps and plans, and 126 pages of letterpress. The photographs are not original, the maps are for convenience, the plans—apart from one of Jerusalem, also for convenience—are an elaborate reconstruction of the Temple of Herod by Mr. Paul Waterhouse, the architect, in collaboration with Dr. Sanday, and the letterpress is in an easy lecturing style, marked by Dr. Sanday's common sense and insight, but not entering deeply into any of the problems involved. The origin of the book, in fact, lies in three lectures delivered by the author after a visit of a few weeks to Palestine. These are given as delivered, with a fourth chapter added on the recent literature of the subject.

As Dr. Sanday himself recognizes, the *raison d'être* of this contribution is to be sought in his training as a textual critic. Here the old antagonism of the archæologist and the philologist appears again, but in a mild form, and with prospect of fruitful results. Thus, the student of text-recensions feels compelled to read Gerasenes in Luke and Mark, while the topographer feels equally compelled towards Gergesenes. Again, it stirs, and not unnaturally, the textualist's laughter when the topographer, dealing with the pool of Bethesda, says naïvely that he does not intend to follow the best MSS. because he thinks that the inferior ones suit the local indications better. Finally, the writer of 'Macmillan's Guide'—happy neither in texts nor in localities—is the especial *bête noire* to Dr. Sanday's steady scholarliness. The Oxford professor evidently took a pleasure in rapping, always in calmly moderated language, the knuckles of that very cock-sure and overflowing compiler. And at all these points it is belief in texts and solicitude for their integrity that are the valid moments.

In Jerusalem itself Dr. Sanday upholds the traditional sites of Golgotha, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Upper Room of Luke's Gospel and Acts. Of course, he does not think that these sites can be exactly fixed, only that they must have lain more or less in their present localities. As for the tomb, for example, he says very pointedly that

"there is an appreciable probability that it would be remembered and handed down, even though it was buried [by the platform of the Temple of Venus]. When I say 'remembered,' I mean remembered in the genral sense that the successive generations of Christians would know roughly and approximately within what area the Lord's body had lain. We can understand that if that were so, when the Temple of Venus was taken down, and the earth that formed its platform removed, if the workmen came upon a tomb that at all answered to the description in the Gospel, the discovery would seem very convincing. And if, in an old disused rock-hewn reservoir near, there were found beams such as might conceivably have been crosses, that would seem to be striking confirmation. Under the circumstances, we must not expect that the examination would be very closely critical. But I think we may say with some confidence that the enthusiasm that was evidently felt and shown on the occasion was not without tangible grounds" (p. 77).

But the site in Jerusalem as to which he feels most confidence, still in this broad way, is that of the Upper Room. The evidence for the traditional Cenaculum is marshalled with great force and with a keen appreciation for the precise value of tradition—where it is valid, and where it fails. This part of his book is worthy of careful study; in it the effects of Dr. Sanday's training are very visible.

The same method is applied to the problem of the sites of Capernaum, but there it fails. Towards Khan Minyeh he inclines, but in the last instance—in the preface—has to confess uncertainty. The evidence is really insufficient, and it may be doubted whether it will ever be possible precisely to assign a great city like Capernaum to one or other of two sites so close, each to each, as are Khan Minyeh and Tell Hum.

As a whole this book, it must be confessed, is disappointing. Yet there are fresh and pointed sections in it, and even simple opinions and *obiter dicta* from a scholar of Dr. Sanday's rank and type are to be welcomed.

Another View of Industrialism. By William Mitchell Bowack. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

To the question with which this author begins his book—Is there room for another work on Economics?—we were, after a cursory glance, disposed to give a negative answer. More thorough examination convinces us that this would have been a mistake. As Mr. Bowack says, the very number of books relating to industry suggests "an atmosphere of dissatisfaction which exists unsatisfied by all the formal treatises." Moreover, the standard writings are not of a kind to satisfy this dissatisfied atmosphere. "Their science is lifeless, soulless. It does not pulsate with that glowing purpose, that intensity of energy, that pervades economic man. The motivization of industry is not adequately realized." Beyond question, a truly soulful book, pulsating with glowing purpose, will meet a want long felt by readers of economic works in which "truths are presented in disproportion," and "trivialities and subtleties" abound.

Moreover, the author employs a new and original dialectic. "Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, John Stuart Mill, were ever marshalling their arguments against the dangerous fallacies and hostile interests of their age. These giants have all been slain. The time is now such that the simple presentation of the truth carries conviction. Nothing is more noticeable in the public mind of the time than this." We must confess that this view of the public mind had not impressed us. It is obvious that the marshalling of arguments addressed to this mind has ceased to be common, but we attributed this to the public's dislike of intellectual exertion. It is pleasant to learn that logic can be thrown to the dogs, and that we may now, with Mr. Bowack, "rely upon the effect of the simple presentation of the truth without argument for the public sanction of our opinions."

The enormous convenience of this *novum organum* is abundantly illustrated in these pages. Thus, the author observes, "We require all the unpopulated places of the earth filled up with teeming millions." Nothing could be easier. It is only necessary to say that the rate at which population has increased will be quadrupled in this century. Thus the earth will, a hundred years from now, have eight thousand millions of inhabitants instead of sixteen hundred. And this is as it should be, for man is in various ways superior to other animals. Not the least of his advantages is

that, "instead of requiring four pedal supports, two suffice, and the other two are used for holding and making things."

The problem of maintaining this great population seems formidable; but Mr. Bowack is prepared to grapple with it. He has been unable to find "a satisfactory table or formula of dietary scientifically made, yet of practical value. The tables drawn upon chemical and physiological lines are valueless, because they say certain foods are of no nutritive value, while we know the great mass of humanity have lived and thriven upon them from the beginning of time." What laboring men require is "a form of common food that might be regarded as the recognized basis of subsistence. It should be a form of food prepared, containing all the elements necessary to perfect nutrition in perfect proportions, palatable and attractive. It must be cheap, lasting, and convenient. . . . This common food we would put up in regular packages of certified weight, and place all over the kingdom at a recognized price." The nearest approach to this standard ration known to Mr. Bowack is the German military sausage; but he cannot have read the advertisements of the American breakfast foods. Had he done so he would undoubtedly have recognized the cause of the economic efficiency of this country.

The number of truths here presented to the public mind is too great for us to consider. We should be glad, did space permit, to comment on the "three timeous relations," and the proposition that "an article or operation is never complete until it is completed"; which the author admits to sound rather self-evident, but justifies on the ground that "it is always the self-evident that is never perceived, or at least acted upon." One of the most fascinating suggestions is that for reducing to order "the manifold, and indeed the heterosity of the material and mechanical side of industry." To the captious objection that the proposed classification would be purposeless and useless, the author replies severely that we cannot tell until it is done whether it will be useful or not.

We must cease to quote; but we have made it plain that Mr. Bowack has written a book that is adapted to the requirements of a large class of readers. There are some irregularities of style, but the complacency of the author is inspiring; and even the solemn way in which he says an undisputed thing is not without its charm.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Maeterlinck, Maurice. Monna Vanna. Harpers.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1903.

The Week.

The Colombian canal situation looks more hopeful in the light of the latest rumors from Bogota. It is the old story of the news coming a full week behind the event, and in very vague form; but it seems probable that the Colombian Congress has not committed the blunder of letting the Hay-Herran treaty lapse under the time limit without provision for further negotiations. It is reported that Congress, while rejecting the old treaty, has given President Marroquin full power to renew negotiations and conclude a treaty. This opens the possibility that the new agreement will follow the Hay-Herran treaty very closely in substance, or even be identical with it. To be sure, the situation is complicated by an impending election in Colombia, but the reference of the canal dispute to the Executive greatly simplifies matters. Pending more explicit news, the general situation warrants every hope that a way will be found out of the tangle. Our Government wants that canal, and Colombia is even more deeply committed to the enterprise. Where two parties are both desirous of closing a bargain, they are likely to find a way.

The recent advance in the price of silver has brought the bullion value of the new Philippine peso within three cents of the American half dollar (gold). There is some trepidation at Washington lest it should advance still further and carry the peso out of circulation altogether. This will happen whenever its bullion value exceeds its legal tender value. How to explain this advance in silver is a puzzle. We would not affirm that our Commission on Exchange, which has just returned from Europe, has overdone its work, but we really think that it is time to call a halt. If Professor Jenks goes to China and gets into conference with the mandarins behind closed doors, anything may happen, and presently the Filipinos may be left with nothing better than American gold for the payment of wages and the transaction of their daily business.

By a singular combination of circumstances, the money markets of New York and London have for a fortnight been converging their attention on nothing but the fixing of "new low-record" prices for certain typical securites on the Stock Exchange. In London, British consols have for a couple of centuries been accepted as an index to the condition of investment capital. In New York, since the great promotion craze of 1901, securities of the Steel Corporation have been accepted as an equally important index; because, of all the thousands of millions of new industrial securities placed on the American market during and since that time, those of the Steel undertaking were most widely distributed among investors and for a time most highly regarded. Shortly before the Transvaal war, British consols sold at 114; at the opening of 1903 their price was 93. On Monday they were quoted for less than 88, the lowest price in thirty-seven years. In 1901, preferred stock of the Steel Corporation, paying 7 per cent. dividends, sold at 101⅞, and the common, paying 4, brought 55. Last week these two stocks sold respectively at 60¼ and 16. What has added to the interest in these foreign and home developments is the fact that, although the prices are so extraordinarily low, no eager inquiry from investors follows. Consols are selling 5 to 6 points below the price at which $160,000,000 were sold by the British Government last year; the Steel shares, 20 to 30 points below the price at which the bankers placed them originally on the market; yet, at these figures, the heaviest selling orders are ascribed to interests which had to do with placing these two securities.

There are numerous broad conclusions to be drawn from such a situation; but the most obvious is, that the "syndicate plan," as conceived in the theories of 1901, has broken down completely. Much has been made of the fact that a security of so high grade as British consols should have been sacrificed like the Steel shares, and for similar causes. But the grade of the security does not at all affect the matter, except so far as it may modify the violence of the declines. It has escaped the notice of many people that the $600,000,000 new consols issued in the three past years were for the most part placed with banking syndicates, who took the risk of selling to the public at a profit later. The chance invited turned out against the syndicate; their judgment of the price at which investors would be able and willing to take up the consols holdings was erroneous, and, in the end, strain on the money markets where the syndicate had to borrow capital to hold the unsold bonds, grew so severe that the holdings were turned at any price into cash rather than face a possibly still greater loss. In Wall Street the situation has been parallel.

It is suggested without a smile that Senator Hanna be appointed umpire in the dispute between the President and the union employees of the Government Printing-Office. Senator Hanna, so the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor declares, is the friend of Labor and of the President, and accordingly the proper arbiter when the two have fallen out. We fancy that Senator Hanna, should it come to this arbitration, will efface himself, for it would be awkward to say to his friends, the Knights of Labor: "Fellow-workmen, you are in the impossible position of asking that the supreme head of the nation submit his appointments and dismissals to private organizations. You desire to make of every union which has members in Government employ a kind of Senate. You ask that Foreman Miller be dismissed because his subordinates in the Government Printing-Office have not confirmed his original appointment or reinstatement. Fellow-laborers, your plea is bosh. There is no 'dispute' between you and the President. The fighting is all on your side, and you can stop it when you will —the sooner the better. In these matters the President does not argue, but decrees; he needs no umpire except with Congress, which may impeach him. This, fellow-unionists, is my decision, and remember that Mark Hanna is your very good friend." We presume that Senator Hanna would hardly care to speak as much truth as this even among friends, and we do not anticipate that the President will urge his campaign manager to accept so painful a refereeship.

Referring to the strike in the Cripple Creek district, which was called some weeks ago by the Western Federation of Miners, the *Colorado State Journal* calls attention to the watchwords of that union—"Faith, Hope, and Charity"—and then states that the Cripple Creek miners had absolutely no grievance. "It is a sympathetic strike pure and simple," says the *Journal*, "for the miners have no direct dispute with their employers, who are paying them satisfactory wages and working them satisfactory hours." In its attempt to live up to its published motto of faith, hope, and charity the Western Federation has succeeded in bringing the mining industry to a standstill at Cripple Creek, at Idaho Springs, at Durango, and at Telluride; it has "paralyzed" the business of the small merchants at the camps; and it has set the friends of the miners to inquiring into the quality of that "charity" that throws some thousands of satisfied miners out of work at the beginning of winter. The strike at Leadville in 1896, with the general demoralization that followed—the shutting down of paying properties for a long period, and the total abandonment of others not so well developed—is too fresh in the Western mind to permit a calm

submission to the Federation's orders, despite its beautiful motto. The promptness with which the State ordered its militia to the scene in large numbers to protect property and prevent lawlessness is a sign of this, as it is a credit to Colorado's executive.

Samuel J. Parks again becomes the leading figure in the progress of organized labor by the action taken last week at Kansas City. The International Society of Structural Iron Workers, holding its annual meeting at that place, voted to sustain Parks in his contest with Mr. Buchanan, the President of the international organization, and with Mr. Neidig, the President of the local body. In other words, the organization endorsed a convicted blackmailer, who is temporarily out of State's prison and who is still to be tried under four indictments. It has deposed the officials who have sought to shield themselves and other honest men from contamination with the criminal acts of Parks, and to save the good name of organized labor from the disgrace attaching to his blackmailing operations. We can recall nothing quite so brazen and unbearable in the annals of organized labor. The worst enemies of the "union shop" could not ask for a better issue on which to continue the fight to a decisive battle in the long war waging in the building trades.

A notable contrast to the doings of organized labor at Kansas City is found in the action taken by the British Trade Unions Congress, lately in session at Leicester, England. At this meeting the Taff Vale decision came up for consideration. This decision was rendered about one year ago in a case where the workmen on a railway in Wales had violated an arbitration agreement which they had made with their employers. The latter brought suit against the union and recovered judgment. The union was not a "registered society," or, as we should say, an incorporated company. Nevertheless, the court authorized the sheriff to seize the union funds to pay the judgment. The decision created a great stir in England and the United States, and the principle seems now to be established in both countries that, for any violation of contract or infraction of law resulting in damage to property, the society committing the offence is pecuniarily responsible, whether incorporated or not. The method adopted by the Congress at Leicester to avoid such mishaps hereafter was to ask Parliament to pass a law declaring that the funds of trade unions should not be liable to seizure for any purpose except as authorized by the rules of the union itself. A resolution of this purport was passed, but not without strong opposition. Mr. J. Ward, representing the navvies or common laborers, said that Parliament would never pass such a law, and ought not to. It would, he said, be class legislation—a thing that wage workers ought not to seek, but rather to avoid. They could only claim their rights on condition of recognizing the duties they owed to the community. Mr. R. Bell, a member of Parliament, failed to see how he and other representatives of labor in the House of Commons could meet their fellow-members if they asked to be placed in a different position from all other persons under the civil law. The Taff Vale workmen had violated their own rules. Was it reasonable, he asked, that they should seek to avoid responsibility for their own deliberate act?

Gen. John C. Black, the new commander of the Grand Army, announced in Chicago on Sunday that it will be the policy of the organization to fight from now on for a pension for every veteran of the civil war more than sixty-two years old who saw sixty days of actual service—"and for their widows after them." Rich or poor, well or sick, moral or immoral, honest or dishonest, all who bore arms for sixty days, whether in the fortifications or in the field, are to step up to the Treasury and have a service pension paid to them. This is the logical outcome of the indiscriminate pension jobbery which has been going on for years. Cash payments for patriotic service in cases where the soldier is not actually in need have fairly demoralized the veterans. Altruistic devotion to one's country is to be turned into so much cash! Moreover, it is not asked as a favor, but is demanded as a right. For the benefit of the Spanish war "veterans" and the survivors of all our future hostilities is this standard set up for our patriotic young men to repair to. Gen. Black says that there was a service pension for the soldiers of 1812 and for the fighters in our inglorious Mexican war. Therefore, the saviours of the Union must also have it, no matter what the cost or the need, no matter what the ensuing demoralization, no matter what happens! And then, of course, the Spanish-war and Philippine veterans will have the right to demand the same. The proposition is indefensible and must be disregarded, whether in or out of Congress.

Undigested securities are not a circumstance to undigested political principles. Gov. Cummins of Iowa is exhibiting a peculiarly pitiable case of the latter. Sure of his interior hollow construction, he swallowed his own brave words about tariff reform. That was bad enough, and might well of itself have brought on appendicular colic; but the Governor also attempted to bolt whole the raw inanities and self-contradictions of his victorious opponents in the Iowa State Convention. Naturally, after that, his first campaign speech sounds very much like the cries of one in mortal pain. Gov. Cummins threatens woe to any wicked man or party that dares to say a word against the sacred principle of protection, but he also predicts that any Administration which does not do something to make trade conditions easier "will go down into history under the fierce condemnation of all the people." What will the "stand-patters" care for such vague fulminations? They may say that they do not know what Gov. Cummins means, and allege that no more does he himself, which is quite likely; but in any case they will know that they need not bother themselves about him. When the time comes, he will eat his words again with gusto. One thing, however, may be safely said about such a wholesale swallower. He ought not to attempt public speaking.

Gov. Yates of Illinois is bitter about the treatment he receives at the hands of the newspapers of Chicago, and is appealing to the country editors to "vindicate" him. He describes the Chicago papers as the "Trust press." It seems not to affect his judgment at all that most of the journals involved were friendly to him before the scandals of the Kankakee Asylum were revealed, and before he broke his promise not to regard Park Board appointments as political spoils. The appeal to the country newspapers as the organs of unfettered speech is amusing. They depend on the favor of the Republican machine for their State and county printing, in many cases their principal means of existence. In reality, Gov. Yates is either deceiving himself or trying to deceive the public. He is being attacked by the press of Chicago because it is to a large degree independent, and he has been an out-and-out partisan, as well as an unscrupulous Governor. His resentment against the newspapers is not unlike that of Quay, whose State Convention in Pennsylvania devoted its platform almost solely to denunciation of the newspapers. One was led to suppose that all the ills complained of in that State were due to the flagrant injustice of the press. Men of this type are sensitive; that is, they hate to be found out.

Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania recently made a speech at Wilkes-Barre in which he once more attempted to defend the Salus libel law, his approval of which brought down upon him a perfect storm of ridicule. He says nothing now about heads of offenders dropping into baskets, or the drawing and quartering of critics and malcontents. Indeed, he speaks in a strangely apologetic tone. He says that the new statute is not really a libel law at all; that it leaves the whole matter of libel precisely where it was before; and that it only imposes

the obligation of reasonable care in publication. This is all quite true, except that it has not in fact imposed any obligation which editors have felt bound to respect. But the Governor cannot pretend that he had any such view of the law when he urged its passage and gave it executive approval. He still must face his amazing memorandum filed with the signed bill. He thought he had secured an anti-cartoon bill which would protect Quay and himself and the rest. He found that they were all more mercilessly lampooned than ever before. Except to incite derision, the new libel law is almost a dead-letter. The Governor cannot revive it even to excuse it.

On September 22 there was submitted to the voters of New Jersey one of the most important measures which could possibly come before them. It was a series of Constitutional amendments radically reorganizing the judicial system of that State. The subject was one which had engaged the attention of the Legislature, and in it the bar of the State took the deepest interest. Addresses were issued and newspaper articles printed by the hundred for the purpose of arousing the electors to the vital nature of the issue. Yet, on the actual polling, it appeared that only about one-fifteenth of the voters of New Jersey cared enough about a project so nearly affecting their interests to take the trouble to cast a ballot for or against it. The amendments were defeated on this scandalously light vote, and the disappointed lawyers—not the bar as a body—are blaming the authors of the plan for maladroit presentation of it. This melancholy experience of New Jersey makes the scheme of having dozens of different laws referred every year to popular vote, as proposed by advocates of the referendum, seem truly chimerical.

Results of the test in Boston last week of the new primary law are, on the whole, gratifying to the advocates of the direct primary. The law worked smoothly, checked the practice of voting the members of one party in the primary of the other, and brought out an unusually large number of voters. This last is to the friends of direct nominations the most important point. Their argument has been that the voters would gladly embrace an opportunity to register their will, and not that of the caucus or of the boss at the primary, and they can cite the Boston result as evidence. More than 56 per cent. of the total vote of the city in the last election for President was polled, and the percentage would undoubtedly have been much larger, but for the absence of contests for the nominations among the Republicans. In the Democratic primaries, where there were several candidates, 75 per cent. of the vote cast for Bryan in 1900 was polled. How much better the nominations thus made are than the choice of the boss under the old method remains to be seen.

The Atlanta *Journal* is one Southern newspaper which does not believe that colored criminals are as numerous as the rabid anti-negro agitators would have the public think. With the exception of those who commit the crime of rape, it is certain that the negro wrongdoers are not capable of doing as much harm to society as are the white criminals. The depraved negro errs through impulse and the passion of the moment; the "constructive deviltry of the brainier white criminal" is not his. The *Journal* also feels doubtful whether the percentage of negro criminals in relation to the negro population is much greater than that of whites to the white population. These views the *Journal* expressed apropos of the attack on Booker Washington and Tuskegee in the Alabama Legislature. So far as we have observed, the violent antagonism of some of the Montgomery speakers has found little or no echo in the public prints. The intelligent men of the South are everywhere beginning to realize that it is impossible for their section of the country to exist in peace if the great mass of negroes are to live in a hopeless state of ignorance and degradation. If it is true that some graduates of Tuskegee have become offenders before the law, the same could also be said of Harvard and Yale. But the latter fact would certainly lead no one to argue seriously that because of a few black sheep the higher education creates criminals and should therefore be done away with.

The recent bye-election for a member of Parliament for Rochester, in place of Lord Cranborne, is the first success that Mr. Chamberlain has scored for his fiscal policy. It is a curious fact in connection with the election contest that Mr. Tuff, the Unionist candidate, when interrogated, declared that he did not know what Mr. Chamberlain's proposals were. "But," he added, "I am opposed to any tax that will increase the cost of living in any way whatever." The secret of Mr. Tuff's election lies in the fact that, while roundly repudiating any import duty on food or raw materials, he advocated a duty on cement. Rochester is a cement manufacturing town, and latterly there has been a considerable importation of cement from the Continent of Europe. One Rochester firm lost an order for 87,000 tons because an equally good article was offered by a foreigner at a lower price. In view of this fact, the correspondent of a Liberal paper, writing from Rochester a few days before the voting took place, said, "On cement the election may be lost or won." Mr. Tuff was asked how he reconciled his demand for free food and raw materials with his desire for a duty on cement. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you call cement a raw material? Go and look for yourself. Count the barges that bring the chalk and the clay. Go and look at the kilns where the grinding, the mixing, and the burning take place. Talk with the engineers who have charge of the works, and ask how much their machines have cost. Raw material, indeed! If cement is not a finished product, where will you find one?"

Civilized Russia has just witnessed the spectacle of Government troops escorting a mob which systematically sacked Jewish shops and maltreated their possessors. The rioting at Gomel was less bloody than that at Kishenev; in some ways it is more disgraceful to Russia. The Gomel riots originated, not in ungovernable religious fanaticism, but in some petty squabble between Jews and Christian traders. The Government was not, as before, in the position of failing to quell a riot; it, on the contrary, sanctioned the disorders and protected the mob in law-breaking. Such action will bring upon Russia the moral condemnation of the world. It also goes far to explain the indifference of the Empire to the ruthless massacre of its coreligionists in the Balkans. Russia does what she will with her own heretics, and by a kind of cynical logic lets the Turk have an equal license in dealing with his heretics.

A certain light is thrown upon the approaching "evacuation" of the southern Mantchurian provinces by two recent official acts. Russia has extended beyond the Amur River the jurisdiction of Admiral Alexieff, the new Viceroy of the East, and has applied to Korea for protection of timber-cutting concessions beyond the Yalu. That is, the Empire is apparently making a crown colony out of the northern Mantchurian province, which was to have been given back to China, and is claiming a favored position in western Korea. It is frequently said, and with some reason, that the world would be the gainer if Russia should occupy and govern all of Mantchuria. This country, since the principle of free ports has been admitted, has no reason to look askance at such an advance. But the Japanese have a very just cause to dread the activity of Russia on the Korean boundary. Korea belongs, geographically and commercially, to Japan's sphere of influence, as Mantchuria does to Russia's; Japan needs the peninsula as a market and as a possible field for emigration. The various attempts of Russia to get a foothold in Korea in the guise of trading stations evince a total disregard of Japanese sensibilities and contempt of Japanese resources.

SHALL WE DISMEMBER THE COAST SURVEY?

The proposition to turn the hydrographic work of the Coast Survey over to the Navy Department has been so long urged and so often rejected that its revival at the present moment seems singularly inopportune. Twice at least within the last twenty years it has been exhaustively considered and adversely reported on by committees of Congress when all the circumstances were much more in its favor than they are at present. Prominent Treasury officials under the first Administration of President Cleveland were known to be so hostile to the management of the Survey that an investigation not only unfriendly, but very far from judicial, in its character, was undertaken with the approval of the President. The report set forth that abuses had crept into the management, some of them of long standing. The resignation of the superintendent was forced, and it only remained for Congress to take the necessary action to transfer the Survey. At the following session a committee of Congress, having Senator Allison at its head, made a thorough investigation of the whole subject. The result of this inquiry was to leave things as they were.

The effort to effect the transfer was renewed with great vigor in 1893. A majority of the Naval Committee was believed to favor the change, several of its members being warm advocates of the measure. But, after a careful hearing of all that was to be said on both sides, the Committee reached a conclusion adverse to the transfer. What has happened since to lead to a change? Nothing whatever. On the contrary, the establishment of the Department of Commerce with the Coast Survey as one of its bureaus removes the last reason for considering the subject. No work is more appropriate to the Department of Commerce than that of providing facilities for navigating our coasts. Charts and soundings are of the first importance not only to our coasting ships and our entire mercantile marine, but to all ships from abroad which enter our ports. Of course, a naval ship has as much need as a merchantman for these means of navigation. There is nothing required on a chart for naval use different from that required for the ordinary purposes of commerce. Accordingly, the Coast Survey was very naturally included among the bureaus to be transferred to the new Department.

Extraordinary though the proposition to reverse this action may now appear, the reasons against it are so strong and so near the surface that they hardly need to be cited if the question is to be decided on its merits. Looking at the matter from a purely abstract point of view, the question is whether such a work as that of making charts of our coast can be most efficiently and economically undertaken by the navy or by a civilian organization like the present one. Let us carefully weigh all that is said in favor of the proposed transfer. Hydrographic surveying is part of the business of a naval officer. He learns as much about it while at the Naval Academy as the absorbing character of his other studies will permit. The question whether, during the limited periods which he can possibly devote to such work, he can acquire as much skill as a civilian wholly engaged upon it, is a question which the reader can decide for himself. But the mere fact that naval officers can do the work, does not prove that it should be placed under the Navy Department rather than under that of Commerce. The arguments on the question whether naval or civilian methods are the more economical have, on the whole, been favorable to the civilians. But even here one important item has been too little considered, and that is the cost of the naval officer himself. The mere salary of the latter is but a part of what it costs the Government to educate and train him. In estimating his cost, we must include not only what is expended in his training and his off-duty pay, but his retired pay also. To reach a correct conclusion on this point, we shall probably have to double the pay of every officer of the navy from the time when he gets his first commission up to the date of his retirement. Of course, we must include in the estimate the millions being expended at the Naval Academy for the improvement of its facilities. To expend such sums in training officers to perform duty that civilians are now carrying on at far less cost, would be a most unjustifiable expenditure of the public money.

The slight reason for the employment of naval officers on civil duty which formerly existed has entirely disappeared with the lapse of time. For several years after the civil war we had more officers than were necessary for the management of our ships and the administration of shore stations. Under these circumstances there was no objection to their employment on such outside service as might be appropriate. But all this has now been changed. The cry in every department of the naval service is for more officers. We hear daily stories of the Department's inability to man its ships properly. Why should the service be deprived of its trained officers if this is the case?

The practice of foreign nations has been cited in favor of the proposed action. It is true that the hydrographic surveys of the leading countries of Europe are carried on to a large extent by their respective naval departments. But this statement needs to be supplemented by two others. Both the administration and the personnel of foreign surveys are to a greater or less extent distinct from those which relate to naval duty properly so-called. In France the surveys are all conducted by a special corps of "hydrographic engineers," and not by line officers at all. In England, by custom, the hydrographer of the Admiralty is permanently withdrawn from military duty. He can, of course, be restored to it if such a course is desirable, but practically this is seldom if ever done.

These features of foreign hydrographic surveys have always been successfully antagonized by our naval authorities, and we cannot suppose that they have changed their minds on the subject. The transfer of the Coast Survey to the Navy Department, whatever may be the intentions of those who favor it, practically means the administration of the Survey and the performance of its most difficult work by officers of the navy, each temporarily withdrawn from naval service proper for this special duty, which he is expected to abandon for life about the time when he has obtained a respectable measure of skill in its performance. A civilian organization under the Secretary of the Navy, however plausible it may be made to appear, is an impossibility in the present state of naval opinion.

The law organizing the Department of Commerce gave the President authority to transfer to it bureaus from other departments of the Government, that of the Navy included. There is good reason to believe that this provision was expected to lead to the inclusion of the Naval Observatory, and perhaps of the Hydrographic Office also, within the new Department. The transfer of the former is loudly called for by all the facts of its history and present position; and if any unification of the Government hydrographic surveys is to be carried out, it should be done by transferring the Hydrographic Office also, for it has no necessary relation to the Navy Department whatsoever, and properly belongs to the Department of Commerce.

THE PHILIPPINE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

The inquiry in regard to the status of the opium bill now before the Philippine Commission is symptomatic of a widespread ignorance. Although the bill is in some respects one of the most important measures which the Commission has yet had to consider, it has been very little understood or talked of in this country outside of certain influential church circles. The fact throws an interesting light upon the hollowness of the Imperialistic theory that we should improve all our home political methods and institutions by taking lessons from our colonial governments. In practice, the great bulk of the public is in as total ignorance of what our Philippine Commissioners are doing as they are in regard to affairs in Borneo.

The bill itself, as was explained by Governor Taft in his speech of July 15, was drawn by Commissioner Smith, who made use of the results of an investigation previously carried on by Commissioner Moses. This inquiry showed that under Spanish rule all Filipinos were forbidden to smoke or use opium. The dealers were permitted to sell the drug only to Chinamen. The privilege of vending the drug to them was sold to the highest bidder in each province, while one "farmer" in Manila controlled the entire importation into the archipelago. On the arrival of the Americans these laws were suspended, and there were no restrictions upon the sale and use of the drug, save an import duty and some weak attempts of municipalities to suppress opium dives. In 1899 the opium imports comprised 120,066 pounds, valued at $328,713. In 1901 three times as much came in—no less than 369,037 pounds. In 1902 there was a great falling off, but in the first four months of this year 90,466 pounds were imported. Under the changed conditions the Civil Commission noted a sudden and alarming spread of the drug's use among the Filipinos, and particularly among the native youth. The Commission thereupon felt itself compelled to take some action looking toward the regulation of the opium traffic. The bill which Commissioner Smith drew has as its sole object—we quote Gov. Taft again—the restriction of the use of opium by the Filipinos. The Chinese are apparently either deemed to be beyond rescue or to have a prescriptive right to the drug.

In the first section of the bill the sale of opium to any American, Moro, or Filipino is absolutely prohibited. Only a Chinaman over twenty-one years of age can become a purchaser. In its second section the bill shows that Commissioner Smith followed the policy of the Spaniards in most respects. Here the exclusive right to import opium, or to sell it, or to give it away is lodged, for three years, in the hands of the "opium concessionary," the "highest and best bidder" for the privilege. In subsequent sections of the bill he is required to give a large bond and is hedged about by many restrictions, drawn with a view to preventing any violation or evasion of the main purpose of the law. He is entitled to appoint agents and sell opium in all towns where there are aggregations of Chinese, but he must in no way encourage "dens," for these are positively forbidden. One violation of his agreement is sufficient to cause the concessionary to forfeit his rights, as would two or three violations by his agents. Finally, the bill provides that the sums paid for the concession shall be used only for educational purposes.

As to the possibility of enforcing the law, there was a sharp division of opinion. Gov. Taft expressed himself as being hopeful that it would accomplish its object, but confessed that his belief was founded on the Spanish experience. The opposition, which was very strong in Manila, maintained that illicit sales could not be prevented, and that the net result would be the forcing of the drug upon the Chinamen, since the concessionary would naturally be anxious to spread the sale of it by every possible means in order to increase his profits. A petition against the bill, signed by 7,000 Chinese, was given to Gov. Taft, who discredited it somewhat by showing that the names included those of a dead Emperor, a stuffed monkey, and a good many others who have gone to the happy hunting-grounds. Still, it represented an earnest protest against what some honest Chinamen consider "a wholesale poisoning of their community." The petition itself declared that the monopoly "will increase the use of opium," "will debauch our countrymen," and "will encourage our young men to start the use of opium by surrounding it with an air of respectability."

The opposition to the bill comprised various elements. Besides the protesting Chinese, there was a group of men headed by an able Methodist clergyman, the Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, who represents a bona-fide moral antagonism to the Philippine Government's lending its official sanction to such a traffic. It is on all fours with the sentiment which forced Congress to repeal the law establishing canteens in army barracks, and is entitled to very great respect. As much cannot be said of the hostility of the Manila newspapers, whose advocacy of any cause is a serious blow to it. The adventurers who are opposed to Gov. Taft at all times and under all conditions could not, of course, let pass this opportunity to attack the man who stands for the Philippines for the Filipinos. These incongruous forces, however, were strong enough, with some aid from church sources in this country, to induce the Commission to lay the bill on the table. Gov. Taft himself admitted the existence of defects, and the measure was so open to misconstruction that its temporary abandonment was heartily welcomed by the Government and the Insular Bureau at Washington. At the same time a commission of three persons, the Chief Health Officer in the Philippines, Bishop Brent of the Episcopal Church, one of the opponents of the bill, and Dr. Albert, a Filipino physician, who is President of the Federal party, has been appointed to tour the Orient and study the opium problem from Calcutta to Canton. Until it makes a report, the main question at issue will not be revived; but the antagonism on moral grounds to a licensed opium traffic is likely steadily to increase as the problem is more clearly understood.

COTTON-GROWING AND THE COTTON INDUSTRY.

The price of cotton during the past year has been perhaps the most important factor in the industry of the civilized world, even surpassing that of steel. It is extremely important at all times, but special attention has been drawn to it in the past twelvemonth by reason of the high price that the staple has reached, causing a partial suspension of the spinning industry, both in England and in the United States. The range of price has been from 8.90 to 13.50 cents per pound. The price on call a week ago was 11.15, but for October delivery it was 9.60. The latter figure is much above the average of the past ten years. A difference of one cent per pound in the price of cotton makes a difference of $17,500,000 directly to the cotton spinners of Great Britain. To many of her operatives in the cotton industry it makes all the difference between full and partial employment—between comfort and misery.

The United States supplies 60 per cent. of the cotton used by mankind. Our last crop (1902-3) is reckoned at 10,758,326 bales of 450 pounds each. That of 1901-2 was a trifle less, and that of 1900-1 was considerably less. We have to go back five years to find a larger one. That of 1898-99 was a little more than 12,000,000 bales. In general terms, it may be said that our annual production of cotton has increased by three million bales in the past ten years, but that it has not kept pace with the demand. The proof of this fact is furnished by the rising price. In 1894 the price ranged between 5½ and 8½ cents. It did not reach 10 cents until 1900. Some part of the advance of the past season was due to the cornering of the market, but cornering is rendered possible only by the relations of demand and supply. Corners are costly enterprises, and are of brief duration in any case.

It is the settled opinion of the cotton spinners of Great Britain that demand has outrun supply. This belief finds expression in the renewed activity of the British Cotton-Growing Association, which has decided to establish permanent headquarters in Manchester and keep an open office for the transaction of business. At the present time, as we learn from the Manchester *Guardian*, the efforts of the society are directed to the west coast of Africa as a source of supply. At Lagos, on the Bight of Benin, the cultivation of the staple has been begun with some promise of success, but only three or four thousand bales are expected to come from that place this year. More encouragement has been found at Sierra Leone because the plant is indigenous; but there, it is said, everything depends upon cheap transportation, which is still wanting. If steamships will come and take the cotton and carry it to market free of charge, it

will be possible to compete with American cotton, but not otherwise. "Without some definite guarantee as to freights," says the writer in the *Guardian*, "there is absolutely no inducement or protection for private speculation in the cultivation of cotton in West Africa." Southern Nigeria, which adjoins Lagos, is another field to which the attention of the Association has been directed, but the conditions there are certainly no better than at either of the other West African stations. Longing eyes have been cast upon India, also, but the *Guardian* tells us that the Government has turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the Association, Lord George Hamilton having declined to grant them an interview on the subject. This seems rather surprising. It must betoken either a great pressure of other business on the India Office, or a belief that it is not the function of the Government to advise the cultivators of Indian lands what crops they can raise to the best advantage. Egypt can produce more cotton than she is now bringing into the world's market, but the amount is limited to the strip of land that may be reached by the waters of the Nile—the small delta below Cairo and a narrow ribbon above it.

The *Guardian's* article we take to be a summing up of the latest information within the Association's reach on the subject of new supplies of cotton. It concludes thus:

> "Although the reports from the Association are necessarily indeterminate, they appear to give on the whole good reason for hope. Those uninformed enthusiasts who look for a colonial crop equal in size to the American within a few years may be disappointed with the signs of progress. It must be understood, however, that the object of the Association is not to substitute so much as to supplement; and if—to name quite arbitrary figures—they could five years hence produce an additional crop from all sources that would add a million or even half a million bales to the world's provision, they would have done well. But such a result as this could hardly represent a stationary state of things, and if we get so far the possibilities of the future are immense."

It is evident that there exists in the world no conjunction of soil, climate, transportation, labor, capital, and intelligence for the production of cotton comparable to those of the Southern United States. To all intents and purposes we have a monopoly of this indispensable article, and nothing can take it from us but our own supineness and folly. It is not at all likely that we shall lose it. The capacity of the Southern States for cotton growing is enormously greater than the largest crop that ever has been gathered. Whether the growth will keep pace with the demand in years to come is not so certain. That the rise in price will stimulate the planters to increase the cotton area and lead to larger expenditure for fertilizers may, however, be reasonably expected.

But another fact must be quite as carefully kept in mind. The pressure on cotton consumers, and on the cotton manufacturing trade, would be severe enough if the price were left to regulate itself under natural laws. Prices of cotton goods have not risen in proportion to the rise of the raw material. At some figure, the margin of manufacturing profit disappears and becomes a loss. If consumers of cotton goods will not pay an advanced price for their goods, the spinner cannot pay it for his cotton; and a resumption of this year's early efforts at a corner would, if long protracted, bring about such shrinkage in demand as would eventually prove disastrous to the cotton producer himself. This is the real danger involved in the theory, very prevalent in cotton-growing regions, that the spinning trade must take the cotton crop, and the whole of it, at any price whatsoever. This is a mistake, as the shut-down of July and August proves; but of course nothing but experiment can tell at what point consumption will be checked.

A YEAR OF THE CHILDREN'S COURT.

The Court for Juvenile Offenders which was established by the revised city charter in 1901 has now completed its first year, having begun work on September 2, 1902. Despite the forebodings of District Attorney Jerome, who opposed its establishment, it has proved to be of constantly growing value, if only because the prisoners brought before it are kept from contact with hardened criminals. The whole atmosphere of the little building at the corner of Third Avenue and Eleventh Street is vastly different from that of the old courts, every effort being made to keep the courtroom bright and cheerful. So evident, indeed, have been the benefits of separate trials for minors, that a similar institution, authorized by the Legislature last winter, was opened in Brooklyn some three weeks ago. To it has been appointed Mr. Robert J. Wilkin, who was for many years superintendent of the Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. As in the Manhattan institution, everything which suggests the prison is kept in the background as much as possible. The detention rooms, for instance, in no way resemble cells.

In the first twelve months of the new Manhattan court's existence, 7,447 children were arraigned, of whom 4,368 were convicted. Of these, only 1,527 were committed on criminal charges or because of improper guardianship. The rest were placed on parole or had their sentences suspended. The offenders may be classed as follows: Mischievous children, disorderly children, those of distinctly criminal tendencies, and those who are misbehaving because neglected by unworthy parents. In the first class belong those who break windows, build street bonfires, and otherwise become nuisances Before releasing them the judges take pains to explain to them the nature of their wrongdoing. To the disorderly children belong those who run away from home because of their impatience of restraint, or who are on the road to crime.

Among these the judges (of whom there are five, from the Special Sessions Court, sitting in succession), find it necessary to discriminate carefully. Strange as it may seem, there are many parents of scanty means, desirous of having their children educated free of cost, who are perfectly willing to prefer charges of waywardness against their own children. By this means they can shirk the responsibility of caring for them, and at the same time have them taught a trade. So flagrant was this evil that the judges induced the last Legislature to pass a law giving them the power to compel parents, under threat of imprisonment, to pay a sum not exceeding two dollars a week for the support of each child placed in a city institution. While this law has been in effect only since September first, there is every indication that it will check this tendency to make the city stepmother to hosts of children who properly belong at home. The judges have also brought about the passage of legislation making purchases by junkmen from children a misdemeanor. This law was necessitated by the discovery that many children were being taught by the junkmen to steal from vacant houses, the subway works, etc., pipes, tools, and other articles, which were eagerly purchased for a few cents. It is safe to say that the public owes both of these laws to the establishment of the separate children's court, in which the whole conditions of juvenile crime can be studied as they never could be when the children were only a few of a large number of offenders passing in review.

The most difficult problem, of course, concerns the children who have just got started on the criminal path. Here a great deal depends on the probation officer; and that official reports that 15 per cent. of the 639 children released on probation between September 1, 1902, and July 1, 1903, had to be committed to institutions because they violated the provisions of their parole. Of those so committed, the majority were under twelve, which goes to prove that for children under that age the probation system is of questionable value. It is also interesting to note that of these 639 probationary offenders only 23 were girls. Of the boys 285 came into court because of larceny, and 125 for disorderly conduct. In most cases the parole lasts two or three months, only six having been committed for a year or longer. Where a child is reparoled more than three times, it is generally found to be necessary to send him to a reformatory; but the judges seek wherever possible to

avoid commitments. Children on parole are required to report to the probation officer once a week, and to the court at stated intervals. Each time the delinquent reports, his or her record in full is placed before the judge. In the Brooklyn court, where Judge Wilkin sits permanently, there are three probation officers, one for Catholic children, one for Protestants, and one for those of the Hebrew faith. The Manhattan magistrates believe in changing the judges, because they find the work too great a strain on the sympathies of one man, who would, they believe, soon become too tender-hearted or too callous. This has not been the case in Chicago, where Judge Tuthill still presides most satisfactorily over what is believed to have been the first separate children's court in this country. Judge Tuthill has, however, fewer offenders to deal with than the Manhattan court, and has more probation officers.

It is the principle of prevention as well as punishment which distinguishes these courts, and which marks them as part of the great movement everywhere going on to modernize the treatment of offenders. What the judges must ever consider is that it rests with them largely whether the child is to become an enemy of society or a valuable citizen. Hence the need for great wisdom, patience, and sympathy, particularly as the court must often protect a child from wicked parents or debased guardians. The Manhattan judges are not alone in their opinion that the older the courts the more light they will throw upon the whole question of juveniles and the law. They have already, for instance, discovered many shortcomings in our compulsory-education legislation.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SCIENCE.

A fortnight ago, in speaking of Lockyer's appeal to his countrymen for the support of British science, we showed how to apply the old saw that the way to get the best performance from a human being is to encourage him. To-day we will try applying the same maxim in speaking of the future of American science. We wanted to allow the Anglophobists (who never allow the sacred fire to die on their hearth) ample time to dispute our proposition if they could —the proposition, we mean, that for three hundred years not a single conception has taken sovereign preëminence in science that has not been largely—in most cases, even without contest —of British parentage. But our proposition remains undisputed. Its substantial truth seems to be tacitly acknowledged.

Whatever could be said to blunt its point has, no doubt, been indicated in a letter in another column from a rarely accomplished and ingenious scholar, signing himself "H. T." Whether this subtle writer is serious, or whether he is only making believe that he opposes us, our readers can guess as well as we, if they note that he does not explicitly deny our proposition, and that he throws in our way two or three very pertinent suggestions in support of it. Certainly, two more striking examples of what are *not* conceptions of sovereign preëminence in science than those he furnishes would be sought in vain—the theory of numbers and the theory of functions. A famous mathematician, being asked why he should be so in love with the theory of numbers, replied that he loved it because it was a pure virgin that never had been, and that never could be, prostituted to any practical application whatsoever. Not only no *practical* application, but (so far as one can look into the future) no *scientific* application, either, is likely ever to be made of one or other of those two theories, outside of pure mathematics itself. In short, they are as narrowly technical as anything can be. They are Leibnitzian monads whose activity, intensely interesting in itself, is imperviously secluded from the business of life and from the main business of science.

Only compare this isolation with the loud resonance awaked in every harp and organ of science by those discoveries which truly have been sovereignly preëminent through science—the inductive philosophy; the corpuscular philosophy with the atomic theory and its progeny; universal attraction; the differential calculus (certainly discovered by Newton, not certainly also by Leibnitz after enjoying Newton's conversation); the theories of elasticity (Boyle and Young), of heat as *vis viva* of molecules (Bacon and others), of electricity (Gilbert, Faraday, etc.), of light as transverse vibrations (Young) and transverse vibrations of an electromagnetical kind (Maxwell); natural selection (Darwin and Wallace); universal evolution (Spencer). We forgot to mention one of the greatest discoveries of all, made by an humble clergyman of the Church of England, Gay—the discovery that the association of ideas is the autocrat (or, at least, the first of two consuls) that governs all the activities of the human mind, so far as they are subject to any mental law. For the theory of numbers and the theory of functions it can be said that they far surpass chess both in beauty and in their broadly intellectual character; but to call them ideas of sovereign preeminence in science would be to fall into one of those extravagant statements to which mathematicians are only too prone, as when Henry John Stephen Smith—one of the protagonists of the theory of numbers, for all his being an Englishman—spoke of a decline in a people's mathematical activity as if it differed from all other historical developments in having but a single possible cause.

We have to thank "H. T." for another suggestion contained in his remark that, of the pure mathematicians of England's last half-century, the two most prominent were the Hebrew Sylvester and the half (or quarter?) Russian, Cayley. To be sure, there is a simpler and more conclusive proof that the singular relation which Great Britain has sustained to science has not been due solely to Teutonic blood, namely, the density of the entirely uncultivated German (if this species be not quite extinct). The days are very, very distant when it will be possible to disentangle the causes of national character; but as to the matter in hand, there is one cause that strikes any good American observer of intellectual English society. Montesquieu, who possessed an intimate knowledge of so many countries (he was, by the way, a Foreign Member of the Royal Society), put on the title-page of his immortal book this motto:

"Prolem sine matre creatam"

(offspring produced without a mother). A close friend asked him in what sense this had any particular application to the 'Esprit des Lois.' He replied, after some reluctance: "A truly great work must owe its birth not only to a man of genius as its father, but also to a society of intellectual freedom as its mother." Probably in no country is thought of almost all kinds so completely untrammelled as in England. The chief external hindrance, everywhere, to supremely original scientific speculation lies in a certain spirit to which, for want of a better word, we may give the name of *pedantry* (one could hardly call it *obscurantism*). We mean that spirit which caused Poggendorff to refuse for his journal the now far-famed paper of Mayer about the thermodynamics of gases; that spirit which for a whole generation silenced, through the German universities, every contribution to philosophy that was not Hegelian, and which to-day as completely silences there everything that *is* Hegelian.

And this brings us round to the brief word we proposed to say to the young scientists and philosophers of America. Good and sufficient reasons have in the past acted to conceal the scientific genius of the American people in money-getting and in settling the order of things in this country. But now that those reasons are losing their force, and that you are turning to pure science, above all trust to your own wings. Beware of excessive subservience to the opinions that happen to be in vogue in the German universities. Imitate the Germans in those things that deserve imitation. Emulate them, for example, in that which has contributed not a little to German scientific leadership, their national self-confidence; in their persistency as well. Those two qualities have made that people the world's leader in all *Fach-Forschung* (if we may be al-

lowed to coin the word)—a preëminence all the prouder that it is founded on two moral virtues. You have infinitely more reason to believe in your own scientific powers than they had, one brief century ago. In the nature of things, you will soon outgrow your school-boy deference to your master's *dicta*, and, trusting to your own genius, will surely develop a new and more philosophical type of scientific man.

GAY PARIS IN LIQUIDATION.

With the suspension of the opera balls the legend of Paris as a centre of gilded dissipation should vanish. These public masked balls were in a sense the very symbol of Paris the Casino of Europe. They were first organized as a kind of public echo to the private gallantries of the court of Louis XV.—the most frivolous of an age in which refined dissipation was reduced to a code. Under the First Empire, Bonaparte's adventurers supported this peculiar institution with an imperial lavishness which was exceeded only by the parvenus of the flush times of Napoleon the Little. Since Sedan they have been the dreary form of an outworn gayety. Instead of the courtiers, the dragoons, and the gilded youth of earlier times, one saw a curious mixture of Parisian counter-jumpers depressed by the "louis" taken at entrance, of British and American fathers of families marvelling that it was all so little shocking, of South Americans noisily throwing their money about, with a sprinkling of French college lads and American students saddened that the reality of an opera ball fell so far short of the legend. As for the women, the change was even more marked. From the heroines of the Third-Empire *chronique scandaleuse*, and all of theatrical Paris, the dance had descended to paid nobodies, among whom the outraged British matron and her brood moved, masks tightly clutched, while the German *Hausfrau* and the American wife "doing Paris" bore her uneasy company. A performance solemn and inept even in its improprieties has been discontinued because it no longer pays.

For many years the legend of a Parisian world *où l'on s'amuse* has been kept alive only by the surplus money and deficient brains of foreigners. Long ago the Parisians withdrew their support from the dancing gardens and the more notorious cafés. The result was that any glamour which dissipation might have gained from Parisian taste and wit was absent, and travellers paid their good money, with much sacrifice of self-respect also, for tasting a life that the true Parisians heartily scorned. Naturally those who came to see the Anglo-American or the Russian Paris, and detected the cheat, declined longer to be humbugged.

Meanwhile the restaurants, the Maisons Dorées and the Cafés Riches, which were frequented by the old-school *boulevardiers*, and turned away all but the notorious, the wealthy, and the extravagant, have one by one closed their doors. Every year Paris loses something of its old preëminence as a city of pleasure, and the time has come when the primrose path for the spendthrift has as many ramifications as there are great cities and human follies. Balzac used to insist on a certain freemasonry, in the sensual life, which had its capital on the Seine. To-day he would feel differently. The recklessness and the genius for debauch of the hero of 'Peau de Chagrin' are no longer Parisian characteristics. Parisian dissipation has taken on the dull and uniform tone of the random life elsewhere. The irrational squandering of one's gold and one's self may as well be practised in New York, St. Petersburg, or any one of a score of great cities.

If a certain school of metropolitan economists be right, the discontinuation of the opera balls should be marked by a shrinkage of the national credit. Many times the theory that money can circulate normally only when much of it is spent profligately has been seriously maintained. As if to give the lie to the theory that she is rich only on condition of remaining the bawd of Europe, Paris adds a new beauty as fast as she drops an old infamy. Year by year that unparalleled prospect along the Seine becomes richer and nobler, without the loss of any of the precious monuments of old time. Every year, too, Paris becomes a more delightful residence for those who value the things of art or of the mind. As she loses her title of the Casino of Europe, she strengthens that of the new Athens.

Nor do we believe that, with the passing of the legend embodied in the opera balls and in a dozen other institutions of organized profligacy, Paris loses any real gayety. The *verve Parisienne* was never prominent among these syndicated pleasures, nor was it offered at a price to the moneyed rabble of immigrant amateurs of "la vie en rouge." The gayety of Paris is at every family dinner table, in the studios and small shops —everywhere that two or three Parisians meet. And that unique sprightliness of the mind which is the just pride of all Frenchmen, is still to be found in Paris, from the quais where clothes are washed to the salons where academicians are still agreeable to pretty women. That is the real "gay Paris." It will live on as long as Frenchmen are Frenchmen, although it be unknown to the cosmopolitan herd whose growing parsimony or prudence is forcing the other "gay Paris" into liquidation.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Every one of the half-dozen popular magazines contains at least one story of which the hero is beast, bird, or fish. Mr. John Burroughs's protest in the *Atlantic* in behalf of his dumb friends, has passed unheeded. A whole school of writers keeps step with the 'Jungle Book' man or struggles along the trail of the 'Sand Hill Stag.' A literary tendency is clearly manifest, and we see no reason why it should stop at the terrestrial fauna. The flora is as yet unexploited, and since we have had the tragedy of the brook trout and the pathos of the pachydermata, why not also the miseries of the edible mushrooms, the loves of the lotuses, and the tragedy of a dead beet? Erasmus Darwin and his botanical epic are pretty well forgotten, and the way lies open for a literary adventurer to publish as many short stories as there are leaves in Vallombrosa. Nor need the process stop at the organic creation. Two scientists of our acquaintance only ceased from writing a comedy of the chemical elements because they found (as had the British matron before them in Darwin's 'Loves of the Plants') that the matrimonial complications necessitated by the allegory passed all bounds of morality and availability.

The chemical comedietta was intended for children, and it seems that pretty much all animal stories are planned for the very childlike. For the animal heroes and heroines are strangely unlike any animals that the average reader knows, and amazingly like those characters of the dime novel and Sunday School book which the adult reader usually scorns. We have tested it high and tested it low. Occasionally a Mr. Jack London strikes the note of veracity, as Mr. Kipling knew how to invest jungle life with poetry, or Mr. Joel Chandler Harris to fill the B'rer Rabbit stories with shrewd wisdom and exuberant humor. But this is the exception. What may be called the beast tale of periodical literature possesses neither veracity, poetry, wisdom, nor humor. The question, Why do people read these stories? only raises the more impenetrable mystery, Why do people read most of the magazines at all? The answer is possibly that people do not read the magazines, but look at the illustrations; and that the popularity of the new school is simply a tribute to the pencils of Mr. Thompson-Seton, Mr. Heming, Mr. Bull, and others.

But if there is doubt about the demand for sentimentalized quadrupeds, there is no doubt as to the supply. We feel, indeed, that the production is too copious and uniform to be the result of individual enterprise, and we suspect in the whole matter the machinations of a syndicate which was first called Seton-Thompson and then, for purposes

of reorganization and evasion of the law of copyright, was renamed Thompson-Seton. Upon this hypothesis the recent remarkable flotation of animal stories falls under familiar commercial processes. Imagine a resourceful and unscrupulous syndicate which has gained possession of all the undigested securities of the fiction market. Obviously, the whole supply of rejected articles might have been got at a base price. What would the substance of such stories be? Of course, the humdrum pathos and conventional melodrama that lie within the observation and mental range of the writers. Such an accumulation would appear wholly worthless from all points of view. But here is where the genius of our supposititious syndicate comes in. You can always unload a bad stock-market security by changing its name and denomination.

It would be superfluous, and in the present market conditions manifestly unkind, to recall the instances of stocks which have brought better prices every time a consolidation reduced their actual security. Upon this pregnant idea what we may call the Animal Story Trust based its fortunes. One may imagine the process of conversion prior to marketing. A dreary story of the death of an old woman in a country village is to be sold. For old woman read Sheesquaugh the Cougar, for village read "bleak, crumbling precipices iridescent with such colors as are only seen under the desert sun," votes the board of directors, and the editors tumble over each other to buy. Again, we imagine the syndicate's blue pencil cancelling the title, "Algernon's Heart Sorrows," and rewriting it, "Plunges of Pete the Cayuse," with the note, "Printer, substitute Pete for Algernon." And the publishers who broke Algernon's creator's heart, compete for "Pete" at the top of the market.

Now, it is far easier to expose this method of unloading undigested copy than it is to stop it. We may pity the editors and publishers, we may warn them of the impending depression when the underwriters shall be confronted with unmanageable blocks of manuscripts, and Cuvier shall have been exhausted from cover to cover; but we cannot restrict their right to buy at their own risk. Refusing to read Algernon travestied as Pete is only a partial measure. In fact, no effective protest is possible unless the animals should organize a protective association, and appeal to the humanity of the syndicate. One may imagine a sensible "cayuse" complaining as follows: "What right had you to impute to me disgusting human sentimentalisms? What warrant had you to deprive me of my inborn horse sense and put upon me scarcely human idiocies? If you cannot respect yourselves, gentlemen, at least respect the feelings of a horse of good manners, sound nerves and sane habits." That such would be the sentiment of the beasts reassembled in Æsopian council there can be no doubt. And, failing their voice, we make the plea of our worthy but silent friends our own.

Correspondence.

DEFECTS OF THE CENSUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to corroborate your statement that the census statistics regarding capital employed in manufactures are untrustworthy. In a communication published in the *Wool and Cotton Reporter*, June, 1900, I quoted Special Schedule, No. 15, addressed to manufacturers of hosiery and knit goods, as follows:

"Inquiry No. 4, Capital invested? The answer must show the total amount of capital, both owned and borrowed."

Commenting on this, I could not but point out that the entire statistical value of the answers as to the amount of capital invested in the industry was destroyed by including borrowed money as capital. The relations of capital to product, and both to profit, are obviously not to be arrived at from the census tables based on data furnished in pursuance of the above inquiry.

Inquiry No. 9 must lead to results that are equally misleading, though not to so great an extent as the prior one. It requires the manufacturer

"to give the value or price charged at the factory. . . . for all products . . . whether sold or unsold."

Compliance with this requires that the manufacturer assume a profit as earned on his unsold product and credit himself therewith. Census returns are supposed to be accurate representations of existing facts, not a counting of unhatched chickens. Whose was the expert skill that devised these questions the present Director of the Census ought to be able to tell, as he was "chief statistician of the division of manufactures." Max Lowenthal.

Rochester, N. Y., September 25, 1903.

DIRECTOR RICCI.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a notice of the Neapolitan journal *La Critica*, included in the "Notes" of the number of the *Nation* for June 18, Signor Corrado Ricci is spoken of as "the well-known Director of the Royal Gallery at Parma." Signor Ricci has been long enough Director of the Gallery of Brera (if one may, in imitation of the universal Milanese use, drop the article before Brera) to rearrange completely its contents and make it possible for the student to study with the greatest ease the chronological development of Lombard Art. As there is perhaps no other gallery in Europe where sequence and relations in art can be so easily understood, it might be well if some competent writer among your correspondents should furnish the *Nation* with an account of what Signor Ricci has accomplished here. His success has been such that it is said (I know not with what authority) that he is to be transferred to Florence to do a similar work there.

Very truly yours, S. K.

Alassio, September 11, 1103.

THE DECLINE OF MATHEMATICS IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The statement made by you in the last issue of the *Nation*, page 229, may be easily answered by quoting such important branches of mathematics as theory of numbers and modern theory of functions, which are almost entirely due to benighted Continentals. Some time ago, when the English had three eminent mathematicians left yet—a Hebrew, a half-Russian and an Irishman—they used to say that they had generals, but no soldiers, in mathematics. Now the generals are dead and no soldier has risen to the rank of general. What a well-minded Englishman thinks of the present state of mathematics in England may be inferred from Professor Greenhill's review of the German translation of Professor Perry's book, published in *Nature* about a year ago. Without the slightest intention of composing a "Sovvenire di una gran nazione" to the English people, I cannot help quoting the momentous words of Henry John Stephen Smith: "A decline in the mathematical productivity of a nation amounts to a retreat on the whole line."

Yours very respectfully, H. T.

September 17, 1903.

[Our comment will be found on another page.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston, in connection with D. B. Updike, proposes a new and elegant edition ("The Merrymount") of Jane Austen's works in sixteen volumes, 16mo. By subdivision of each novel into several volumes a large and very readable type can be used. The enterprise depends upon preliminary subscription. Mr. Goodspeed has nearly ready 'A New Year's Address to the Patrons of the *Essex Gazette*, 1828,' with a hitherto unpublished letter, by John G. Whittier. Only sixty copies will be printed.

A new edition of Fielding's works in eleven octavo volumes, with Arthur Murphy's essay on his life and genius, edited by Dr. James P. Rame of Edinburgh, will have Messrs. Scribner for the American publishers.

Harper & Bros. are about to bring out 'The Dutch Founding of New York,' by Thomas A. Janvier, beautifully illustrated; 'Hawthorne and his Circle,' by Julian Hawthorne, also illustrated; 'Portraits from the Sixties,' by Justin McCarthy; 'The Standard of Pronunciation in English,' by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury; 'The Diversions of a Book-Lover,' by Adrian H. Joline; and Lewis Carroll's 'The Hunting of the Snark,' with Peter Newell's illustrations.

Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, announce 'The Compromises of Life,' lectures and addresses by Col. Henry Watterson; 'The Shepherd's Pipe,' a collection of sixteenth and seventeenth-century verse, by Fitzroy Carrington, with old portrait illustrations;

'Rhymes of Real Children,' by Betty Sage; and 'The First Loves of Perilla,' by John Corbin.

The "English Men of Letters" series of Macmillan Co. will be extended by Canon Ainger's Life of Crabbe, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke's Life of Lowell. From the same house will issue 'Irish Life in Irish Fiction,' by Horatio Sheafe Krans.

'The Principles of the Founders,' Boston's last Fourth of July oration, by Edwin D. Mead, is to be issued by the American Unitarian Association in that city.

Ainsworth & Co., Chicago, have in press 'The Thirty Years' War on Silver,' by Judge A. L. Fitzgerald of the Supreme Court of Nevada.

Forthcoming from the University of Chicago Press are 'A History of Matrimonial Institutions,' in three volumes, by George E. Howard; 'Animal Education,' by John B. Watson; 'Lectures on Commerce and Administration,' by J. Laurence Laughlin and others; 'The Philosophy of the History of a Small Nation' (Bohemia), by Thomas G. Masaryk of the University of Prague; 'Russian Civilization: Its Past and Present,' by Paul Milyukoff; and 'The Code of Hammurabi,' in two volumes, by Robert Francis Harper and William Rainey Harper.

The Clarendon Press (H. Frowde) has in preparation the third series of Dr. Edward Moore's 'Studies in Dante'; the fifth volume of the Oxford History of Music, 'The Romantic Period,' by Edward Dannreuther; 'Selected Drawings from Old Masters in the University Galleries and in the Library at Christ Church, Oxford,' chosen and described by Sidney Colvin; 'An Examination of the Shelley MSS. in the Bodleian Library,' by C. D. Locock; 'The Songs of Robert Burns,' printed for the first time with the melodies for which they were written, edited by James C. Dick; and 'Elizabethan Critical Essays' (1570-1603), edited by Gregory Smith, M.A., in two volumes.

Among the reprints on our table are two more volumes in J. F. Taylor & Co.'s "Library Edition" of the Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley, namely, 'Two Years Ago'; 'Christmas Books and Hard Times' in the "Biographical Edition" of Dickens (London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: Lippincott), with a great variety of standard illustrations by Doyle, Leech, Fred Walker, Maclise, Landseer, etc. (the chief typographical attraction of this unpretentious output); Pierre Loti's 'Madame Chrysanthème' in Laura Ensor's translation, with half-tone illustrations by Rossi and Myrbach to which less than justice has been done in the printing (London: Routledge; New York: Dutton); Elbert Hubbard's 'Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Musicians' and likewise of 'English Authors' (Putnams), reinforced with numerous unhackneyed full-page portraits; and Charles Augustus Stoddard's 'Cruising Among the Caribbees,' revised and enlarged since 1895—but we can hardly praise the new matter about Martinique and Porto Rico (Scribners).

'The Children's Book,' edited by the late Horace E. Scudder (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), strikes the eye at once as old-fashioned. In the first place, all the illustrations in the text are woodcuts, in divers styles and after many designers, from Cruikshank to Darley and Lafarge. There was, therefore, no need to employ shiny paper for half-tone prints, and this, too, points to what for our youngsters is a prehistoric age. In fact, this cleverly compiled quarto volume dates back to 1881. Perhaps its appearance, in contrast with smart "process" manufacture, has kept it from holding its own in the nursery. A few inserted plates of photographic origin we judge to be the publishers' latter-day concession to a changed (not a better) taste. Be this as it may, there is no reason why this collection should ever fall into the background. It ranges from Homer's fables to Æsop; from Aladdin to Cinderella; from Gulliver to Baron Munchausen; from Goldsmith to Hans Christian Andersen. There is, further, much good poetry—Jane Taylor, Scott, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Robert Browning, Longfellow; "Robin Hood" and "Sir Patrick Spens" among the ballads. In short, this is a rich and handy thesaurus for reading aloud or to the childish self.

In 'Masterpieces of Latin Literature' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Prof. G. J. Laing of the University of Chicago has collected translations by various hands of typical selections from seventeen poets and prose writers, from Terence to Apuleius. A brief biographical sketch is prefixed to each author, and to the whole an heroic attempt to give in nine pages an outline of the general tendencies of Latin literature. The selections are well made, the translations are as good as any that were available, and from the book those who are so unhappy as not to know Latin may obtain a fair idea of the contents if not of the form of the originals.

Jules Cambon's 'Essays and Addresses' (D. Appleton & Co.) relate mainly to France and the United States. The essays are two in number, one on Pierre Loti, and the other on "Diplomacy and the Development of International Law." There are eight addresses, delivered at New York, Boston, and other American cities; of these the public had at the time of their delivery more or less full reports in the daily newspapers. They are interesting as a graceful contribution to international comity. M. Cambon, having shown his ability as a diplomat here, at a trying time, was peculiarly fitted for the task of explaining France to America He particularly insists on one point which we are too often inclined to forget—that the "scrofulous French novel," with which Paris has teemed for the last fifty years, is representative of the country only to those whose tastes it suits. It is not what made France "la grande nation," nor what makes French literature and history of perennial interest. What really does this is well described by M. Cambon in these pages.

Poets and poetasters desirous of the immortality of preservation, at least, would do well to consider the aim of the curator of the Harris Collection of American Poetry in the library of Brown University. He seeks, as we learn from the *Library Journal* for September, "to obtain by purchase or gift the entire yearly output of American poetry." But the fund at his disposal is very limited.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for September contains an account of the mineral resources of the United States, by Mr. C. Kirchhoff, in which is condensed a large number of interesting facts and statistics. After detailing briefly the achievements of the past thirty years, this writer calls attention to the fact that they have been accompanied by some serious abuses. Chief among those is that, "in the rush to get rich, we have deliberately followed the principle that it pays to waste." To check the enormous waste, he sugests that there be some Government control over the mining industry; and also that titles to mining property on the public domain should contain some provision for their surrender as the penalty for long-continued idleness. Among the remaining contents are the journal of a Spanish expedition into Texas in 1675, translated from an old manuscript, and a short account of the gardening done by the International Polar Expedition at Point Barrow, Alaska, in 1882. "Twenty-seven days after seeding, and nineteen days after germination, harvesting began."

The researches of Mr. R. T. Günther into the earth-movements in the Bay of Naples, the results of which are given in the *Geographical Journal* for September, have brought to light many facts interesting to the geologist, archæologist, and historian. Among other things, they have made clear what has been a matter of doubt, that the phenomenon has not been local, but has affected large areas of adjacent Italy. They have further shown that the upward movements of the land in recent geologic times have been much in excess of the downward. The evidence is strong that the land must have stood at least 17 feet higher in Roman times, and then have sunk to something like 18 or 20 feet below its present level, and afterwards, probably in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, have come up. The well-known artist and traveller, J. G. Millais, contributes a short account of some explorations in central Newfoundland, and Professor Élisée Reclus, in a paper on geographical education, emphasizes the importance of the use of globes in teaching. He even goes so far as to say that "in all well-conducted schools . . . children ought to be entirely forbidden the use of maps." This number contains, besides, an account of Sir John Murray's bathymetrical survey of the freshwater lochs of Scotland, illustrated by photographs and maps.

The German archæological expedition to Babylon, which was at first disappointing in the small number of inscriptions discovered, has now struck "pay dirt," and has in recent months unearthed a mass of cuneiform tablets. Most of these are of a date belonging to the Persian and Greek periods. Dr. Weissbach, who has been examining the finds, reports descriptions of the sacrificial worship of the Babylonians, together with a full cosmogony. Even more fortunate have been the diggings in the ancient city of Fara, where tablets have been discovered that probably date back to the fourth millennium B. C.

On the initiative of Professor Wolfstieg, a regular institution for the education of women librarians has been opened in Berlin. The course of study has been officially approved by the Prussian Cultus Ministry. It is called the Bibliothekarinnen-Schule, and is to constitute the beginning of a Frauenhochschule für den Bibliothekdienst, the whole really under the control of the Comenius-Gesellschaft, which has recently undertaken the reorganization of the whole library system in Berlin, and has incidentally established the new school.

The entering class numbers eleven women. Full accounts of this innovation are to be found in the reports of the Society (Vol. XI., p. 33), from the pen of Professor Wolfstieg.

Carl Frederick Bricka, keeper of the Public Records of Denmark and editor of the Danish Biographical Dictionary, died in Copenhagen on August 24. He was born in Copenhagen July 10, 1845. After eleven years' service in the Royal Library, he entered the department of records under the famous historian, A. D. Jörgenson, whom he succeeded on the latter's death in 1897. After preparations extending over many years, Bricka began in 1887 the publication of the Biographical Dictionary, the sixteenth volume of which has already appeared. The assignment of material for the remaining volumes had been made by the editor before his death, so that the original plan of his *magnum opus* will be followed, although the master's hand will be sorely missed in carrying out the details.

—New Yorkers will learn with considerable interest, from the October *Scribner's*, just what becomes of the miscellaneous refuse turned over every day to the Street-Cleaning Department, ranging from the crumbs of the dinner-table to cast-off clothing, stoves, bedsteads, etc. Formerly it was dumped miscellaneously into the bay, to pollute the water and air, or wash up in offensive heaps upon the beach. It is now carefully assorted, and the great bulk of it made to yield some return to the city, direct or indirect, against the cost of its removal. The coal ashes are rapidly making new land of the shoals about Riker's Island, worth $10,000 per acre at a fair estimate, while the ashes from incinerated vegetable matter, rich in plant food, are going to feed the famishing trees and shrubs of Central Park. Keen-eyed dealers are paying the city more than $100,000 yearly for the privilege of picking over the solid rubbish for articles of value, and the vegetable and animal matter collected from garbage receptacles yields large quantities of merchantable oil and fertilizing materials. All this may not strictly belong to belles-lettres, but it makes excellent reading-matter for New Yorkers just at present. Brooks Adams presents a narrative of his grandmother, Mrs. John Quincy Adams, describing her journey from St. Petersburg to Paris, whither she went to join her husband shortly after the signing of the treaty of 1814. The paper is preceded by a reproduction of a miniature of Mrs. Adams now in the possession of Mrs. Henry Parker Quincy of Boston. Walter A. Wyckoff writes of certain phases of trades unionism, the burden of his thought being that the movement is the inevitable result of changed conditions, and is, on the whole, highly beneficial to all concerned, notwithstanding various palpably wrong positions into which the unions have been led. His argument that the effect of unionism is to increase the efficiency of the individual workman, by driving the employer to seek for the best labor available at the uniform rate of wages, is somewhat hard to follow. Will H. Low, in the "Field of Art," gives several pages of counsel to the American art student in Paris. He advises the student to seek the Government schools rather than the ateliers established by private enterprise, and especially to avoid those in which American students congregate in such numbers as to give predominance to ideals and methods brought from home. Learn the language, go to the root of things, and yield not to the temptation of the publisher who would draw you into the remunerative but artistically fatal work of present-day popular illustration.

—The October *Century* makes a special appeal to the sportsman. André Castaigne describes a hunting expedition of President Faure, in company with the Grand Duke Alexis and a few others, in the thickets of Rambouillet. Five hundred and thirty rabbits, a hundred and nineteen pheasants, ninety-one hares, three roebucks, and two squirrel, the sum of this day's shooting, will suggest to many readers a day in a slaughter-house rather than a day of legitimate sport. J. M. Gleeson describes the game parks of Powerscourt and Drummond Castle. Sterling Heilig writes of the Duchesse d'Uzès, who rents from the French republic more than ninety square miles of the Rambouillet forest, in addition to her own extensive hunting-grounds. With more than eleven hundred stags to her account, she may well be called "the first huntress of France," but the instinct of true sportsmanship revolts at such numbers. It is just this unrestrained desire to be killing that gives to another contributor, Dwight W. Huntington, material for a gloomy sketch of the rapid diminution, in many cases practical extinction, of the game birds and animals of the United States. L. O. Howard contributes a short but extremely interesting sketch of the investigations which have established the culpability of the mosquito as the chief, if not the only, agent in the distribution of yellow fever. Anna Bowman Dodd writes in glowing terms of the "New Woman in Turkey."

—Captain Sumph himself, whom Pendennis met at his first literary dinner at Bungay's, never told more inconsequent anecdotes than are to be found in the memoirs of another captain, one George Elers (London: Heinemann; New York: Appletons). Again like Sumph, Elers was "related in some indistinct way to the peerage," and the MS. of his Memoirs has reposed for years in the library of Lord Monson, who now gives it to a world that needed it not. The writer went out to India as an ensign in the Twelfth Foot in 1796, and stayed there eight or nine years (dates are hardly ever given), during which time he seems to have been under fire once. To have "a good billiard table, a good regimental library, and excellent shooting and hunting," was apparently his professional ideal, and he speaks of a week of racing and chicken hazard as the happiest he ever passed in India. During three months he was entertained, when invalided, by Col. Wellesley at Seringapatam, but this hospitality he ill repays by frequent innuendo of a personal and trivial kind. It is obvious that in later years he made himself a bore to the Duke by presuming on this early acquaintance to ask for favors which his services had not merited. After his return from India he spent some years at home stations, but finally left the army in 1812 to please, as he fondly hoped, a mother-in-law *in posse*. The old lady very promptly and wisely refused her blessing to a son-in-law who *in esse* had not even a captain's pay; and for the rest of his life he lived as best he could, paying visits, and finally ending as the pensioner of a female cousin. The memoir is, in fact, the common tale of an earthen pot trying to swim with the brass kettle, and getting sadly knocked about. In an appendix, however, there are some rather interesting letters from Maria Edgeworth, another cousin of this harmless and unnecessary man.

—The *Nation* of December 13, 1900, noticed the appointment by Gen. Porter, United States Ambassador to France, of a committee, consisting of Henri Méron, consul of France at Chicago; E. P. McLean, Vice-Consul-General of the United States at Paris; Col. Chaillé-Long, and Major H. A. Huntington, to compose a list of the French officers, soldiers, and sailors who took part in the War of American Independence. This committee, to which M. Lacour-Gayet, professor at the École Supérieure de la Marine, was added in January, 1901, has completed its work, and the result appears in a huge quarto volume entitled: 'Les Combattants Français de la Guerre Américaine, 1778-1783: Listes établies d'après les documents authentiques déposées aux Archives Nationales et aux Archives du Ministère de la Guerre, publiées par les soins du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères' (Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin, pp. xii., 327). Besides the names, it contains portraits of Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Vergennes, D'Estaing, De Grasse, and De Guichen; the vote of thanks passed by the General Society of the S. A. R. to all concerned in the publication, with individual mention; and an introduction by M. Méron, giving due credit to his collaborators. The edition is of eight hundred copies, of which four hundred have been presented to the United States Government. The remainder will be divided by the Ministries of Public Instruction, War, and Marine, at whose joint expense the work was printed, and will be distributed by them among the great public libraries of France. These lists, which may be advantageously consulted by all students of our Revolutionary period, have a special value for readers of that extremely interesting work: 'Marins et Soldats Français en Amérique pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance des États-Unis' (Paris: Perrin & Cie., 1903), by the Vicomte de Noailles, a great-grandson of the illustrious soldier of that name who concluded the capitulation of Yorktown.

—It is not only with the Indian East, as was set forth recently in these columns by Professor Lanman, that Western students have now come into touch, nor is it only at the feet of native Sanskritists that they can now sit. In spite of the fear of an uncrossable gulf of prejudice and fanaticism, the world of Muslim theology is also opening its doors to the West, and the Ulama of the Azhar in Cairo have shown themselves willing to receive in the circles which sit round them inquirers from among the unbelievers, and have thus claimed for their school a place in the broad freedom of academic comity. The greatness of this revolution and its far-reaching effects, for both Islam and Christianity, are clear; for Islam, perhaps, more immediately deep and essential. For the West—though such a world of contemporary thought and emotion certainly cannot for long lie open without results of

stimulus and suggestion—the first fruits of the change must be more objective and simply scientific. Islam will come to be understood by us more perfectly when it can be studied not alone in its books from the past, but as its present teachers interpret and hold it. This is the great interest in Dr. A. de Vlieger's 'Kitab al Qadr: Matériaux pour servir à l'étude de la doctrine de la prédestination dans la théologie musulmane' (Leyden). The "matériaux" here presented, partly in the original text and throughout in translation, are indeed of very considerable value, being drawn largely from MS. sources, but of greater value is Dr. de Vlieger's statement of the theological positions of the present day, and of the interpretations which Muslims now give to their doctrines.

—The only pity is that he did not definitely put himself to school with them and work resolutely through their course of studies. Scholastic theology is a thing by itself and can not be caught in a moment by any intuition. So, that he has not grasped fundamentally the Muslim system is plain on page 6, where a passage is given in text and translation, but with the point completely missed and some technicalities wrongly rendered. A similar weakness is shown in handling the distinction between *qadā* and *qadar*, the two words for predestination in Arabic. On another side, his Muslim teachers seem to have had too great an influence. Professedly in this account we are placed on the present-day platform of Muslim orthodoxy; no reckoning is made with different schools nor with heretical divergencies. Such a plan is excellent; a book so constructed would give us a much needed point of departure. But Dr. de Vlieger has mixed in material of a different kind, drawn from European sources, and has done so without a word that it is not modern orthodoxy. Thus, apart from a distinction between the position of Mohammed himself and the Mohammedan Church, there is no suggestion here of any process of change or development, for good or for evil. The statements of the straitest theologians, of mystics of varying orthodoxy, and of absolute philosophers like Averroes, are thrown together without an attempt to indicate a difference or to trace a genetic relationship. It would, for example, be interesting to know with what degrees of horror the Cairo theologians view Averroes, the Neoplatonic Aristotelian, and Abd ar-Razzaq, the Neoplatonic sufi—that is, if they have even heard of them—and what proportion of them regard al-Ghazzali as a Father of the Church. But, for all this, Dr. de Vlieger's work is a refreshing witness to the renewed intercourse of East and West.

RECIPROCITY.

Reciprocity. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago, and H. Parker Willis, Ph.D., Professor of Economics and Political Science in Washington and Lee University. The Baker & Taylor Co. Pp. 583.

The authors of this work have given us a detailed history of the moments in our later tariff history in which the idea of reciprocity has played a rôle. The volume is therefore a much needed and most welcome addition to the all too scanty tariff literature which can make any pretence to scientific insight and accuracy. Its appearance is most timely, also, at this juncture, when widespread interest in an important phase of reciprocity has been aroused by Mr. Chamberlain's assault upon free trade in Great Britain under the guise of preferential duties.

The origin of reciprocity is traced in the introductory chapter to the mutual concessions made by various nations in respect of their navigation laws, when it became recognized about a century ago that these laws were defeating the very ends for which they had been enacted. The formation of the German Zollverein and the rising tide in Europe making for unfettered commerce extended the scope of reciprocal concessions to the tariff duties imposed upon the goods of international trade. Commercial treaties incorporating "the most-favored-nation" clause were the principal means of contracting the area of high-tariff depression. The description of modern reciprocity systems, particularly those of Germany and France, affords, when taken in conjunction with a subsequent chapter on "Reciprocity and the Sugar Situation," a good insight into the current tariff policies of the leading European States. It is to be regretted that the authors could not devote more space to tracing the modern reaction against commercial freedom. They ascribe the tendency most briefly to the increased need for revenue for war and armament following upon the Franco-Prussian war.

The series of chapters which elucidate our various reciprocity treaties with Canada, with Hawaii, with South American countries, and abortively with Cuba, are well done, and the generalizations one may readily draw are eminently sobering. On the whole the history of these experiments teaches that the general interests of consumers as a body—so well subserved, for example, by Canadian reciprocity—have been generally subordinated either to the private interests of small groups of producers, or to vague national animosities or ambitions.

Not the least merit in the work is its exposure of the change in the reciprocity idea in our tariff since 1890. The species of reciprocity which Mr. Blaine at the last moment foisted on the McKinley bill was in reality a threat of tariff retaliation upon countries exporting tropical products to the United States unless those countries should abate their tariffs on our exports of foodstuffs and manufactured goods. But, despite the retaliatory aspect of the McKinley tariff, it stood four square to perfectly orthodox protectionism. At that time the only kind of reciprocity sanctioned by uncompromising protectionists, and believed to be free from any taint of revenue reform or free trade, had to conform to three tests. First, it could contemplate free admission only of products not coming into competition with products of this country; second, it must imply a contemporaneous willingness in the foreign country to take the surplus of our farms and factories; and, third, it must involve an approximately equal volume of trade with the foreign country in the two kinds of products exchanged. Upon the passage of the Wilson bill, the reciprocal engagements with other countries practically became of no effect. As the Wilson bill was originally reported, raw sugar was to continue to be admitted free, as under the McKinley act; but the manipulation of the sugar schedules in the Senate imposed a duty on raw sugar, and thus practically annihilated the basis of reciprocity agreements founded upon the free admission of sugar. The Dingley tariff did not revert to the free-sugar provision of the McKinley act, but put both raw sugar and hides on the dutiable list. This practically destroyed the basis for such reciprocity as had existed under the McKinley act, although formal homage is still done to the shade of that idea in our present tariff law. The Dingley bill, however, provided, at least formally, two other kinds of reciprocity. A few selected articles, of relatively small importance and so chosen as hardly to compete with any domestic product, are entered at certain reduced rates of duty whenever and so long as the President is satisfied that equivalent reciprocal concessions have been extended to us by the nations exporting the articles above mentioned. This is a slight departure from the earlier type of reciprocity. But the Dingley bill also sanctioned the negotiation of reciprocity treaties providing for a five-year abatement of tariff duties equal to 20 per cent. of the regular tariff rates. The treaties so negotiated are subject to Congressional approval before going into effect. This was theoretically a direct breach with reciprocity of the strictly orthodox type; but the fate of the treaties negotiated by Mr. Kasson seems to substantiate the contention of this work that this last kind of reciprocity is purely of the buncombe order. The earlier type harmonized strictly with the protective creed, and went immediately into effect. The Dingley measure professes to give a broader scope to reciprocal engagements, but subjects such engagements to an indefinite delay. One promised little and did something; the other seems to promise much and does but little.

The Protean character of reciprocity is well analyzed in this volume. The estimate to be placed upon reciprocity as a fiscal policy must vary accordingly. For, first of all, reciprocity may mean a fair offer of mutual tariff concessions to all the world. This, in the diplomacy of trade, is the Retort Courteous. Or, reciprocity may take the shape of an offer of mutual tariff concessions to be reached by special bargains with each separate nation. This is the Quip Modest. Or, again, reciprocity may be so narrowed in its scope as to apply only to such imports as do not compete with home products. This response to an invitation to freer commerce is called "tropical reciprocity" or the Reply Churlish. Or, once again, reciprocity may be concluded with but a single country in a spirit of selfish exclusiveness so as to deprive all the world beside of a valued privilege. Thus, when for years Hawaii alone could lay down her sugar in this country duty free, the other sugar growers of the world, despite their solicitations, experienced from us what they must have taken for the Reproof Valiant. When, finally, reciprocity turns into a frown, and becomes a covert threat of tariff retaliation unless the foreigner makes certain specified concessions, we reach the Countercheck Quarrelsome of the McKinley tariff, from which the Lie Circumstantial of excluded commerce, and the recoil of the Lie Direct in the shape of heavy tariff burdens on

the home consumer, are not far distant. To such a type of reciprocity as that first outlined, the free trader can but be a friend; to such as that last described the fair protectionist may well be a foe.

Owing to treaty obligations, reciprocity at its best means generally a hampering of the fiscal machinery and a weakened control over revenue. It constantly involves the danger of setting duties abnormally high in order to seem to make considerable abatements when reciprocity is once concluded with other nations. It often means a loss in revenue, as in the case of Hawaiian sugar prior to 1894, without any gain whatever to the consumer in the matter of price. Moreover, it is but seldom that a great industrial nation like the United States can, by reciprocal arrangements, ensconce itself in a coign of vantage analogous to that occupied by the Hawaiian sugar grower. His exceptional profit was due to the fact that he could produce only a fraction of the supply, and could market it under conditions giving him an exceptional profit. The most usual gains derivable from reciprocity are attenuated copies of those obtainable with fewer delays and difficulties from tariff reform.

The unfavorable criticisms to be passed on the book before us are two in number. It assumes a tone of non-judicial censoriousness whenever the motives of Congress are mentioned; and it affords too scanty evidence of perhaps its most important generalization, to wit, the effectiveness of threatened reprisals as a means of securing tariff concessions. A perusal of the volume will substantiate the former criticism abundantly, and makes an unfavorable contrast to the severe impartiality of Taussig's tariff history. On page 426 it is stated that "the result of duties levied by a free-trade country in the way already described [*i. e.*, by threatened reprisals to provoke counter-concessions] almost uniformly leads to the enforcement of similar duties in return, and a tariff war results." It is not at all impossible that this may be the case. But, if so, it is transcendently important that every available scrap of evidence be cited in proof, for evidently this point is the crux of the whole contention between free trade and fair trade. This assemblage of evidence is neglected, and the proposition consequently carries only the force of an *ipse dixit*.

The book is written in a uniform, matter-of-fact style which does not readily allow one to guess at the respective shares of the two authors. The appendixes are full and valuable, and include in one hundred and forty pages a complete bibliography, the text of important reciprocity treaties, recent revenue acts, as well as pertinent commercial statistics. A misleading error on page 472 gives 1891 instead of 1894 as the date when certain reciprocity treaties were terminated. It is to be regretted that the charts of variations in exports and imports, etc., are not more clear. The diagrams are well devised to impair the eyesight.

BOOKS ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Hugo Wolf. Von Michael Haberlandt. Leipzig: Lauterbach & Kuhn.

Schumann. By Annie W. Patterson. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Forty Songs by Johannes Brahms. Edited by James Huneker. Oliver Ditson Co.

Technique of Musical Expression. By Albert Gérard-Thiers. New York: Theodore Rebla Publishing Co.

Hugo Wolf wrote about two hundred songs, none of which have as yet become widely known in this country. Nor is this strange, even if his biographer be right in maintaining that he was the greatest of modern lyric composers and second only to Schubert, for his works did not begin to be made public in Austria and Germany until about ten years ago, and a decade is only a minute in the life of such exalted works as these are claimed to be. Is not Robert Franz only just beginning to be appreciated at his full value, sixty years after his first volume of songs was printed? So Wolf's day may come, even if he is not, as Herr Haberlandt implies, superior to Schumann, Liszt, Franz, Jensen, Grieg, MacDowell, and all the others who have followed in Schubert's footsteps. That he was a composer of unusual originality is certain, and it is the æsthetic duty of our concert singers to make their audiences familiar with his best songs without further delay. It must be admitted that he was himself largely responsible for the tardy appreciation of his art, for, like Franz, he was so unwise and unmodern as to object to his personality being made a topic for journalistic paragraphers. "When I shall have ceased to compose," he once said, "no one need bother about me any more." It is well that his friend paid no attention to this semi-mandate; his short story of Hugo Wolf's sad life will help to call to his works the attention they deserve. It was Haberlandt who first suggested the formation of the Hugo Wolf Societies which were founded in Berlin and Vienna in 1896-97. To these Wolf did not object, as they were to be concerned not with himself, but with his works; and it is to these that we owe the publication of three volumes of collected articles on his songs and his opera "Der Corregidor," which is to be produced in Vienna the coming winter, after having been successfully performed at Graz and in several German cities.

Like three other eminent composers—Donizetti, Schumann, and Smetana—Hugo Wolf passed the last years of his life in a lunatic asylum, to which, one cannot help thinking after reading his biography, his own folly brought him. Haberlandt notes with satisfaction that his hero did not share the belief that long, unkempt hair and slouchy, spotted apparel are necessary concomitants of genius; it would have been well if he could have added that Wolf had also emancipated himself from the idea that men of genius need pay no attention to the laws of health. That he often took insufficient food was his misfortune rather than his fault; there was no sale for his works, and for some years he had to eke out a livelihood by writing criticisms for one of the minor Viennese newspapers; but for his neglect of sleep and other necessaries of health there was no excuse. While he was absorbed in a task, he allowed himself no time for rest or meals, and it was the strain on his vitality caused by his frenzied work on a new opera ("Manuel Venegas"), in midsummer, without a pause, that led to his breakdown. He had invited his friends to meet him and hear him play what he had written of this score, and what happened at this hearing was so gruesome that our author draws a veil over it.

Wolf's abnormal emotionalism made him the easier victim of overwork. "I have not the courage," he once wrote to a friend, "to compose an opera, because I am afraid of the many ideas necessary. Ideas, dear friend, are terrible. I feel it. My cheeks glow from excitement like molten iron, and this condition of inspiration is to me an enchanting torture, not a pure joy." When in such a state he would slam the door in the face of his best friend who happened to call inopportunely; but a few hours later, when the song was finished, he would run over to the same friend and, with tears in his eyes, play and hum it to him. He seemed to look on a new song as a child does on a present it has just received, and expressed his delight over it with sublime naïveté. In the letter cited he says: "I have just finished a new song—a song for the gods, I assure you—divine and wonderful! *Bei Gott!* It will soon be all over with me—I am growing more clever from day to day. Where will this end? It makes me shudder to think." On February 24, 1888, he writes: "Another new song! My dear, when you hear that, the devil will take you for joy." On the next day: "I am furiously busy. To-day two new songs came to me, one of which is so strangely gruesome that it frightens me. Such a thing has never been. God have mercy on those who hear it." A month later: "'Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens' is by far the best thing I have done so far. Compared with it, all that went before is child's play." The next day: "I take back what I said yesterday about 'Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens,' for what I have written to-day—'Fussreise'—is a million times better still. When you have heard this song, you can have but one more wish—to die." It should, perhaps, be borne in mind that this enthusiasm over his songs was not pure egotism. Much of it, no doubt, was caused by his almost frantic love of the poems he set to music. From his boyhood he was a greedy devourer of poetry. A volume of poems was always in his pocket, and he never lost an opportunity to read his favorites to his family and his friends. It is of such material that great song writers are made. Let us give him a trial.

It is a strange thing that up to date there is not in the English language a satisfactory biography of either Beethoven or Schumann. Beethoven will receive his dues when Thayer's life of him is printed in the original English version, which has been vainly expected for some years. Pending that event, the reader who knows English only must turn to Grove's masterful article on Beethoven in his 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians.' It is in that work also that by far the best treatise in our language on Schumann is to be found. No doubt the reason why no exhaustive monograph on Schumann has yet appeared (in any language) is that the most valuable source of information has been hitherto withheld from publicity. This source is the diary of his wife, in forty-seven quarto volumes. Their main contents have been incorporated in the first volume of Litzmann's 'Clara Schumann,'

which, however, extends only to 1840, the year of her marriage to the great composer. Until his second volume, covering the sixteen years of her married life, is issued, no one can undertake the definitive life of Robert Schumann.

Annie Patterson, who attaches to her name the "Mus. Doc. B.A." of the Royal University of Ireland, has not made use of Litzmann's first volume, which would have enabled her to add some vivid touches to her account of Schumann's early life, especially the period of courtship. She has, however, made free use of those of his letters which were printed in two volumes a few years ago, and she duly emphasizes the fact that Schumann was almost as interesting from a literary as from a musical point of view. Her book will doubtless be read with interest, and may be commended as a first introduction to the subject; but it is far from being a model of what a short monograph should be. That there are no new facts or points of view in it is not surprising, for Schumann has been dead nearly half a century; but much better use might have been made of the available biographic material, while of critical discrimination there is little. Of the painful but undeniable fact pointed out by Hans von Bülow, that Schumann began as a genius and ended as a talent, her readers are left in blissful ignorance; she even indicates 1849 as the year when his creative powers reached their zenith! She also makes one smile by her repeated eager efforts to prove that Mendelssohn was not biassed against Schumann's music, followed by long paragraphs trying to explain this very bias. As for Schumann himself, he, unfortunately, was not biassed against Mendelssohn. His efforts to imitate that smooth but shallow composer formally, led to what Bülow aptly called his "partial artistic suicide"—a theme on which Weingartner has discoursed eloquently in his treatise 'Die Symphonie nach Beethoven.'

Schumann's last critical act was to point out Brahms as the musical Messiah (versus Wagner). In the treatise just referred to Weingartner dwells on the great assistance thus given to the launching of Brahms, and how Brahms, by taking Schumann seriously, injured himself as a composer. It would also seem as if he had, by way of showing his gratitude, chosen the empty songs of Schumann's talent-period as models for his own. However, there are undoubtedly some inspired *Lieder* among the 196 he wrote, and undoubtedly also the best forty of them have been incorporated by Mr. Huneker in his Brahms volume cited above. It has a lucid four-page preface, in which the life of Brahms is briefly told and his merits are duly emphasized. Such a volume has long been a desideratum, for the Brahms songs are at present popular, one might almost say fashionable. The publishers have given it all the advantages bestowed on previous issues of "The Musicians' Library"—good paper and binding, clear type, and excellent translations.

Mr. Gérard-Thiers holds that it is in the power of every talented student to become a true artist. He believes that temperament is not such a mysterious and inexplicable thing as it is commonly supposed to be, but that it has its laws—its technique—which can be taught; and in his treatise of 108 pages (mostly taken up with musical illustrations) he endeavors to show what the technique of expression is. He claims that the theory advanced is original with him, but we have not been able to find anything not previously brought forward by Christiani, Riemann, Lussy, Schulz, Kullak, and other writers on this subject—indeed, we are not sure but that a student of music might learn nearly as much by perusing the two columns Riemann devotes to the word *Ausdruck* in his 'Musik-Lexicon' (fifth edition) as by reading this volume, which may still be cordially welcomed. It is always a pleasure to note a teacher who pays attention to something besides the mechanical aspect of his art. The arrangement of the matter seems confused, but the individual points are well made, sometimes graphically, and no student can read this book without benefit. The examples are usually well chosen; but why continue to ascribe "Adieu" (Ex. 29) to Schubert, when Nottebohm proved long ago that it was written by Weyrauch? And why spell Gluck's name Glück? Why not Wägner or Schümänn? On page 28 Mozart's "Dove sono" is printed "Dore sono," both in the heading and in the text.

Submarine Navigation, Past and Present. By Alan H. Burgoyne, F.R.G.S. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols., pp. xiv., 341; xii, 363. 1903.

That man will eventually achieve the conquest of the waters under the earth, and that he will be able to go and come and stay therein, practically at will, cannot be doubted if the pertinacity of past ages and the undiminishing enthusiasm of the present century may be appealed to as proof that the more difficult a problem, the more certain and complete the ultimate solution. This, or a kindred reflection, arises in the mind as we open the handsome volumes of Mr. Burgoyne's 'Submarine Navigation,' in which clear print, marginal headings, copious illustrations, and a fair index combine to attract the reader and to hold his attention. No matter what be his prepossessions as to the subject of the work, he will be grateful, at least, for the first volume, in which the history of the attempts to live and move beneath the surface of the seas is given chronologically, at length, and with commendable wealth of bibliography. It forms in itself so excellent a treatise that it may well be called invaluable. From the psychological standpoint this record is of exceptional interest, presenting as it does a bewildering variety of invention, the trial of many ideas, all ingenious and some fantastic, the gradual winnowing out of the impracticable, the survival of the simple and rational, and a general advance towards the desired goal.

And what is that goal? Undoubtedly, the destruction of an enemy's vessel is the chief and undisguised end sought after by the Bushnells, Fultons, Nordenfeldts, and Hollands of all times, and yet it is not beyond the range of possibility that the submarine vessel may prove a potent factor in the world's industrial progress, and, like gunpowder and nitroglycerine, find a wider field of usefulness in the arts of peace than in the operations of war. As explosives have wrought wonders for mankind in mining, tunnelling, and quarrying, so may boats like Lake's *Argonaut* open up unexplored regions of the ocean's floor, which are vast even within the limits of water shallow enough to permit the diver and the diving craft to work along the bottom. Under the heads of Submarine Wrecking; Recovering Gold from River and Sea-Coast Bottoms; Coral, Pearl, or Sponge Fisheries; Laying Submarine Foundations; Scientific and Pleasure Boats, Part IV. deals with this peaceful phase of submarine navigation in an extremely interesting manner.

Nearly one-half of the second volume is devoted to the Holland boat, the most successful and promising type thus far developed. This chapter, by the way, contains much unnecessary and irrelevant matter which a wise editing would have omitted to advantage. The sections of Part VI. (Theory of the Submarine Boat) which deal with Submersion, Stability, Form, Direction, Habitability, Motive Power, etc., are those to which the student will naturally turn. Some of them are admirable, and all are too short. They touch upon the very crux of the whole matter, and they deserve greater attention at the hands of so well equipped a writer as Mr. Burgoyne. He has given to them all only as many pages as to the subject of Armament and Explosives. In Part VII. Mr. Burgoyne discusses the military value of the submarine in the cheery vein of the optimist, basing his arguments upon the assumption that the submarine will do the very things which inventors have for generations been endeavoring in vain to make it do, and forgetting that he had already written, "No doubt some efficient means of seeing when submerged will be evolved, but it must be confessed that it is this matter that retards the progress of submarine navigation more than anything else."

Nevertheless, the submarine is a fearsome thing, almost justifying Chief Constructor Cuniberti's belief that she need carry no torpedoes, as her appearance alone would suffice "to make an enemy turn tail and fly!" The book ends with a symposium of expressions, favorable and unfavorable, by distinguished writers on military subjects, and by naval officers, chiefly British, which proves the author's sincerity of purpose and greatly increases the value of a very welcome addition to the literature of the naval profession.

James Madison. By Gaillard Hunt. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

Mr. Hunt has accomplished a difficult task remarkably well. Madison left voluminous records of his many public services, but carefully destroyed those covering the most interesting phase of his career, when he was becoming a strong partisan—a step that led to the Presidency, but narrowed and warped his judgment of men and public questions. The member of the Continental Congress and the Constitutional Convention was a very different man from the member of the House of Representatives, the unquestioning follower of Jefferson, and the weak President. His true position was that of a recorder of events; as such, he is the best source extant of Virginia policy during his long and varied career. His minutes of the debates in the Constitutional Convention will always rank as his best work. In action he was timid, and too much under the influence of others and of his own doubts to succeed. The measures most closely connected with his name are those affecting religious freedom in Vir-

ginia, and the Virginia Resolutions of 1798. The one destroyed a prop necessary to the existence of the Virginia aristocracy, and thus contributed to destroy the influence of the State in national affairs; the other was an interesting though somewhat futile declaration of Constitutional interpretation that equally served the purposes of the nullifiers of 1828 and of their opponents. Wide as was Madison's reading on Government, his ideas were often half formed, his arguments too refined, and his suggestions wanting in practicality. His partisanship under the fostering care of Jefferson separated him from those who would have been his natural colleagues, and weakened his undoubted powers for public usefulness. Perhaps he felt this himself, and so destroyed the records of his breach with the Federalists. As Secretary of State he was bound by Jefferson's theory of peace at any cost, and as President he inherited the results of the downfall of that theory, and experienced such failures in actual war as should have ruined his reputation as an administrator.

In most of these aspects of Madison's career Mr. Hunt is not a blind admirer; he admits the errors of judgment and the inability to judge of men, which brought together so weak a Cabinet and permitted so much discord among its members. With a tendency to overestimate Madison's initiative in legislation, Mr. Hunt does not blink or justify his resort to scurrilous journalists or political tactics but little defensible. Overlooking Madison's essay on Neutral Rights, Mr. Hunt gives an interesting extract from a fragment by Madison showing that slavery is incompatible with democracy. Mr. Hunt has also dwelt on the subject of patronage and its abuse under Jefferson, and on nullification in South Carolina, topics well deserving the space given to them. He has studied with care original sources of material, and a high degree of accuracy is maintained throughout the book. *Corbett* for *Cobbett* is the worst of the few errors. It is the best life we have of Madison, and a decided improvement on former biographies.

Italy and the Italians. By Edward Hutton. E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a volume such as one gladly sees, well printed on good paper, with clear illustrations, all from familiar Alinari photographs. The author loves his Italy and is not devoid of intelligence, so that his pages may be read with pleasure, though one would be slow to call the work successful. There are chapters on United Italy, Il Papa-Re, The House of Savoy, The Socialists and Literature (which for Mr. Hutton means chiefly the writings of Gabriele d'Annunzio); also upon the cities of Italy, upon half-a-dozen topics chosen rather capriciously out of the innumerable phases of Italian life, and an appendix with an itinerary for the hurried tourist, and slight notes on education, the political system, the army and navy. There are a good many clever things said by the way, and there are pages of delicious nonsense, relieved by occasional flashes of real eloquence, or even by passages of common sense. Mr. Hutton's practice, however, is better than his preaching: he "loves a priest, he loves a cowl," and therefore loathes the Sardinian Government in Rome; and yet, by various signs, we divine that this is only in some Pickwickian sense. Then, too, it is after having, through the entire volume, poured scorn and reviling on the tourist, that he shows himself capable of doing good to them he hates and despitefully uses, by furnishing an itinerary—Italy in eleven weeks—for the besotted herd.

In illustration of his manner—his worser, we own—here is a page taken at random. The author is writing of Venice:

"Through her streets rush the penny steamers, like horrible bacilli in the veins of one dying of a dreadful fever. They care nothing for her beauty, and are perhaps unconscious that they are destroying her, being occupied with their own thoughts, their own little life. Within her palaces, innumerable and splendid, the canvases that reflect her ancient beauty and magnificence decay, too, and fade under the glances of the vulgar and foolish tourist. For how long has she asked in vain who will defend Beauty, Beauty distressed now as never before, despised and rejected by the vulgar and barbarous century that has been captured by lust of gold and sensuality and ugliness? I at least have no words to express my contempt, my hatred, and my despair of a world that has destroyed so fair a thing. I hate how bitterly, how ineffectually, these bestial multitudes that, without understanding or knowledge, are trampling Beauty down beneath their million hoofs. Ah, how shall I tell, without an emotion that in a despicable, vile world of mechanics will seem ridiculous, all my loathing, all my horror! O Demos, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, thou who hast in thy turn conquered, thou also in thy turn shalt die, despicably die at last, and men shall laugh together and be glad," etc., etc.

We strongly suspect Mr. Hutton of not being yet thirty years old; we trust that the case is not worse than that.

The Flower Beautiful. By Clarence Moores Weed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

The aim of Mr. Weed's rather pretentious book is to advocate a more general and discriminating use of flowers in the decoration of the house, and especially of the schoolroom, where flowers, even better than pictures, would serve to educate the eye to beauty of form and harmony of color. Several of the articles included have already been published in the *House Beautiful* and in *Art Education*. Our author inveighs against the old-fashioned way of making compact masses of flowers of every kind into the nosegay or bouquet, but in the prevailing enthusiasm for gardening which pervades all classes, flowers receive a great deal of attention and preserve their identity far more than when they were relegated to the choice of the gardener, so that, when gathered, each bloom is appreciated according to its importance.

Mr. Weed acknowledges his indebtedness to Japanese methods in much that he teaches—for instance, simplicity of background for flowers arranged in vases, the form of vases for long-stemmed flowers and branches, the keeping each kind of flower by itself, or grouping at most two different flowers or two colors together, and showing as much as possible the growth of flowers and leaves. He very justly advises the use of flowers and branches from our own woods, fields, and gardens for decoration, rather than buying exotics and forced flowers out of season from shops. In this, also, he conforms to Japanese customs: we are told that in Japan it would be regarded as equally out of place to use summer flowers in winter for decoration as to wear winter clothes in summer.

There are plentiful illustrations of Mr. Weed's floral arrangements, with suggestions as to combinations of color in flowers and vases, and advices as to the different kinds of pottery, Oriental and indigenous, fittest for use. We doubt whether the book will be of any great help, for all matters of decoration depend on individual taste and feeling. It contains much which is obvious, and all that is of use could have been said in one chapter if Mr. Weed had not chosen to repeat himself so frequently and had preferred a less precious manner of expression.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainger, A. Crabbe. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan. 75c.
American Jewish Year Book. 5664. Biographical Sketches of Rabbis and Cantors. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
Aristotle on Education. Translated by John Burnet. Cambridge (England): The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 60c.
Barbour, Ralph H. Weatherby's Inning. D. Appleton & Co. $1.20 net.
Brackett, Jeffrey R. Supervision and Education in Charity. The Macmillan Co. $1.
Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. 2 vols. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4 net.
Crosby, Ernest H. Tolstoy and his Message. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 50c. net.
Dewey, John. Studies in Logical Theory. University of Chicago Press. $2.50 net.
Dinsmore, Charles A. Aids to the Study of Dante. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Gladden, Washington. Witnesses of the Light. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Griffis, William E. John Chambers. Ithaca, N. Y.: Andrus & Church.
Hall, Ruth. The Pine Grove. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Hopkins, John W., and Underwood, P. H. Mental Arithmetic. The Macmillan Co.
Hopkins, John W., and Underwood, P. H. The Elements of Arithmetic. The Macmillan Co.
Irving, Washington. Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Gilbert Sykes Blakely. The Macmillan Co. 25c.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Three Graces. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.
Johnson, Francis. Famous Assassinations of History. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Knox, Prof. G. W. The Direct and Fundamental Proofs of the Christian Religion. Scribners. $1.20.
Locke, W. J. Where Love Is. John Lane.
Lodge, Henry Cabot. The Story of the Revolution. Scribners. $3.
Loti, Pierre. Ramuntcho. Edited by C. Fontaine. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Lyford, James O. History of Concord, New Hampshire (1725-1900). 2 vols. Concord.
Macaulay, T. B. Life of Samuel Johnson. Edited by William Schuyler. The Macmillan Co. 25c.
Makin, Richard L. The Beaten Path. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Mitchell, Wesley C. A History of the Greenbacks. University of Chicago Press. $4.50 net.
Osbourne, Lloyd. Love, the Fiddler. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Packard, Winthrop. The Young Ice-Whalers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.20 net.
Patterson, Alice J. The Spinner Family. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Phillips, David G. The Master Rogue. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Rhoades, Nina. Silver Linings. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Rowland, Henry C. Sea Scamps. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Sangster, Margaret E. Eleanor Lee. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Scollard, Clinton. Count Falcon of the Eyrie. James Pott & Co. $1.50.
Smith, Nicholas. Songs from the Hearts of Women. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Smith, W. R. South Carolina as a Royal Province. 1719-1776. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Stanwood, Edward. American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.
Stoddard, William O. The Spy of Yorktown. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.
Sweetser, Kate D. Micky of the Alley. D. Appleton & Co.
The Pipe Roll of the Bishopric of Winchester, 1208-1209. (Studies in Economics and Political Science, edited by W. A. S. Hewins.) London: P. S. King & Son. 15s. net.
Tooley, Sarah A. Royal Palaces and their Memories. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: A. Wessels Co.
Torrence, Ridgely. El Dorado. John Lane.
Ward, Edward G., and Johnston, Emma L. The Rational Method in Spelling. Third and fourth years. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Ward, Edward G. The Rational Method in Reading. Fifth Reader. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Watanna, Onoto. The Heart of Hyacinth. Harpers. $2 net.
Weyman, Stanley J. The Long Night. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
White, Eliza O. Leslie Chilton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Yeats, W. B. In the Seven Woods. The Macmillan Co. $1.
Zimmern, Alice. Greek History for Young Readers. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

For Immediate Publication

The Laws of Imitation, by the eminent French sociologist Gabriel Tarde, translated by Mrs. Elsie Clewes Parsons, with an introduction by the eminent American sociologist Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia. (xxx+404 pp., 8vo, $3.00 net; by mail $3.20.)

Ferns, a manual for the Northeastern States, by C. E. Waters (Ph.D., Johns Hopkins). The 200 illustrations, largely from photographs, are remarkably fine. The book is popular, though scientifically accurate. (362 pp., square 8vo, $2.75 net; by mail $3.09.)

The Regency of Marie de Medicis, 1610-1616. An account of six very interesting years in French history by Arthur Power Lord, with five fine portraits from rare originals. (xi+180 pp., 12mo, $1.75 net; by mail $1.85.)

The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel. Many of these thirty genial satires by Isa Carrington Cabell first appeared in the Baltimore *Sun*, and were widely copied. They cover such matters of universal interest as The New Man, The New Child, Servants, One's Relatives, Should Women Propose, Original Sin, etc. (12mo. $1.25 net; by mail $1.37).

Merry Hearts, by Anne Story Allen, author of that effective story "By the Favor of the Gods," in a recent "Harper's." Shakespeare's "A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a" suggested the title of this story of two bachelor girls who wrested happiness from unpropitious circumstances. (Uniform with Van Zile's "A Duke and His Double." With frontispiece by Eliot Keen. 220 pp. 16mo. 75 cents.)

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Henry Holt & Company, 29 W. 23rd St., New York.

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The Mediaeval Stage. By E. K. Chambers. 8vo, 2 vols., buckram, $8.50.

Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship—Germany. By Herbert A. L. Fisher, M.A. 8vo, cloth, $4.15.

Sacred Sites of the Gospels. With Illustrations, Maps and Plans, by W. Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., with the assistance of Paul Waterhouse, M.A., F.R.I.B.A. 8vo, cloth, $4.50.

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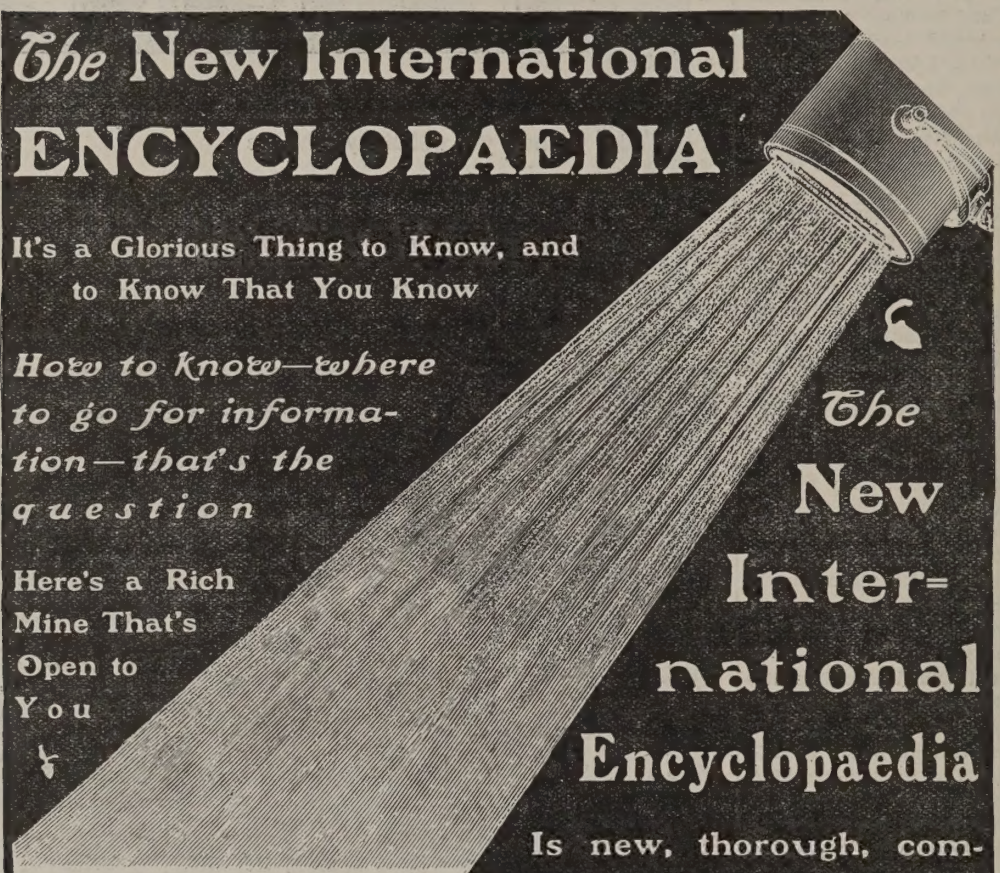

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Without a word of disparaging comment on other works which claim to rival Webster, let us seek the verdict of some tribunal so high in character and intelligence, so numerous in membership, and so impartial in constitution, as to give a sanction like that of a court of last resort. Three such tribunals will be cited as to the merits of Webster's International Dictionary in comparison with all works of similar aim.

To what authority upon doubtful questions do the American people habitually pay the highest deference? Unquestionably, to the National and State Supreme Courts. They are not only accepted as final arbiters on the vast and vital matters within their immediate sphere, but in great emergencies, like a disputed presidency or a wide-spread labor disturbance, the national impulse turns to these courts as the strongholds of broad intelligence and the highest fairness. Weighty then are their opinions on a subject so peculiarly within their range as text-books of definitions. Language, the medium through which all statutes and precedents are expressed, is the very subject matter with which courts are continually dealing. It is of the first consequence to them to have some standard of appeal as to the meanings and usages of words, which is not only of the first order of intrinsic merit, but is so widely recognized as to command popular approval. Hear then the opinions, first of individuals and then virtually of the entire body of the highest judiciary of the country.

In the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Fuller says of the International: "I regard it as of the utmost value in accuracy of definition, and have found it in all respects complete and thorough." Justice Gray: "I always considered Webster's Dictionary as the best in the language in the matter of definitions." Justice Brewer: "From my childhood up, Webster's Dictionary has been my authority. The last, the International Dictionary, is the perfection of dictionaries." Justice Brown, after a life-long experience, has found it "invaluable as a book of easy reference," and believes "it will succeed for many years in maintaining its position as the leading dictionary of the language." Justice Shiras is no less emphatic. Justice Harlan says: "It should be in the library of every American judge, lawyer, preacher, journalist, statesman, and student"; and while it is desirable to have more than one dictionary always at hand, "if only one can be afforded, preference should be given to Webster's International Dictionary." Justice McKenna has "always used the Webster" and finds its old reputation as to completeness and accuracy sustained by the International. Justice White in "daily use" finds the book "of the greatest utility;" and Justice Peckham, praising especially the Supplement of 1900, regards the whole work as constituting "a perfect exposition of the English language as existing at this time."

Turning now to the highest courts of all the States, we find an almost unanimous consensus to the same effect. Thus Chief Justice Knowlton of the Massachusetts Supreme Court says: "For all who want but one dictionary of the English language for general use in any department of study, or in literary or professional work, I regard Webster's International as decidedly the best." And so on through the State Courts, the entire body of judges generally speaking as one. In many instances the statement is explicit that the International is preferred before all others. The most guarded expression is that of the Justices of the New York Court of Appeals, and they speak of the International as "in no respect falling behind its numerous rivals, however remarkable for their extent and accuracy." The opinions of the entire bench of other State Supreme Courts may be briefly sampled. Pennsylvania: "No other single volume is so valuable or so satisfactory." New Hampshire: "The best one-book dictionary of the English language." Arkansas, California, Oregon, and Wisconsin say the same. Kentucky calls it "the most comprehensive and accurate dictionary in existence." Nevada says: "In our library we have many other dictionaries, but all of them put together are not consulted as much as Webster." New Jersey: "For every day use, no English lexicon is at all comparable with Webster's International." Equally emphatic are Delaware, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, and Washington. All these are explicit in affirming the International as *the best* for general use; and this is since the publication of all its would-be rivals. The Florida Justices define its peculiar service to the bench: "Frequently the proper interpretation of an instrument or a statute, before us for review, hinges upon the accurate definition of a word: in all such cases we turn with confidence to Webster's International." Others dwell upon the fund of general information; thus the North Dakota Justices: "No other single book extant contains such stores of rich, varied, and exact knowledge." The Ohio Supreme Court: "The new (1900) edition of Webster's International seems to have reached the acme of perfection in book-making, editorially and mechanically." In brief, the entire body of Judges in the National and State Supreme Courts, with the exception of hardly a dozen individuals (and these recommended no other), have borne testimony to the preëminent merit of the International.

To the question, "What popular dictionary is accepted as of the highest authority and value by the people of the United States,"—could there be any more weighty answer than this almost unanimous testimony of the Supreme Court Judges of the Nation and all the States?

Another tribunal may be cited, which in a different field carries not less authority, and which speaks with one voice. The public school systems of the forty-five States are practically a unit in favor of the International. Every one of their State Superintendents recommends it in the highest terms. In every State Normal school it is the accepted standard. Wherever State funds have been appropriated for the purchase of a large dictionary for the schools, Webster's has been the book. The school books of the country, wherever they are of such character as to require a standard in spelling, pronunciation, and definition, follow the International with hardly an exception.

The highest judiciary and the entire public school system—better indexes of American opinion can hardly be named. It remains to question that broad constituency which the name "International" suggests,—the English-speaking peoples beyond America. It has been said that the judgment of foreigners carries a weight like that of posterity,—owing to its freedom from local or temporary bias. Taking first Great Britain: the popular test shows a sale of the International far beyond that of any other one-volume dictionary, English or American. The official test is given by the fact that the only Governmental departments of Great Britain using any standard of language—the Postal and Telegraphic, both managed entirely by the Government—follow the International. The scholar's test may be best indicated, to take from many tributes the most authoritative and impressive, by the unsolicited words of Dr. Murray, editor of the unfinished many-volumed Oxford Dictionary, and probably the highest individual authority on lexicography in the English-speaking world: "In this its latest form, and with its large Supplement and numerous Appendices, Webster's International Dictionary is a wonderful volume, which well maintains its grounds against all rivals, on its own lines." And again: "The last edition of Webster, the International, is perhaps the best of one-volume dictionaries."

In Canada, the International far outsells all rivals. In Australia it has the field to itself, and with special reason; for this great commonwealth has been explored with the utmost thoroughness as to its wealth of new words and usages, by representatives of Webster on the ground, coöperating with the best local scholarship, and reaping a harvest which the home office has winnowed and inwrought with the main work. In the new American Colonies, in South Africa, in India, in China, in Japan, throughout Continental Europe, and wherever flies the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack, the International goes as a chief symbol and agent of that language which leads the world's civilization.

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The blue-backed Webster's speller, of which the public have consumed some seventy-five million copies, concluded with a few pungent fables, "The Milkmaid," "The Old Man's Apple Tree and the Rude Boy," etc., and to each fable was appended a moral. To the present Story the Moral may be given in words a little amplified from an old quotation: "All young persons, and all older ones no less, should have a dictionary at their elbow; and while you are about it, get the best—get Webster's International."

*Chapters I. and II. of "The Story of a Book" were published in the issues of September 24 and October 1 respectively.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1903.

The Week.

President Roosevelt's declaration that Government shops must be "open" is such a staggering blow in the face of the "unionists" that they naturally try to break the force of the shock. Mr. Gompers kindly explains that the President prefers the union shop in private enterprises. With Mr. Roosevelt's personal preferences nobody can quarrel. He has laid down in the clearest terms the only sound principle on which public work can be conducted—absolute disregard of the claims of labor unions, religious societies, or any other such organizations. This principle the American Federation of Labor, of which Mr. Gompers is the head, has bitterly opposed. Encouraged by President Roosevelt's example, governors and mayors may now pluck up heart and assert themselves against unionist encroachments upon the rights of free men; for the test for public employment, whether in the construction of a State canal or the building of a city school, should be nothing but personal capacity. Moreover, whatever Mr. Gompers may say, Mr. Roosevelt is bound by the logic of his own argument to execute, so far as falls within his duty, our laws to protect the open shop. If in 1909 he starts a factory at Oyster Bay and chooses to hire only union labor, nobody should lay a straw across his path, but if his next-door neighbor wants the open shop, that neighbor must enjoy equal liberty. To this proposition Mr. Roosevelt cannot but give hearty assent. As a lover of fair play, he cannot approve the argument by which Mr. Gompers, in the October issue of the *American Federationist*, defends boycotting and intimidation.

The President's flat repudiation of Addicks, in the appointment of a successor to his tool, District Attorney Byrne, is most welcome. He has now selected the man who was so strongly urged upon him a year ago by the bar and judiciary of Delaware, but whom he then, in a rash moment, put aside in favor of an abject truckler to the great Delaware corruptionist. Mr. Roosevelt has learned something since then. He has discovered, what he should have foreseen, that the country considers Addicks the very type and crown of political debauchery, and could only look with astonished indignation upon the association of Theodore Roosevelt with that tainted purchaser of votes. That the President has now seen the error of his ways and has resolutely turned his back upon the man at whom the decent citizens of this country draw the line, is matter for general rejoicing. It will hearten the antagonists of political scoundrelism everywhere, and will, in particular, nerve the honest remnant in Delaware to keep up the fight upon the smirched man who would smirch the State. Addicks's overthrow at the White House followed an impudent visit to the President, in the course of which he was, according to the press dispatches, told some exceedingly plain and wholesome truths. Mr. Roosevelt, indeed, informed the gasman that his call was in "extremely bad taste." After what has happened, we doubt if it is repeated. Now that the President has been stung into exercising his Constitutional prerogative to name appointees to Federal offices, we hope he will not let the function lapse. In other States than Delaware the conditions cry aloud for its application.

Mr. Bryan's belated letter to the *Evening Post* of Friday on negro disfranchisement adds neither wisdom nor courage to the discussion of a momentous issue. All that it proves is, that another Democratic leader is willing to keep the Declaration of Independence purely for export to the Philippines. Mr. Bryan speaks gingerly of "Constitutional guarantees," but has not a word to say of the duty of Congress to resist and correct their open violation. He may possibly learn more boldness from the Massachusetts Democrats, who on Thursday declared in their platform against all attempts to repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. They perceive clearly the monstrous inconsistency of standing up for the rights of the Filipinos while viewing with mild expressions of disapproval the political wrongs of the negro at home, or deferring the whole matter to the arbitrament of time. They are evidently willing to have a difference of opinion about this question within the party ranks, for their action comes on the heels of Senator Carmack's announcement of his determination to begin the battle for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. Their action is an admonition to the Democratic party of the South. It serves notice that in Massachusetts the old ideal of equality in citizenship still holds. It could not be otherwise; the Democrats who wear Grand Army buttons there are too numerous to permit the party to sit by silently and see the greatest achievements of the civil war nullified.

The Massachusetts Republicans have wheeled into line and are marching with the noble army of stand-patters. The tariff, they assert, may need revision some time, but not now. When the dim and far-away day shall at last dawn, the changes must be made by "the friend and defender of protection." This plank is evidently modelled on the familiar advice regarding marriage—a young man not yet, an old man not at all. For the last twenty years the Republicans have been saying "Not yet!" and soon the plea must be that the hour of grace has passed; for the truth is that it is always either too early or too late to mend the tariff. The country is not facing a new problem; it is as old as the history of government.

The Tammany platform partakes visibly of the weakness which marks the beginning of its Mayoralty campaign. If the Hall has never been accused of a literary atmosphere, it has none the less generally seen to it that its resolutions were forcible, of an aggressive tone, and as plausible as its record permitted. Not for years, we believe, have the delegates been called upon to cheer for so lame a document. It was well read by Senator O'Sullivan, but even his art failed to obtain any applause for it when he took his seat. It is a mélange of hopeless contradictions, a promise thrown in here, a denunciation there. It assures the reader that the Low Administration obtained office through "false pretences and dishonest representations." But if these representations, which evidently refer to the police collusion with vice, were untrue and dishonest, why does the Hall find it necessary to pledge itself "to the suppression of criminal protection by the police force, to the absolute uprooting of the evils which exist in the Police Department"? Such a pandering to decency is not to be found in Tammany's platform of 1901. Then it was willing to enter the campaign with a studied silence upon what was the leading topic of the hour, while its orators denied the existence of any abuses. Two years of starvation have had their effect; Tammany sick is willing to take a leaf out of the reform book which it so viciously denounces.

Most of the platform's mendacities are so easily answered as to increase the wonder that Mr. Murphy turned his back upon all the clever men in Tammany. Magistrate Hogan's experience does not bear out the statement that complaints against the police receive "but superficial investigation." He would have been glad, indeed, to escape the ordeal of backing up his allegations before a Deputy Commissioner, and so would other citizens who have made sweeping charges, and then

tried to withdraw or shirk responsibility for them. The falsehood that 80,000 children are in vain clamoring for admittance to our schools was refuted before it was uttered, and reads amusingly beside the excuses for the unfinished schools and scanty sittings in the Tammany platform of 1901. But for the strike, the Hall would have been deprived of the slight truth there is in its present declaration, and of this Tammany is quite aware. Similarly the platform forgot to mention, in attacking Dr. Woodbury for his alleged extravagance in cleaning the streets, that the money he received has come to him largely through the votes of Democratic Aldermen, with whom the Commissioner has been a prime favorite. As for the rest, there is abuse and faultfinding without end, but the specifications of the wrongdoings asserted are left to the reader's imagination. Mr. Crain had prepared two columns of them for the Convention's delectation, but even he thought it best to leave this part of his speech unspoken. All in all, there was little in Thursday's Convention to suggest the powerful organization which once executed without a murmur the dictates of a Croker.

We can barely hint at the moral density which Comptroller Grout displays. Having tricked the Fusion Conference into nominating him, he now asserts an indefeasible right to a nomination which he obtained under false pretences. His first threat that, if "pressed too hard," he would not run for office at all but return to the practice of his profession, he now seems to have modified. In its present form it reads that he will run for office by means of practising his profession. Did ever a candidate start out to elect himself with such an array of writs and court orders? Mr. Grout proposes to enjoin and mandamus everybody in sight. If the thing goes on, every voter will be haled to court and required to show cause why he should not mark his ballot for Mr. Grout. The prospect is indefinitely extensive. After he is beaten at the polls, the Comptroller can apply for a writ of *quo warranto* to serve upon his successor. He may even try to distrain the man from office. And is there not also a remedy in replevin? We may be sure that Mr. Grout will leave untried no legal resource to compel the unhappy citizens of New York to vote for a man they despise. Well, this may be magnificent practice of the profession, but it is incredibly stupid politics. If nothing else makes Mr. Grout pause in his career of folly, Murphy will soon order him to leave off his nonsense. The Tammany leader will not wish to see developed such a mania for beating Grout that thousands of Tammany ballots will be invalidated by ruthless scratching of the candidate for the Comptrollership—just as votes were lost to the Wigwam in 1901 by the widespread eagerness to scratch Van Wyck.

No one longer pretends to believe that a currency reform measure will be enacted at the forthcoming special session of Congress. Indeed, the Washington oracles now say that no serious move in this direction will be made even at the regular session. It looks, indeed, as if the whole matter would be allowed to drop, partly on account of the attitude of Speaker-to-be Cannon, and partly through the usual fear of doing anything at all on the eve of "Presidential year." It is even stated that if the President alludes to currency reform at all in his annual message it will be in a most perfunctory manner. A great change has taken place since two months ago, when the country was given to understand not only that a currency measure had been practically agreed upon, but that its passage at the extra session would be easily effected — in other words, we might consider the thing as good as done. Two questions arise: First, was there ever any genuine expectation on the part of those who were so confidently predicting the passage of a currency reform measure, or was all their talk merely part of a propaganda, or for effect upon Wall Street; and, second, is it at all to be wished that such a measure should be rushed through the extra session, or be discussed in the manner that is always apt to characterize Congress when a Presidential election is impending?

A good deal of encouragement as regards the general financial situation may be extracted from the annual report of the Treasurer of the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903. The developments in Wall Street since September, 1902, and particularly since the early summer of 1903, have unmistakably depressed the spirits of those actively participating in the material affairs of the nation. The overcapitalization of industry, the over-extension of credit, the senseless inflation of stock-market quotations, and the extraordinary rise in commodity prices which characterized the last few years, failed for a long time to excite widespread concern; but recently these phenomena have begun to take hold upon the fears of the community. Is the country in danger of entering another period similar to that witnessed between 1893 and 1897? The affirmative view is not generally expressed in print, yet it must be said that the events of the last few days have concentrated the public mind very directly upon that possibility. But the Treasurer's report is calculated to allay such a fear. As a mere matter of detail, he states that the increase of the money in circulation during the year was $121,740,532, of which $59,776,462 was in gold and gold certificates, and $54,520,193 in national bank notes. The share of money for each person increased 89 cents, and the proportion of gold to the whole rose to 42 per cent., the highest ratio ever recorded.

Now, this showing differentiates the present financial situation very sharply from that which existed about 1893. When a leading financier said a year or two ago that there could never be another great financial panic in the United States, he was talking wildly; but it is perhaps safe to assert that a feature which in the past has contributed powerfully to the intensity and prolongation of financial revulsions, has been permanently removed. The peculiar gravity of the 1893 crash, for instance, resided in the fact that the over-extension of individual credit was complicated with an even more fundamental vice—namely, the impairment of public credit. It was because the currency system of the nation was thoroughly unsound that such a period as 1893 to 1897 was possible. The Sherman law of 1890 had the effect that was foreseen by every trained mind. Gresham's law operated with rapidity, gold was hoarded, the Government's receipts of the metal fell practically to the vanishing-point. In his present report, the Treasurer states that "of the receipts from customs at the port of New York, constituting 67 per cent. of the whole, 88 per cent. was in gold"—a complete reversal of the situation which existed prior to the 1893 disturbance. The great difficulty experienced by the Government in keeping intact its $100,000,000 gold reserve against the greenbacks is a matter of history. To-day the public credit is at its maximum.

High livers and modest lovers of *Delicatessen* will regard the new activities of the Department of Agriculture with something between gratification and dismay. Recent confiscations of adulterated food and drink from abroad have included Frankfurter sausages, on account of suspicious preservatives; Sauterne, for an excess of sulphur; Rhine wines, for salicylic acid; olive oil, for admixture of cheaper oils; jellies and jams, for coal-tar coloring and flavoring extracts. All this is calculated to abridge the pleasures of life by casting a doubt on all manner of good things, from Château bottlings to the translucent conserves of Bar-le-Duc. There is a complication, too, in the fact that the new food inspection may be condemning right American products—the golden cottonseed oil of the South and the generous white wines of the Pacific Coast. Weak-kneed hankerers after the European fleshpots will possibly aver that it was a case where ignorance is bliss. Salicylic acid, if unperceived, does not mar the bouquet of

a "Schloss" vintage, nor cotton-oil impair a mayonnaise—except for epicures. But the Department of Agriculture will properly turn a deaf ear to the pleading of these "bad Americans," and will continue its useful work of keeping unwholesome food products out and making the rest conform to their labels.

The convention of fish and game commissioners which has been in session at Boston to consider means for the protection of the lobster has agreed on three recommendations, and these will doubtless soon come up for discussion in the legislatures of all the Northern Coast States. The commissioners favor the restriction of lobster-catching to fishermen having permits from the State, the general adoption of the Maine law, which prohibits the sale of lobster meat except in the shell, and the enactment of uniform laws as to the length of lobsters which may be kept. The resolution on this last point would have carried more weight if the commissioners had been able to agree as to what is the proper length. There was much discussion on the plan for compulsory construction of a special lobster pot which would catch only those between eight and eleven inches long. It is putting a severe strain on poor human nature to expect the fisherman deliberately to throw away good edible lobsters which he already has in hand. If the new pot will do the sorting for him in the depths of the sea, morality as well as ichthyology will be the gainer. It is a still more direct way out of the difficulty to adopt the Canadian plan of a close season—another suggestion considered by the convention. All this discussion will doubtless do good, but it hardly touches one of the most important points—the attitude of the officers charged with enforcing the laws. The rural game warden who may be lenient with his friends is nevertheless inflexible in his attitude toward the stranger. But this sort of enforcement will not do at all in the lobster fisheries. The "dude sportsman" does not catch lobsters. All the lobstermen are apt to be friends and neighbors of the wardens.

Mr. Balfour's reorganized Cabinet is condemned as soon as composed. He retains the unpopular Lord Lansdowne in the Foreign Office, transfers the incompetent Mr. Brodrick from the War to the India Office, replacing him by young Mr. Arnold-Forster; gives to the experimental Mr. Austen Chamberlain the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and finally tries young Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, an M.P. of seven years' standing, in the Colonial Office—a portfolio which Lord Cromer and Lord Milner had declined to take. It is certainly the youngest Ministry that has ever ruled England, and possibly the weakest. The imperturbable *Times* recalls that Disraeli once said that England must be saved by her young men. The anxious Tory *Standard* takes no such cheerful view, but asks how Mr. Balfour can possibly face Parliament with so impossible a Government. Mr. Balfour, indeed, has only one reason for not resigning himself—to give a little time for the Chamberlain protectionist leaven to work before the general elections. We have possibly a case of decease deferred, pending litigation, in favor of the residuary legatee.

It needed only the Duke of Devonshire's resignation to give the farce of the reorganized Ministry a tragic tinge. This veteran Liberal-Unionist has supported Mr. Balfour beyond the point of political consistency, and almost of self-respect, in the hope that the Premier would finally renounce Mr. Chamberlain and his works. Now, nettled at certain flippant expressions in the Sheffield speech, the Duke resigns, and Mr. Balfour, in accepting the resignation, is betrayed into unhappy and uncharacteristic expressions of personal resentment. As to the insinuation that the Duke has been at pains to pick a quarrel, the Unionist leader in the Lords has brought that upon himself by not going out with Mr. Ritchie. The wonder is, in short, not that the Duke of Devonshire has repudiated Mr. Balfour, but that he did not do so long ago. As it is, the Prime Minister loses the most imposing figure in his Cabinet, and the most influential of his indispensable allies, the Liberal-Unionists. From now on, it is only a question of deciding when to publish the death notice of the Government; for dead it is, to all political intents and purposes. Mr. Balfour has virtually passed from the stage, and the actors in the new drama are Mr. Chamberlain preaching protection, and the Liberals and Free-Trade Unionists opposing him.

For solemn nonsense the renewed Austro-Russian demands upon the Porte have rarely been equalled. Last February these two Powers jointly required Turkey to appoint an independent Inspector-General over the vilayets of Kossovo, Monastir, and Salonika; to reorganize the gendarmerie under European officers, and with suitable representation of native Christians; finally, to reform the worst abuses of the Ottoman system of tax-gathering. Within a day these demands were "accepted" by Turkey—in the sense that, as the two Powers now sapiently express it, "the representatives of the Sublime Porte interested with their application [the reforms] have been generally wanting in the necessary zeal, and have not been imbued with the idea which inspired these measures." In less diplomatic language, the new Inspector-General has not been the agent of the Powers, but the promoter of massacre; the "foreign specialists" who were to discipline the gendarmerie—a handful of Swedish officers virtually prisoners and in danger of their lives—were recently discovered by the English correspondents at Monastir; instead of tax reform there has been wholesale burning and pillage. And now Austria and Russia, expressing mild disapproval of the past, merely suggest that the Sultan should do better in the future. What the Macedonians think of this plea in their behalf may easily be imagined.

Very inconsiderately, the Japanese are to send troops to Korea just before the Russian evacuation of Mantchuria, which is set for to-day. Obviously, this significant step is taken as a check to the Russian demands for privileges on the Korean side of the Yalu. It is a sharp reminder that Japan means to assert and maintain her preponderancy in the peninsula. We can but note also that this almost aggressive action falls at a time when Japan and Russia are in negotiation about all frontier matters. Clearly, the Japanese are unwilling to commit themselves unreservedly to any "truce of the Bear." No immediate result is likely to follow the landing of the Japanese regiments, but the event is pretty certain to constitute an "obstacle" to the approaching evacuation of Mantchuria. Providentially, other obstacles are ready at need; the Chinese court has refused to accede to the supplementary conditions of withdrawal. Thus it seems unlikely that October 8 will make any excessive demand upon the transportation facilities of the Trans-Siberian and Port Arthur railways.

Within a few days of his resumption of the Hungarian Prime Ministry, Count Hedervary has been again outvoted in Parliament, and resigns. Details are lacking, but it seems likely that his overthrow is due to the extreme irritation produced among the Magyar Nationalists by the Emperor's recent army order. Finding that Francis Joseph was unalterably opposed to admitting the Hungarian language or extending Magyar influence in the army of the Dual Empire, the Nationalists had no choice but to continue the campaign of obstruction against the Emperor's man, Count Hedervary, who had already been much discredited by the detection of bribery among his followers. Count Hedervary was transferred from the Governorship of Croatia to Budapest in the character of a "strong man." His strength has been ignominiously deficient before the impossible situation which confronted him. Speculation as to the future of Hungary would be preposterous; but, since the Emperor has given up his rôle of conciliator between Magyars and Germans, it has become vastly more difficult to settle the racial deadlock in any parliamentary or constitutional way.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

President Roosevelt's vigorous reaffirmation of the principle that this Government cannot discriminate among its employees on account of creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social condition, comes like a gust of fresh air into the sultry and fetid atmosphere of our labor troubles. This clear-cut statement is, in view of all the circumstances, one of the most important of President Roosevelt's utterances. There has never been a moment when plain speaking on the labor-union question was more needed. There is no man whose voice will carry so far as the President's.

Our walking delegates have reached the summit of insolence. For some years the country has floated on the high tide of prosperity. For capitalists the movement culminated about two years ago in an orgy of promoting and stock-watering. The country saw speculators make millions—on paper—overnight; and everybody rushed for his share of the pickings. The workmen demanded higher wages, and generally received them. When their demands were not granted they struck, generally with success. The great anthracite coal strike of last year was the most significant event of the labor campaign, for the miners won many of their contentions, and won them largely through the intervention of the President. Flushed with this victory, and confident that they had the sympathy of President Roosevelt and others in authority, the labor unions have been proceeding as if wages could be raised 10 per cent. every three months till the end of time. But the tide of prosperity is indubitably ebbing. Wall Street is aware of the turn, for it has seen the paper profits, the magical wealth, of two years ago wiped out, as it was created, in a few hours. Shrewd financiers frankly admit that this country must face a period of falling prices. With falling prices a lowering of the general rate of wages is as certain as the flow of water down hill. Here and there local causes may for a while obstruct the current, but in the course of time wages will obey the law of gravitation and reach their level.

Of this fact our labor leaders seem not yet aware. They imagine—as Wall Street imagined two years ago—that the upward trend can continue forever; they have clean forgotten the lessons of the past; they talk in the language of high finance about "breaking all precedents," about "a new era" in the industrial and economic world. Their error is natural; they are no wiser than our new school of stock-jobbers was a few months since; but their mistake is no less fatal because it is due to ignorance rather than malice. The results are no less appalling. New York has suffered from countless strikes, and in particular from unionism run wild in the building trades. Agitators have preached with such fervor the gospel that the union can do no wrong that Sam Parks, convicted blackmailer, holds his leadership by a majority vote, and boasts of raising a fund of half a million to wage industrial war in New York. The conditions here are matched in other trades in Chicago, Pittsburgh, and every large centre. The walking delegate is infallible and omnipotent.

The worst feature of the situation is the assumption of the divine right of labor unions. To be a member is to be above the unwritten code of society, the Constitution, and the fundamental principles of justice. A manufacturer who dares to open his shop on equal terms to all honest and skilled workmen must expect to have his buildings destroyed, himself and his family assaulted, and his business boycotted into bankruptcy. The man who accepts a place in an open shop knows that his wife and children may be stoned, his house blown up with dynamite, and his own throat cut. Outrages have gone so far that in Chicago last week a national association of employers was formed to protect the interests of independent workmen. The union have played upon the cowardice of politicians to secure State aid for their schemes of exclusion. Sometimes by law and sometimes by threats at the ballot-box, they have practically barred non-union laborers from public employment in most parts of the country. They saw no reason why a Government Printing-Office foreman who obeyed the law of the land rather than the regulations of the labor unions should not be summarily dismissed. They knew the President to be a friend of labor, and they supposed that with a national election in sight a sufficient show of force would awe him into acquiesence.

But they left out of their reckoning Theodore Roosevelt's love of fair play, his instinctive desire to give every man a square deal. As a result, they have drawn from him the most stinging rebuke that organized labor has ever received from a President of the United States. His deliverance is admirable in manner and in matter—incisive, absolutely unequivocal, and sound to the core. He gave the delegation of laborers a full hearing, which was all they could ask; his decision is:

> "In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service, I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union, as being for or against him, than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him."

The question of Miller's personal fitness is entirely apart, and is to be settled by itself. So far as the impudent request of the union is concerned, the President rests on the impregnable doctrine of the Declaration of Independence — civic equality.

The President has done the country a great service; for to this position, sooner or later, we must all return. We must perceive and admit that before the law the capitalist, the unionist, and the non-union man are exactly the same. The fall in wages, which has already begun, doubtless marks the beginning of a long and hard struggle. The cut in the price of pig iron means lower wages in that industry, and so on through the whole list. The workman must accept the inevitable there just as the capitalist has had to stomach the drop in stocks. His failure to grasp the economic law will hurt him quite as much as it will hurt his employer. And his failure to grasp the principle which the President enunciates will be equally disastrous. In New York the unions may by a sort of political terrorism succeed in keeping non-union men from building the schools and constructing other public works, but when the unions have secured general acceptance of their theory they will have overturned that foundation stone of human equality, regardless of rank or power, which has made America the Land of Promise for all toilers.

CALLING EVIL GOOD.

It is just a week since the alarmed Tammany leaders called upon Independent Democrats not to commit themselves to the Fusion nominees until they had seen the Tammany platform and ticket. This was in line with the talk so persistently kept up about a mysterious regeneration of the corrupt old organization. Well, we have now seen the promised revelation of Tammany purity and wisdom, and the more closely we look at it the most clearly do we perceive that it is a transparent humbug. Indeed, the common complaint among even those wavering Democrats who might have supported a first-class Tammany nomination on a taking platform is that the management of Tammany never looked more unscrupulous and at the same time more fatuous than at present.

It may, in fact, be truthfully said that Tammany shows signs of being *in extremis*. We do not mean alone its evident apprehension lest, being but "scantily fed with the offal of plunder," it may be "driven out of sight and left to perish obscurely, like rats, in holes and corners." What we refer to mainly is the progressive degradation of Tammany. Both intellectually and morally, it never stood on a lower level than today. Even in the years when its rottenness seemed most in evidence it had men who could speak—like Cockran and Col. Fellows. At present its chief spokesman is one whose only eloquence is insult, and whose habits are so notorious that Boss McLaughlin was not hitting below the belt when he referred to this orator as having been cautiously taken out of "a sanitarium" to address Thursday's Convention. As for skill or

plausibility in constructing an appeal to the people, they seem to have departed from Tammany along with its last shreds of respectability. Only consider how reputable men have been driven away from its contamination. Time was when leading members of the bar and business men of standing had place and prominence in Tammany counsels. To-day there are none such—at least, not openly. The association is too damning.

From such a body as Tammany is to-day, out of which the better elements have been driven in sheer repulsion and disgust, how could we expect anything different from what we have got? We see in that organization, desperately striving as it is to cover its nakedness with a few rags of Democratic "regularity," almost the exact realization of Burke's description of the way in which "the more active and stirring part" of a city's semi-criminal class schemes to get government into its hands, and to make plunder of the municipal resources, distributed so as to build up a gang of obedient followers. From such men nothing good can come. Standing face to face with the leading plotters of Tammany Hall to-day, known as they are in all their low cunning and consuming hunger for spoil, it becomes the citizenship of New York to adopt as its watchword that other famous and piercing utterance of Burke: "There is no safety for honest men but by believing all possible evil of evil men."

Now we say that all the attempts to disguise Tammany's real nature and wicked purposes are simply an example of calling evil good. The woe which the Scriptures invoke upon those who do this hangs over the head of every paid apologist, or interested defender, of Tammany Hall in this municipal contest. Mischief is threatened to the city, in the security and decency of life, as well as in property and good name; and the first duty is to clear our minds of the notion that we may look upon a civic enemy with tolerance, with amusement even, worst of all with indifference. The questions at issue are rather moral than political; and the power of moral discrimination is the one most important for voters to exercise in this contest.

For honest men, calling themselves Democrats, to be caught by the specious plea that the coming election is only a struggle between parties, is too pitiful. Facts and figures abundantly show that the State and national Democracy has a fairer prospect when Tammany is prostrate; but, even if it were not so, how could men go home and look their wives and children in the face if ready to thrust this great city back into the Tammany slough for the sake merely of party advantage? To send licensed vice stalking again through the streets—that is to rehabilitate the Democratic party! To neglect and oppress the poor; to allow public plunderers to flaunt their stolen wealth in the eyes of the public; to permit filth and needless squalor; to make the lot of children and women bitter; to cause outraged virtue to hide itself for safety, and to make it appear that the pander, the gambler, and the criminal have come to their own again—that is the way to elect a Democratic President!

BALFOUR AND CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech is not in the least likely to straighten out the problem of British fiscal change. It possesses all the dialectic and linguistic skill for which the Premier has long been noted; but it is paradoxical; it contradicts Mr. Chamberlain; it signally fails to outline any working scheme of preferential trade; its allusions to the United States are not happy; it is historically weak and philosophically and economically crude. In short, it is a purely *doctrinaire* production, and not a good one at that. The Premier apparently finds himself in somewhat the same situation that certain eminent Democratic leaders occupied in 1896, when Mr. Bryan foisted his sixteen-to-one heresy on the party. He may be given credit for more sincerity than they possessed; but his present course has every appearance of an uncongenial effort to find arguments for a policy which has been unexpectedly thrust upon him. Mr. Balfour to-day continues to avow himself a free-trader, and the presumption is that until very recently that term meant to him what it has always meant to the average mind. Mr. Chamberlain has now forced him to hold it with reservations; but when his statements regarding these are read carefully, it will be perceived that he has taken refuge very largely in paradox.

His contradiction of Mr. Chamberlain is explicit. In his recent contribution to the *Daily Telegraph*, the late Colonial Secretary said: "It is intended to give preference to the colonies whose chief exports are articles of food. It will, therefore, be necessary to put a duty on food." Mr. Balfour, however, says that "though he believed that the evils of the taxation of food had been exaggerated beyond what reason and logic justified, still he thought that public opinion was not yet ripe for the taxation of food. Therefore, as an adviser of a great party, he was bound to tell them plainly that it was outside the limits of practical politics." This is categorical, though Mr. Balfour puts his objection to the impost on the specific ground of political inexpediency. He says nothing regarding the economic aspect of the proposal, differing radically in this respect from Mr. Chamberlain, who adopts a high economic tone, and boldly declares that the producer pays the tax.

Mr. Chamberlain's fixed plan of minimizing the revolutionary character of his fiscal programme is continued in his latest outgiving. The pamphlet, "Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals," by C. A. Vince, explains that there is to be no increase in food taxes; on the contrary, a rearrangement which will result in an actual decrease. The $65,000,000 now raised by duties on tea, cocoa, sugar, and other foods will in the future be raised from foreign meat and grain. The consumer is to gain as much on tea, sugar, and possibly tobacco, as he pays on bread. The plan reminds one a little of Marie Antoinette's cake alternative for the Parisian bread rioters. Mr. Chamberlain, proposing a two-shilling tax on foreign wheat, virtually says to the English workingman: "If you don't like the dear loaf, why, drink tea and cocoa, eat sugar, and smoke tobacco." We doubt if this clever shuffle of the cards will fool the British voter. Then there is a budgetary aspect to Mr. Chamberlain's reduced programme. Mr. Balfour has said that it is all the same if revenue greatly exceeds expenditure, British financiers for two generations to the contrary notwithstanding; but the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, must needs have some concern in seeing that revenue shall meet expenditure. Were young Mr. Chamberlain likely to direct the treasury for a long period, he would certainly look with anxiety at the paternal contempt of the steadiest and most firmly established customs taxes. What a two-shilling grain tax, waived in favor of the colonies, will bring in, is matter of sheerest conjecture; but Mr. Joseph Chamberlain crosses bridges only as he comes to them, and the immediate perilous pass is to get a majority of votes for the protectionist policy. To this end his campaign is very astutely shaped.

It is highly interesting to note the number and the nature of the special interests which he invites to enlist under his banner. In the United States, we know, there is no difficulty in pointing out the different industries whose representatives write our tariff schedules whenever a new tariff act is framed. In Great Britain, on the contrary, industries have so long been accustomed to standing on their own feet, and have so long eschewed seeking their profits through the operations of the revenue laws, that Mr. Chamberlain's protective nucleus had to be formed largely from a grouping of nationalities and social classes, instead of manufacturers. Irish Nationalists, for example, are to receive in return for their support of protection a Roman Catholic university at Dublin, built and supported at the cost of the British taxpayer. The opposition which this establishment is expected to create in Ulster necessitates a further sop to the Orangemen, whose colleges in Belfast and Londonderry are

to receive from the state additional endowments. The laboring classes are to be brought into the protective fold by receiving titular recognition in the Cabinet. A Ministry of Labor is to figure hereafter beside the Foreign Office and Board of Trade. The Minister of Labor will be charged with ascertaining the conditions under which British imports are produced. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain has gone out of his way to take the side of the keepers of public-houses, in their contention that they have a sort of vested interest in their liquor licenses. The publicans are now expected, of course, to become deeply concerned about the Empire, and to vote as one man for Chamberlain and protection.

Whatever the success of Mr. Chamberlain's little tariff job, it is not unfair to predict that future generations will rise up and exclaim at the Promethean audacity of the man in trying to create out of whole cloth an empire the like of which history has never seen. Cobden never posed as a philosophic historian, but he had grasped a truth which Mr. Chamberlain has yet to learn, when he said to his countrymen: "Empires have arisen unbidden by us; others have departed despite our utmost efforts to preserve them. All have undergone a change so complete that, were the writers who only a century ago lauded the then existing state of the balance of Europe to reappear, they would be startled to find in the present relations of the Continent no vestige of that perfect adjustment which had been purchased at the price of so much blood."

QUESTIONING COLLEGE STUDENTS.

College students are probably the most interrogated class in the community—not excluding the dwellers in the slums. Grave men question them on every topic. What is the state of their spelling? How do they write their mother tongue? What books do they read? What courses have benefited them? Have athletics marred their scholarship? These are some of the more pertinent inquiries that must make American student life seem one long census-taking. "Gaudeamus igitur," one must presume, is sung only in the intervals of severe introspection. And the more practical questions are not the whole of it. Dialect experts wish to know if our students say pail or bucket, and doubtless they are occasionally polled on antivivisection and the Macedonian atrocities. The docile college students who answer any and all inquiries must end in a deplorable state of neurasthenia.

For it must be doubted if their tender minds grasp the desirability of standing up and being counted. It probably gives them imperfect satisfaction to have President Thwing, in the *North American Review*, prove for the twentieth time that their business prospects are excellent. Most of them are experimenting in college life generally; many are body and soul in sports; a silent minority is studying—to all of them business prospects are as remote as the gold at the rainbow's end. Even Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, when he writes in the *Atlantic Monthly* that "high-stand" men have the best chance of distinction in after life, that baseball players and oarsmen are simply like their average college mates in scholarship, while football players are distinctly inferior on this count—tells nothing that most college men have not learned by painful experience. It was generally understood that the vigor of football training in most cases suspends all intellectual processes so long as it lasts; and the football players, who have concededly only a twentieth chance to get into 'Who's Who,' doubtless comfort each other with the reflection that their fame is already won and that graduation at worst is honorable retirement. In any case, we are certain that the market for college statistics is not in the college.

The accuracy of some college statistics is somewhat open to doubt. For such useful studies as Mr. Lowell's, ordinary printed sources suffice; but frequently the college student is taken at a disadvantage in his examination papers, and on direct questioning he is usually evasive or facetious. Only four out of fifty sophomores would tell whether they said pail or bucket, and a fifth wrote that, being well brought up, he said receptacle. The ironical spirit is evident in the year-books which successive class secretaries compile. What would the New Zealander say of the present state of academic taste in America, should he base his monograph on favorite books, pursuits, types of beauty, etc., as set down by our last year's seniors? A college in which there was only a pitiful handful of Democrats periodically paraded in force for Mr. Bryan at the height of the free silver agitation. "It helped out," the leaders of the undergraduate Republican machine used to explain. In view of a certain amiable jocularity of the undergraduate, all serious answers to the numerous *questionnaires* must come from a very small class. Sometimes we have suspected that there is just one student in every college who has established a prescriptive right to speak for the community. It is he who examines his own case in the night watches and decides whether fine arts or philosophy more advanced him toward intellectual mastery, whether coeducation is advisable or not, whether the curriculum should be of two, three, or four years' duration. Clearly, it is this responsive undergraduate who, once arrived at eminence, reports individually for all his committee and is the "prominent citizen" of his generation of interviewers.

Yet of all the questioning and answering it must be said that it gives an innocent pleasure to the interrogator and does no possible harm to the college student. In this respect it recalls the much discussed science of "child study" and the more infantile forms of experimental psychology. You cannot easily make a prig of the average undergraduate. And whatever peril may exist on that score is assumed vicariously by the limited class of responders to whom we have alluded. Finally, these rather inconclusive inquiries as to the intellectual status of our students have this to be said of them—they are read with almost pathetic interest. Not in colleges, of course, but by the host of mothers and fathers who have a boy in training for college life. Naturally, these anxious parents read, as they would the latest historical novel, descriptions of college luxury and statistics from the football-stricken field. So long as editors feel this quite legitimate demand, we shall have the college boy served up in all the literary and arithmetical styles. These articles will serve their useful purpose, and the tribe of subfreshmen will undoubtedly continue to increase. Whether a census of students, by students, and for students would not bring out vastly different results it is needless to inquire. We have not yet come to a point where college life is taken solemnly enough to make such a census possible.

TEACHERS AND CHOLERA IN THE PHILIPPINES.—I.

TANJAY, March 6, 1903.

An outbreak of cholera is at best and in any country a serious matter, as Hamburg learned not many years ago. It is a much more serious matter in any Eastern country, and especially so in the Philippines at this time. We have realized to the full the truth of the old saying that war, pestilence, and famine come together. In the course of the war it was inevitable that entire villages should be wiped out, vast tracts of land laid waste, and thousands of people driven from their homes. Close upon the suffering thus caused came the rinderpest, by which probably 90 per cent. of the carabaos and cattle were destroyed. The seriousness of such a loss can hardly be overestimated or even appreciated. With the loss of the carabaos, it became practically impossible to manage the great sugar haciendas and, even worse, to plant rice or corn. Then the pest atacked the hogs and even the chickens. In most of the provinces the horses have been carried off by surra and other epidemics. Families formerly rich have been reduced to poverty, and the suffering among the poor (who number 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of the islands) has been intense. In many parts of the islands there has been for a long time, and still is, actual famine. Then came the cholera, which is now disappearing; but the famine still continues. The Insular Government has done and is doing all in its power to relieve the distress, and

has accomplished much, but its task is an enormous one.

This time, also, as in the tremendous outbreak of 1882, the cholera has raged throughout the entire East. I have seen it reported that more than 500,000 have died in China; 100,000 have died in the Philippines. In Borneo it has been even worse. Japan, the Straits Settlements, India, and even Egypt have been attacked, and the end is not yet. Just where the cholera first broke out, we don't know. It is notoriously endemic in India and China, and it was from Hong Kong that the port of Manila was infected. Vessels from Hong Kong had long been quarantined in Manila, but somehow a cargo of infected fruit and vegetables got into the city, with the inevitable result. This was in March, 1902. Through the untiring efforts of the Board of Health of Manila, headed by Col. Maus of the United States army, the disease was long confined to Manila alone. At last, however, as had been foreseen from the outset, it began to spread, and, to the best of my knowledge, not an island has escaped.

Early in May Dr. Atkinson sent out circulars to all the American teachers, requesting their aid in combating the plague. The request met with a hearty response, and a very large number of the teachers have acted as health officers in their respective towns, maintaining coast guards, cleaning the towns, and trying in general in every way to impress upon the people the imperative need of putting and keeping their houses and themselves in good sanitary condition. The task was no light one. The first drawback was our own ignorance and inexperience. But the main obstacles were the abject poverty, the unconquerable disinclination to work of any sort, the absolute ignorance, the apathy, and fatalism of the people themselves. In many instances to this list may be added the general incompetency of the average Filipino official, or his unwillingness to further the efforts of an American civilian, or his hostility to any enterprise from which he cannot hope to gain all the glory, as well as something of a more material and tangible nature.

If I remember aright, Cebu was the first of the southern islands to be attacked, and as soon as we of Oriental Negros heard that the cholera was so near us we redoubled our precautions. A coast guard was organized along the entire coast, to prevent the landing of any boats from Cebu. This was kept up night and day for two months, or until cholera broke out in Negros. It was a rather difficult thing to manage, for one can place absolutely no dependence upon a Filipino in such a position. But what with frequent inspection at all hours of the night, the service was made fairly efficient. While we don't know just how much good was done by having this guard, we do know that a great many boats from Cebu were turned back, and we also know that our province was the last to be attacked.

While we were thus guarding the coast, the sanitary work in the towns was pushed as fast as possible. In order that you may understand what this work was, I will describe the location and condition of the town where I am stationed. I am free to confess that it is the worst town, from a sanitary standpoint, that I have seen in the islands. I am not describing its present condition, but simply the state it was in before the present Board of Health commenced their labors. Situated amid vast swamps, intersected by arms of the sea by which large parts of the town are daily flooded, a mile and a half from the coast, with every available foot of land planted with cocoanut trees or covered by thickets of *nipa* and bamboo, which cut off completely the ocean breezes, a worse location for a town could hardly be imagined. A thickly swarming population of Filipinos and Filipino hogs completes the picture.

Hogs form a conspicuous element in any Filipino town. Very few people have fences about their premises, and no one ever thinks of fencing in his hogs. They are ubiquitous. Most towns have no system of sewerage or street cleaning, and the hogs serve the same purpose as the turkey-buzzards in Cuba. They are universal scavengers. I said a minute ago that the hogs are ubiquitous. This is literally true. In the houses, under them, in the streets—everywhere one meets the gaunt, shaggy, long-maned nuisances. (They look much more like the wild boars of the mountains than like domestic hogs.) Naturally our attention was early directed to them.

The ordinary native hut and the kitchens of nearly all houses are floored with narrow strips of bamboo, fastened down with withes, a very convenient method of making a floor, for the cracks are nearly as wide as the boards. Through the floor is poured all the water used for cleaning purposes in the kitchen. Soon a mud puddle is formed, and here the pigs delight to congregate. In the course of time a steaming, reeking mass of muddy filth is formed, in which the pigs can delve and wallow to their hearts' content. After finishing this performance they roam through the town, consuming a little garbage, but scattering infinitely more, and disseminating odors scarcely pleasant.

Stringent measures were adopted. First, we ordered all pigs to be kept in confinement. Those who could should make suitable pens at a distance from their houses. Those who could not, should fasten their filthy pets by a rope around one foot, and, failing this, go out of the pig business. Some people evaded the regulations for a time by keeping their pigs in the kitchen, and the discovery of one such instance led to a careful inspection of every kitchen in the town. Those people soon learned better. After disposing of the pigs, the wallows under the houses were cleaned and filled with fresh earth and sand, and the entire space beneath the houses raised, by the same means, above the level of the surrounding ground, in order that no surface water might gather there.

It was all very well to banish pigs from kitchens, from under houses, to make regulations, and fine offenders; but still the pig question was not solved. Finally, the Presidente said: "I will make a proclamation to the effect that all pigs found in the streets or under houses, three days from now, shall be killed." That same night the crier, accompanied by the town band, marched through the streets, and the order had good results. But still the people did not respond so fully as we wished, and, finally, driven to desperation, we took with us a policeman armed with a rifle. Arrived at a house where the pig was enjoying his old privileges, I asked the owner if the pig belonged to him. "No." "Do you know whose it is?" "No." "Very well." "Benito [to the policeman], shoot that pig." The order was at once obeyed, and with tears and lamentations the householder confessed that the pig was his. At once pandemonium reigned in the hitherto quiet *barrio*. There was almost as much noise as in the *gallera* on Sunday. The people who had been tagging after us, at once scattered. On all sides we heard shouts, calls, oaths, shrieks, and commands, intermingled with the squeaks and squeals and grunts and groans of hapless hogs chased and grabbed and held down by the women, while the children fastened ropes about them, and tied them to stumps and trees. Then ensued a scene of varied and remarkable activity. Our orders to sweep up and burn the rubbish lying in such generous profusion all over the ground in all directions, hitherto received with the usual apathy, were carried out promptly, and to the letter. On all sides the piles of rubbish grew as if by magic, and the smoke made it impossible to remain. "Now the microbes are burning," remarked my companion, a Filipino doctor and President of the Municipal Board of Health. Perhaps they were. The pig question was solved.

This, however, was the least of our troubles. We had disposed of the pigs, but must find a substitute, and difficult it was to do so. What we finally decided upon was the following—and be it borne in mind here that measures which would be justly laughed at in the States, seem to these people very elaborate and exacting; that a very simple and perhaps inadequate means may prove much better than an apparently more adequate one, merely because it can be more thoroughly enforced; and, finally, that almost daily inspections were made to see that the people were fulfilling and complying with the instructions and regulations we laid down for them. Wherever necessary, we made the householder dig a good deep pit in a convenient place, and into it throw all waste and garbage from the house. It was kept as wholesome as possible by a liberal use of clean earth and sand. Simple as was this measure, we had the greatest difficulty in enforcing it.

The knottiest problem we had was, in many ways, the public market. Nearly every town has one, and all are constructed on the same plan. They are long, low sheds of bamboo, and are roofed with *nipa*. Usually they have no walls, but are surrounded by the houses and booths of the venders. They are almost always dirty and ill-smelling. The two things which are most in evidence are fish and *tuba*. Everybody drinks tuba—the fermented sap of the cocoa-nut palm—and enormous quantities are sold. It has a rather unpleasant odor. As for the fish—I won't go into details, but the Filipino will buy and eat anything that looks like a fish, or any part of one, and eat it despite *age*, condition, and odor. Large quantities of fruit, cooked rice, etc., are also sold, and the Oriental substitute for chewing tobacco, betel-nut. Bread, cakes, lard, and sometimes meat complete the list of foodstuffs. The markets are always swarming with flies, and dogs and pigs wander about at their own sweet will. I wanted this market burned, but was overruled, and all we could do was to drain and clean it. Most of the furniture (fish

crates, etc.) was burned. All sales of food, betel-nut, and tuba were prohibited. We could do nothing more, and our few orders were constantly transgressed.

A great outcry was made when the sale of food and drinks was prohibited. How could they live without fish? They couldn't; that was plain enough. The poor Filipino eats only fish and corn, and a few bananas. But he could buy the fish direct from the fisherman. There was no reason why it should be carried to the market and handled by dozens of hands which hadn't seen water for weeks, before it was finally sold. But the rice—what could the outsiders do if they couldn't buy cooked rice in the market? The outsiders must look out for that. If the *monteses* wanted to come to town to see the cockfight, they could bring their food with them, or go without. It's safe to say that they did neither; but the tuba—one old man said, "No hay tuba, no hay saguin [bananas], bueno muerto." And that is the way all looked at the matter. Nevertheless, although no tuba was sold in the market, it was sold at private houses all over the town, and no amount of vigilance could prevent it.

It was amusing to see what efforts the people made to get *buyo* (betel-nut). Much of the betel-nut comes from the island of Cebu, separated from Negros by a narrow channel. Since, owing to the coast guard, Cebu boats could not touch the Negros shore, fishermen would go out from both coasts to the middle of the channel, and, while apparently engaged in fishing, the Cebuans would sell their betel-nut to the men from Negros.

So much for the market. I come now to a question which has undoubtedly suggested itself to you ere this, namely, drainage. The town is so low that it can be only imperfectly drained, and the work was so difficult that the people hated to undertake it. No wonder, either, when one considers the tools with which they have to work. They break the earth with a bolo or sharpened stick, and dig it out with a cocoanut shell. We made the owner of every house dig a good ditch all around it, connecting with the main gutters. By means of culverts, the drains and gutters were connected with a few main canals emptying into the rivers below the town—by no means an ideal method, since almost all the water used in the town is taken directly from the river. But we had no other way of meeting the difficulty, and had to content ourselves with putting a guard on the river and making all the people get their water at a point far above the town. The fact that the tide enters the river twice a day, causing the water to rise three feet right in the town, lessened the danger of the water supply getting infected.

By these measures three important purposes were served. First, the general sanitary condition of the town has been greatly improved. (I may note here that although this town is generally full of fever, there has been very little during the past year.) Secondly, the danger of eating infected food was greatly decreased. Thirdly, the swarms of flies within the pueblo were greatly diminished. The importance of this last point cannot be overestimated, as flies are almost the principal agent in disseminating the cholera germs.

THE SECOND EMPIRE AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.

PARIS, September 24, 1903.

The 'Pages in the History of the Second Empire (1854-1866),' from the papers of M. Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, edited by his nephew, M. L. Thouvenel, former Secretary of Legation, deserves to be read, and will remain a valuable document for a time which is in one sense near us, but which already appears very distant, so great are the changes which have been accomplished during the last thirty years. A preface has been written for it by M. Albert Vandal, the historian, who has published such interesting chapters on the Directory period, the 18th Brumaire, and the period which witnessed the transformation of the Consulate into the Empire. The order of things created by the treaties of 1815 had already suffered some changes, as, by the creation of the kingdom of Belgium:

"At the beginning of the Second Empire," writes M. Vandal, "there was still a Europe and what may be called a European spirit. The great political and military operation which ended in the taking of Sebastopol was the last classic war conceived after the old formula, and inspired by the ideas of conservation and equilibrium in which the statesmen of the old school thought they found the best guarantee of stability for the Powers and of peace for the nations."

The Czar Nicholas I. had for a long time had a proud preponderating influence in Europe. He pretended to exercise a protectorate over all the orthodox Christians in Turkey. His pretensions gave the new French Empire an occasion for playing a part in Europe, which had recognized it, after the 2d of December, only with frigid reluctance. England, always hostile to Russia, saw her opportunity and formed an alliance with Napoleon III. In the negotiations which preceded the war of the Crimea M. Drouyn de Lhuys, our Minister of Foreign Affairs, had the collaboration of M. Thouvenel, who was what is called the political director of the Foreign Office. M. Thouvenel held the Ministry *ad interim* during the time which Drouyn de Lhuys spent in Vienna. He was afterwards appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, where he had to deal with a very difficult colleague, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. In 1860, M. Thouvenel was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he held this portfolio for three years, in a period which is full of interest.

I find, among the inedited documents published by Thouvenel, a curious letter written by the Count (afterwards Duke) de Persigny, French Ambassador in London, to Napoleon III., after the visit made by the Emperor to Queen Victoria.

"Sire, if I could have had any doubts as to the sincerity of the English alliance, they would be thoroughly dissipated. All I hear every day fortifies in my mind the conviction that, since your visit to England, you have become as indispensable to this country as to ours. There are organisms in the human structure without which existence cannot be understood. It is the only comparison which, in my view, suggests this sort of identification of England with our person. It seems as if, without your Majesty, there could be for this country neither prosperity nor security nor any future."

Flattery could no further go, and, as M. Thouvenel says, "When the Duke de la Feuillade, as represented to us by the legend in front of the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. which adorns the Place des Victoires, spoke to the *Grand Roi*, it was probably in analogous terms."

The Crimean war and the Congress of Paris which followed it made Napoleon III. for a time the arbiter of Europe. He was naturally induced to use his influence and to give a new direction to the affairs of Europe. The condition of Italy called all the more for his attention as he had been from childhood a great friend of that country, and found in Cavour, during the negotiations which preceded and which followed the Crimean war, a very able advocate of Italy. M. Thouvenel's chapters on the Italian question are the most important in his work. In October, 1861, the Treaty of Villafranca, confirmed by the peace of Zurich, was only two years old, and seemed already superannuated. That peace had been concluded hastily, after the victory of Solferino. It had given Lombardy to Piedmont, but had left Venetia to Austria. The revolution had continued the work of the war. The King of Naples, Francis II., had retired from Gaeta to Rome. Garibaldi had given Victor Emanuel the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Cavour was dead. Pope Pio Nono remained in Rome under the protection of the French army. The Roman question had become a vexed question, and Napoleon III. was still trying to reconcile the Papacy with the new kingdom of Italy.

Before the death of Count Cavour, a plan for settling this difficult question between France and Italy had been prepared; but the untimely death of the great Piedmontese statesman left the convention without a final signature. We find the text of it in M. Thouvenel's book, and it deserves to be known, as it was the joint work of Napoleon and Cavour. By its terms a treaty was to be concluded directly between France and Italy, without the intervention of the court of Rome. France, after having secured the Pope against foreign intervention, was to withdraw its troops from Rome in a fixed period, which it was opportune to make as short as possible. Italy engaged herself not to attack Rome, and even to hinder by force an attack which might be made from outside against the territory of the Pope. Italy would make no complaint if a Papal army was created, even if it was formed of Catholic foreigners, providing this army should not exceed ten thousand men.

An important change took place when the Marquis de Lavalette was appointed French Ambassador to Rome. He was notoriously anxious to procure as rapid a settlement as possible of the Roman question. Ricasoli, who was Prime Minister of Italy, proposed an arrangement which was the application of Cavour's famous formula, "Libera chiesa in libero Stato"; but the resistance of Pio Nono could not be conquered. Thouvenel wrote to Benedetti on the 26th of November, 1861:

"The Emperor has spoken to me of a combination analogous to that proposed by M. de Cavour, with this difference, however: Italy would recognize the temporal power in its present limits, and the Pope would in his turn recognize the King of Italy. Turin consenting, the Holy See would be informed of it, and a month or two would be left Pio Nono in which to reflect; thereupon, whatever his decision might be, we should leave Rome."

Thouvenel, who was at heart a partisan of Italian unity, adds in his letter, "When

such an idea has taken on a body, it does not die." He gave a diplomatic form to the ideas of the Emperor, and sent his projected treaty to Benedetti. On the 4th of December, 1861, Monsignor Lavigerie (who became afterwards so famous by his work in Algeria), sent from Rome a confidential report to M. Thouvenel. We read in this inedited document:

"The city of Rome and what remains of the Pontifical States enjoy at present profound peace. This calm is probably owing to an army of occupation of twenty thousand men; but the great majority of the population has not the aspect of fear or of subjection. In reality, it is certain that this majority is devoted to the Pope, or attached by interest to the present régime, or at least indifferent. It is not doubtful to me, however, that if the French army left Rome, even if Piedmont was forced to abstain and not to cross the frontiers, the party of action, though numerically the weakest, would upset in twenty-four hours the temporal power of the Holy See."

Monsignor Lavigerie added, what events have confirmed, that, whatever happened, "the French Government ought to be convinced that it will obtain from the Pope no renunciation of a single village which he has lost. The Pope considers this attitude a duty in honor and in conscience, and he will not give in, whatever it may cost him. An arrangement on this point, with a voluntary cession to Piedmont either of the Marches, or Umbria, or the Romagna, is therefore absolutely impossible. The consent of Pio Nono will never be obtained. He will accept materially accomplished facts, but he will not renounce his right."

It seemed to Monsignor Lavigerie difficult to establish the capital of Italy in Rome; but his objections have been controverted by the facts, at least partly.

"Rome," he said, "is an unhealthy, a very unhealthy city, during the summer. It is, besides, badly constructed, and, with the exception of the Corso and the piazza of St. Peter's, it resembles our saddest country towns. I do not speak, of course, of its monuments and churches. Those, with the convents annexed to them, are one difficulty more. There are 300 of them, near each other, in all the quarters. The Italian Government, if it established itself in Rome, would be obliged of necessity to expropriate and demolish them, to give the city air, light, and house-room."

Those predictions have not been fully realized, but a new Rome has been built, with streets and boulevards; some of the famous old villas have been destroyed; but ancient Rome has been respected in all its important features.

The religious question was far superior in importance to the material difficulties of the transfer of the capital to Rome. M. Thouvenel, though very sympathetic towards Italy, incessantly preached moderation to the Italians: "The interior organization, the constitution of the army, the renewal of relations with Prussia and Russia—this is what I would work at before thinking of Venetia and Rome." All the efforts and combinations to obtain a *modus vivendi* between the Pope and the King of Italy remained vain. On the 20th of May, 1862, the Emperor Napoleon addressed to M. Thouvenel a letter on the Roman question, which was published in the official *Moniteur*. He declared himself opposed to the eventual choice of Rome as the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, and expressed his desire to maintain the Pope in possession of the part of his States which the presence of the French flag was protecting. In June, 1862, M. Thouvenel set before Cardinal Antonelli a plan which contained four points: (1) The territorial *status quo*, with European guarantee for the Papal States reduced to the limits of 1862; (2) the transfer of the political debt to the Kingdom of Italy; (3) a civil list assured to the Pope, France engaging herself to contribute annually to it a sum of five millions; (4) political and municipal reforms accepted by the Pope." The enunciation of these four points allows us to measure the space which has been covered in forty years. The Papacy is not likely to find itself confronted by the conditions offered in 1862. They were, however, distinctly refused, and one of the consequences of the refusal was the official recognition of the new Kingdom of Italy by Russia.

A few days later Garibaldi landed in Sicily. Soon afterwards, he was in Calabria. The Piedmontese general Cialdini was sent by the King of Italy against him. "Garibaldi, at Aspromonte, near Reggio, received in his foot an Italian bullet, discharged from the Italian gun of one of the Italian soldiers of the Italian Colonel Pallavicini." This celebrated bullet did not kill Garibaldi, who was, however, dangerously wounded, but, speeding as far as Paris, it mortally wounded M. Thouvenel. His diplomatic structure had fallen to the ground; a rapid succession of events had altered completely the situation in Italy. A ministerial crisis became imminent in France. M. Thouvenel had always tried to negotiate with Italy as well as with the Pope on the basis of the evacuation of Rome by the French troops, after a given time; he had not succeeded; the occupation of Rome by the French troops continued, the Emperor judging that the solution of the Roman problem was not ripe, and M. Thouvenel left the Foreign Office to M. Drouyn de Lhuys. The history of his ministry will be found interesting to all who watched the rise of the new Italian kingdom. As for the Roman question, which was Thouvenel's chief preoccupation, we may say that it has not yet received its definitive solution.

Correspondence.

THE TYPO'S OATH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Being a member of the Typographical Union, I have read with peculiar interest the editorial article entitled "The Typo's Oath," which appeared in your journal of the issue of September 17. A clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, by quoting certain words which purport to be an extract from the typo's "oath," would make it appear that the International Typographical Union is a disloyal and a sacrilegious organization. If the exact terms of the typo's so-called "oath," which really is merely a solemn affirmation, were printed beside the terrible oath which is actually exacted of the postulants of some other orders of men—the Jesuit Society, for example—the "solemn league and covenant" of the printers would appear harmless and unobjectionable, and entirely consistent with the allegiance which the initiate owes and acknowledges to his country and its institutions. You quote Mr. Jerome F. Healy, Secretary of "Big 6," as saying that he knows nothing in the obligations of members of the union which would interfere with their duty to their churches. Neither do I. Presumably Mr. Healy is a Roman Catholic, and presumably he interprets certain quoted words—alleged to be part of the typo's "oath"—in the same way that I, a Protestant do, namely, that no organization (and by the word "organization" the printers mean any ecclesiastical, religious, or social organization, or any fraternal order or society, or any political party, club, or organization) shall be permitted to interfere with the trade regulations or the free exercise of the legitimate functions of the International Typographical Union.

The solemn affirmation which the printer admittedly makes on joining the union only constitutes the union supreme in strictly typographical matters. That is to say, any allegiance which the initiate may now or hereafter owe to any other organization, social, political, or religious, must not be permitted to interfere in any manner with his fidelity to the union in those matters which pertain solely to wages, hours of labor, prevention of unjust discrimination, and the like. In other words, the union is to be supreme in all matters which rightfully belong to it as the regulator of the conditions under which its members are to work. No church, no hierarchy, no secret order, no political party, no organization, secret or otherwise, has the right to undertake to regulate those matters which are the concern of printers alone.

The word "organization," as it appears in an alleged extract from the printer's "oath" or affirmation, cannot embrace organized government, or duly constituted civil authority, or Legislatures, or courts, or State or national Constitutions. Suffice it to say that the framers of the Typographical Union "oath" did not contemplate that the fealty which its members bear to the union was to be superior, in strictly civil matters, to the allegiance which they owe to the United States Constitution and Government. For is it not written in history that there are no more loyal or patriotic citizens than the printers?

Adalbert Beach.

San Francisco, September 25, 1903.

[We have little respect for trade-union interpretation of any language, seeing what degrees of perfidy, lawlessness, persecution, and cruelty unionism is capable of in pursuit of professedly humanitarian ends. It insists upon being let alone to play its own game in its organized capacity, while hounding to poverty and death those who prefer to wear the freeman's badge. It acts, not only as "the regulator of the conditions under which its members are to work," but of those under which non-members may starve, employers may drop out of business, and every citizen fail to command the commonest and most essential service. Is it "the concern of printers alone" that they resort, as freely as any other strikers, to all the known arts of coercion and intimidation? If the militia should have to be called in to suppress them, would Mr. Beach favor expulsion from the union, and from employ-

ment, of patriotic printers wearing the uniform against the mob? Would he take the pledge to a union specifically proscribing enlistment in the militia? We should also like to ask him how any of the organizations he enumerates is likely to array itself against his "trade regulations in the free exercise of the legitimate functions" of his union; above all, "any political party"?—Ed. Nation.]

THE WANDERING JEW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your Paris correspondent's interesting review of Gaston Paris's Essays (September 24) a reference is made to the Arabic legend of the Wandering Jew, "Samiri." Mr. Henry Iliowizi not long since published a volume of Eastern legends under the title of 'The Weird Orient,' in which he gives the full story to which you refer, as "The Doom of Al-Zameri." Can you tell me whether this legend is to be found elsewhere? In Mr. Iliowizi's footnote he cites two references to Al-Zameri in the 20th book of the Koran. Are there any further references that you know of? I presume these references indicate that the legend was current in Mohammed's time.

Very sincerely yours,

Chas. T. Brooks.

1214 North 18th St., Philadelphia, September 28, 1903.

[The legend of as-Sāmirī, the maker of the Golden Calf, is probably Muhammadan, not Jewish. Its earliest appearance is in the Qur'an (xx., 87 ff.), but what was Muhammad's source, or sources, is uncertain. The native commentators suggest that Samiri means Samaritan, a view which is alluring and quite possible, as Muhammad seems to have been capable of any chronological confusion; that the doom of as-Samiri shall be to say to all who meet him, "Touch me not," confirms this. The English translations of the Qur'an by Sale, Rodwell, and Palmer, with their notes, may be consulted for details. So far, however, there is no point of contact with the Wandering Jew. That is afforded by later Muhammadan legend, which makes this as-Samiri, in punishment of his crime, wander eternally through the world, crying as above. For this later legend, reference can be made to Weil's 'Biblische Legenden der Muselmänner' (pp. 169 ff.), and to the 'Jewish Encyclopædia' (iii., 509 f.).—Ed. Nation.]

THE GREEK THEATRE AT BERKELEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The new Greek theatre at the University of California, the gift of the Hon. William R. Hearst, was dedicated September 24 with a performance, in Greek, of extended scenes from the "Birds" of Aristophanes. The building, which is probably the only one of the kind in the world, stands on a hillside crowned with beautiful trees, and seats 7,000 spectators. The orchestra is circular, backed by a stage seven feet high for modern representation. The materials of the building are concrete and Portland cement, but it is not improbable that the whole may be sheathed with marble in the near future. The lines are simple and beautiful, and the whole structure is a not unworthy modern adaptation of the magnificent theatre at Epidaurus, which was, in a general way, its model. Its acoustic perfection is the marvel of every one who tests it.

In the performance of the "Birds," the actors entered by the *πάροδοι*, and stood with the chorus in the orchestra. The stage was hidden from view by a screen of trees and branches, in the centre of which stood a huge nest containing three gigantic eggs of plaster of Paris. In the earlier rehearsals the actors appeared upon the stage, but it was soon found that the action demanded so much mingling of actors and chorus that a change must be made, and so the views of Dörpfeld received an interesting practical confirmation. The music of Professor Paine was sung by a second chorus, concealed from view upon the stage. The performance was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd which filled every seat in the great *cavea*, and added one more to the lengthening list of successful American revivals of Greek dramas.

Edward B. Clapp.

Berkeley, September 26, 1903.

Notes.

'Rome and the Renaissance: The Pontificate of Julius II.,' translated by John Dennie from the French of Julian Klaczko, fully illustrated, and 'The Art of the Italian Renaissance,' a handbook, by Prof. Heinrich Wölfflin, containing more than 100 illustrations, are announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready a new edition of 'The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt,' with an introduction by Thornton Hunt, and new editing by Robert Ingpen, in two volumes.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will publish in the spring a Life of Dean Farrar, by his son, Dr. R. A. Farrar.

The Scott-Thaw Co. of this city are about to issue 'Zionism and Anti-Semitism,' by Dr. Max Nordau and Dr. Gustav Gottheil; a limited edition, all on vellum, of Holbein's 'Dance of Death,' with an introductory note by Austin Dobson, and reproductions of the cuts in the Lyons princeps edition of 1538; and, following Landor's 'Pericles and Aspasia,' in the folio "Library of Noble Authors," Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' with Holbein's portrait and the original maps and illustrations.

The sixth and last volume of Lord Berners's Froissart (being volume xxxii. of the "Tudor Translations" edited by W. E. Henley and published by David Nutt, London) has appeared. In noticing previous volumes we have expressed the opinion that this is, and must remain, the one English version of that wonderful picture of a wonderful time. We may add that this edition is provided with an excellent index, compiled by R. W. Chambers.

Among the Scribners' importations we note the old favorite "Mermaid Series" of British dramatists in a new and much condensed form. Apparently the typography is unchanged, but the pages have been cropped close to the text, with the result of producing a tall volume in Elzevir form. The paper is thin and not wholly opaque. In this fashion the old volume of Marlowe's best plays, containing the two "Tamburlaines," "Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II.," is brought into a booklet of convenient size for the pocket. Text, introduction, illustrative features, are unchanged from the octavo issue, which is still preferable for the shelf, while the miniature rejuvenation has distinct advantages for the class-room or the walking trip. Besides the Marlowe we have received Ben Jonson (three volumes), Otway, Congreve, and Steele.

'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' has made its way into Macmillan's pretty "Golden Treasury" series, and what gives this edition a special charm is the prefixed study of Dr. Holmes by Leslie Stephen, familiar already as a chapter in his 'Studies of a Biographer,' being a review, in effect, of Morse's Life of Holmes. The personal note in this Introduction and the happy contrast of Holmes and Lamb are memorable features; but it is all full of insight and delicacy and Sir Leslie's extraordinary suggestiveness.

A few of our readers may remember that in the late sixties Mr. George Washington Moon fell foul of the English of Dean Alford, the self-constituted defender of the Queen's English. Encouraged by his successes with a rather slovenly writer, Mr. Moon presently picked flaws in Mr. George P. Marsh's use of the mother tongue, and later of Lindley Murray's. Then this luminary (incongruously radiating a more than solar heat) set, apparently well satisfied with itself. Now that the revolution of time has brought back the King's English, Mr. Moon emerges from obscurity, with ardor unabated, tricks his beams, and emits, with a portrait of himself, 'The Bishop's English,' "a series of criticisms on the Rt. Rev. Bishop Thornton's laudation of the Revised Version of the Scriptures, and also on the English of the Revisers" (London: Sonnenschein; New York: Dutton). Mr. Moon is in his eightieth year, though he does not look it; but that he is still quite capable of affording amusement is witnessed by his proposed designation of the Revisers' work as "the Revisers' ungrammatical, immoral, and blasphemous version." For particulars we refer our readers to the little book itself.

James T. Keen's 'Manual for Notaries Public, Justices of the Peace, and their Employers in Massachusetts' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) is an invaluable little handbook. It is expressly confined to Massachusetts, but we should think it would be of use anywhere. To the Massachusetts notary or justice it is a necessity, for his powers and duties have been materially changed by recent legislation, while the law of commercial paper has been made to a great degree statutory. The noting and extending of marine protests is fully treated by Mr. Keen, and the book abounds in forms. The whole machinery and practice of the notarial law (relating to commercial paper), usually taken for granted and therefore not understood, is fully explained. A book of this sort in the hands of a good teacher of law supplements *ad hoc* the treatises on the substantive law of bills and notes.

'Japan in the Beginning of the Twentieth

Century' is the title of a well-printed volume in English of over 800 pages, with a map showing in colors the geological formations of the empire. It is issued by Baron Hirata, Minister of State for Agriculture and Commerce, and has been prepared under the supervision of Mr. Yamawaki, with revision, we imagine, by Mr. Henry Satoh, for the English is excellent. In eight parts, the author treats of geography, population, administrative system, and land as an institution, under which last head, with other interesting information, we learn that the hereditary estate of a peer cannot be sold, transferred, mortgaged, or hypothecated. The primary industries, agriculture, fisheries, mining and metallurgy, and forestry, and the various kinds of manufacturing industries are well described in detail. Foreign trade, finances, the army and navy, communications, transportation, and education are all concisely treated, and the statistics are fresh, abundant, and clearly arranged. The historic matter incorporated makes the text readable. Though there are redundancies and the work shows some signs of haste, we have here what is probably the most satisfactory single volume treating of Japan's resources and possibilities in the year 1903. The proof-reading is unusually good. The financial information, so full, accurate, and thorough, makes this book worthy of serious study by economists.

The general description of the Library of Harvard University, prepared by Alfred C. Potter, of the staff, and published as No. 55 of the "Bibliographical Contributions," sets an example that every library might well follow. As that of a great university, the scope of Harvard's collection is wider, and yet more specialized in certain lines, than that of a general library could be, and is more frequently tested than happens in the case of a circulating or reference library. Under very liberal patronage, and under the direction of men who were scholars as well as specialists, the wealth of what has been amassed is extraordinary. The Riant, Child, Fitzedward Hall, the slavery and law collections may be noted, but constitute only a small part of the "features." Among the manuscripts are those of Sparks, chiefly transcripts, of Arthur Lee, Charles Sumner, and James Russell Lowell—certainly of sufficient moment to attract attention. Mr. Potter has skilfully prepared lists of gifts and bequests of books from 1638, of book funds, beginning with the first Hollis legacy of 1781, and of the official publications. The issue is a suggestive record of our leading university library, whose very eminence cries shame on its inadequate building.

The development of industrial education in Germany during the last quarter of a century has been remarkable. It appears from the Consular Reports for September that while in 1882 there were only 22 industrial schools in Saxony, there are now 287. In Hesse "there is not a single village, no matter how small, in the whole country, which has not an industrial school of some kind," generally with workshops for actual practice. In Baden "fully 20,000 apprentices are learning how to make clocks, and cotton, woollen, and silk goods." The Prussian State railways have schools in all the large cities "for the purpose of teaching apprentices every subject which has anything to do with the building or repairing of railway cars, etc. . . . Each apprentice in these schools receives a remuneration of 20 cents a day, which is put out at interest until the end of his three years, when he comes into possession of both principal and interest." In all Germany pupils of both sexes are taught forty-four different trades and industries.

Publications of the Lick Observatory, volume 6, is devoted to meridian-circle observations made from August, 1896, to March, 1901, by R. H. Tucker. They include the declinations of the Bethlehem latitude stars, additional standard close-circumpolar stars, zodiacal stars for heliometer measures of the major planets, the southern stars of the catalogue of Piazzi, the reference stars for the photographs of Eros, and miscellaneous observations, including those of Eros, Nova Persei, comets, and comparison stars. In all, there are included about 11,700 full observations, and 2,700 observations in one coördinate only, for the determination of 4,500 stars.

The geographical literature for the year 1902, including separate works, society publications, and official documents, is chronicled in the September issue of the *Annales de Géographie*. The list is divided among sixty-eight subjects, and contains more than a thousand titles in thirteen different languages, with numerous cross-references. Valuable explanatory and critical notes, by the editor, M. Louis Raveneau, and his fifty-three able assistants, accompany nearly every title. We note, as last year, that a fuller analysis is given to our Government publications than to those of any other country. Of the Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance it is said: "Ce recueil officiel américain est devenu des plus précieux pour toutes les questions d'ordre économique et colonial." The index of authors contains more than two thousand names.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number six, evidence is given to show that the glacier of Jakobshavn, the southernmost of the great Greenland glaciers, has receded seven and a half miles since 1851, two miles within the last ten years. The first of a series of articles on the industries of the South Pacific islanders treats of their various modes of cultivating the soil. A material addition to the knowledge of the seismic conditions of Asia Minor is to be found in a long list, with notes, of earthquakes observed since 1894 at seven stations in the peninsula. An interesting account of Diamantino, a town in western Brazil, given in number seven, shows that South America, not Africa, should now be called the "dark continent." Diamantino is the last outpost of civilization on the verge of a vast unknown region inhabited by hostile tribes. The town, formerly noted for its diamond mines, was destroyed in a revolution in 1901, and its future is uncertain. Other subjects discussed are the wanderings of the eastern Eskimo, and the Atlas Mountains of Morocco.

One of the revelations furnished by the latest *Heft*, No. 150, of the 'Statistik des Deutschen Reiches,' the official digest of the last national census of Germany, is the remarkable fact that within that empire are found representatives of no fewer than 222 religious confessions and professions, surpassing in number the sects and sectlets of America, which has not yet reached the 200-line, but seems to be making rapid strides in that direction. Germany reports 49 kinds of Protestant Christians, more or less closely connected with the State churches, and 107 "other Christian" confessions. Among the non-Christian creeds are found Mohammedans, Buddhists, Brahmans, fire-worshippers, sun-worshippers, etc. The list has special rubrics for atheists and materialists, and, rather singularly, closes with "confessors of no religion." These data show clearly that the union of state and church does not prevent the development of the most extensive religious dissent.

The Transactions (*Mitteilungen*) of the German Asiatic Society of Japan, volume ix., part ii., contain a paper, by Hans Sporry, of considerable value to artists and architects as well as to the general student, on the universal use, in old Japan, of bamboo as an article both of cultivation and of sale, as well as for material in art and architecture, and for manifold appliances. The author reviews both the native and foreign literature on the subject. Dr. Hefele contributes a long paper full of detailed information on his travels in Saghalin, East Siberia, Mantchuria, China, and Korea. There is also a good German translation of the wonder-working grace of the goddess Kwannon, who, by the way, anciently was a male, but changed sex when introduced into Japan and is worshipped under divers local names. It is well to recall that this society published last year a *Festschrift*, in celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary, containing its history and a catalogue of its publications, most of them rich in science, and altogether a most creditable showing.

The *Korea Review* for June, 1903, follows up the Asiatic Society's paper on Choe Chiwun, Korea's greatest man of letters, with further commentary and illustration on the historical and literary side. A scholar from Nippon writes of the Japanese occupation of Seoul, in May, 1592, showing that "the invader was not a barbarous destroyer. Shops were reopened and trade went on much as usual." The usual brief articles on local customs, archæology and folklore, the news calendar, and an instalment of Professor Hulbert's Korean History, complete the table of contents.

—It is no flattering picture that Professor Woodberry paints, in the October *Harper's*, of the South in American letters. Jefferson, "the one great dreamer ever born in this land," might have been the fountain-head of a literature, but turned his talents in other directions. But the age of procreative energy in Virginia passed away even before Jefferson died. The higher life withered in the air of social tyranny, slavery catching and binding the master in the same chains with the slave. The great theme of slavery itself could generate literature in a Whittier or a Mrs. Stowe, but not in the soil sterilized by the actual presence of oppression. Poe is admitted as the one exception, "the one genius of the highest American rank who belongs to the South"; for Professor Woodberry holds that he was as essentially a product of the South as Whittier of New England, in spite of all arguments to the contrary. Justin McCarthy writes entertainingly of the literary men whom he met in London in the early sixties, when he went to the metropolis to pursue a life of journalism and liter-

ature. Kinglake struck him as "one of the most brilliant writers of his time or of any time," though an ineffective and labored speaker in the House of Commons. Newman seemed to have a faculty of eloquence entirely apart from mere rhetoric, winning his way by force of sincere and lofty thought, embodied in appropriate phrase, but wholly unaided by the arts and gifts which usually serve the great orator or preacher. Ruskin's chief service was to sound the battle-call to controversy and set people to thinking. Richard Burton, McCarthy knew as a man of irrepressible energy, impatient of differing opinion, the inevitable dictator of any assembly in which he was present, an indomitable dogmatist, but refined and ennobled in temper and manners, as the years passed by, through the sweet and gentle influence of a devoted wife who consciously applied herself to bringing out all that was best in him. On the basis of stratified remains of at least five or six successive culture periods, Max Uhle, of the University of California, argues for a Peruvian civilization of no less than three thousand years' duration. Mary Applewhite Bacon presents a reassuring account of the efforts made to furnish industrial education to the children of the poor white families which have been drawn to the mill towns of the new South. The "Easy Chair" editor renews his warfare against present-day popular fiction, while the "real editor" announces the beginning in the next issue of a new serial which "will furnish a fresh justification of the historical novel"—a crooked pin for the Easy Chair, as it were.

—Congressman McCall, in the October *Atlantic*, makes some telling points against the encroachments of the Senate, but he is somewhat inconclusive in charging the equal representation of the States with a large share of the evil. His citation of the attitude of Senators from small silver-producing States in the struggle to repeal the Sherman law does not prove much, since the House, elected on the basis of population, has repeatedly shown more favor than the Senate towards dangerous financial legislation, as in the case of the Warner Free Coinage bill, which passed the House easily, but was killed by the Senate. Mr. McCall's only hope for a better balance of power between the two branches lies in arousing the House to a more virile assertion of its Constitutional prerogatives. He drops incidentally a few remarks which show that he is as far as ever from being convinced of the wisdom of imperialism or the infallibility of the tariff. Booker Washington writes of the Fruits of Industrial Training, incidentally saying a word to reassure those who, like Prof. Burghardt Du Bois, have feared that his policy involved the entire sacrifice of any aspirations for higher intellectual development among the negroes. Henry Van Dyke pleads for the adoption of a few new technical terms for the science of English verse. It was Poe, we believe,

> "Who talked like a book of iambs and pentameters
> In a way to make people of common sense damn metres."

but we doubt whether the substitution of *stress* for accent, *bar* for foot, *seven-stress* for heptameter, etc., would be any less provocative of profanity. The natural sciences have already pretty effectually walled out the layman by a rampart of new terminology; let literature ponder well before taking the same course. Professor Van Dyke makes a brief but forcible plea for the study of English poetry as an effective means of culture. A. Lawrence Lowell pushes the study of college rank and distinction in after life into a new field, showing that those who succeed in getting a place on the Harvard teams have much less than the average chance for future distinction. The inevitable explanation is that football and baseball have been so highly developed on the technical side that very few students can hope to become expert players and give proper attention to their mental development at the same time.

—Volume v. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803 [1898]' covers but two years, 1582 and 1583, those just succeeding the arrival at Manila of the first Bishop of the Philippines, Friar Domingo de Salazar. The latter is sometimes called "the Las Casas of the Philippines" for his attacks on the Spanish system of enslaving the natives under the "encomiendas" and excessive tributes. We have, in his letters to the King in this volume, some eloquent protests against oppression of the natives, throwing many sidelights upon the condition of affairs in the second decade of Spanish occupation. Gov. Peñalosa indirectly takes issue with the Bishop in his communications covering this period, but his defence is hardly convincing. We are given, however, in this volume itself, glimpses of the temper and personal jealousies of the men involved in this rising "friar controversy of the Philippines" which should have cautioned the editors of the present work against so sweeping a statement as this in the preface to volume v.: "The Spanish conquerors are ruthlessly oppressing the Indians, caring but little for the opposition made by the friars; but Salazar exerts as far as possible his ecclesiastical authority, and, besides, vigorously urges the King to shield those unfortunate victims of Spanish rapacity. Various humane laws are accordingly enacted for the protection of the natives; but, of course, this interference by the Bishop occasions a bitter hostility between the ecclesiastical and the secular powers—perhaps never to be quieted." If the editors of this work wish to live up to their declarations of impartiality as between the factions whose strife has characterized all Philippine history, they must not be led into such unscholarly and by no means impartial statements as the foregoing. The hostility between ecclesiastical and secular powers in the Philippines did not begin solely, nor primarily, in the manner stated. The most we can say is that the early missionaries, in general, took a humanitarian view of the needs of the situation, whereas the greed that had drawn most of the first conquerors there led them to seek to exploit the natives when the natural riches they had foolishly hoped to find were not to be picked up off the ground as gold nuggets. But neither set of men had an entire monopoly of humanity nor of rapacity, as documents for this early period which have not yet appeared in the work in question will show.

—Besides the above-mentioned correspondence, volume v. contains further evidence as to the jealousies and dissensions between the civil authorities themselves, an interesting "report on the offices salable in the Philippines," and the instructions to the Commissary of the Inquisition in the Philippines (this officer was a dependent of the Inquisition in Mexico, to whom persons apprehended were to be sent for trial). But the main document of this volume is the 'Relation of the Philippine Islands,' by Miguel de Loarca, written from Panay about 1582. Indeed, this is altogether the most valuable document yet produced in the series. De Loarca was a soldier, undoubtedly an officer of Spanish troops, who had served in the islands from the arrival of the Legaspi expedition and had seen all parts known to the Spaniards up to 1582. Without an undue amount of missionary prejudice as to the natives' religious and other customs, and with a much keener appreciation than friars and civil rulers had shown of the facts about these new peoples that would be of importance to tell, his relation carries a presumption of veracity in the evidence it bears of a keen observation; and, while by no means such a scientific treatise as modern scholarship would demand, it is one of the most important of our early sources of information about the Filipinos. It occupies 154 pages in this volume, the old Spanish text and the translation being published page by page. In connection with this document, more than ever, appears a defect in the editing, viz., in the lack of sufficient or sufficiently good annotations. One might also ask that some uniformity of spelling and rendition of technical and other frequent terminology be enforced—a rule all the more necessary where various persons are engaged in the work of translation.

—The Club of Odd Volumes of Boston has reproduced Morton's 'New-England's Memoriall,' with an introduction by Arthur Lord. So far as the mechanical execution is concerned, there is only praise to be given. The value of Morton's work has diminished greatly since the issue of Bradford's Journal, but there is enough of the curious and "poetic" in his colorless annals to give him a place in any library of American history. The introduction contains some slovenly work, which could easily have been avoided. For example, the writer quotes Lowndes's mention of a London edition of 1669, a copy of which he said had been sold in 1824 in the Nassau sale; but Mr. Lord says "it is not probable that an edition was ever printed in London." The Nassau catalogue gives no place of publication, but only the date 1669. Lowndes's note must have been based upon a personal examination, or was a mistake. A reference to Clavel would have shown that an edition was printed in London for R. Chiswel and about 1669; but no copy, unless that of the doubtful Nassau collection, is known. Mr. Lord also describes a MS. copy of the laws of Plymouth Colony, once in the possession of Dr. Ames, but is unable to trace its whereabouts. It lies in the Boston Public Library, having been purchased of Dr. Ames's family some years since. In spite of such defects, this reprint is to be welcomed. An index is much needed.

—The Collections of the New York Historical Society for 1895 comprise the fourth volume of W. S. Pelletreau's 'Abstract of Wills in the Surrogate's Office, 1744-1753.' As a source of genealogy and real-estate history the record is invaluable, and the accuracy and historical notes of the editor have added to its general utility. To the economic side much interest attaches. The growth of the city in population, the preponderance of English names, and the mul-

tiplication of foreign names other than Dutch, point to a social change, while the evident increase in the amount of personal property and in property covered by the wills indicates the growing commercial importance and material prosperity of the town. The confusion of currencies noted in the earlier records has disappeared, but the same bewildering range of bequests exists—from thousands of acres, plate and gold, to a piece of eight, a warming-pan, a bit of flax yearly or a negro. Rights of commonage still exist, but are infrequently mentioned; nor are implements of trade often specifically bequeathed, though a large number of the wills is of persons following some industry. Negroes are frequently named, and sometimes they are given their freedom—less frequently, their freedom and a sum of money. An "Indian boy" stands as the survival of a practice that disappeared long before negro slavery. Books and "libraries" are to be met with, but the "great Bible" and "great Holland gun" were a family possession. As a curiosity may be quoted the subjects needed to qualify a man to be a Doctor: "good arithmetic, navigation and surveying, and Lattin"; but the testator intimates that his son may be either a doctor or a merchant.

MURRAY'S BYRON.

The Works of Lord Byron. A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition. Poetry: Volume VI. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners.

The new edition of Byron is nearly finished. Volume vi. was intended to be the last of the Poetical Works, but it now appears that a seventh volume will be necessary, and this will contain epigrams and occasional poems, an extensive bibliography, and the index. To the bibliography, which we believe has been entrusted to really competent hands, one may look for the correction and adjustment of much that has been left at loose ends in the work itself.

The present volume, of more than 600 pages, is entirely occupied with 'Don Juan.' There is the usual gleaning of hitherto unprinted Byronic marginalia—much of it trivial, but all of it interesting—and, in addition, there is a considerable amount of "new material." This new material consists of seven satirical and heavily annotated stanzas on Lord Brougham, originally meant to follow stanza 189 of the first canto, and of fourteen stanzas of a seventeenth canto, printed from a manuscript formerly in the possession of Hobhouse. This is the fragment which Trelawny found at Missolonghi. It consists mostly of characteristic reflections, and contains one interesting addition to the numerous passages in which Byron characterizes himself:

"Temperate I am—yet never had a temper;
Modest I am—yet with some slight assurance;
Changeable, too—yet somehow *Idem semper;*
Patient—but not enamoured of endurance;
Cheerful—but sometimes rather apt to whimper;
Mild—but at times a sort of *Hercules furens;*
So that I almost think that the same skin—
For one without—has two or three within."

Mr. Coleridge's *apparatus criticus* is not easy to understand. In fact, he seems constitutionally unable to express himself with precision on such matters as bibliography and the sources and history of his texts. In the volume before us this chronic disability becomes particularly troublesome. The editor informs us, at the outset, that "the text of this edition of 'Don Juan' has been collated with original MSS. in the possession of the Lady Dorchester and Mr. John Murray." At this point one might expect a list of the manuscripts or at least some further statement about them; or, if not here, then perhaps in the Introduction. *Somewhere,* certainly, it was the editor's duty to give definite and collective information as to the extant manuscript materials and his manner of utilizing them. But nothing of the kind will be found in the volume. The reader must go to the several cantos and study the footnotes—he must infer, divine, and even guess outright—if he wishes to get at the facts which a little more care or skill on the editor's part would have set before him in a dozen lines.

Nor is this all. Grant that Mr. Coleridge was not bound to make his volume easy to use in the way suggested. He might at least have refrained from putting obstacles in the reader's way. He has, it appears, collated the Murray and Dorchester MSS. The results of his industry will be found in a considerable number of variant readings, duly registered at the foot of the page, where variant readings should be. So far, so good. Unhappily, however, there is dire confusion in the labelling of these variants. Thus, in canto i., almost all of them are marked "MS." simply, but sometimes "MS. M." (*i. e.,* Murray MS.) is used. There is apparently no distinction. On page 72, for example, two variants are followed by "MS. M." and three by "MS." In this particular instance one finds ample room for perplexity, since, in a note on stanzas 190-198, Mr. Coleridge speaks of a "second or revised copy" of these stanzas, and also of "the first draft," in terms which indicate that both are extant. Yet it appears that all the variants on page 72 are from the first draft, and that the difference in their designation is mere oversight or whim. It is not, however, until we reach canto iii. that the imbroglio becomes complete. In this canto some variants are marked "MS.," one "MS. M.," and some "MS. D." The first two designations appear to be synonymous; the third means, no doubt, "the Lady Dorchester's MS." There is, however, not a word of the relations of "MS. M." and "MS. D." Perhaps the editor expects us to extract the facts, by some alchemical process, from a note on page 143, which note, however, characteristically involves a fresh problem in divination. When we come to canto vi., we are informed that "two MSS. (A, B.) are extant, A in Byron's handwriting, B a transcript by Mrs. Shelley." "The variants," adds the editor, "are marked respectively *MS. A., MS. B.*" Throughout this canto there is no difficulty, if we except the slip by which "MS." pure and simple is once used, apparently for "MS. A." (p. 273). But canto vii. affords a fresh embarrassment. The variants are almost all marked "MS.," but on page 310 we hear again of "MS. A." and "MS. B." Now, one would have supposed that these two MSS. were copies of canto vi. only; yet here it appears that they have something to do with canto vii. Are we to infer that Mrs. Shelley's transcript included both cantos? And, in that case, did her copy of canto vii. correspond almost exactly with MS. A., so that "MS." in the textual notes now means "MSS."? Who is to say?

We have not exhausted the problems suggested by Mr. Coleridge's *apparatus criticus,* but we have probably said enough to convince the reader that this volume cannot stand as a final edition of 'Don Juan.' Much may be done to make up for such incoherence by careful attention to the manuscripts in the bibliography promised for volume vii., and it is with this in view that we have pointed out the defects of Mr. Coleridge's method. The details may appear insignificant; but no one can deny that, if such things are to be recorded at all, they should be set forth accurately and in an intelligible way. It seems odd that the editor has not acquired greater technical skill by the mere process of operating on the five volumes that precede 'Don Juan.'

The commentary is managed better than the *apparatus criticus.* It is based, as was fitting, on that in the edition of 1833, but is both fuller and more exact. Considerable pains have been taken to supply references and to verify quotations, and a great many of the notes are quite new. On the whole, the annotation is satisfactory. Yet it is not free from the freakishness and lack of care which mar the critical apparatus. A few miscellaneous examples will make this clear.

Byron himself attached to "Thine 'incomparable oil,' Macassar" what seemed (and seems) a sufficient comment: " 'Description des *vertus incomparables* de l'Huile de Macassar.' See the advertisement." To this Mr. Coleridge appends the following Orphic saying: " 'An Historical, Philosophical, and Practical Essay on the Human Hair' was published by Alexander Rowland, jun., in 1816. It was inscribed, 'To her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Cobourg.' " "What of it?" is the only reflection that suggests itself. Mr. Coleridge should have given us more information, or less. If there is any connection between Byron's line and Mr. Rowland's treatise on the Hair, he should have pointed it out. If—as is apparently the case—there is no connection whatever, he should have denied himself the pleasure of citation.

We may next give an instance of pure blunder—due to unskilful adaptation of a note in the edition of 1833. "With the exception of La Fayette," writes Mr. Coleridge, "who outlived Byron by ten years, and Lord St. Vincent, all 'the famous persons' mentioned in stanzas ii.-iv. had passed away long before the First Canto of 'Don Juan' was written" (p. 14). We say nothing of the euphemistic phrase "passed away," which may be meant for a grim joke, coming as it does immediately after a list that includes four who were guillotined, one who poisoned himself, and one who was assassinated. Our concern is with the fact, not the phraseology. The First Canto of 'Don Juan' was written in 1818. Among the "famous persons" were "Buonaparté," who died in 1821, and "Dumourier," who, as Mr. Coleridge informs us on the preceding page, died in 1823.

In note 1, page 87, we have quotation marks with no indication of the source of the words quoted. The matter happens to be of no consequence. A less excusable oversight of the same kind leaves Byron's reply to Hazlitt's criticism (p. 12) quite adrift. According to the editor of 1833, the note in question is "on Lord Byron's MS.," and is signed and dated "B. Venice, 1819."

We have no means of knowing whether this is correct. At all events, the note must have come from *somewhere*, and, wherever it came from, it can hardly have contained, as it does in Mr. Coleridge's version, a reference to the 1870 edition of Hazlitt's 'English Poets.'

"One makes new noses," says Byron (i. 129). Mr. Coleridge's comment is almost incredibly comic: "The reference is to the metallic tractors of Benjamin Charles Perkins, which were advertised as a 'cure for all disorders, red noses,' etc." Quite as absurd, though not so laughable, is the retention (from the edition of 1833) of a stanza from Moore (p. 43) which has nothing to do with the passage it is supposed to illustrate. A similar bit of obtuseness is the citation of "Love's Labor's Lost," on p. 87, Inapposite quoting is a weakness of Mr. Coleridge's editorial method.

By "Cæsar's earliest acts" (p. 174) Byron of course refers to the *jeunesse orageuse* of the great dictator. Here is Mr. Coleridge's note, which hardly needs to be characterized, either as to its appositeness or as to its historical justice: "One of Cæsar's 'earliest acts' was to crucify some jovial pirates who had kidnapped him, and with whom he pretended to be on pleasant if not friendly terms." Two notes on Milton are also not very creditable to the editor. In one (p. 146) there is a misleading account of Milton's domestic affairs, and the other (p. 174) refers to Johnson's 'Life of Milton' in apparent acceptance of the story that the poet was "whipped at college." Perhaps it is similar deference to the Doctor's authority that leads to the silent adoption of his conjecture, "May of life," which nobody now believes in (p. 184).

A diverting remark is to be found on page 188, where it is solemnly suggested that "an opium dream of too much youth and reading" may be a reference to Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." At times we find ourselves wondering whether Mr. Coleridge reads Byron with his eyes shut. To his otherwise satisfactory note on Feinagle and his system of mnemonics (p. 16) the editor appends the following anecdote: "When Rogers was asked if he attended the lectures, he replied, 'No; I wished rather to learn the Art of Forgetting,' " with a reference to Rogers's 'Table-Talk.' Mr. Coleridge has forgotten the occurrence of the same anecdote in Cicero's "De Finibus," which rather puts Rogers out of court.

Here we must stop, not because the list of Mr. Coleridge's lapses is completed, but because there is no particular reason for going on. We have said enough to show that he is not a very careful editor, and that the book is in some respects disappointing. Still, he has done a good deal for the elucidation of 'Don Juan,' and the volume, with all its faults, is indispensable.

RECENT FICTION.

The MS. in a Red Box. John Lane. The Bodley Head.

A Doctor of Philosophy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Duke and his Double. By Edward S. Van Zile. Henry Holt & Co.

Cheerful Americans. By Charles Battell Loomis. Henry Holt & Co.

The Career Triumphant. By H. B. Boone. Appleton & Co.

An Irish Cousin. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. New and revised edition. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. Macmillan.

The most interesting persons to be found in 'The MS. in a Red Box' are not the fictitious group whose adventures form the subject of the anonymous tale, but the real people spoken of in the red-letter advertisement called "The Publisher's Note." First of all there is the "publisher's reader," who, having read the MS., "reported on it with enthusiasm." His impulsive action denotes a spirit not easily depressed by a dreary occupation, nor open to the seduction of the personal security that lies in guarded statement. Then there are the seven persons not without distinction in letters who, simultaneously inspired, suggested for the nameless novel "the same title on the same day." The subtle quality of their inspiration needs no comment. A glance at the startling cover is as instructive as a long homily on the artistic faith of the collaborators in its composition, Mr. Ford and the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther, to whom "is due the witty suggestion of adding the Della Robbia plaque from the Florentine Foundling Hospital." Finally, we have the publisher disturbing public confidence in the generosity, honesty, and good faith of all publishers by so much protesting of his own impeccability. He appears to have taken extraordinary pains to protect the interests of his phantom author, and, besides that, announces with excellent intention yet rather wildly as to arrangement of parts of speech: "Should there be any dispute arise, he, for his part, will be quite willing to leave the decision with the President of the Society of Authors" and other persons of repute.

No remark about a novel is more common (and none that we remember is often more pertinent) than, "Why on earth was this thing ever published?" Except by those who (much to their loss) omit to read the Publisher's Note, 'The MS. in a Red Box' will never be the subject of this querulous inquiry. It was not published because the author had a pull, or because it was hoped, indeed believed, that publication would pay; but because the official reader was enthusiastic about its merit, and the publisher "fully endorsed the opinion of his literary adviser." The disinterested judgment of authority is always valuable, at least as matter for reflection, and modesty quails at the thought of pronouncing it in error. To hesitate in such a situation is indeed to be lost; there is nothing for it but to dissent boldly, and declare that 'The MS. in a Red Box' is a poorish book of a poor sort, and to congratulate the author on his happy refuge in anonymity.

The time chosen is the reign of Charles I., the scene the Isle of Axholme, and the reason for the tale (a confused, badly connected narrative of rustic brawls and the narrator's personal prowess) one of the King's arbitrary acts, the granting a Dutchman authority "to drain the meres, embank and stop the rivers of the isle, and transform the country at his pleasure, regardless of the rights of the Isle Commoners, covenanted in the Deed of the Earl of Mowbray." The situation, though not historically of great importance, is good enough for a romance of adventure, but the author makes little use of it except as a background, and for the introduction of a Dutch girl whom his hero, Mr. Frank Vavasour, may fall in love with, for whose sake he may face innumerable perils, perform prodigious deeds of valor, and escape (always escape) with no more permanent damage than a broken nose and a branded breast. The presence of the Dutch in the isle and the hostility of the natives are really not essential to the tale. Lord Sheffield could have desired an English girl as malignantly as he did a Dutch one, and it is conceivable that the Isle Commoners and gypsies could have been dramatically worked up to murder, abduction, and arson without the presence of foreigners as an excuse. Character is of course drawn on the simple lines affected by writers of historical romance. No convention is slighted. The villains, of whom there are three, are ruthless; the hero has as many lives as a cat; the maiden is lovely, pure, and wise; the gypsy girl is always giving unheeded warnings; and the servitors, male and female, are fertile in resource and of unquestioned fidelity. The expression is pretty uniformly modern, with occasional experimental archaisms, and there are several descriptive passages written with taste and sincere appreciation of nature. These passages perhaps arrested the publisher's reader's attention and roused his reported enthusiasm.

In 'A Doctor of Philosophy,' Mr. Brady presents dramatically the unhappy lot, in American society, of a man or woman known to possess even one-sixteenth of negro blood. The opening chapters do not prepare one for a serious motive and tragic ending, and, in proportion to the whole, the descriptions of the foolish provincialism of Philadelphia society and of occurrences at the school where Alice Chalden got the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, are unduly long and trivial. As the story proceeds, the author warms to his work, and, from the moment when Alice Chalden hears the rumor of a mystery surrounding her birth, he writes rapidly and surely, holding the reader's sympathetic emotion. The test question, whether a white man, a man of good birth and social position, would or should marry a woman with the black taint, however suitable and desirable otherwise, is left unanswered. Alice Chalden by her own act deprives her lover of choice, and deprives the reader of a definite contribution from Mr. Brady to the discussion of the question that he raises. It is entirely probable that the despairing little Doctor of Philosophy would thus solve the situation for herself, and if Mr. Brady has rather shirked an issue, he has not committed the blunder of seizing an artificial and improbable way out of his difficulty. His style is sometimes pompous and circumlocutory, and he does not escape the snare of the mixed metaphor. Wishing to intimate that something would happen at the moment of Aunt Nancy's death, he writes: "That would be the moment when, not of choice but of necessity, she would be compelled to exchange the comforts of her present home for a narrower and more lasting abode." In reference to Philip Chalden's responsibility for the complications that must ultimately destroy him, he remarks: "There was brewing for him a petard which in the end was to hoist the engineer."

The passion of some Americans for spending their money on any sort of a duke is

always an available phenomenon for the jest and scoff of other Americans and foreigners. It is difficult to treat the theme in fiction with any freshness, and the only novelty in 'The Duke and his Double' is that Mr. Flint of Chicago, not Mrs. Flint, is eager to go to the expense of a duke in order to introduce his daughters into the highest social circles. The situation which involves Mr. Flint's substitution of his butler for his defaulting duke is good stuff for farce, but the author's spirits do not rise to the rattling point. He discards the chance for a good jest and takes to stale romance. Desirous, perhaps, of giving Mr. Flint the worth of his money, he establishes the butler as a real, rightful duke, a duke informed with sentiments of glaring respectability, a tedious, grandiloquent duke—a duke, in fine, quite as good as a commoner, and therefore a perfectly uninteresting representative in fiction of a corrupt aristocracy.

It is not because Mr. Loomis's preface holds the words "a reviewer (Heaven bless him!)," but on cold grounds of reason, that the present reviewer thanks him for devoting a volume to cheerfulness. The mere name and the very cover are full of hope for them that sit in the darkness of the prevailing story-book. This small volume is a safe one to lend to a grumbler, an invalid, a hypochondriac, or an old lady; more than safe for the normal man. Automobilists and ocean travellers are especially held up to scrutiny, but all manner of oddities and quiddities have their chance. Of slang Mr. Loomis is a connoisseur, but slang serves and not masters him. He touches on a variety of life's little pleasantries, ranging from adventures of travel to ways and means of making presents to poor clergymen, and from fantastic incident to monologue portraits. The book should fulfil a useful mission on rainy days, and on kerosene-steeped evenings in those spots of earth where men and women do congregate.

'The Career Triumphant' is the story of a woman who gave up the stage for the domestic life, and never ceased to regret it. After ten years of matrimony, her husband, with an admirable air of self-sacrifice, suggested that the "career" should be allowed to triumph, and we leave the heroine playing to an enthusiastic audience "in one of the smallest and newest of the New York theatres." Irrelevant detail is the characteristic note of Mr. Boone's style. His scene is laid in the Virginia of to-day. The very name of this State has an echo of romance, and Mr. Boone has done his best to produce romantic situations that would match the setting of a Southern plantation. In this he succeeds, but his personages are obstinately commonplace, and regularly refuse to show the emotions suitable to their circumstances. They all live on horseback, and are without visible means of support; their tailors' bills are left unpaid in London. All this is, of course, very Virginian. The author's aim was to show that a dramatic genius will never consent to be mute and inglorious; but that ten years, not more, may be safely conceded to the demands of family life.

Few novelists can resist the temptation to exhume an early effort and embark it on the current of a recent success. The enterprise fails regularly, but the example never deters. The authors of 'Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.' have made their own the short story dealing with certain aspects of country life in the west of Ireland. Their success with two volumes of amusing and well-written sketches has prompted them to issue a new edition of an earlier achievement in the more ambitious line of the long novel. 'An Irish Cousin' fell flat five years ago, and is not to be rehabilitated. Instead of lively pictures of what does actually happen among the horse-dealing, drinking, improvident inhabitants of County Cork or County Galway, we are presented with a sensational story of a lost will, a murdered heir, and all the accompanying incidents familiar to English fiction of half a century ago. But the touches of description of Irish untidiness, Irish weather, Irish gloom, and Irish wit which have made their short stories popular, redeem the improbabilities of the plot. The book can be read, and would pass muster in the mighty array of modern fiction if one were not driven to contrast it with the more recent work of its authors.

'The Call of the Wild' tells of a dog that retrogrades to savagery and becomes the leader of a wolf-pack. The dog, Buck by name, a powerful animal crossbred from a St. Bernard and a shepherd dog, is stolen from a luxurious home and shipped to the Klondyke to work in the traces with Eskimo sledge-dogs. Here begins his struggle for existence against cold, hunger, and toil, the hostility of beasts, and the brutality of men—a struggle that develops in him the instinct of self-preservation, and makes him, like his wild ancestors, crafty, patient, keen of senses, strong of sinew, and ferocious in fight. The story of the struggle is painful, but later Buck gains a master whom he loves, and enters on a happy wandering life with him in search of gold. The cruel environment that roused in him qualties of the wild beast no longer surrounds him, but powerful though subtle influences still compel him. He is at the height of physical perfection, and every fibre is awake to the mysterious call of the forest life about him. In idle weeks at camp he runs alone for days through the wilderness, learning to lurk in cover and kill his meat, to read the signs of the woods, and to know the joys of wild freedom. The tragic death of his master at last breaks the one tie that has always drawn him back to civilization. Then he completes the course of his retrogression, and enters into fellowship with the wolves.

The part of the story that narrates Buck's life in the traces is especially graphic. The dogs and the drivers are sharply drawn, and the incidents of the trail are told with force. If the ferocity of the "husky dogs" is exaggerated, one may remember that there is no introduction asserting the story to be "strictly true," and that, logically, Buck needed a fierce school in which to unlearn his gentler habits. The background of Arctic scenery is merely suggested; the author subordinates persons and scenes in order to tell his dog story with simple directness. He is least effective in the fanciful pages where Buck remembers the youth of his race and thrills to the call of the wilderness. The possibility of a dog's retrogression is an interesting question. Given such an exceptional individual as Buck, and such surrounding conditions, one must hesitate wholly to deny it. Apropos of Buck's excursion with the timber wolf, the present reviewer may say that he has known of somewhat similar intercourse between a dog and coyotes.

My Own Story. With Recollections of Noted Persons. By John Townshend Trowbridge. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

It could only be the poverty of Mr. Trowbridge's material that would prevent his 'Own Story' from being an interesting one, seeing that he has been a story-teller from his youth up, was almost to the manner born, and was long since a master in the art. But his material is equal to his skill. Without much exaggeration it might be said that it is the same material that he has used to good purpose all the way along, since his first notable success with 'Father Brighthopes' in 1853 (not in 1843 as it is written in the footnote to page 196). For, without exactly reproducing in his stories heretofore the persons he has known and the events which he has experienced, he has mingled recollection with invention in a judicious manner. In one respect his avowed fiction has probably reflected his actual experience more vividly than this autobiography. "While aiming always," Mr. Trowbridge says, "at entire fidelity in the main and minor points of my record, I have kept out of it as much as possible the errors and heartaches of which my life has doubtless been no freer than yours who peruse these pages, if as free." Certainly for one included in the *genus irritabile vatum*, his life appears in these pages as a singularly happy one. It is interesting as having been to a remarkable degree a life of literary occupations. A few weeks' engraving of pencils was the sole aberration from the business of writing, once he had definitely resolved to live by his pen; this in May, 1847, when he was not quite twenty years old.

With "A Backwoods Boyhood" for its subject, Mr. Trowbridge's first chapter could not fail in his hands to be attractive. The "backwoods" were those of western New York, and we are vividly reminded of the recent taming of that wilderness. There is good self-portraiture here as subsequently, a frank self-esteem tempered by a cheerful consciousness of having been not too bright or good to be endurable; two boys in him, "one truly gentle, the other a dormant, but too easily roused cave-dweller." The parents also are well drawn, and Grandmother Willey, with sincere depreciation. At a very early age he was dreamy, idealistic, consciously beset with mysteries, trying to think other people's thoughts. His first tardy impulse to "book-learning" was derived from the foreign phrases translated "in the back part of the spelling-book," and he at once set about studying the French language. It is significant that he took kindly to "Othello," "Lear," and "Hamlet," while he could not abide "Love's Labor's Lost," nor the rhymed endings of Shakspere's blank-verse speeches. Perhaps he was older than he remembers when he made these nice discriminations. On the other side of the account is his preference for the 'Essay on Man' to Pope's translation of Homer. This, for a boy, was an unpardonable sin.

The interest slackens in the second chapter, "Starting out in the World," but rallies in the third, which is the most delight-

ful in the book. It relates Mr. Trowbridge's "First Experiences as a Writer." These had New York for their scene. They were not quite the first, seeing that he had competed successfully, when but seventeen, for a prize given for the best "Carrier's Address" for the *Niagara Courier*. The prize offered was Griswold's 'Poets of America,' but the boy compromised with the editor for a dollar and a half. In New York he had other disappointments, as when the *Knickerbocker* editor accepted his essay and then crushed his swelling heart with the announcement that "it was not their custom to pay for the contributions of new writers." Nevertheless, the wonder is that the boy, with little education and less training, did so well and forged ahead so fast. True, there was a blond and portly *deus ex machinâ* in the person of Mordecai Manuel Noah, who put him in the way of selling some of his juvenilia; and other friends turned up. But clearly this was because he showed himself friendly, being of "a free and open disposition." The moral of this chapter, and of the entire book for that matter, is that if the literary fellows do not get along tolerably well, the trouble is not so much with their stars as with themselves.

Mr. Trowbridge has recollections of gifted characters in New York and Boston, fifty years since, whom the Bohemians in either city had sealed unto themselves. Indeed, at one time, Mr. Trowbridge was not without ambition to be a prince among people of this sort; but finding his hospitality abused and his inclination to private imbibition growing more insistent than seemed good, he resolved upon a better course. Of evil communications he had enough to serve as "seeds and weak beginnings" of his literary inventions, while they left him essentially unharmed. They are very pleasant to remember from the safe vantage of a serene and dignified old age. So are his relations of various degrees of intimacy with many kindly wags, some of them famous once, and not all quite forgotten. Among these were B. P. Shillaber, whose creation of "Mrs. Partington" was his most distinguished feat, Artemus Ward, and Col. C. G. Halpine, "who sometimes made his stammer tributary to his wit" as when, upon Mrs. Stowe's going abroad in 1853, on a supposed mission to collect funds for the anti-slavery cause, he nicknamed her, first among his friends and afterwards in print, "Harriet Beseecher Be-Stowe."

Young Trowbridge's relations with Mrs. Stowe and other anti-slavery people were cordial, and he was proud to rank with them. His 'Neighbor Jackwood' was under suspicion as an anti-slavery novel, and a sonnet which he addressed to Theodore Parker, for whom he had warm admiration, was rejected by a leading Boston paper to which the author sent it in his innocency. The description of Parker's manner in preaching is excellent, though "grinding earnestness" does not convey the idea of Parker's reliance on the sheer weight of his matter for the impression he desired to make. The reminiscences of Phillips (of Phillips, Sampson & Co.), Underwood, Lowell, Holmes, and others in connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*, are among the best relating to that pithy and momentous enterprise, of which Mr. Trowbridge saw a great deal and was a *magna pars*. He speaks with modest satisfaction of some of his more successful ventures in prose and verse, "The Vagabonds," "Coupon Bonds," etc. His long line of boy stories excites in him no such grateful emotion as his poems, and, indeed, of such favors of the muse as his "Midsummer," or "At Sea," a man may well be glad. One notes approvingly the blush with which he writes of the audacious advertising of his 'Cudjo's Cave.' There is more than entertainment, there is sound instruction, in the chapter on "The South After the War." It is to be especially commended to those who think all the mistakes of reconstruction gratuitous so far as the North was responsible for them.

Mr. Trowbridge's "Recollections of Noted Persons" blend agreeably with the details of his 'Own Story.' He writes of Emerson with a warmth of enthusiasm that will bring back to a happy few their own delight in him when first his star hung in their morning sky. Those who weary of the greatness of Emerson's way will be much pleased with his punishment of Mr. Epes Sargent's jaunty disrespect. Mr. Alcott would have had Emerson write of him, and not merely of Plato, Pythagoras, and Jesus. Mr. Trowbridge writes of Alcott with amused depreciation. A very interesting story is that of Longfellow's objection to Emerson's reading Whittier's 'Ichabod' at the celebration of Whittier's seventieth birthday, not because he read it badly, but because it hit Webster so hard. Longfellow's defect of moral passion comes out in his objection and in his saying, "Of course, Emerson took only the literary view of it"; probably a complete misapprehension. The recollections of Whitman are more extended than those of any member of the Boston coterie. They are extremely cordial, but the victims of the true Whitmania will find them over-critical in some respects. Particularly good is the view of Whitman's relation to Emerson. Whitman's friends have sometimes thought it necessary to assert that Whitman wrote 'Leaves of Grass' before reading Emerson. Mr. Trowbridge quotes Whitman as making to him a statement of opposite character, and he is able to cite lines from the early 'Leaves' that distinctly reproduce Emerson's sentences. If Whitman denied to others what he affirmed to Mr. Trowbridge, it should be noted that his memory failed in his last years so much that we find him crediting 'Leaves of Grass' to the inspiration of the civil war.

The Life Work of George Frederick Watts, R.A. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

This volume on the great English artist does not pretend to be a complete history of his life, since, for obvious reasons, it is not during the lifetime of a great man that the events of his career can be dealt with in all sincerity; nor is it a critical survey of his work from an artistic point of view. It treats chiefly of the ethical aims of his art, the philosophy of his allegories, the explanation of his symbolism, which is not always very clear.

The "Temple Biographies," to which series the book belongs, aim at bringing together the lives of "God's born interpreters," as Mazzini names them, *i. e.*, men gifted with a knowledge of the spiritual significance of life and with the power to express it in a manner helpful to mankind. The editor, in his preface, remarks that it would have been an injustice to the art of England and to the past century to have excluded G. F. Watts from the ranks of these great teachers on the score of his being still at work. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, a life-long student and enthusiastic admirer of the artist's pictures, was entrusted with this biography; he died while correcting the proofs, which, according to a note inserted at the end, have been since revised with trifling alterations by Mr. and Mrs. Watts, but published substantially as the author left them. To an artist who, with all his great gifts, is also endowed with the quality of modesty, as is the case with Watts, judging from his manner of speaking of his own work as told here, the perusal of this volume must have been a severe ordeal, so persistently is the note of praise sounded from beginning to end. Praise, to be agreeable, must also be discriminating, and Dr. Macmillan constantly shows his inability to deal with the artistic qualities of the pictures he describes, while even in the province which chiefly interests him, the inner meaning and moral lesson, he does not seem to understand that the symbolism which requires elaborate literary explanations misses its mark.

Mr. Watts is chiefly known in this country by the exhibition, in 1885, at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, of fifty of his most representative works; among them were some of the portraits of celebrated men and women of the time, from the biographical series he means to leave to the English nation. His first laurels as a young painter were won in the field of portraiture, and it is as a portrait painter he is even now chiefly esteemed by his contemporaries, although his predilection has always led him to allegorical subjects, and in many of these he has shown himself very great, both in conception and in color and manner of execution, approaching in his best work nearer than any artist of our time to the great Venetian masters, Tintoretto and Titian. A replica of the allegory of "Love and Life," which Mr. Watts himself says "is perhaps his most direct message to the present generation," was presented by the artist after the Chicago exhibition to the American nation and gratefully received by an express act of Congress. It hangs in the reception room of the White House, and tells its own story excellently well, as do "Love and Death," "Time, Death, and Judgment," "The Rider of the White Horse," "Paolo and Francesca," "The Judgment of Paris," "Endymion," "The Court of Death," "Hope," and many others. It is interesting to note from Mr. Watts's own talks about his pictures to the author, how these subjects grew and developed into moral lessons which it has been the labor of his life to express, while Dr. Macmillan's own further expansion into a sermon on every subject that Watts has ever painted, becomes extremely wearisome, and brings to mind the old Italian saying, "From my friends defend me, oh God! From my enemies I can defend myself!"

The narrative of the artist's life, the influences of Greek sculpture and Italian painting over him, his travels in the East, and his relations with his contemporaries, reads as if all the facts had been obtained from the most trustworthy sources, as also

the account of Mr. Watts's efforts to encourage the development of art industries among his own people. The story of a life so nobly lived and of work so conscientiously thought out and executed cannot but be instructive and inspiring to all. It is only to be regretted that the author has not pruned his style of so much perfervid "gush," and has not known measure either in the length of his digressions or in the quality of his admiration.

The book is illustrated fairly well from Hollyer's photographs of the artist's works.

A Text-Book of North-Semitic Inscriptions, Moabite, Hebrew, Phœnician, Aramaic, Nabatæan, Palmyrene, Jewish. By the Rev. G. A. Cooke, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1903. Pp. xxiv, 448; 14 plates.

A comparison is inevitable between this book and Lidzbarski's 'Handbuch der nordsemitischen Epigraphik.' They practically stand alone together, and they, to a great extent, parallel one another. Whether a translation of Lidzbarski with considerable additions would not have more adequately met the needs of the case, can be better considered after a description of the present work. It consists of 151 selected inscriptions and papyri, given throughout in the square Hebrew character, with a number of coins and gems. The inscriptions are Hebrew, Moabite, Phœnician with its later developments, Punic and neo-Punic, in Phœnicia proper, Cyprus, Egypt, Attica, Malta, Sardinia, North Africa, Gaul; Aramaic in what is commonly called Old Aramaic from North Syria, Assyria, Babylonia, Asia Minor, Egyptian Aramaic (largely papyri), Nabatæan, and Palmyrene Aramaic and Sinaitic; late Jewish. This groups under North Semitic all those dialects commonly classed as Canaanite and Aramaic; geographically its sweep runs into the Assyrian field, but, of course, takes no account of cuneiform, and into the territory of the north Arabic inscriptions, which also it leaves untouched—not quite so easy a matter. These inscriptions, then, are given in transliteration into the square Hebrew character, and are equipped with translations and commentary. The translations are more or less composite, built up from the author's study of the different editions and decipherments; novel interpretations and reconstructions are very properly eschewed, and a cautious attitude, dotted with probablys and possiblys—eminently characteristic of a pupil of Driver—is maintained. The commentary is similarly composite, is full of references, and will serve excellently as an introduction to further study.

The plates consist of two representative Phœnician inscriptions, one Punic, one neo-Punic; two Old Aramaic (Nerab), one Nabatæan, one Palmyrene; three of coins and gems and three of alphabets. This is all the provision made for epigraphy in the true sense, and marks the great weakness of the book. The user of it has really no opportunity to learn how Semitic inscriptions actually look, and to gain that familiarity with the archaic Semitic alphabet which is essential to any original work. After having worked through this book, he may stand as helpless before a Semitic inscription as though he had never even studied Hebrew. It is true that the expense of photographic reproductions is very great, and few are penmen of such skill as Lidzbarski has shown himself in his magnificent atlas of facsimiles. But there are fonts of archaic type in existence, and all the inscriptions here, except, perhaps, the later Nabatæan and Palmyrene, could be represented much more closely in archaic than in the square Hebrew. This was one possible course which Mr. Cooke might have followed. Another would have been to translate Lidzbarski, add translations and commentaries to the text, and refer the student to Lidzbarski's atlas. To it he will need to go in the end, and the sooner he deals with inscriptions as they stand engraved the better.

But, with this rather serious limitation, there can be no doubt of the value and scholarship of the present book. The introduction is hardly adequate, but the commentaries are generally excellent—the ignoring of the doubt that has been cast on the date of the Siloam inscription is exceptionally startling—and there are almost forty pages of indices. Another so full presentation of its subject does not exist in English, and one so simple and accessible does not exist in any other language. The learner may well begin with it; but let him also turn, as soon as may be, to the stones themselves or to adequate reproductions of them.

The Black Hawk War: Including a Review of Black Hawk's Life. Illustrated with upwards of three hundred rare and interesting portraits and views. By Frank E. Stevens. Chicago, 1205 Chamber of Commerce Building; Frank E. Stevens. 1903. Pp. 323.

The only background for the Black Hawk War that Mr. Stevens has prepared is the brief sketch of the early life of the Indian leader contained in the opening chapters. The author finds that Black Hawk was rather smaller than his reputation:

"The reputation which he has established in Indian annals comes not from any sacrifice he made for his people, for never in his life did he make one. Neither comes it from his struggles for an oppressed race, for he never conceived a solitary scheme for its amelioration. He had never a lofty aspiration for his nation. His every venture was made for personal aggrandizement or popularity. Tecumseh dreamed of a great confederation; not to become a leader. Cornstalk, Logan, Pontiac were ambitious for their people, but Black Hawk never" (p. 20).

The chief events of Black Hawk's life have been selected for comment, to show that his motives were usually unworthy (from the white man's point of view), and that he was utterly unjustified in precipitating the war which bears his name. Having sketched the life of Black Hawk in this way, the author proceeds to relate the history of the war in some detail. The book closes with a chapter on the last years of Black Hawk, and two chapters dealing with the part played in the war by Lincoln and Davis respectively.

Mr. Stevens tells us that he began collecting material for his book in 1871. Certainly he has got together a great amount of valuable material. He claims to have consulted or had transcribed all of the existing original documents, and to have gained much information from conversing with those who participated in the war, from whom also he has obtained letters, muster rolls, etc. Many of these documents are here printed in full; indeed, one-half of the space, at a rough guess, is taken up with quotations in full or in part from original sources. Another distinguishing feature of the work is the great number of illustrations, chiefly portraits of participants. The battlefields have been visited, and maps of them have been prepared; and the author has prepared a map of the whole region of the war. Mr. Stevens is to be commended for the carefulness with which he has collected his documents, and the result, as a collection of material, is interesting and valuable.

As history or biography, however, it is not satisfactory. First of all, one misses the strict impartiality of the true historian. This is especially noticeable in the early chapters. The author has given us not so much a clear biography of Black Hawk as a collection of facts enforcing his opinion that Black Hawk was a bad Indian, who had nothing to complain of in the treatment he received at the hands of the white men. There is constantly present the temper that judges rather than the temper that explains. When Black Hawk learned that the Americans were to take possession of St. Louis, he says that "this news made myself and band sad, because we had always heard bad accounts of the Americans from Indians who had lived near them." What more natural? Yet Mr. Stevens finds these words "ill-natured," "malignant," and "false" (p. 26). In the second place, the story Mr. Stevens has set himself to tell, and for which he was at such pains to collect material, is poorly told. He says that "no attempt has been made at making literature." We do not complain that the book is not "literature"; few histories are that in the strict sense of the term. But it is one thing to expect that an historical narrative shall be "literature," and quite another to expect that it shall be clear. Mr. Stevens's narrative as a whole is not clear. It is not so much in the use of words or the construction of sentences that he is at fault, though he does not find it impossible to write such a sentence as: "During the years 1803 and 1804 the British were in their ugliest humor toward the Americans, and no effort to aggravate, yea murder, the frontier was spared" (p. 32). The chief fault is in the utter lack of constructive ability exhibited throughout. What is important is not distinguished from what is unimportant by any sort of emphasis. There is no grouping of the whole subject into its natural divisions; there is no subordination of minor details to important events, there is no integration of the separate parts. In a word, there is not only no literary "art" here, there is not even ordinary historical carpentry. The reader never knows precisely where he is until the end is reached, and then he has no clear notion of Black Hawk or of the Black Hawk War. This is due partly to a lack of general historical insight, partly to the extensive quotations that have been introduced, but chiefly to the author's inability to tell a plain tale clearly and directly.

We have noted only a few positive errors. France ceded Louisiana to Spain in 1762, not in 1763 (p. 24). In 1783 France had no "colonial possessions to the West" (p. 25). Though dealing with original

sources, the author refutes a statement of Black Hawk's by quoting from "the only historical record at hand," which turns out to be Dawson's 'Life of Harrison' (p. 34). There is a fair index, but no bibliography, and no satisfactory citation of authorities.

The Cricket of Abel, Hirst, and Shrewsbury.—A Book of Golf. 2 vols. Edited by E. P. Benson and Eustace H. Miles. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

These are two of the volumes of another athletic library. One would have supposed that the subjects had been thoroughly exhausted; but, as the years go by, new features appear in both cricket and golf, new methods are adopted by successful players, and those who are less successful are eager for any literature that promises to be "up to date" and to make the new ideas available for their practice. The two volumes are constructed on quite different principles. That on Cricket is entirely written by Mr. Miles, and is elaborately illustrated by photographs of the three English professionals whose names appear in the title; whereas the Golf book is mainly written by J. Braid, J. A. T. Bramston, and H. G. Hutchinson, the first a professional, and the other two well-known amateurs, and the contribution of the editors is comparatively small. In both books much value is claimed for photographic representations of players in the act of making different strokes; but the really novel feature, and one that seems to merit the attention of beginners, if not of experts, is the suggestion of bedroom exercises calculated to develop the particular muscles required for these strokes. That such a system might lead to greater accuracy in golf seems highly probable, but that it would be equally valuable for cricket we are disposed to doubt. So great is Mr. Miles's faith in the idea that he is now engaged in a course of these daily exercises, and believes that in a couple of years he will be a fine cricket player, although heretofore he has not been successful on the cricket field. But then, Mr. Miles is nothing if not original. In all seriousness he proposes that cricket should be one of the subjects in which candidates are examined for civil-service appointments, on the ground that a knowledge of the game is "as good a qualification as to know well the names of many prophets, kings, battles, and other dull trivialities."

In the Golf book the beginner may be puzzled by finding that the gospels according to Braid, Bramston, and Hutchinson are not synoptical, in that the writers differ on some material points; and the conclusion must be that the reader should adopt the system best suited to his physical peculiarities. Mr. Hutchinson calls attention to the fact that good billiard players are generally good golfers, because success in both games depends on accuracy, and in both the player strikes a ball that is at rest. There is a sensible and timely chapter on the American rubber-cored ball, which has encountered much opposition in England, but which is driving out the gutty as completely as that ball drove out the old feather-filled ball. The opposition was largely based on the fact that the new ball was invented and patented in this country, but its superiority is so marked as to have overcome even British conservatism.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Account of the Presentation of the Antigone of Sophocles at the Leland Stanford Junior University. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

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Carlyle, Thomas. Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners.

Champney, Elizabeth W. Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Cuyás, Arturo. Appleton's New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary. D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

Davis, Richard H. The Bar Sinister. Scribners. $1.50.

Dawes, Sarah E. Bible Stories for Young People. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60c.

Dickens, Charles. Bleak House. (The Fireside Dickens.) London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s. net.

Dresser, Horatio W. Man and the Divine Order. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.60 net.

Du Chaillu, Paul. In African Forest and Jungle. Scribners.

Dumas, Alexandre. The Three Musketeers—Robin Hood the Outlaw—The Prince of Thieves—Georges—The Corsican Brothers and Otto the Archer—Amaury. London: Methuen & Co. 6d. each, except the first (1s.).

Evans-Gordon, W. The Alien Immigrant. London: William Heinemann; New York, Scribners. $1.50 net.

Fairy Legends of the French Provinces. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60c.

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Home, G. What to See in England: A Guide to Places of Historic Interest, Natural Beauty, or Literary Association. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.

Howell, James. Familiar Letters. Vols. I., II., and III. (The Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.: New York: The Macmillan Co. 50c.

Hunt, Leigh. Dante's Divine Comedy: The Book and its Story. Scribners. $1.00 net.

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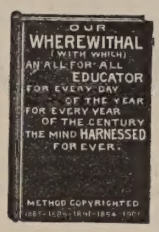

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1903.

The Week.

Senator Proctor's Rutland speech reads like that of a miserable anti-Imperialist. His open dislike of expansion over non-contiguous territory; his shrunken ambition which would be contented with such a pent-up country as could be bounded by the two oceans, the Arctic Circle, and the Gulf of Mexico; his sentimental concession to the desire of all people to "govern themselves"—why, the weakling and the craven seem suddenly to have clasped hands in this leading Republican Senator. The President will have to threaten him with a repetition of the speech exhorting us not to be afraid of being great. Rather than hear that again, we presume that Mr. Proctor would consent to annexing the most distant isles of the sea—or would even flee to them. His utterance, however, is a sign that the sobering-off period is about due after our Imperialistic, as well as after our speculative, debauch.

Senator Allison, in his speech at Clinton, Iowa, on Saturday night, dispelled any doubt that may have lingered regarding the attitude of Congress this winter towards the currency question. He expressed the belief that no change would receive the sanction of a Republican Congress that would "so revolutionize our system as to deprive the Government itself of the substantial control that it now has and exercises over bank circulation, as well as over other forms of paper money." This means, of course, that no asset currency scheme will make headway in Congress prior to the next election. Senator Allison, however, is of the opinion that legislation will be enacted this winter to relieve the nation from the inconvenience arising from the accumulation of money in the Treasury. It is a question how far others will share this view. The matter of so changing the policy of the Treasury as to accomplish this very desirable end is one which will arouse a sharp conflict of opinion—possibly as sharp as would be created by an attempt to substitute an asset currency for our present banknote circulation. While a measure allowing the Treasury to deposit both its customs and its internal-revenue receipts in the banks on the same terms as individual depositors, would command the approval of economists and business men, it is probably useless to expect any action along this line in the immediate future. On the other hand, when it comes to the question of enacting a law permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit his surplus funds on other collateral than United States bonds, there is the possibility of endless arguments and delays.

The tariff, of course, came in for a large share of Senator Allison's attention, the burden of his remarks being that though our tariff and currency laws are not without defects, these may best be cured by the Republican party. Probably nothing would please the country better than to have the party demonstrate that fact. Secretary Shaw also contributed to the tariff discussion of last week by his speech at Akron, Ohio. Mr. Shaw has a way of presenting surface facts that is quite impressive, as when, last Saturday, he said: "Our farms produce $4,000,000,000, our shops and factories produce more than all the shops and factories of any other two countries on the map by $3,000,000,000 per annum. The productive capacity, without duplications, amounts to $11,000,000,000, of which we export, in round numbers, $1,500,000,000, and import $1,000,000,000." This is, of course, magnificent, but it could be wished that the connection were shown a little more clearly between these figures and the tariff. Mr. Shaw's calm assumption of a cause and effect here is followed by this statement: "Suppose we open the doors and allow Europe to clothe us and furnish us our manufactured products, who will consume the products of our farms, and what shall we do with the products of our factories?" The only answer which this calls for is the further question, If Europe impoverishes us, what advantage will she gain in the long run? Mr. Shaw's weak point is his failure to clearly understand the reciprocal nature of trade.

The Treasury statement for August showed that upwards of $19,000,000 of national banknotes were included in the Government's cash holdings. The September statement showed $15,500,000. Under Secretary Gage the average amount of banknotes held in the Treasury was about one-third of this sum. The rise to the present figures can hardly be accounted for except on the hypothesis that the Secretary has stopped *or* curtailed the redemption of banknotes by the banks issuing them. The Treasury must redeem with its own funds all such notes sent in, but if it fails to call upon the banks for reimbursement, if it fails to enforce the law in that particular, it makes a loan of its own money to the banks, payable on call, and then it holds a sword of Damocles over their heads. If the Secretary has taken this course, he has not only put a new obstacle in the current of banknote redemption, already too sluggish, but he has brought a new danger into the banking system—that of holding command over the reserves of the banks. Mr. Shaw has been very much a law unto himself since he became Secretary, and there is some room for apprehension lest his arbitrary practices end in a misstep of some seriousness both to himself and his party.

The Rhode Island Republicans have appealed to the sort of patriotism that is the last refuge of a scoundrel. In their convention last week they roared as gently as any sucking dove in their remarks on bribery, but they were as fierce as a lion in denunciation of Gov. Garvin for his efforts to stop it:

> "The party declares against bribery and corruption, and, while it condemns such practices in either party, it finds no words of criticism too severe to apply to the Chief Executive who has preached and written throughout his executive career concerning the debauchment of Rhode Island voters, thereby impeaching his own party and defaming the fair name of the State which he has taken the oath of honor to defend."

The Republicans of Rhode Island are not alone in their folly. When Joseph W. Folk began his work in St. Louis there was a wild outcry, not against the highwaymen who had been robbing the city, but against the man who was choking them black in the face. When negro peonage was unearthed in Alabama. Gov. Jelks had soft words for the criminal authors of a new slavery, who had beaten a woman to death; but he could not find language too bitter for the Federal officials who were champions of the oppressed, and for the newspapers that printed the news and exposed his own cowardice. Here in New York, also, the men who have attacked Tammany and its organized vice are always accused of befouling their own nests. In Rhode Island the Republicans make no attempt to deny Gov. Garvin's charges; they dare not, for the facts are known to every intelligent voter. They content themselves with declaring that the man who tries to stamp out bribery is a greater villain than the briber.

The issue, then, is clearly joined. Gov. Garvin's views on proportional representation or on the referendum are beside the mark. In his speech to the Democratic convention he laid stress on the great question of Constitutional reform, and the platform itself demanded this as the first change—pregnant with all others. In order to reduce the contest to its simplest terms, the Republicans have commended as "the foremost defender of our national honor and our national prosperity" Senator Aldrich, the president of the street-railway

combination which has been the principal beneficiary of the system of corruption; and they have nominated for Governor Col. Samuel Pomroy Colt, its vice-president. With an amazing lack of humor, they crowned their work by attacking "the immense Trusts" that "destroy competition," in spite of the fact that Col. Colt is president of the Rubber Trust and vice-president of the Woollen Trust. The campaign, then, is a fair fight for decent politics; and the protagonists are the people on the one hand, and, on the other, the most unpopular and unscrupulous corporation in Rhode Island.

The completion of the New York Fusion ticket is the signal for an aggressive campaign. The men who have stepped into the breach left by the deserters, Grout and Fornes, are unexceptionable candidates. Mr. Hinrichs, named for Comptroller, has an admirable record in public office, proof that he is equal to the duties he is asked to assume. His character is an appeal to the united Fusion vote; for though a Democrat, he has always shown himself independent. His candidacy for Lieutenant-Governor upon the Gold Democratic ticket is evidence of his willingness to sacrifice partisan advantage to principle. Edward J. McGuire, who is nominated for President of the Board of Aldermen, is recognized as one of the ablest officials of the present Fusion Administration. As Assistant Corporation Counsel, he has conducted some of the most important litigation in which the city has been engaged; in particular, he has distinguished himself in legal work connected with the Dock Board corruption under Charles F. Murphy. Mr. McGuire, too, is a Democrat of the most independent type. He supported Palmer and Buckner in 1896; and he was one of the committee that resisted Croker's attempt to control the judiciary, while in 1898 he conducted an independent campaign for the reëlection of Judge Daly. Both men are eminently suitable leaders in a contest for non-partisan government of New York city.

Mayor Low, in his letter of acceptance, confines himself largely to a review of the many achievements of his Administration. The change from the condition of affairs under Mayor Van Wyck as portrayed by Bishop Potter, would in itself be worth any sacrifice in the way of expense and trouble to which the city may have been put. But the transformation has been so quietly brought about that only those directly interested, like Commissioner De Forest or Mr. Jacob A. Riis, are aware of the full extent of the change. Mr. Low's position is buttressed by the fact that in every single department there have been many important improvements, and that in not one has there been a serious scandal or a financial loss to the city because of dishonesty. The Tammany Hall platform could only make three vague allegations of wrong-doing. Best of all is the tone of Mayor Low's letter. He is naturally generous in his recognition of Mr. Grout's work and the achievements of his subordinates. In short, this is the review of a broad-minded and trained executive who places the welfare of the city above everything else—particularly the interests of State and national parties and politics. As Mr. Low has well put it, the contest is between a government by law and a government by favoritism and the pull. Every honest and unselfish man must demand the Mayor's reëlection and enforce his views at the polls.

Judge Grosscup of the United States Court took the ground on Saturday that the solution of the Trust problem lay in a national law of incorporation. He also believed that should a great party adopt this idea and pass such an act in Congress, the law, if properly drawn, would be sustained by the Supreme Court. His comment is interesting because it brushes aside the paraphernalia of suppression of Trusts *quâ* Trusts and goes straight to the desideratum of sound and uniform corporation law. There is little promise that the States will ever make their laws of incorporation uniform. It is certain that a form of incorporation which required reasonable publicity of accounting and that nominal capitalization should approximate actual capital, would solve many of the evils arising from the present blind combinations. This, we believe, dispassionate students of the problem have generally conceded. Judge Grosscut is original only in asserting that a national corporation law would be Constitutional. At first blush this seems impossible. The right to incorporate companies is not one expressly given to the nation by the Constitution; it is one that has been assumed and exercised by every State. To withdraw the power from the States would mean the reversing of a century of precedent, and yet it is possible that a discreet court might sustain a National Companies Act, under the power to regulate interstate commerce.

Such a court would recall that, first, the power of incorporation was never in dispute at the Constitutional Convention —it was hardly worth fighting for; second, that, in the right to impose a national bankruptcy law, the central Government wields quite as drastic a power, and one closely analogous to that now sought; third, that the exercise of the right of incorporation by the several States might be called, in Hamilton's words, "absolutely and totally contradictory and repugnant" to a proper exercise by the nation of the power to regulate interstate commerce—for practically all companies do an interstate business. Canada under this last principle has practically asserted the right of national control over corporations. The Canadian Constitution no more gives that power specifically than does ours. But conditions had changed between 1787 and 1867. The power had become valuable, and whereas eighty years later it had gone by default to the several States of the Union, in the Dominion it is being gradually assumed by the nation, against the protest of the provinces. This might serve, if not as a precedent, at least as an illustration, for a court considering a National Companies Act.

Some additional light was thrown upon the ethics of unionism at the regular Sunday meeting of the Central Federated Union. Speaking of the suspension of the Morse Shipbuilding Company, a walking delegate of the International Association of Machinists exulted in the fact as a victory for organized labor. The Morse Company had refused to pay union wages, the Morse Company was "out of business"; *sic semper.* Furthermore, Walking Delegate Warner, meeting newspaper criticism of the action of his union, declared: "If there is any disgrace attached to this matter, we are willing and anxious to assume it." With all allowances for bluster, there is more disgrace attaching to Mr. Warner's view than any union can afford to assume. The Morse works were not closed as the result of a strike. In such a victory, in a stand-up fight, unionism might take satisfaction—though here also the victory might be far too dearly bought. The Morse shipyard was closed because the union workmen loafed on their jobs and refused to do an honest day's work. That at least is the story, and such is Walking Delegate Warner's boast. He rejoices that his union has swindled its employers out of days' work until the business and the days' work had been destroyed together. He congratulates his constituents upon successful petty larceny of the time that belonged to their employers. It is a peculiarly despicable instance of the shifts to which the union oligarchy will stoop.

The cotton goods statistics in the August trade statement of the United States are of especial interest. They reveal a state of affairs that is rather striking in itself, and they cast a sidelight on the very interesting discussion which Mr. Chamberlain is now stirring up in Great Britain. The member from Birmingham said last week at Greenock that the cotton manufacturing industry of the United Kingdom was menaced by the continued adherence of the nation to

the free-trade policy. By an irony of fate, Board of Trade figures were issued the very same day showing a heavy increase in the exports of cotton manufactures for the first nine months of 1902. Presumably, the United States figured very largely in the late Colonial Secretary's mind when he delivered himself on the cotton goods situation; and it is interesting to note that our own August trade statement leaves him in the same plight as the Board of Trade figures. For, while the British exports for the nine months increased $6,250,000, the exports of cotton cloths from the United States during the first eight months fell off $3,844,910. Nor is this the whole story, for, far from menacing the Lancashire industry, this country had at last accounts imported $6,263,295 of cotton cloths from foreign countries this year, as compared with $4,956,354 in 1902, and in particular had received $4,845,270 from the United Kingdom, against $3,711,116 in 1902, and $2,795,257 in 1901. A fact of considerable importance in this connection is that the exports from Great Britain averaged a slightly higher price per yard this year than last, as regards both the month and the eight months. Notwithstanding the embarrassment to which he has been subjected by the high price of the raw material, the British cotton manufacturer appears to be gradually attaining a position in our market which gives the lie to Mr. Chamberlain's utterances on the stump.

But without any reference to Mr. Chamberlain, the recent figures regarding our exports and imports of cotton cloths are entitled to the most careful study. When it is stated that the exports for the first eight months of 1903 average something over five cents per yard, and that imports averaged in excess of sixteen cents, it is clear that it is in fine goods that foreign manufacturers are able to increase their hold upon the American market. In other words, on such lines of cotton manufactures as call for relatively high skill Europe continues to show considerable ability to compete with us. The exact cause of this state of affairs is a debatable point, but among careful students of the industry there is more or less feeling that we see here the enervating effect of the tariff. As every one knows, this country has taken an enormous stride in recent years in increasing its output of coarse goods, the part of the South in this movement being especially noteworthy. During the boom period it was not easy to tell whether capital was being diverted to this industry too fast or not. It seemed to be generally agreed, however, that a growing foreign market was indispensable, and it will be recalled by many that some concern was felt in cotton-manufacturing circles in the United States over the great decline in the exports to China which followed the Boxer troubles, but which was only temporary, 1902 witnessing a resumption of heavy purchases by the Empire. The present year, however, is experiencing another recession in cotton-goods exports, principally in those to China. For eight months the shipments to that country were only 164,589,829 yards, against 254,892,479 yards for the corresponding period of 1902. These figures not only explain in a measure why our cotton manufacturers were so ready to shut down their machinery in the face of the high price of the raw material this year, but they also show how vitally interested the industrial forces of this country have become in all that affects the well-being of China.

The new treaty with China, which awaits only the Senate's confirmation, abolishes the likin tax on goods in transit, raises correspondingly the Chinese customs duties, promises reasonable arrangements for mining concessions and the protection of trademarks and copyright, and allots two free ports in Mantchuria. In general, the treaty follows the line of the peace protocol drawn up in September, 1901, after the relief of the legations at Peking. For the United States the treaty means assured and favorable conditions of trade; for China it may be the beginning of much-needed fiscal reform. The likin tax which was levied at many points along the river and caravan routes, was an inordinately expensive one to collect, and liable to diminution by pilfering officials. It subjected all goods for the interior to a wholly indefinite charge. The transfer of the likin into customs taxes, which are easily and efficiently collected, should tend to give stability to the Imperial revenues. But for that very reason the abolition of the likin on foreign goods will be bitterly opposed by Chinese officialdom. In a sense a series of concessions by China, the treaty really puts the Empire in a more reasonable, hence in a stronger, position, and lessens the likelihood of foreign intervention in behalf of commerce. In this agreement Mr. Hay has shown himself, as at all times, the friend of China, although working primarily in the interest of the United States.

A week ago the Russians were to have evacuated the two southern provinces of Mantchuria. Yet, as was anticipated, the military government has found insuperable obstacles to evacuation according to treaty, in the failure of China to accept certain conditions—chiefly those which secured to Russia a modified right of military occupation in Chinese territory. Everybody knew that Mantchuria was as definitely marked out for Russia as the provinces north of the Amur. Probably no Power will venture to oppose this squatter sovereignty; so the practical question is, How will the civilized world adjust itself to the fact of Russian ownership? Except Japan, whose position remains to be defined, and China, which has nothing to say in the matter, the interest of America and of the European nations is simply that Russia shall continue in Mantchuria all commercial privileges and promises granted in that region by China. Meanwhile, Russia is hurrying troops towards the Korean border, Japan has practically her entire fleet in Chinese waters, and the Foreign Offices of the two Powers are negotiating for an adjustment of their relative claims in Asia. A diplomatic settlement can hardly be more than a postponement of hostilities. Japan has no reason to believe that Russia will keep a new treaty otherwise than she has kept the Mantchurian convention. Japan, although financially embarrassed, could fight on better terms now than later. Accordingly, the drift is distinctly towards a war in which Japan would face alone the overwhelming might of Russia. The Anglo-Japanese alliance can hardly come into play; it operates only when either party is engaged with two other Powers. Sympathy in abundance Japan will get from England and America, and arms and ammunition at the market rate. That is all.

Just how far President Roosevelt wished to go in exterminating the Spanish before the declaration of war, is a question which has now been brought to the front by the article of ex-Secretary Long in the current *Outlook*. In this paper Mr. Long confirms a story that was current gossip in and out of official life as far back as 1898. Mr. Roosevelt, he says, in conjunction with "some naval officers, was anxious to send a squadron across the ocean to sink the ships and torpedo-boat destroyers of the Spanish fleet while we were still at peace with Spain." This "ardor" of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Long says, sometimes went faster than was pleasing to the President or the Department. Naturally. Mr. Long now expresses his surprise that this seems to some like a criticism of his erstwhile subordinate. Does he not say that his relations with Mr. Roosevelt were always most friendly? Does he not affirm that Mr. Roosevelt worked indefatigably, and that he "gave his typewriters no rest"? After such a tribute, why should any one accuse Mr. Long of sarcasm and of venting his spite? Not we. In the interest of history we would merely point out that this is one of the episodes in the President's career which he has had to live down, just as it furnished one reason why many conservative and loyal Americans watched him assume the Presidency with no little anxiety.

WHO IS DESTROYING CONFIDENCE?

The bitter cry of Wall Street for some months past has been that "confidence" was being undermined by some wicked man, or men. Many Nathan-like voices have reproachfully said to President Roosevelt, "Thou art the man!" The moment, it has been asserted, that the Government brought the Northern Securities suit, capital took fright, the erstwhile simple-hearted and confiding investor received a "chill," the crops took to doing badly, and the great captains of industry—such as the builders of yachts and automobiles for stock brokers and promoters—began to set their houses in order. It was a beautiful theory—so clear, so closely knit in logic, so comforting after its melancholy fashion. We fear, however, that a rival explanation is likely to come into vogue after last week's revelation in the United States Shipbuilding suit, by means of which the screen was thrown down and the public was permitted to see promoting "as she is really promoted." Confidence would have to be a peculiarly hardy growth not to be shaken by the scandalous spectacle.

The testimony of Mr. Dresser disclosed a shocking state of affairs. It showed how character had been wrecked as well as values. Seldom can there have been uncovered a more vulgar conspiracy to pluck or shear the investing public—goose or lamb. The vendors of "salted" mines are entitled to hold up their heads, compared with the discovered tricksters. Their moral fraud was most unblushing. To be both purchaser and seller, to have a pool within a pool, and an agreement behind an agreement, and, at the same moment that a lying prospectus was issued to the public, to fleece the investor even before he invested—that is the kind of thing in which supposedly honest men were engaged. What the law will say about their transactions we must wait to see. It is certain that under such a Company's Act as England has, the whole proceeding would have been set aside by the courts, and the promoters compelled to disgorge their concealed profits.

On the moral aspect of the matter, however, every intelligent man is competent to pronounce judgment. His verdict will be that the methods practised were no more reputable than those of the common sharper. Nearly every element of indecent cheating appears to have been present, while the attempt to hoodwink and bleed the public could not have been more unblushing. But what we ask is, How is all this going to affect the small investor the country over? Is his confidence to be restored by the publication of such schemes to rob him? Is he likely to come trooping back to Wall Street and help lift a sagging market, when he sees snares laid to catch his feet? As destroyers of confidence, it appears to us certain that those who have most lamented its destruction outstrip all possible rivals.

Mr. Dresser's startling evidence has an instructive bearing on the vexed question of "Wall Street morality." We have had paraded before us the "vast transactions depending entirely upon good faith"; the scrupulous fulfilment of contracts; the word as good as a bond, and all that. It is all wonderful and admirable, no doubt, but it touches only the superficies of real morals. What lies beneath? Shall a man boast of living up to an agreement when, behind it, there is a secret and dishonorable understanding? The morality which is really required in Wall Street, and which the late revelations make to appear so lamentably wanting in at least certain financial circles, is of the kind which insists upon good faith and open and fair dealing through and through. It is not enough to meet your obligations at the bank, or to deliver stock as agreed; you must beware of underhanded plots and of striking hands in the dark to make a swollen and greedy personal profit out of the company in which you are urging the thrifty to put their small savings; you must give the humblest outside investor the same rights as yourself, the knowing insider, or else all your trumpeted morality is as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

There will be many to say that confidence ought to be destroyed, if it has been confidence in such unscrupulous promoting as we have now seen laid bare. Justified confidence in the country's stable prosperity is one thing; the other is not confidence, but a confidence game. We suspect that people in general will view with a good deal of cheerful resignation the slow sinking to the ground of the grossly inflated financial balloons. Upon really sound business the effect cannot be harmful. Nor can its moral influence be anything but wholesome. Men will say, with a good deal of justified complacency: "Well, it is a good thing to have this bubble burst. Wild dreams of making millions overnight will no longer demoralize our young men. The day of the steady worker in regular business will come again; and the professional man on a small income will not be so much tempted to envy the prosperity of the wicked. Confidence in legitimate enterprise and in honesty and high-mindedness is, after all, better than confidence in the conjurers and the conspirators of boomed and bursted combinations." That some of the men in the glow of promotion were as credulous as any member of the long-eared public that ever chased a financial rainbow, will be believed by those who read the extraordinary published correspondence relating to the underwriting of the Shipbuilding Company.

THE STEEL STOCK DIVIDEND.

The reduction by one-half of the dividend on the United States Steel Corporation's common stock is unquestionably one of those events which later years remember as landmarks in finance. Considered merely as an incident in the ups and downs of the steel and iron trades, announcement that decreased profits for a quarter necessitate smaller payments to the shareholder is neither unusual nor startling. Any one who examines the company's reported earnings for the past three months, will endorse the directors' action as wise and conservative. More than this, it is quite safe to say that few people with experience in the field of stock investments seriously believed, when the company was organized, that the $500,000,000 common stock could continue indefinitely to draw dividends. The judgment of investors who act upon such conclusions was expressed no less plainly in the market's refusal, at high level of the "boom," to pay more than $55 per share for this 4 per cent. security, than in the more recent fall of its price to below $13. What happened last week, then, was a foregone conclusion from the day of the billion-dollar merger, and need cause no astonishment to the investing world.

But there is another reason why the reduction is of the most far-reaching importance. No corporation in the world numbers so many individual investors on its books. The Steel Company's annual report, last March, showed 58,629 shareholders, of which number 26,830 held the common stock. This number had been increasing rapidly; during the twelve preceding months, 9,107 new names had been added to holdings of the common shares, and there is reason to believe that the increase since last March has been even greater. In this army of owners of the common stock there are undoubtedly many thousands who were not experienced in the nature of the Steel Corporation's problem, and who bought the stock because they believed that 4 per cent. dividends would be permanent.

Now it may be said that risks of this sort will always confront investors; that, if they buy a stock in ignorance of its possible vicissitudes, they have themselves to blame. This is quite true; but, in the Steel Corporation's case, the questions of real importance are, whether the company did right in beginning payment on the common stock, and whether the mere fact of such payment, at the start, did not mislead the uninformed investor. For ourselves, we have always held that payment of dividends on the common stock was a mistake, and events have amply confirmed that judgment. The company's earnings have, to be sure, shown a substantial surplus over dividends. During the calendar year 1902, for instance, net

receipts of $108,534,000 provided for $18,227,000 interest and sinking funds, for dividends of $35,720,000 on the preferred and of $20,332,000 on the common, and still left $34,253,000 surplus on the books. Working capital, exceeding $50,000,000, was also reported. On the face of things, the common dividend seemed to the average reader to be earned, and he could not see why shareholders should not get it. The answer has been made, however, in the company's own fiscal operations. Early in 1902, the need of $50,000,000 for use in raising certain properties to the standard confronted the company. Had it reserved for such purposes the cash paid out in dividends on the common stock, the outlay would have been easily arranged for. Instead, the company resorted to the money market, with unpleasant results now sufficiently well known to every one.

We do not suppose that any competent observer would to-day deny that payment of dividends on the common stock, under such circumstances, was a financial mistake. Not only is it true that needs such as those of 1902 are recurrent in every manufacturing industry, but there is always before great industries the chance of sudden fall in earnings, through labor troubles or declining trade. The way to prepare for these possibilities is, not to pay out at once in dividends the margin over visibly necessary reserves, but to husband resources at the start with the utmost care, and begin to pay dividends when the company's earning power, at other times than the climax of a "boom" in trade, has been fairly tried. To test the wisdom of such policy, one need only ask himself what would have been the company's situation now, in the trade and in the markets, had it never voted dividends on the common stock, but reserved the cash thus paid to use as need arose. Such a fall as has occurred in the preferred shares would scarcely have been conceivable.

We are aware of the arguments commonly advanced in Wall Street circles to justify dividends on the common stock. First, it was necessary to induce the subsidiary companies to agree to amalgamation, and in some of those companies, which were to be acquired through exchange of stock, the common shareholders were drawing dividends. Second, the placing of $500,000,000 common stock, or any substantial part of it, in the general public's hands, might have been impossible if it paid no dividend. We freely admit the force of both these arguments, as an appeal to the promoters' mind. But we must also draw attention to their total unsoundness as an economic plea, and to the highly dangerous conclusions in which an argument of the sort must end. If dividends, otherwise inadvisable, may rightly be paid to induce investors to give up their money, then the practices of the Fisks and Goulds, a generation since, have a powerful defence. Indeed, the Consolidated Lake Superior concern might quite as readily plead that it had to pay last year's 7 per cent. dividends, though on the verge of financial disaster, because on no other basis could the stock be "distributed." In the Lake Superior case, the policy meant bankruptcy; in the Steel Corporation's case it, of course, means nothing of the kind. But the dangerous principle is asserted, in the one instance as in the other.

PLASTERER AND ARTIST.

The general public is, we believe, aware that the managers of the St. Louis Exposition are giving more attention to the art features of the exhibition than has been the case in other world's fairs. For instance, $500,000 has been appropriated for a display of the work of American sculptors, and numerous artists have contributed, under the direction of Mr. Karl Bitter, the chief of the sculpture department. Many of these plaster statues and groups are of colossal proportions, and as they are completed they are transported to St. Louis in two or more pieces, according to their size. On arrival there they are moved to the grounds in readiness for setting up in the appointed places.

Naturally, this work of setting up requires very considerable skill if it is to be properly done. A number of the pieces are generally damaged while en route, and need remodelling, as do the joints where the sections meet. To place this task of rejoining and remodelling in the hands of unskilled persons is to run the risk of ruining the achievements of the sculptors. Some of the younger of them have for the first time been given an opportunity to show to the public their meritorious work. They have toiled over their contributions with the conviction that upon them to a large degree depends their immediate artistic future. In their eyes the filling up of an opening of two or three inches between the parts of their works can be properly done only by one thoroughly familiar with anatomical modelling. This common-sense opinion was shared by the director of sculpture, who designated the best sculptors of the St. Louis Modellers' and Sculptors' Union, No. 245, to do the work, thus recognizing the principle of union labor while seeking efficiency.

But this by no means satisfied the rampant spirit of unionism. The modellers of St. Louis were, of course, content, but there was another guild to be heard from—the Union (No. 3) of plain plasterers, who promptly demanded that the work be given to them, and coupled with their demand a threat to organize a general strike of all the Exposition workmen unless their wishes were acceded to. That these statues were modelled in plaster was the very plausible reason for their demand. Meanwhile the plain plasterers for a time abandoned their jobs on all the buildings. The negotiations were considerably protracted by reason of the fact that at the last meeting most of the labor delegates were drunk and the conference ended in a row. The Director of Public Works, Mr. Taylor, who has been in every way most friendly to the unions, when asked his opinion decided in favor of the sculptors. His decision was ignored as completely as was the Missouri State Board of Arbitration's similar finding. This official organization went over the matter very carefully, after giving a public hearing to the representatives of both sides; the Exposition authorities fighting the battle of the sculptors. The plasterers, taking the ground that they could remodel a broken hand, or face, or arm, as well as any "high-toned" sculptor, whether educated in St. Louis, New York, or Paris, flatly refused to abide by the decision of the State Board, precisely as the Typographical Union declined to be bound by the arbitrators in its dispute with the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*. As the public is now aware, the will of a union is the supreme law of the land, and no union need abide by an arbitration unless it is favored by the judges.

On August 10 last, in despair, the chief of sculpture addressed an earnest appeal to the General President of the "Operative Plasterers' International Association of the United States and Canada," Mr. J. B. Cavanaugh of Colorado Springs, Col. In this Mr. Bitter set forth the situation with the utmost courtesy and fairness, but gave it as his opinion that for the common plasterers to assume their fitness for this work would be much the same as for him to call himself an astronomer because he was able to look through a telescope. After waiting more than a month for a reply, the following letter was received by Mr. Bitter's superintendent in St. Louis. We reprint it in full as a sample of that courtesy and politeness which employers are everywhere now beginning to expect in their dealings with unions:

OPERATIVE PLASTERERS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, ST. LOUIS, MO.,
Sep't 11th, 1903.

Office of Secretary-Treasurer,
2712 Park Ave.

Mr. Carl Beil,
Sup't of Sculpture, Worlds Fair.

Dear Sir: The following decission was sent to this office by the General President of the O. P. I. A.

That plasterers shall do all pointing, and to notify locals. Locals referred to are No. 245 which is composed of modelers No. 242 composed of shop hands and No. 3 which is composed of plasterers. said notice bas been sent.

Trusting that the above decission will end controversy I remain.

Respectfully Your's
W. A. O'Keefe
Sec'y Treas.

Let no one think that this victory was not followed up. On September 24, the Modellers and Sculptors, No. 245, "got square" by "notifying" Mr. Bitter that

after October 15 there would be an increase in their wages of ten cents per hour and a minimum wage of eighty cents an hour. When a man is down, the proper thing to do is to hit him once more.

If we have recited the facts in this latest labor-union victory soberly and without embroidery, it is not because we fail to realize the importance of the stand taken in St. Louis. Our readers have all heard from labor leaders what organization has done for the workingmen. It has given them shorter hours and higher wages and greater consideration in the world's eyes. We have been told that skilled labor is steadily rising in the social scale. But now the credit side of the labor-union ledger has an entry which will, we are sure, make the bitterest critic hold his tongue for ever and ever. By one stroke of his pen, Mr. J. B. Cavanaugh of Colorado has emancipated a whole union, has lifted it out of the ranks of laboring men and placed it squarely alongside of our best and greatest artists. Bitter, MacMonnies, Adams, Ruckstuhl, even St. Gaudens himself, are now but brothers to the artists of the Plasterers' Union No. 3. More than that, the great mind in Colorado Springs has solved the question how to democratize art, which has puzzled many a less notable brain. All the visitors to St. Louis will see now the triumph of the plain plasterer in plastic art.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BID.

Joseph Chamberlain never displayed his adroit and ready talent to better advantage than in his Glasgow speech on October 6. He knows how to wear in perfection the air of a misunderstood patriot. He is able gracefully to sink his unimportant personality in a cause vital to his country's well being; is studiously moderate where he was expected to be extreme; and applies his flexible mind to the intricacies of the difficult case he has to argue with an appearance of candor and of complete mastery very specious and fetching, and only just short of carrying conviction. His personal courage is undoubted, rising as it does to actual audacity. One must believe that a good part of the enthusiasm which he evoked from his Glasgow audience was but another form of the Englishman's admiration for a statesman who does not fear his fate, but puts his political fortunes to the touch, to win or lose all.

To devote a single word to the political aspect of Mr. Chamberlain's bid for popular support, it is clear that he protests his self-abnegation a trifle too much. For him to affirm his absolute loyalty to Mr. Balfour, and to assert that he will never compete with the Premier for the party leadership, is magnificent, but it is not politics. Everybody knows that Mr. Chamberlain simply must be the next Prime Minister if his policy is upheld by the electors. Mr. Balfour would be the first to perceive this. The King would no more think of sending for anybody but Chamberlain, if he were returned as the victorious chieftain after a great political battle, than did the Queen of turning to any man but Gladstone after he had beaten the Tories on Irish Disestablishment. To-day, Mr. Chamberlain stands as the statesman who has driven a wedge deep into the Conservative party. If in the future he succeeds in uniting that party and making it triumphant on his one issue, he will be the one man to become its titular leader. To hold any other view is to hug a delusion.

It is, however, the economic rather than the political side of Mr. Chamberlain's speech that most challenges comment. We pass by his array of figures proving to a Great Britain conscious of good health that she is really in a rapid decline. These statistics and the inferences from them have been sharply disputed by competent English authorities. Nor shall we stop over his alleged demonstration that the British workman stands to win two or three farthings more than he will lose by Mr. Chamberlain's food taxes. *De minimis* it is not for us across the Atlantic to debate. But there are certain gross fallacies into which Mr. Chamberlain has been betrayed that vitiate his whole argument.

He adopts completely the magic theory of protection. To him, it is a kind of supernatural device to make poor countries rich. Natural resources, acquired skill, a multiplying and enterprising population—all these go for nothing in making a nation wealthy, compared with a tariff tax on foreign imports. He adduces the expansion of German and American trade, and accounts for it wholly by the protective system. What nature has done, what political and social conditions have wrought, he entirely ignores. Germany and the United States have grown opulent by a trick of taxation which England has been too stupid to imitate. Why did Mr. Chamberlain not point to those protected countries, France, and Spain, and Austria? Apparently, only because his conjurer's protection has failed to produce the egg in those cases!

Sir Samuel Romilly's old complaint that Englishmen would not take the trouble really to grasp the argument of Adam Smith, will be revived if Mr. Chamberlain's notions are caught up. To imagine that an artificial system of taxation can create wealth is to maintain what logical analysis and practical experience both declare to be nonsense. It is the gifts of nature and the energy of man which, in the long run, determine national supremacy in manufactures and trade. If England is, as there seems good reason to believe, approaching a period of relative industrial decline, the cause for it is to be found in the increasing cost of her coal and raw materials, as compared with those of the United States. The fundamental situation was not caused, and cannot be altered, by any device of protective taxes. Laws can meddle and mar, but it is nature that has her way in the end.

Mr. Chamberlain's references to American tariffs are not happy. He calls our system "an abomination," but why? It is his own idea carried out to its legitimate but uncomfortable end. He says that some of our "best minds" think we ought to reduce our customs taxes; but those are also the minds which hold that they never should have been imposed, that they inevitably mean economic waste, class favoritism, and political corruption. Nor is Mr. Chamberlain more fortunate in alluding to the destruction of the Welsh tin-plate industry by the McKinley tariff. One of the interesting economic developments of the past two years has been the restoration of the prosperity of that very industry—without any protection. Mr. Chamberlain appears not to have heard of this, though the *Tribune* has "explained it away."

To give his scheme even a semblance of success, Mr. Chamberlain must induce the self-governing colonies to accept it. But here his argument is pitiably weak, and the facts are fearfully against him. At the very moment of saying that these colonies are thorough-paced protectionists (he does not say, but it is true, that they are as hot to exclude British goods as any others) he supposes that the plea of kinship and Imperial greatness will move them to abandon protective taxes as against England—in other words, abandon that mysterious formula for creating wealth which Mr. Chamberlain so lauds them for making their own! It is simply to be said that Canada, for example, or Australia, shows no sign whatever of giving up good monopoly profits for any sentimental considerations. Like Sancho Panza, they will take the actual foals of protection in preference to the dubious spoils of Mr. Chamberlain's next knightly adventure. The Canadians, we suspect, will be particularly offended by his intimation that they ought not to go on developing their "secondary industries," but should meekly and loyally take everything of that sort from England. On this rock of colonial self-interest alone, to say nothing of his economic and financial difficulties, Mr. Chamberlain's whole scheme might easily go to wreck.

NEW LIGHT ON GLADSTONE.

John Morley's long-awaited Life of Mr. Gladstone will disappoint no expectations that were not unreasonable. In its fulness of material, weight of judgment, and philosophic impartiality of

treatment, with grace and dignity of style, it is a work to be recurred to and meditated upon before a final verdict is ventured. Even a first reading, however, makes plain that it is an illuminating biography, adding much to our knowledge of a great man whose character, like his acts, has been the subject of fierce controversy. It was not, of course, to be anticipated that a great deal that is novel could come to light, in the case of a man whose long life was passed in the full glare of publicity. Mr. Morley's contribution consists mainly in piecing out old information with new evidence, and in marshalling events in their proper sequence and setting.

He gives us, for example, some interesting pages bearing upon Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the United States. The unfortunate speech of 1862, asserting that Jefferson Davis and the South had made a "nation," he himself came to number among his serious errors. He admitted that it was not only founded upon inadequate knowledge, but was, in any case, an indiscreet utterance to come from a member of the Cabinet without the authorization of his chief. Not so well known is the part that Gladstone played in moderating the demands of Great Britain at the time of the *Trent* affair. In his note about the meeting of Ministers which decided on the peremptory dispatches to Lord Lyons at Washington, he wrote: "I thought and urged that we should hear what the Americans had to say before withdrawing Lyons, for I could not feel sure that we were at the bottom of the law of the case, or could judge here and now what form it would assume. But this view did not prevail." However, Mr. Gladstone was in high favor at Windsor in those days, and his diary has a suggestive entry concerning the next Cabinet meeting: "Nov. 30. Left Windsor at 11:25. Cabinet 3-5½. Lord Russell's draft softened and abridged." The inference is fair, Mr. Morley argues, that he had presented his plea for temperate action to the court, and that his representations had a good deal to do with the famous intervention of the Queen and the Prince Consort for the purpose of making the demand on the American Government less bellicose in tone.

Many other instances might be given of similar lighting up of critical episodes in Mr. Gladstone's career. Majuba Hill, Egypt, the belated attempt to save Gen. Gordon—the public records and private memoranda upon which Mr. Morley has drawn enable him to make those violently debated subjects more intelligible, even if not wholly to still the strife of tongues. One calumny he absolutely crushes. This is the assertion that Gladstone never thought of Home Rule for Ireland until he discovered that he needed the Irish vote. The written evidence now adduced should make men ashamed to repeat that old slander. As for the still more foolish invention which credited Mr. Morley himself with having converted Gladstone to Home Rule, he contemptuously dismisses it in a footnote as the merest "moonshine."

But the chief question which every reader of this remarkable biography will ask is, Does it help us better to understand the man himself? The extraordinary career which Gladstone ran is known. His gigantic intellectual power not even the bitterest of his enemies ever denied. His astonishing versatility, his personal ascendency, his immense industry, his amazing ability to sway by his eloquence a critical or hostile House of Commons as well as vast popular assemblages—about all this we do not need to be told. Where we wish to be better informed is as to the growth and training of his mind, the process of his political convictions, the balance of qualities in his character. Mr. Morley instructs us. He does it by no idolatrous deification of his old leader, but by letting us see him in habit as he was. Gladstone's perplexing dualism of both mind and soul his biographer does not undertake to conceal. He shows us "the ardent Italian in the custody of a Scotchman"; the mediæval schoolman who was at the same time a flaming tribune of democracy. Out of this two-fold nature arises most of the questionable matter relating to Gladstone. As Bagehot long ago pointed out, when you have, as you had in Gladstone, a hair-splitting scholastic who is also the leader of the party of change and progress, you are bound to get a statesman who will be accused of sophistry, insincerity, subterfuge, and vacillation. Mr. Morley frankly admits this, and shows us how the fine-spun distinctions which were of the essence of Mr. Gladstone's mind, exposed him to the gibes of the "plain people." Yet he remained the greatest leader of the plain people that ever arose in England. In the combination lies the mystery of his character. If there was in it the tortuous refining of words out of their natural meaning—"pure Gladstonese," it has been called—there was also in it a moral elevation and a kindling enthusiasm which made men yield to him though they could not understand him.

Gladstone's acknowledged mastery in finance Mr. Morley shows to have been wholly acquired. It has often been supposed that he was trained by his father, Sir John Gladstone, the Liverpool merchant of large affairs. But no, the son came to financial administration protesting that he knew nothing, about "packages." Trade and the Exchequer were not dreamed of in the then philosophy of Oxford. Gladstone's profound knowledge of the great industries and the ongoing of commerce, with his grasp of money and banking and taxation, he won by the intensity and vigor of his mental application. That was his lifelong power. Let any subject challenge and arouse him, and the swoop of his intellect upon it was like an eagle's, and tore facts and principles out of it for his masterful use. It was sheer concentration of mind, not actual experience, which made his budgets seem like the waving of a magician's wand, and which left the "practical" man who was to be put up to expose his ignorance, shrinking back, and saying, like the brewer member of Parliament who heard Gladstone expound the tax on malt: "It's no use; he knows my business better than I do myself!"

In his lifetime, Mr. Gladstone passed from party to party, and apparently from conviction to conviction. Wonderfully precocious though he was, he did not appear to find himself, politically, until fifty. But when he did finally break away from the narrowing prejudices of his early education, the one thing which gave impulse and unity to his public life was a passionate love of liberty for all men. With this went his shining advocacy of the doctrine that the principles of morals and religion must have sway in public affairs as imperiously as in private life. That made him the champion of oppressed peoples. That made him, like Falkland, the devoted lover of peace. One of Mr. Morley's interesting revelations is that Mr. Gladstone's final retirement from power in 1894 was due to a break with his colleagues over swollen naval estimates. He simply said, with dignity, that his record and the character of a Christian man which he had to sustain, would not permit him to sanction such an outlay. Nothing, in fact, in all his detailed biography, nothing in the mass of self-revealing letters and journals he left behind him, gives reason to bate a jot of the tribute which his political rival, Lord Salisbury, paid to him when he called him "a great Christian statesman."

TEACHERS AND CHOLERA IN THE PHILIPPINES.—II.

TANJAY, March 6, 1903.

There is still a little to be said regarding the water supply. In times of cholera, as of typhoid, it must be guarded most carefully. We filled all the wells we could find in the town, guarded the river night and day that it might not be polluted, and forced the people to get their supply only where we knew it was safe to do so. Besides this, we tried to induce them to boil their drinking water. It was a waste of time and energy to make the attempt. They thought we meant that they were to drink hot water, and no explanation, however long and detailed, could undeceive them. Most of the Spaniards and mestizos were just as careless. A member of the Board of Health in a neighboring town, when asked if he boiled his drinking water, replied: "No, it's too much trouble." At that time cholera was carrying off fifteen or twenty people daily in

the town where he lived. This man is a college graduate and one of the most intelligent Filipinos I have ever met. What can you expect from the ordinary, ignorant, black *hombre?*

In this way we tried to ward off the cholera as long as possible and to lessen its ravages when it should come. Of course, we received all sorts of suggestions and instructions as to how to act when the plague was actually upon us. Most of the instructions were absolutely impracticable, but all were seriously discussed, and those which could be adopted were adopted promptly. One of the best measures, and really valuable, was the closing of all places of congregation. As soon as cholera appeared, the Presidente came running to me, saying that the school must be closed. I promptly assented, and at once the policemen went through the town collecting the books, while the school was declared closed for an indefinite period. Then I told the Presidente that the church must be closed. "Oh, no, it was impossible." I repeated that the church should be closed at once. "But the padre would not permit it. He had already been consulted, and had said that he could not close the church without the consent of the bishop." "Hang the bishop; the church must be closed." "But certainly, in times of cholera, it was very necessary to meet and pray that the pest should be removed. The padre said that the cholera was a judgment upon them for having been remiss in the past." "Do your praying at home." Finally he yielded, but wanted to see my authority. I told him it was in my rooms and would be forthcoming at the proper time. He closed the church, and then wrote to the Government about it. I wrote to the President of the Provincial Board of Health, and the church remained closed. Then I told him that the *gallera* must also be closed. He looked at me in amazement. Close the *gallera!* The people would all die of melancholy and lack of diversion. The Spaniards had never closed the *gallera.* There had been outbreaks of cholera in 1874, 1882, and 1889, but never any fuss over the *gallera* and church. But I carried the day. Of course, every Sunday there were cockfights all over the town, but that was better than having all meet in one place.

Another rule was that the town halls should be used as detention camps and the schoolhouses as hospitals, unless the town could build special edifices for these purposes. We did neither. There was no money for building new buildings, however cheaply they might be constructed, and hospital and detention camp would both be useless unless well guarded night and day. We had no way of maintaining an efficient guard, and dropped the whole matter.

Then we were told to quarantine every house where there was a case of cholera. No one was to be allowed to enter or leave the house for five days. Good rule, apparently. What was the result? Absolutely nothing. It is the custom of the Filipinos, as soon as any one falls sick, to run to the house to see what the sick man looks like. They have no fear of anything. We were not summoned to the house where the first cases occurred until those attacked were dead or dying. As we approached the house, we saw more than twenty people run out of it and scatter in various directions. What good is quarantine in a case like that? And it is only one of many, although, as we got our system of inspection better organized, they grew constantly rarer.

Another rule was that all infected houses should be burned. Where the houses are situated as close together as sardines in a box, they can't be burned. When a fire once starts in one of these towns, it sweeps over acres and acres before it can be stopped. We did burn one or two crazy old shacks, but as a rule burned only the furniture and bedding which had come into contact with the body of the patient, and thoroughly disinfected the house, its occupants and the remaining furniture. One of the results of maintaining a quarantine or of destroying dwellings is that the people at once secrete the cases. The reason is to be found in their poverty. If they are shut up for five days, they must have food. A native never has more than one day's supply in his house. They must be fed by the municipality, which, as a rule, has very little to expend in this way. Consequently, the people would rather conceal the cases of cholera than suffer the week's confinement and privation. Besides, if, as often happens, the municipality has no funds at all, the quarantine is not to be thought of for a moment. Again, the same result follows the destruction of dwellings. Many of the poor people see absolutely no way of replacing their houses. It's all very well to tell them that they will be paid the value of the buildings destroyed. They have had too much experience to put much faith in such stories. They would also have to wait six months in order that the usual amount of red tape may be gone through. Where are they to live in the meantime? Better let father or brother die and say nothing about it.

The discussion of this last point brings me naturally to perhaps the most important question of all, namely, the disposal of the remains of the plague-stricken. The ideal way is, of course, to burn them. This is what we were told to do; but the very mention of such a thing aroused a storm of superstitious opposition. To say nothing of the difficulty and the unpleasant nature of the operation—in themselves obstacles nearly insuperable—the fanaticism of the people was aroused. They would not even hear of burying the bodies in a special cemetery. They must be buried in consecrated ground. So the authorities yielded, and gave orders that all bodies should be buried in lime. As a matter of fact, in nearly all places they were buried in the regular way, for it was impossible to get lime. The Filipinos and Spaniards both informed me that it would be a tremendous mistake even to attempt burning any bodies. The natives had such a horror of it that they would rather scoop out a trench under a house in which to bury the dead, or throw the body in the nearest swamp. I pointed out that in neither case would they be burying their dead in consecrated ground. Even so—that was a good deal better than having the bodies burned.

Such action on the part of the natives presupposes a wholesale concealment of cases which would certainly have more terrible results than could possibly result from even imperfectly burying the bodies. The main danger to be feared here is the contamination of the water supply. If the cemetery is favorably located in this respect, there seem to be no good objections against burial. Such a concealment as I mention probably seems to you impossible. It would be impossible in Manila. But in a provincial town, with a small body of inspectors, none of them really reliable, with the local authorities only lukewarm, and the superstition and fanaticism of the people thoroughly aroused, a municipal board of health can do very little.

So then we finally decided that all we could do was to take every possible precaution, make every effort to keep the cholera out of the province, and then, when it should come, establish careful, daily house-to-house inspection of the town, in order to keep ourselves informed of the cases as soon as they appeared, give whatever medicines we could, get the dead under the ground as soon as possible, thoroughly disinfect the houses, and—let things take their course. The town bought a large supply of medicines, and the province furnished more, and then, like Mr. Micawber, we waited for something to turn up.

The "something" turned up on September 28, 1902, and it stayed with us for three months, carrying off about 500 people, or more than 4 per cent. of the population. This was a very light visitation. In some places a mortality of 20 per cent. of the entire population has been reported. In this town, in 1882, about 10 per cent. of the people died. Not over 30 or 35 per cent. of those attacked recover. This was the percentage here, and I believe the estimates for the islands during the recent epidemic show about the same figures.

When we tried to give our remedies we found ourselves confronted by a new difficulty. The people refused to take them. Some would say, "God sent the cholera, and if he wants me to recover, I shall. The medicine will do no good." Others were afraid of our medicines, and trusted more in some old piece of bark or "yarb" tea, fixed up by a native practitioner. One must in justice admit that the native medicine-men did accomplish a few cures, and the old inhabitants say that in 1882 a famous old native medicine-woman from Cebu wrought miracles with her "santas medicinas." But the natives did not simply refuse our medicines. Many said, first that I, and then the other members of the Board of Health, were poisoning them. The stories of poisoning have had a great run during the past few months. The enemies of the friars said that there was no cholera at all, but that the friars and their agents were poisoning the wells. Then the friends of the *frailes* said that Americans were poisoning the wells. The stories gained most credence and made the most stir in Cebu and Iloilo, next to Manila the most important cities in the islands. Both of them were terribly ravaged by the cholera.

When the *taos* said that I was a poisoner my enthusiasm began to wane. I was getting tired of giving medicines which the people didn't want to take, and also of disinfecting houses. So when one day three people died of cholera in the house right next to mine, I thought it was time to skip, and did so very precipitately. Some of the teachers ran much greater risks than I did, and stuck to their posts, despite all obstacles. I was not one of them. I know

that I am not a hero, but I also have no desire to be a martyr, and never have had. There are enough of both. As long as I felt that I was accomplishing anything I remained in my town. When things got beyond my control, I left.

Many interesting points remain to be discussed, but I fear that this letter has already reached a wearisome length. After all that I have said, however, about the ignorance and inefficiency of the Filipinos, I cannot but express my appreciation of those associated with me on the local Board of Health. Both were men of wide experience and great energy. They fulfilled their duties ably and well. A comparison of the present epidemic with that of 1882 proves conclusively the wisdom of the measures adopted by the American Board of Health. Then, the great cities were the worst sufferers. Now, the provinces. But while the old Spanish "let-alone, do-nothing" policy, or some slight modification of it, must still suffice for the remoter districts, the magnificent results attained in Manila—where the health officers worked, though, to be sure, under most unfavorable sanitary conditions and the adverse circumstances always to be encountered in a great seaport, yet under the greatest advantages of personnel and equipment—show beyond doubt that at no very distant day, when the Department of Health shall have been thoroughly organized throughout the islands, such an epidemic as the past year has witnessed will be absolutely impossible, and, I may add, that, in bringing about such a condition, the Department of Public Instruction, by increasing the average of education and intelligence, by awakening the people to a realization of their present deplorable state and to a desire for better and cleaner modes of living, will prove a most important factor.

As I look back over the events of the past year, I cannot but think that the part which the teachers have taken in fighting this, the most terrible of Eastern diseases, will prove of great value in their future work. We have gained a more intimate knowledge of the life and character of the people among whom we live than could have been gained in any other way. While the work has been discouraging, disheartening, yes, disgusting, it has also been instructive and inspiring. Surely, the calm fortitude—fatalism if you will—with which the Filipino meets every disaster, his constant cheerfulness under the most trying conditions, may well furnish food for thought to the American. If our recent experience shall aid in giving us a deeper knowledge of the Filipino character, a clearer insight into the workings of his mind, a broader sympathy—and this it cannot fail to do, for the whole unfortunate race—we shall have acquired a sure and lasting foundation upon which to base our future attempts and endeavors to educate and enlighten our Eastern "brethren," and the experience will not have been in vain.

Correspondence.

HONOR THY UNION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We have been taught that a workingman's duty to his union was superior to his duty to the Constitution and the laws, and even to the eternal principles of right and justice; but the doctrine that it is superior to the duty and affection of a son to a father, seems to me to touch the high-water mark of "union" ethics. Witness the news item herewith subjoined.

O. Mores.

October 7, 1903.

"Chicago, October 7.—Five hundred glove-makers, employed in four factories, went on strike to-day because the employers refused to grant demands for increased wages and to renew an agreement that expired September 21. Among the manufacturers whose employees were called out is Samuel R. Clexton, sr., father of Samuel R. Clexton, jr., President of Glovemakers' Local Union, No. 4. 'I called out the men in my father's shop, as my union has first claim on my duty,' the latter declared."

GOVERNMENTAL IRRIGATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Respected Friend: In the *Nation* of the 24th ultimo there is an admirable editorial on "The Public Land Problem and Irrigation," in which occurs the following statement:

"The public lands having already been occupied, values have reached figures which are practically prohibitive to the man in a 'prairie schooner.' If it is not for these that the costly irrigation enterprise upon which the Government is entering, then who is to be benefited? Those already well to do and able to finance their own ditch undertakings—the wealthy speculators or range-owners?"

If I am not mistaken, the above statement and query, and also the *Nation's* concluding comments, are of peculiar significance from the fact that it is impossible to benefit the "man in a prairie schooner" by Governmental irrigation. Even if the water is brought to the land at public expense, the benefit will necessarily accrue to men of considerable means (presumably "those already well to do and able to finance their own ditch undertakings—the wealthy speculators or range owners"), because the "man in a prairie schooner" will still be shut out by the cost of constructing and maintaining the lateral ditches, and of putting the land in condition for irrigation. The truth of the matter is, that land which depends on artificial irrigation for its fertility is about the last place on earth for men with light pockets. In the first place, the land when prepared for irrigation is necessarily costly, although the water may be brought to it free. In the second place, the situation is peculiarly subject to unlooked-for contingencies, which involve either the prompt use of ready money, or ruin. The man who has capital enough to establish himself *safely* on the irrigated plains, has enough to establish himself anywhere, and needs no aid from the Government.

In regard to the cost to the Government of bringing the water to the land, the lowest estimate that I have seen is $10 an acre; and this only for the two or three hundred millions of acres which are most favorably situated. In view of the possible indefinite extension of the scheme, the ultimate average cost to the Government may be just as well placed at $200 an acre as at $10. And even if this land was secured to the "man in a prairie schooner," how can the Government be justified in providing land for the landless in the Far West at a cost of even $10 an acre, when excellent land may be purchased throughout the country, especially in the Southern States, for $5 an acre, and less? In the territory adjacent to the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—within 100 miles of the vast fruit and vegetable markets of these great cities—very productive land may be purchased for less than $10 an acre. If the Government may properly use the public funds for the development of arid land in the Far West, ostensibly for the benefit of unequipped homeseekers, why may it not more economically and properly use public funds in the purchase and development of Southern and Eastern land, at much less cost per acre, for the same purpose?

The equitable distribution, or sale, of public land is a legitimate Governmental function, but the use of public funds for the commercial development of land is exactly the same principle as the use of public funds for the purchase of land and its commercial development; and if the Government uses the public funds for the commercial development of land in, and for the benefit of, certain States, how can it equitably neglect the commercial development of land, by the use of public funds, in and for the benefit of each of the other States? If the commercial development of land at public expense in four or five States is "one of the greatest undertakings ever begun in any age," it seems to follow that the commercial development of land at public expense in all the States would be the greatest of all public undertakings. In this connection, however, it may be remarked that when an undertaking is based on false principles, its magnitude only makes it more dangerous and destructive.

The obvious lesson of the present situation is, that the idea that it is a proper function of Government to furnish fertile land to all applicants is a misleading delusion which is exceedingly demoralizing to both Government and people. The Government might as well undertake to furnish capital to all applicants. When the Government had fertile public land to give away, it could give the landless a home for the asking; but (unless Canada should come into the Union in the near future) that situation has passed away never to return. Fertility of soil everywhere now has a commercial value which makes it equivalent to capital, and it cannot be had except in exchange for capital. The water which gives fertility to the arid land of the Western plains is, commercially, exactly the equivalent of the fertilizer which must be used on an Eastern farm. At the present time the best opportunity, in the United States, for the "man in a prairie schooner" is the cheap and fertile land in the Southern States—in other words, it is there that fertility of soil may be obtained with the least outlay of capital; and the effect of Governmental irrigation will be to benefit the wealthy speculators and range owners to the detriment of all other agriculturists. In developing the arid land of the Western plains, the Government enters upon a strictly commercial enterprise in direct and detrimental competition with private agricultural enterprise in all other parts of the country.

Isaac W. Griscom.

Philadelphia, 10th Mo., 8th, 1903.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me a few words of comment on your very suggestive article, "The American College President," contained in No. 1995 of the *Nation*? The American College President of to-day is in reality a relic of the times when, as Lessing says, the clergy was still thinking—and eating—for us. In those happy times it was believed that the intellectual welfare of our boys was safest in the hands of a spiritual guardian, who, being by his profession accustomed to begging, was expected to promote also the worldly welfare of the college. Fortunately those idyllic times have passed. The clergyman president is gone, but the promoter has remained.

In academic circles the opinion is growing that the promoter president, too, should go as soon as possible, not only because he presents a ludicrous spectacle, but also for more serious reasons. It is being felt more and more as an intolerable anomaly that, in the very heart of our democracy, a monarchical institution, such as the college presidency really is, should still exist. This feeling has grown all the more since the experiment in several Western colleges of giving the president absolute power has proved an absolute failure. Favoritism and corruption of various kinds were the natural results of this experiment in academic despotism, not to speak of the humiliating sight of scholars, free American citizens, cringing before the almighty president. No wonder that we are appealing in vain to our colleges and universities for help in purifying municipal and national politics.

The American university, moreover, will never reach an ideal standard as long as it remains *a school* with a principal, called president, at its head. The history of the German universities shows us clearly that scholarship can reach its highest form of development and influence only in the academic *republic*, where the individual professor, the personification of his specialty, his *Fach*, is responsible to himself alone. This highest form of academic liberty, the only source of great scholarly and educational achievements, cannot be attained with a president, who will in some way or other try "to shape a policy" for *his* university, or interfere where interference is a sin against the spirit of the true university. Hence the constant secret or open frictions between president and faculty. If most college presidents knew what *their* faculties—not their personal friends among these—really thought of them, but dared not express, they would, if men of honor, resign their positions at once. Not that professors are natural fault-finders. A distinguished university president once told the writer that a man could not be a college president without being more or less of a liar. But how can a scholar who possesses self-respect and high professional ideals look with respect upon an office whose occupants seemingly cannot practise the elementary principles of morality in their dealings with *their* faculties?

I am not exaggerating. Hundreds of professors would corroborate my statements if they dared speak. That they dare not speak characterizes better than all my statements the rottenness of existing conditions. And are we to tolerate these conditions because they are sanctified by American traditions? Away with an office that has become an anachronism and an obstacle in the development of the true university idea! If a faculty, composed, as it ought to be, of the best specimens of American scholarship and manhood, cannot govern itself, then all self-government is a farce, which we should end, the sooner the better. Let the faculty elect, as you suggest, one of their number yearly to the honorary position of representing the university and of presiding over inevitable academic functions. These are now the essential functions of the president, since in all the larger institutions government by faculty committees has become an established custom. For the business part of the university let us have a business man, whom ambitious institutions may easily find among the employees of our great advertising firms. But let us remove with due honors the old college president and the university president of to-day before he fully take the famous step from the sublime.

VERITAS.

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issues of the *Nation* for July 2 and September 24, two entirely contradictory interpretations of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" were presented, and supported by arguments both earnest and interesting. To add a third theory to the controversy, may I call to your notice the interpretation which was brought forward by Signor Palmarini, in the *Nuova Antologia* for August, 1902? Setting aside the theory of Herr Wickhoff, which Signor Gnoli presented to your readers, that the picture represents Venus persuading Medea to escape with Jason, and of Mr. Andrews's presentation of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's theory that the subject is "Artless and Sated Love" (or, as he chooses to paraphrase it, "Innocent and Satisfied Love"), we find that Signor Palmarini names the picture "The Fountain of Arden."

To former critics the differences between the two female figures have been the chief aids in interpreting and naming the picture. Signor Palmarini, however, finds these two figures so similar that his key to the right understanding of the picture is found in the fountain, in the presence of the little love god, in the background and the accessories. In the women's figures he finds an identity of complexion, of the color, quality and arrangement of the hair, and of physique. Both have the same eyes, surmounted by fine and slightly arched brows. In both the mouth is small, curved and of the same design, the nose straight and aristocratic, the chin rounded. To him the women are alike in feature, and contrasted only in expression. Here he differs radically from your correspondent, Mr. Andrews, who describes the nude figure as "an innocent maiden, unlearned in the mysteries of life and love." To Signor Palmarini she has the appearance of a woman to whom love has left nothing unrevealed, "the mouth sensual, as though swollen by kisses, the nostrils dilated, the neck more full." Both gentlemen describe the face of the other figure as serene and quiet. In Mr. Andrews's opinion, the serenity comes through "absence of passionate desire," because this has been satisfied; while in Signor Palmarini's opinion it is lack of experience which produces the expression of serenity, ingenuousness, and almost coldness. Because of the similarity of feature, and perhaps, also, because of the difference in expression, Signor Palmarini finds a further resemblance to this type in Titian's "Magdalen," in the Pitti; his "Flora," in the Uffizi; his portrait of Laura Dianti, in the Louvre. To this list we might add the head of the daughter of Herodias, in the Doria gallery in Rome—a head with the same glowing coloring of hair and skin, the same fine features.

The resemblance to the portrait of Laura Dianti, the favorite and afterwards the wife of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, is the most important link in the chain, as, in the opinion of Signor Palmarini, this resemblance helps to name and approximately date the Borghese picture. The picture has been supposed to belong to the period of the "Bacchanal" and the "Ariadne" in Madrid, a period when Titian was painting at the court of the Este family in Ferrara, and where, in fact, in 1518, he made the portrait of Alfonso d'Este which is now in Madrid. It was during this same period that Alfonso's first wife, Lucrezia Borgia, died and Laura Dianti became his second wife. It is known from a letter of Ticozzi to Cicognara that at this time, also, Titian painted Laura "nuda e vestita." Other historic details help to further strengthen Signor Palmarini's argument. An existing letter of Titian's of the year 1517 tells of a commission given him to paint a *vasca*, or basin, which was of great interest to Duke Alfonso. A year later the Duke asked him for the design of a painting whose subject was to be supplied by the poet Ariosto. At the Ferarra court Titian had been brought into intimate relations with Ariosto, and Ridolfi records in his 'Meraviglie dell' Arte' that the poet often visited the painter's studio, watching him compose pictures from subjects taken from Ariosto's own poem, the 'Orlando Furioso.' "For," as Ridolfi said, "painting performs the service of mute poetry, and poetry that of speaking painting." Another letter of Titian's, written on the first of April, 1518, speaks of the great diligence and study which he was devoting to a picture whose inspiration had come from the Duke, while only the "corpo" (the body of the picture in distinction from its soul) was to be executed by the painter. Three weeks later, on the twenty-second of April, Tebaldi, the Duke's representative in his transactions with the painter, wrote to Alfonso that he had entirely explained to Titian everything connected with the picture for the Duke, and had given him the paper on which the *figurina* was sketched.

Given these historic data, together with the coincidence of time, the resemblance to Laura's portrait in the Louvre, and the record of another picture of Laura, it seems not unreasonable to follow Signor Palmarini's conclusion that in the figures in the Borghese picture we have two perhaps somewhat idealized representations of Laura Dianti. The commission, then, came from the Duke Alfonso, the inspiration from Ariosto, and the model was found in Laura Dianti, who about this time, certainly very soon after the death of Lucrezia Borgia in 1519, became Alfonso's bride.

Ariosto, in his 'Orlando Furioso,' had told of Rinaldo dismounting from his horse in

a forest beflowered with red and green and yellow, where he came upon two fountains, one of which "filled the heart of him who drank of it with the longing for love; while the other banished all love from the heart and turned into ice the first burning desire." From these two fountains Ariosto's lovers, Rinaldo and Angelica, drank, experiencing in their own hearts the burning and the chilling effects of the two draughts. Ariosto had found his inspiration for the incident of the fountain in the forest of Arden in the 'Orlando Innamorato' of Bojardo, and to this poem Titian turned for further details. Bojardo introduced Rinaldo into a

"shady forest of trees, which has in its midst a stream of clear water. Near by he found a fountain, never fashioned by human hands—a fountain of pure and polished alabaster, elaborately carved. Round about were the flowers of spring; the beech, the pine, and the green olive cast their shade over the waters. This was the fountain of love, which sets on fire whoever tastes of it."

This description of Bojardo fits Titian's picture as closely as many of Politian's verses fit the paintings of Botticelli. In the same way, in these two different periods, pictures and poems were composed for the same patrons and inspired by the same scenes.

Signor Palmarini continues his examination of the picture in detail, finding much in the accessories to strengthen his theory:

"Here we find butterflies, the symbol of love; hares, the symbol of wantonness; a shepherd and shepherdess embracing; the little god in the act of bathing his arrow in the fated water. In those days, no painting, even though it were allegorical, was complete without a human figure. At the fountain in Arden there must be an Angelica. Hence, naturally, arose the thought of placing there Laura—cold and shy before she drank the dangerous water of love—so cold as to have brought with her her brazier; then, having drunk of the water, fired with love, throwing aside her garments, she lifts up to Venus the flame of love. To emphasize this thought, the painter has placed beside the undraped figure a metal bowl, in which we can see a little of the charmed liquid.

"To make more clear these two phases of the same doubly revealed personality—her indifference before drinking, her inflamed desire afterwards—we see on the left, back of the draped figure, a tranquil landscape, the two hares indifferent, peaceful, fearlessly nestling against each other; while on the right, after love has driven them forth from their quiet and shady retreat, they are chased by dogs and hunters. On the right the shepherd and shepherdess are seen in lovers' attitude, and two butterflies pursue each other. Even in the carving on the front of the fountain the painter has wished to signify the erotic nature of the waters. On the left we see the little love-god, drawing a youth on to a barebacked horse, the symbol of lucky fate. On the right a man lashes Cupid, as though in revenge for the flame which burns him. Adam and Eve, the first victims of love, witness the scene."

To some of us the symbolism may seem a little hard pressed by Signor Palmarini; but his theory is certainly an ingenious one and, to all appearances, sufficiently well supported by contemporary data and internal evidence. But many of us have come to look upon the paintings of the Venetians who fell under the spell of Giorgione as poetic idyls, vaguely inspired, perhaps, by some classic legend or contemporary poem, and turned in one direction or another according to the fancy of the patron or the mood of the painter. Whether the picture represent Earthly and Heavenly Love, Artless and Sated Love, Venus and Medea, or Laura Dianti at the fountain of love in the forest of Arden, matters little. Love is the subject of the picture; love and its effect as shown in the human face and in the natural world. No contradiction of interpretations can rob us of this conviction or of our intense pleasure in the picture. To this painting—to many of us the very flower of Renaissance art—we may perhaps wisely apply the words of Rossetti in his sonnet on Giorgione's "Fête Champêtre" in the Louvre:

> "Nor name this ever. Be it as it was,
> Life touching lips with Immortality."

TERESINA PECK.

DIRECTOR RICCI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "S. K.'s" praises, in your issue of October 1, of Dr. Ricci's recent rehanging of the Brera are far from exaggerated, and your readers will be glad to learn that this most competent of Italian gallery directors has just been appointed to the Uffizi, the finest post in his country. As Dr. Ricci, for many reasons that do him credit, is no favorite at Rome, his promotion is a great triumph for honest and able administration.

Truly yours, B. BERENSON.

October 10, 1903.

Notes.

Among Charles Scribner's Sons' fall publications may be first mentioned some popular editions of costly works, as Michel's 'Rembrandt,' Opdycke's translation of Castiglione's 'Book of the Courtier,' Brown's Life of John Addington Symonds, and Longfellow's 'Cyclopædia of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant.' Other announcements are Senator Hoar's 'Autobiography of Seventy Years,' in two volumes; 'Reminiscences of the Civil War,' by Gen. John B. Gordon; 'The American Natural History: A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of North America,' by William T. Hornaday; 'Freedom and Responsibility,' by Arthur Twining Hadley; 'The Makers of Hellas: A Critical Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Ancient Greece,' by E. E. G.; 'Central Asia and Tibet,' by Sven Hedin; an extra volume of Hastings's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' with collateral articles and indexes; 'A Literary History of Scotland,' by J. H. Millar; 'The Renaissance in England: Six Englishmen of the 16th Century,' Mr. Sidney Lee's American university lectures; 'Old London Silver: Its History, its Marks, and its Makers,' by Montague Howard; 'Colonel Carter's Christmas,' by F. Hopkinson Smith; Poems by Josephine Daskam; 'A Nonsense Anthology,' by Carolyn Wells; 'The Celestial Circus,' by Oliver Herford; 'The Weaker Sex,' cartoons by Charles Dana Gibson; and 'John S. Sargent,' sixty reproductions in photogravure after this artist, with a critical introduction from the pen of Mrs. Alice Meynell.

'Warwick Castle and its Earls, from Saxon Times to the Present Day,' by the Countess of Warwick; 'Shakspere's Homeland,' sketches of Stratford-upon-Avon, the Forest of Arden, and the Avon Valley, by W. Salt Blessington; and 'Note-Book of an Adopted Mother,' by Eleanor Davids, will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co.'s new "Contemporary Men of Letters Series" will lead off with 'Bret Harte,' by H. W. Boynton, and 'Walter Pater,' by Ferris Greenslet. We are to have, besides, 'The Musical Guide,' a dictionary, by Rupert Hughes; and 'The Home,' by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Brentano's will issue 'The Art of Heraldry: An Encyclopædia of Armory,' by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies.

'Talks to Students on the Art of Study,' by Frank Cramer, and 'The Modern Speech New Testament,' by Richard Francis Weymouth, will be brought out directly by the Baker & Taylor Company.

Fleming H. Revell Company will market in this country the Puritan edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with thirty-one illustrations by Harold Copping.

'Our Friend the Horse,' a manual by Frank Townsend Barton, will soon be brought out by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Grafton Press announces 'Waes Hael,' being a collection of toasts by Edithe Lea Chase and Capt. W. E. T. French, U. S. A.; 'Months and Moods,' a fifteen-year calendar,' by Edward Curtis; and 'Our Political Degradation,' by Rush C. Hawkins.

A posthumous work by the late eminent engineer, George S. Morison, 'The New Epoch as Developed by the Manufacture of Power,' will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde) have nearly ready 'The Origin and Growth of the English Colonies and of their System of Government,' by H. E. Egerton.

Six years before his death, Leo XIII. appointed Count Soderini to prepare a documentary history of his pontificate. Unrestricted access to the material in the several archives of the Vatican has been granted to the Count, who announces that the work will be ready for publication some time in 1904. It will appear simultaneously in Italian, English, French, and German versions.

The *Neues Tageblatt* of Vienna reports that the Austrian Academy of Sciences has voted the sum of 4,000 florins to Dr. Rudolf Walker, a privat-docent in the University and one of the librarians, for the purpose of preparing a new edition of the letters of Æneas Sylvius. The editor has been engaged on this work since 1899, having made several journeys to Italian libraries, during which he found a large number of hitherto unknown letters of the great humanist. This is to be a thoroughly critical and complete edition in four volumes, and will appear on the fifth centennial of the birth of Æneas Sylvius, October 18, 1905.

Two critical editions of Goethe are being published in Germany at present, one, a jubilee edition of the house of Cotta, to be completed in fifty volumes; the other, an edition in thirty volumes issued by the Bibliographical Institute of Leipzig. Together they contain the results of all the Goethe researches in recent decades. Rather singularly, 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' has been issued simultaneously in each series, both from the pens of recognized specialists; Alfred Dove being the editor of the Cotta volume (the 28th). In general, the literary and historical introductions and notes

of the Leipzig edition are more purely objective than those issued by the rival house, but both represent the finest Goethe scholarship of the day.

Black's guide-books to the British Isles are famous. The firm's latest publication, 'What to See in England,' by Gordon Home (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan), is an attractive and handy volume. It will appeal peculiarly to the American tourist on a literary or antiquarian pilgrimage. London is the starting-point of all the expeditions; a sketch map shows the twenty-nine more important railway stations by which one can leave that city. The book is especially adapted for the visitor who should find himself doomed to spend a Sunday in London during July or August, the most lugubrious experience of all that the tourist must encounter; Mr. Home's week-end trips will open up many avenues of escape. His plan is to devote two pages to each place of interest; that on the left giving useful information about railway fares and points of departure, with a brief historical description, while the right-hand page is a photograph or sketch. About 150 castles, villages, ruins, and seaports are thus dealt with, the trips beginning with a half hour's run to Harrow, and lengthening by degrees till one is tempted as far as the Border. The illustrations are partly photographs, partly Mr. Home's sketches, and are well reproduced.

From Charles Scribner's Sons we have received the eighth edition of Baedeker's 'Norway, Sweden and Denmark,' and the twentieth of his 'Switzerland,' a proportionate popularity which speaks well for the more Northern playground of Europe.

The same firm sends us a handsome new edition of Henry Van Dyke's 'Little Rivers,' with eight fantastic tinted designs by F. V. Du Mond, of which the last is far and away the best, representing with much imaginative and decorate force the transformation of a dryad into a white birch. Messrs. Scribner have just added to the well-known "Outward Bound" edition of Kipling's Works the 'Just So Stories' and his new volume of poems, 'The Five Nations,' whose contents we have yet to review. In connection with George Newnes, London, they add to the Caxton handy and ornamented series of thin-paper reprints the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, Charles Whitehead's romance, 'Richard Savage,' and Leigh Hunt's 'Dante's Divine Comedy: The Book and its Story,' and to the smaller "Pocket Classics" the Duchess of Newcastle's 'The Cavalier in Exile.' In connection with Chapman & Hall they continue the Edinburgh edition of Carlyle's writings with his 'Wilhelm Meister' translation—three volumes in one, and compact indeed.

The method of Mr. Clifton Johnson's 'Land of Heather' (Macmillan) is much that of his former books. He wanders through the country, living as far as possible with the humbler people, and fixes with pen and camera all he sees and hears. His style is a very simple one, except when he essays a bit of picturesque history; it is full of the most elaborate details, and descends not unfrequently to a Wordsworthian plainness. Yet it would give a pleasing sense of secure accuracy were there not here and there little slips which show defective observation, and a tendency toward over great trust in what the traveller is told. Thus, for example, he has never apparently noticed white heather (p. xi). "Every Scot wears his 'bonnet' in his own house," he tells us on page 26; the fact being that a pious, old-fashioned Scot will eat bareheaded even in the open air. The Scotch teinds, again, are not a tax, even indirect. The last point is illuminative on Mr. Johnson's sources; they were evidently strongly Free Kirk. So, too, as to his information on the bibulous habits of the clergy of the Established Church (p. 235 f.); it, in truth, is "a little surprising, to say the least." After this to learn that the minister "reads the marriage service" (p. 84), and that the people of Galloway are close kin to the Irish (p. 250), does not matter much. The pity is that Mr. Johnson has really a very pretty gift for simple, natural description of the life of the people, and can touch it with sympathy and humor of a quiet type. With greater patience and care and less credulity he could have written a far better book.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan adds to the list of his numerous publications a first volume entitled 'Types of Canadian Women' (Toronto: William Briggs). This work, which embraces more than three hundred and fifty biographical sketches, is profusely illustrated, and contains notices of many ladies, such as Dorothy Dix, who have been but remotely connected with Canada. Whether it is desirable to publish such books at all must remain a matter of taste. This much at least can be said in Mr. Morgan's favor, that he has a wide acquaintance with Canadian biography, and that he has selected his "types" in a spirit of candor. On the other hand, the language of his biographical notes is rather turgid, and at times his copious quotations from the newspapers seem almost ludicrous. The illustrations are taken in the main from photographs, and have been clearly reproduced. The most cursory examination of this book shows that it belongs in the literature of gossip; but Mr. Morgan's gossip is not ill-natured, and his portraits, with their text, will probably possess some interest for those who have a personal knowledge of Canadian life.

'Stuart Tracts,' edited by Mr. C. H. Firth (E. P. Dutton & Co.), consists of tracts already printed in Arber's 'English Garner.' The value of it lies in its cheapness, and in the comments that Mr. Firth passes upon the several tracts. Of the sixteen texts here reprinted, the longest and also the most important is the 'Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere.' This celebrated English general, the elder of the "Fighting Veres," whom Mr. Julian Corbett has recently called "the greatest of the Elizabethan soldiers," served chiefly in the Low Countries, but also took part in the capture of Cadiz and the expedition to the Azores. Though by no means unmindful of his own reputation, he gives technical descriptions of strategic operations in an impersonal way; and even when describing the battle of Nieuport, where he won a great personal triumph, his object, as Mr. Firth says, is "to state a military problem and to show how it was solved." Other famous tracts in this volume are Carey's 'Account of the Death of Queen Elizabeth,' Overbury's 'Observations,' Peeke's 'Three to One,' Morgan's 'Progress in France and Flanders,' and Pitman's 'Great Sufferings.'

The attention of our readers was called to the two first volumes of 'Allchin's System of Medicine' (Macmillan). Volumes iii. and iv., treating respectively of the nervous system and of various important subjects falling under the head of internal medicine, make an equally favorable impression with their predecessors. In all composite text-books there are inequalities and gaps, and all short text-books are bound to be a little dry. Nevertheless, the views given in these essays represent the best English thought, and are bound to be of value to the students in our schools. The introductory chapters in volume iii. on the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system are remarkably fine.

The German marine year-book 'Nauticus,' for 1903, gives an account of the progress made in China in the publishing of newspapers. Until a few years ago barely half-a-dozen important newspapers were issued in the Chinese language. To-day every large city, however remote, has its journals. These usually contain—besides the imperial edicts—extracts from the Pekin periodicals, editorial articles, and a special section devoted to European and American affairs and affording much enlightenment regarding foreigners and their ways. There is even a daily illustrated paper for children, which, reformers hope, will prove an ally to their cause. Nor do the conservatives any longer tabu the press. Even in the city of Hunan, where, shortly before the recent war, an edict was issued against the sale or reading of any periodical literature, there is now printed an excellent daily paper in behalf of the mandarin cause. The Empress is said to devote part of her time daily to hearing Prince P'u-lun read to her the most important newspapers of Pekin, Tientsin, and Shanghai.

The Society of the Red Cross in Japan, which publishes its literature in French, besides furnishing a well-illustrated pamphlet of 150 pages, with a map of its stations, diagrams of the two hospital ships *Saviour* and *Mercy*, and a report of its work in time of war (China, 1894-'95 and 1900) and peace, has issued an illuminated broadside showing its various medals and insignia. One of these latter commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Society, which, both financially and socially, is one of the most flourishing in the empire. The latest pamphlet, of ninety pages, covers the work of 1901 and 1902, and with it is a smaller one containing the Articles of Association in English. Flood, fire, inundation, the breaking of dykes (in which Japan is very much like Holland), the destruction wrought by volcanoes and earthquakes in the islands of the empire, give abundant work to the Society. Incidentally this literature is a sure sign of the quiet but real revolution already wrought in the manner of dispensing public succor. It reveals a transfer of function from what was once paternal and despotic to that which is private and voluntary, thus acting powerfully as a means of national education.

The Asiatic Society of Korea sends forth Volume II., Part I., of its Transactions (New York: G. E. Stechert). Dr. H. T. Jones furnishes a long-needed paper, which sheds vast light on the hitherto dark literary history of the peninsula, and reveals a shining link between the culture of China and early Japan. For 500 years past, the dominant literary force in Korea has been Confucianist in its philosophy and teachings. Such literary activity as thus pre-

vailed has been influenced and controlled by the sages of China. Enjoying royal patronage, a school of numerous and industrious writers has been able to exclude all rival or heretical competitors and to mould to their own standards the literature of the Korean people. The founder of this school was Choe Chi-wun, born A. D. 859, in the old kingdom of Shinra, or Silla. After absorbing as much of the rising Confucian cult as was accessible at his own home, he went to China and spent many years at Singan in Shen-si, the capital of China during the Tang dynasty, and the most interesting city, historically, in China. Serving both as soldier and scholar, Choe returned to Korea in 886 with high purposes and plans. After serving in public office, he became a recluse, and is popularly believed to have been a daily companion of the mountain gods. From Maurice Courant's monumental work, 'Bibliographie Coréenne,' Dr. Jones reprints the notes on Choe Chi-wun, which the *Korea Review* reinforces. Choe was canonized in 1020, and, in all, sixteen Koreans have in line with him received literary and orthodox canonization. These all helped to make Korea Confucian. The supremacy of Confucianism as a school in Korea dates from the founding of the present dynasty A. D. 1392.

A veritable numismatic storehouse has recently been unearthed in the old city of Oreos on the island of Eubœa. The treasure consisted of more than a thousand specimens, mostly silver coins, and among them a number of *unica*. The dates varied from the time of Alexander the Great to the second century before Christ. The bulk of this find has been deposited in the numismatic collection at Athens.

—It is possible that some of our readers may be old enough to remember when 'The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' in Ackermann's edition, was a favorite boy's book. Of this now almost forgotten work, Messrs. Appleton have brought out a new edition with reproductions of the famous colored illustrations by Rowlandson. In point of fact, the book was written for the illustrations. Thomas Rowlandson, one of the cleverest of English humorous designers, who, in addition to original genius, had enjoyed the advantages of a thorough artistic training in both London and Paris, had offered the publishers of *Ackermann's Repository* (the leading art journal in London at the beginning of the last century) a series of comic drawings representing the adventures of a travelling schoolmaster, and they engaged William Combe to write a poem to bring them in. This Combe was a sort of respectable literary free lance, who had had a very checkered career. He was born in 1741, studied at Oxford, and then plunged into fashionable society in London, where he shone for a while as a leader of the *beau monde*. His fortune squandered, he lived what in the seventeenth century was called a "skeldering" life, now a private soldier, now a waiter, and even a cook—at least, so it is said. Then he turned his hand to literature, to which he stuck for the rest of his long life. He was almost always in debt, and not seldom in a debtors' prison—in fact, he wrote his 'Dr. Syntax' in the rules of the King's Bench. He was a prolific writer, and no less than eighty-four works of his are known—probably not all, as he never wrote under his own name. If Combe had no very great talent, he had vivacity and fluency, and it may be said to his credit that both his life and his writings were free from any taint of immorality or even of coarseness. He was sixty-eight years old when he wrote 'Dr. Syntax,' his most popular work, and eighty when he wrote his last book, 'Johnny Quæ Genus' (also republished by the Appletons). These books were well worth republishing, if not because they amused our grandfathers, at least for the clever illustrations.

—Little need be added to the simple announcement of a new, two-volume edition of Yule's 'Marco Polo' (Charles Scribner's Sons). Always a book unique in its class, perfect in its method, exhaustive in its details, nearly thirty years have passed since its last (the second) edition appeared, and it has been long practically unattainable. Now, even after these thirty years and all the wealth of exploration and study that have gone into them, the corrections by the editor, M. Henri Cordier, professor of Chinese history in the École des Langues Orientales Vivantes and a distinguished Marco-Poloist, are almost *nil;* and his additions, while often rich and full, are additions strictly, and show how securely and with what prescience Sir Henry Yule planned his great work. There are few books in a growing subject, thirty years old, which could stand this test. M. Cordier, too, is to be congratulated on the exemplary diligence, discretion, and devotion which he has shown. His personality is carefully repressed, and his additions exactly indicated. Among these, besides a multitude of little notes scattered throughout the volumes, are an appendix of lengthier notes, many additional maps and illustrations, an elaborate bibliography of Marco Polo's book, and a bibliography of Sir Henry Yule's own writings. To the whole is prefixed a memoir of Sir Henry Yule by his daughter. And now it is for the libraries, to so many of which this work has hitherto been inaccessible, to add it to their treasures.

—Two sumptuous volumes of no little biographical interest have just been put forth for private circulation by his Majesty's printers, Eyre & Spottiswoode. The first of these and 100 pages of the second contain the memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering, while the main part of the second volume contains extracts from the now perishing record left by her father, John Spencer Stanhope, of his travels on the Continent and his imprisonment under Napoleon. The late Mrs. Pickering lived to be almost eighty years old, and died at the end of 1901. During the last two years of her life, while battling against infirmities, she wrote down for her children, partly in full and partly as disjointed memoranda, these memoirs of her long life. As to her father's account of his travels and imprisonment, it was not published with the result of his researches in Greece, although written out at his dictation in five or six volumes of MS., partly by his wife, and partly by his daughter. "I well remember," says Mrs. Pickering, "the interest which they roused in me at the time, and, having recently obtained an opportunity of reperusing them, I found this interest revived to such an extent that I decided to make copious extracts from them, and to partially save them if possible from the fate which is rapidly overtaking them through the fading of the ink as the years roll on." This resolve Mrs. Pickering carried out by excerpting from one-third to one-half of the whole—all that concerns her father's experiences in Spain and in France; and these excerpts are printed at the end of her own memoirs. Taken in connection with the uniformly entertaining reminiscences of him, and the many delightful letters from him (more especially those to his mother) which abound in Mrs. Pickering's record of her own life, these extracts from Mr. Spencer Stanhope's journals form a tolerably complete biography, not less interesting because it is informally presented instead of being drawn out into the conventional two volumes, and is interwoven with the life experiences of his daughter.

—The name of the author, John Willis Clark, vouches for the accuracy and competence of the text of 'Cambridge: A Concise Guide to the Town and University, in an Introduction and Four Walks'; and the publishers (Macmillan & Bowes of Cambridge) are to be congratulated on its excellent form. Compactness, combined with legibility, and a sufficiency of illustrations adapted to the proper elucidation of the text characterize this little volume, which, though less than five by seven inches, and not a quarter of an inch thick, including the neat and serviceable flexible cloth binding, contains 200 pages of text matter, with index, a useful map, and seventy-six illustrations, besides a portrait of the genial author. The type is large and clear, and the printing, although not up to the very best examples of India-paper impressions, has been well managed, notwithstanding the great thinness of the paper. No one visiting the beautiful university town can afford to be without this useful little companion, nor with its help could fail to come away with clearer impressions and greatly more detailed and accurate knowledge of the things seen. With its authoritative authorship and satisfactory make-up, it is a good example of the ideal guide-book, such as it is to be hoped will ultimately supplant the present forms of travellers' companions. The price should also be noticed because of its reasonableness.

—The present social conditions of the Jews in Germany are interestingly revealed in Conrad's 'Jahrbücher für Nationalöconomie und Statistik.' Of the 7,500,000 Hebrews in the world, Germany shelters 570,000. They are not gaining on the Christians, as is commonly supposed, but actually constituted in 1900 only 11.4 per 1,000, as against 13.3 per thousand in 1880, of the total population. The percentage of births has suffered a startling diminution; in the period 1820-1866 the number of births to every thousand Jews was 37.70; in 1878-'82 it still was 30.32; whereas in 1893-'97 it fell to 22.5, as against 38.15 among the Christians in this last period. The *Frankfurter-Zeitung* is inclined to attribute this to the Malthusian tendencies of growing prosperity. Jewish families of twelve or fifteen, such as were numerous half a century ago, have practically disappeared; the average number of children per Jewish marriage, in the period 1895-'99, was only 2.98, as against 4.21 among the Christians in

the same period. There is also an increasing tendency to mixed marriages, in which the Jewish element is usually absorbed by the Christian. In 1895, only 24.47 per cent. of the children of mixed marriages were Jewish, and nearly all the children of such mixed couples marry Christians. In the matter of divorces there is no increase because of mixed marriages; and the doctrine that such marriages normally result in smaller families and a less robust progeny is not borne out by the figures. As regards employment, 54.56 of the German Jews follow commercial pursuits, as against only 0.04 per cent. in agriculture. Of the women and girls, 21.97 earned their own living in 1895, as against 15.94 per cent. in 1882. The vast majority of all Jews live in cities. Berlin has 92,206, as against only 18,859 in 1861. Frankfort, Posen, Mannheim, and Breslau exceed Berlin in the proportion of Hebrews in the population. Of Jewish children, 41.34 per cent. take high-school courses, while in Prussian universities they constitute 9.32 per cent. of the students. Criminologically considered, murder is committed by Jews with remarkable infrequency; most of the crimes committed by them grow out of commercial conditions.

—It is well to be reminded occasionally how essentially modern is the recognition of freedom of conscience, if only to put us on our guard against a recrudescence of the persecuting spirit which is slumbering rather than dead. A valuable study in this direction is afforded by the latest work of M. Eugène Hubert, the indefatigable professor of history in the University of Liège, entitled 'Le Protestantisme à Tournai pendant le XVIIIe Siècle.' Based upon minute researches in the archives, it shows how the little Protestant communities which survived in Austrian Flanders were gradually extinguished, and how the Edict of Toleration of the enlightened Joseph II., in 1781, was rendered nugatory by the local authorities and the fanaticism of the Catholic population. At Tournai, where a little Calvinist community preserved its existence through the presence of a Dutch garrison under the Barrier Treaty, it virtually disappeared when that treaty was annulled. The Government of the United Provinces did what it could by threatening reprisals on the Catholics of Holland, but this was often insufficient. The account of the Tournai congregation is supplemented by an interesting sketch of the little Protestant community of Rongy, which had managed to survive the horrors of the Tribunal of Blood, but which was subject to incessant petty persecutions. It seems strange to read that it was deprived of the poor privilege of a cemetery in which to bury its dead, who had to be interred in the gardens of the houses; and when a small corner of the public burying-ground was set apart for them, a corpse was dug up and cast out. The pastor who came occasionally to perform the duties of marrying, baptizing, and administering communion was obliged to do so furtively to escape ill-usage, and when a license was obtained from the Emperor to erect a small building for worship it was prevented on the most frivolous pretexts—one of them being that the singing would disturb the rites in the Catholic church, although they were sixteen hundred feet apart. In spite of all this, the little group of worshippers remained faithful, although it was deprived of a pastor from 1802 to 1817. M. Hubert's statements are substantiated by a wealth of documentary material gathered from all accessible sources, and although they may be considered primarily as a contribution to local history, they have a wide-extended application.

NAPOLEON'S RULE IN GERMANY.

Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship: Germany. By Herbert A. L. Fisher, M. A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. New York: Henry Frowde. 1903.

It may be thought in some quarters that Mr. Fisher is guilty of an improper eclecticism when he passes from the Mediæval Empire to the era of Napoleon. The mediævalists, at least, always look askance at one who, having entered their field, is decoyed from it by the allurement of recent events. But whether or not Mr. Fisher would have done better to confine his attention to a restricted portion of the Middle Ages, it certainly seems to us that this book is more mature and more thorough than its predecessor. While 'The Mediæval Empire' was recommended by gifts of style and by its treatment of the imperial administration in Germany, the portion of the work which dealt with Italy was comparatively thin. The present study of Napoleonic administration draws its data from a wider range of material, and, from the nature of the case, admits of more incisive treatment. In the preface the author says: "I have begun with a volume upon Germany, in the hope that I may be encouraged to complete the work at some future date by further studies of Napoleonic statesmanship in France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium." So far as encouragement can be given from without, Mr. Fisher deserves well at the hands of the reviewers.

Rome has a church for every day in the year, and Germany, on the eve of the French Revolution, possessed an equal number of political jurisdictions. It is an historical commonplace that Napoleon, by his wars and his reallotment of territory, reduced the petty states to a more reasonable figure, but none the less the Confederacy which emerged from the campaigns of the Empire embraced thirty-nine members. Making all possible allowance for consolidation, there is still room enough for complexity and confusion to arise in a modern account of Napoleon's German policy. At first glance the most interesting period appears to be that which lies between the battle of Austerlitz and the peace of Tilsit, embracing as it does the formation of the Rheinbund, the overthrow of Prussia, the creation of the Grand Duchy of Berg, and the establishment of the Kingdom of Westphalia. These are all outstanding events, and Mr. Fisher gives them the prominence which is their due; but he also finds space for special chapters on Napoleon's attitude towards Germany during the Directory and Consulate, on Hanover, the Grand Duchy of Frankfort, the Hanseatic Towns, and the Rhine Departments. As for Austria, Mr. Fisher points out that Napoleon eliminated her from Germany as early as 1806, leaving that distracted and disorganized country divided between Frederick William of Prussia and himself. Thus a few main threads are kept in hand and the narrative is preserved from congestion of facts.

The clue to Napoleon's policy towards Germany is to be found in his dictum that every state is a political creation. This conception had virtually prevailed during the last days of the old régime. Not only had the partition of Poland shown how states can be dismembered by politics, but the general traffic of the diplomatists in souls and square miles gave wide currency to the same idea. This notion, so opposed to the political tendencies of the nineteenth century in its middle years, Napoleon developed to its legitimate conclusion during the War of the Third Coalition, when allies and governments alike succumbed beneath the hammer of his attack. To give Murat a grand duchy after Austerlitz or Jerome a throne after Tilsit, was equally advisable and natural. The Germans, in Napoleon's conception, were a tame and stupid people, who admired royalty as much as they lacked imagination and decision. What they needed at Düsseldorf and Cassel was a court, whether French or German it mattered little. The appointment of natives to subordinate places in the civil service was considered a sufficient sop to local prejudice. Such a state of mind will account for any number of geographical antics. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the Napoleonic states had one stronger basis than could be afforded either by a great victory or the political inexperience of the Germans. Wherever the tricolor flew, there was established the Code, and the Code offered appreciable compensation for levies and cantonments.

One of the leading facts which Mr. Fisher enforces and illustrates is that of Napoleon's alliance with the German princes rather than with the peasants. In France, under both the First and Second Empires, the case was otherwise. There Cæsarism rested on confiscated lands, peasant proprietorship, and those agrarian measures of the Constituent which Napoleon had hastened to sanction. Why did he not follow the same policy in Germany, having tested its advantages at home? Certainly it was not from failure to consider the chances of success, for such a line of action was obvious, and Bacher, an envoy of wide experience in German affairs, actually wrote to the French Foreign Office: "The Confederation of the Rhine will never be consolidated until the majority of the inhabitants of each of the Confederate States have acquired Church property and national domains, or have redeemed their real and personal servitudes at a low price, as well as the greater part of their feudal and seigneurial dues." According to Mr. Fisher's view, Napoleon did not commit himself to the maintenance of French institutions in Germany, and preferred to act through the popularity which the reigning families possessed. The policy of making over confiscated lands to the masses was not free from danger:

"It might," says Mr. Fisher, "have alienated the princes and failed to win the peasants. The authority of Napoleon in Germany therefore depended not upon the interested support of the populace, but upon personal prestige, the force of arms, and the alliance of the ruling dynasties. The clergy who had been secularized, the sovereigns who had been mediatized, the nobles who had lost or feared to lose dues and services, were the natural foes of the new order. Only the princes had been un-

questioned gainers, and their gains were solid and permanent. At the expense of ignominy, they had purchased power. But the alliance of Napoleon with the princes, though admirably adapted for its immediate purpose, the control of the military forces of Germany, was directly opposed to the cause of liberty, and to all the feelings and tendencies which the French Revolution had encouraged in the thinking class."

Readers of this volume are almost certain to be impressed by the characterization of individuals which it contains, and by the cleverness of its incidental references to German society during the Napoleonic era. We shall not, however, attempt to criticise Mr. Fisher's estimate of politicians or to follow his account of Napoleon's government in states that were directly ruled by members of the Bonapartist dynasty. There are two subjects which seem even more important—the creation of the Rheinbund, and French administration of the Rhine departments. The Confederation of the Rhine represents one of Napoleon's most striking experiments in politics; and it was along the Rhine itself that Germany was most deeply affected by French influence during the Revolution and the Empire. Considered from the purely German standpoint, or perhaps from the standpoint of contemporary politics, the effect of the Napoleonic wars on Prussia (embracing, as it does, the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg) is of more consequence; but Mr. Fisher starts out from Gladstone's statement that Napoleon was the greatest administrator in history, and therefore we shall do best if we select topics which most clearly disclose the Napoleonic hand.

The lack of harmony that frequently existed between the Emperor's profession and intent is well illustrated by the diplomacy of 1805. If we compare his statements regarding Germany in the early part of that year with the text of the Peace of Pressburg, we shall see that he entered the War of the Third Coalition as the defender of the imperial institution against the unscrupulous ambition of Austria, and then followed up the battle of Austerlitz by destroying the Empire altogether. Naturally, the German princes were not in a position to know when Napoleon crossed the Rhine what he would do with Austria after he had overwhelmed her, but few could have trusted his professions of fidelity to the old Germanic body.

It was a strange if not a ridiculous situation. Take, for example, the position of Maximilian Joseph, the Elector of Bavaria. Napoleon offers him as a husband for his eldest daughter, Augusta, Josephine's son, the Prince Eugene. The elector is well disposed towards France and so is his minister, Montgelas. The electress, on the other hand, is bound by the closest family ties to Russia and Sweden, hates Napoleon fiercely, and looks to Austria for the protection of the Bavarian frontiers. On September 6, 1805, Austria gave the Elector the choice of joining her or being treated as an enemy. On the 8th he was directed by Otto, the French Ambassador, to leave Munich at once and place himself under Napoleon's protection. The Austrian mandate was unsupported by a show of force. The command of Otto had behind it the divisions of Bernadotte and Marmont. Bavaria, at least, did not throw in her lot with France because the Elector was deceived by fair words about the preservation of the Empire. There was no more escape for Maximilian Joseph than for the Elector of Baden, who bound himself by the treaty of Ettlingen to supply the Grand Army with 3,000 men. Frederick II. of Würtemberg entered the war with considerable zeal, entertained Napoleon at Pforzheim, and conducted a burlesque correspondence with the Emperor during the weeks just preceding Austerlitz—a correspondence in which the writers unite to style the Ratisbon Diet *une misérable singerie*. Singularly enough, the Diet itself did not denounce the French invasion.

"Posts placed round the city of Ratisbon proclaimed the neutrality of the territory in Latin and French inscriptions. The Diet declared itself neutral, it declined to mention the Empire of Germany, it received bulletins from the French camp announcing 'the prodigies which have avenged the Germanic Empire for the invasion of one of its principal members,' it refused to entertain the complaints of the Imperial Knights whom the Princes of South Germany and the allies of Napoleon were now vigorously plundering of their rights."

After Austerlitz a difference of opinion arose between Napoleon and Talleyrand concerning the treatment which Austria should receive. Talleyrand looked back with favor to the time of the Seven Years' War, when France and Austria were allied against England and Prussia. He admitted that the Hapsburgs must lose their Swabian possessions, but he was willing to indemnify them with territory taken from Turkey, and he also advocated the complete separation of Italy from France. The eventual result of this plan would be to make Austria and Russia rivals in the Balkans, to encourage the Asiatic expansion of Russia, and to bring about a collision between Russia and England in the Far East. Such in its salient features was the scheme of Talleyrand. Napoleon rejected it because he thought that a connection with Austria would be less serviceable than one with Prussia, and because he shrank from pushing Russia to the wall by offering Wallachia and Moldavia to Austria. But though the Emperor was unwilling to accept the counsel of his minister, he hesitated a great deal before he shaped the Confederation of the Rhine. "His restless mind," says Mr. Fisher, "was the despair of his subordinates." During the spring of 1806, "scheme after scheme was devised, corrected, torn up, and thrown into the fire." By the end of April Napoleon had decided to compress Germany into eight states, of which four should be under French control.

"A month later the destruction of the Empire is a settled thing. 'There will be no more Diet at Ratisbon since Ratisbon will belong to the Empire.' All kinds of unexpected side-winds came to perplex the current. At one time the Emperor took it into his head that the Prussian alliance would never be very useful, since Prussia could never command the Sound. That being so, why should not Hanover be restored to England, and Prussia compensated in Central Germany? Then, granted that the Empire was to be dissolved and a new Confederation founded in its place, who were to be the members of the new body?"

Three things the genesis of the Rheinbund shows. Firstly, Napoleon's absolute control of the situation in western Germany; secondly, his invention of a hundred plans for turning Austerlitz to the best account; and, thirdly, his belief in the idea that every state is a political creation.

If Napoleon's administration of Berg and Westphalia became burdensome and finally oppressive, better things can be said of his rule in the German-speaking districts which France had seized in her advance to the Rhine. These four departments (Roer, Rhin-et-Moselle, Sarre, and Mont Tonnerre) comprised regions that had been precious in the eyes of France ever since the days of Richelieu, if not since the reign of Henry II. The early Revolution had realized the unfulfilled ambitions of Louis XIV., and it remained for Napoleon to render the new departments an integral part of France. Prior to September, 1802, when these conquered provinces escaped from a provisional administration, their lot under French Government had been a hard one. The armies of the Convention and the Directory had levied cash contributions to the amount of 150,000,000 francs. Public works were suffered to fall into disrepair; charitable institutions were spared no more than the treasuries of the ecclesiastical electors. For a moment in 1797 Hoche had attempted to initiate reforms, but his sudden death restored the evil régime which had preceded him; and though Rudler did something for the conquered territory besides dividing it into departments, the left bank of the Rhine was suffering from tyranny and chaos when the 18th Brumaire gave it a new master.

With the establishment of the Consulate, the French Rhineland received a better and easier government than it had yet known, nor were the military necessities of the Empire permitted to press heavily upon it. The use of French was encouraged, but not enforced by vexatious laws. For the first time the region was well policed. Special legislation protected the peasantry from the rapacious exactions of Jewish usurers. The Concordat went far toward healing the differences which had arisen from the animosity of the Revolution toward the Church. "It was here," says Mr. Fisher, "that the system of the Empire was seen at its best, repairing material waste, obliterating senseless divisions, driving into a torpid populace its keen and vital energies, and in the ordered structure of French law bequeathing one of the most splendid legacies which a conqueror has ever left to a vanquished province." As a result, Napoleonic rule endeared itself to the Rhenish Germans and was not forgotten during the years of reaction which followed Waterloo.

The essential shortcoming of Napoleon's rule in Germany was that he did not understand the Germans. Mr. Fisher is strongly impressed by this and by his moral deficiencies as a ruler. "With no patience, with no sense of human dignity, with no feeling for the pathos of the common lot, Napoleon lacked the sound and noble gifts which sweeten and inspire public life.' The last paragraph of this able work contrasts the Emperor's conception of Germany with that of Mme. de Staël, very much to the advantage of the latter. 'L'Allemagne,' it is urged, should not be regarded merely as an ideal picture which is rendered valueless by its sympathy and sentiment.

"Rather we should see in these eloquent discourses the fine protest of a generous French heart against the subjection of a simple and laborious people; an appeal from force to conscience, from the mailed tyranny of the later Empire to the ideals of human brotherhood which France had once preached, and which a cruel destiny had caused her to forget."

Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy: A Judicial Summing-up. By the Rt. Hon. Sir James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance. London: Sampson Low; Boston: W. B. Clark Co.

The publication of this book was perhaps chiefly an act of piety toward the eminent lawyer who amused his old age by composing it. Yet, slight as the work is, it will command attention because of its authorship, and it will hold the reader who once opens it—unless he is already sated with the subject—because of its lucidity and its moderation of style. Lord Penzance does not profess to have made any contributions to knowledge or to have brought forward any new evidence. His purpose was to state briefly and clearly, "very much after the fashion of a judicial summing-up," the "arguments upon which the Baconians [think] themselves justified in questioning so fixed and venerable a belief as that William Shakspere wrote the plays which have so long passed by his name." He expressly warns the reader that he has not, after all, summed up *judicially*—that, on the contrary, his essay is "very little short of an argument for the plaintiffs," that is, for the Baconians, so called.

The argument is divided into two unequal parts. The first, which is much the longer, undertakes to show that Shakspere cannot have written these plays; the second deals in a rather gingerly way with the proposition that Bacon *did* write them. On the first point Lord Penzance has no kind of doubt. The negative evidence, which he arranges with much skill, and states, as was to be expected, with considerable force, seems to him quite conclusive. The second point, however, is another matter. Granted that Shakspere did not write the dramas that pass under his name, it is still a terrific task to prove, or to make any progress toward proving, that Lord Bacon, or any other assignable person, was actually their author. This difficulty Lord Penzance feels profoundly, and hence the second part of his book will be a disappointment to the thoroughgoing Baconian.

We see no occasion to thresh out the alleged "question" at this time. We have given Lord Penzance's book thus much notice rather because of the excellence of its form than for anything that is particularly valuable in its contents. We cannot part company with it, however, without expressing our surprise that the learned justice should have written so loosely on the question of literary property in Shakspere's time. Speaking of the publication of the First Folio in 1623, he remarks that "the executors of William Shakspere . . . were of course the only people who were entitled to deal with any manuscript of his," and, in general, he seems to have little knowledge of the relations between playwright and manager or between author and publisher in the early seventeenth century. In view of recent discussions, it is also rather startling to read of Shakspere's "perfect familiarity with not only the principles, axioms, and maxims, but the technicalities of English law; a knowledge so perfect and intimate that he was never incorrect and never at fault." Finally, it is certainly hazardous to draw from an allusion to the gardens of Adonis in "Henry VI." the inference that "William Shakspere (if he was the author) had so far progressed in his studies by .. March, 1592, as to have mastered the Greek language thus early; and that he had pushed his reading in directions not traversed by the ordinary run of classic readers." In short, Lord Penzance's book is another document in proof of what ought to be the self-evident proposition that questions of literary history are questions for experts.

The Life of Benvenuto Cellini. Written by Himself. Translated out of the Italian with an Introduction by Anne Macdonell. Two volumes. (The Temple Autobiographies.) London: Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The Temple Autobiographies, a new series which promises great entertainment, could not do better than to begin with Benvenuto Cellini's life of himself. In some respects it is the most astonishing of all autobiographies. Neither Pepys nor Rousseau surpasses Cellini in unblushing frankness, nor does any one else approach his record of startling adventures. His two volumes contain material for a dozen Dumas romances. They are as interesting to the reader in search of mere excitement as to the historian or to the psychologist. If no other documents remained, they would enable us to reconstruct the society of the Italian Renaissance during the first half of the sixteenth century. But it is late in the day to do more than call attention anew to a work whose unique value no one disputes.

Any series of autobiographies had of course to include Cellini, and since the late J. A. Symonds's translation was presumably unobtainable, the editor had to procure a new version. He certainly was fortunate in his choice of a translator, for Mrs. Macdonell has produced a translation which seems to us not inferior to Symonds's. That is saying a great deal, for Symonds succeeded in giving not only an accurate rendering of the text, but also much of the flavor and spirit of the original, with the result that few foreign masterpieces are so adequately represented in English. Possibly, a seventeenth-century translator might have found racier equivalents for some of Cellini's Tuscan colloquialisms, and the whole book would have had that air of careless ease peculiar to the age before the philologist had superseded the gentleman and scholar; but, on the whole, Symonds is undeniably excellent, and only such a publisher's need as we have hinted at could justify a rival translation.

A careful comparison, sentence by sentence and section by section, of Mrs. Macdonell's work with his fails to reveal any marked difference in quality. She is as accurate and as pleasant to read as he. Her vocabulary never runs dry, and, as she is rather less anxious than he to achieve literary finish, she often comes nearer to reproducing the happy-go-lucky syntax of the original. Cellini laughs at the rules of rhetoric. He expresses himself after his own fashion, let the construction be conventional or not. He uses words gathered anywhere—from the lips of popes, grandees, poets, artists, courtesans, blacklegs, guttersnipe. And fortunately Varchi, a great man of letters, to whom he submitted his manuscript for correction, had the good sense to let it alone, so that posterity possesses in it one of the few world masterpieces not whittled down or softened or retouched to conform to a literary standard. Cellini's translator, therefore, must divest himself as far as possible of literary proprieties; yet he must not appear grotesque—for Cellini never is that, he is simply natural and colloquial. He tells us, indeed, that he dictated most of his memoirs while he was at work in his studio to a boy of fourteen, and the style, which resembles vivid talk rather than writing, confirms this statement. It may be that Symonds is a little too smooth, too literary; and in this respect Mrs. Macdonell excels him. She is not less scrupulous than he in giving an unexpurgated version, and the notes which she supplies, though brief, are sufficient for the cursory reader. Whoever desires fuller information will naturally turn to the Italian editors. Mrs. Macdonell's introduction does not aim at such biographical and critical exhaustiveness as are to be found in Symonds's essay, which is one of his best. Symonds aptly characterized Cellini as a blend of bravo and artist; Mrs. Macdonell is hardly less apt in describing him as "a kind of travesty of the Nietzschian *Übermensch*, terrifying his contemporaries, and raising a smile on our faces only because we are looking on from the safe distance of centuries."

A word may be added on the make-up of these volumes. In size and shape they are handy, and the type, though not large, is clear; but we regret that the running headlines of the pages give no clue to their contents—the title of the book being repeated without variation—and that the text was not broken up into chapters. At first handling, a volume of 275 pages without a break, and with no devices except the occasional number of a new section at the beginning of a paragraph, seems a little forbidding. The fact that the original manuscript was not arranged in chapters does not excuse this neglect. Many Elizabethan plays, as first printed, had no acts, scenes, or stage directions; but it would be folly now not to avail ourselves of these aids to clearness and convenience, and in the case of Cellini's Life some of the best modern Italian editions do subdivide the text in chapters and add a table of contents for each. Mrs. Macdonell's full index of proper names only partly compensates for this lack. There are several pictures of Cellini and his contemporaries, and two of his statues.

Practical Journalism: A Complete Manual of the Best Newspaper Methods. By Edwin L. Shuman. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

The reader will find this an entertaining volume, no matter what view he takes of journalism. It has a quality of its own, an aim of its own, and a style of its own, and tells so much about "the inside of a metropolitan newspaper office" that it might answer with most students instead of a course in Journalism at any of the universities where such courses are, or are to be, established. If we examine it with care for the purpose of seeing how far the substance of it would be fitted to form part of the curriculum of a university, we must say that it is rather difficult to make out what the answer to the question should be. The chief subjects discussed are "Positions and Salaries," "How a Reporter is Educated," "The Reporter at Work," "Plan of a News Story," "How the News is Gathered," "Edi-

tors and their Methods," "Qualifications for Journalism," "The Sunday Supplement," "In the Artist's Room," "Women in Newspaper Work," "A Chapter on Errors," "Writing Advertisements," "Filling the 'Ad' Columns," "Editing a Country Paper," "The Law of Libel," and "The Law of Copyright." Ninety-nine-hundredths of all this relates to practical details which can be learned only by actual experience in a newspaper office, and the rest belongs to already well-established branches of study. The law of libel and of copyright as affecting newspapers cannot be mastered without going into the whole subject of libel and copyright, which would be part of a course of legal study. What the author calls "Errors" relates to the use of language, and comes under the head of grammar, rhetoric, or composition. For instance, the "importance of learning to spell and punctuate," dwelt upon in this chapter, cannot be exaggerated, but this is not specially an essential of a journalistic education. Again, it is no doubt necessary that one who draws for a newspaper should understand the "news end" of a picture (ch. x.), but how he is to learn this through any course of instruction is hard to see. The author tells us, and we are quite willing to believe it, that the practice of supplementing bald statements of fact with the "necessary details," by means of the imagination, is widespread in the world of journalism; but how the true theory of this art can be evolved so as to be taught, we do not know. The author observes that "the ethics of the subject may be left to the individual reader"; but this is a mistake. The ethics of the subject are well enough understood, but they would seem likely in the future university to lead to a conflict between the chair of Morals and that of News.

On the whole, this volume, which is full of valuable hints and suggestions, rather tends to demonstrate that journalism is as much a trade as a profession, and still more an art, to which one is born, or not, as the case may be. If chairs of it are established, there ought to be subsidiary chairs devoted to its greater and more important branches. Then the generous youth could take, if he liked, Advertising 4, or News 3, Society 2, and so on. Ours is the age of specialization. Such courses of electives would, we are satisfied, "draw" wonderfully, and bring in a plentiful supply of cash to many a needy university. Meanwhile, such a manual as Mr. Shuman's will answer very well for the sucking reporter of our day, who, as a rule, is still obliged to learn journalism as best he can in a newspaper office, and without attending any course of lectures at all.

Monna Vanna. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by A. I. Du Pont Coleman. Harper & Brothers. 1903.

"Monna Vanna" was put on the stage in Paris in the spring of last year, with Mme. Leblanc in the title rôle. It had a better reception than was given to "Joyzelle" this spring, and is a far more effective play. In "Monna Vanna" Maeterlinck abandons his favorite device of repetition of unessential phrases of the dialogue, and the atmosphere of a concealed and gloomy tyranny or a sinister fate, which pervaded the earlier plays. The conception of the military adventurer who is ready to betray his side and spare a starving city for the sake of a woman within the walls, is not new. But Maeterlinck does not depend on novelty of incident or plot. His interest is wholly psychological; the question, for him, being not what, in a given case, a man will do, but why he will do it, what sort of soul, what comprehension of other souls he will reveal in his acts or words or gestures. What he may *do* is unessential; the essential is to understand nobly, to believe to the last, in any case to forgive.

In "Joyzelle" it was the heroine whose powers of comprehension and loyalty were put to the test—*l'épreuve*—the word is the keynote of the later plays; she proved triumphantly that, through all the disguises of sin, disease, and death, she could discern and adore the soul of Lancéor. In "Monna Vanna" it is the hero who is tried, and by "a grief that should not be within the experience of man." Guido's is not the soul to stand such a test. When Vanna (his wife) declares that she is ready to sacrifice herself to redeem the starving Pisans and to go to the camp of Prinzivalle, Guido cries out that she never loved him and must already be false in heart. When she returns unharmed, leading Prinzivalle, who for her sake and without reward has betrayed Florence and saved Pisa, Guido refuses to believe her story. He has had two opportunities of comprehension and has missed both. Vanna, finding it hopeless to convince him and seeing that Prinzivalle is doomed, reverses the situation with a suddenness and completeness worthy of a play of Sophocles. She easily convinces Guido that her first story was a lie to save his pride, and claims as her vengeance the right to slay Prinzivalle with her own hands; to him she whispers that they will escape together. One must lie since one is not believed, and one must follow the man who comprehends. "Ah!" cries Vanna with an irony that is lost on Guido, who thinks she has beguiled Prinzivalle into Pisa with false promises, "what fools men are! It is right to deceive them; they adore falsehood."

As a foil to the suspicions of middle age or the cruelty of youth, Maeterlinck regularly introduces an aged man whose sight is clear, whose toleration is infinite, who forgives all because he understands all. Like the father in "Pelléas and Mélisande," Marco in the present play fills the part of a Greek chorus which can only warn in vain and interpret to deaf ears. He and his like are the mouthpieces of the Maeterlinckian philosophy on the stage; their wise and pitying views of life echo the fine sayings of "La Sagesse et la Destinée."

A play of Maeterlinck loses little by being translated. It would be hardly possible to fail in reproducing his short, simple sentences, always most simple when most profound. The present version has no faults that we can discover except, on page 142, a slight departure from the original in the stage directions, where the omission of the name of Prinzivalle in the translation obscures the meaning.

Autori Italiani d'oggi. Da Laura Gropallo. Turin and Rome: Casa Editrice Nazionale, Roux & Viarengo.

The authors of to-day treated in this volume are five in number—Antonio Fogazzaro, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Matilde Serao, Giovanni Verga, and Gerolamo Rovetta; all novelists, though four of the five are either poets or dramatists in addition, and one, Gabriele D'Annunzio, is equally well known in all three branches of literature. One might wish that other novelists had been included: De Roberto and Capuana, the veteran De Amicis, or even Edoardo Calandra, whose literary baggage is indeed far from voluminous, but includes one work of the first importance. Still, the choice made is fairly representative, and to have treated others with similar wealth of detail would have swelled beyond reasonable bounds a volume already bulky.

Signorina Gropallo has approached her task with all seriousness and in a spirit of impartiality that is worthy of high praise. She is a follower of Sainte-Beuve and Taine; she seeks first of all to know all about her subject, the influences to which he has been subjected, the origins of his inspirations, and the relations of his work to these. She is more solicitous to know than to judge; or, rather, she wishes to found her judgment upon the widest possible knowledge, the most searching investigation. She is well equipped for her task with reading, and she is perfectly in earnest and fair-minded. The result is a volume of the highest value to the student of Italian contemporary literature.

At the same time we wish our author had called her work an essay in conscientious criticism rather than in scientific criticism. The former would simply mean that she has striven to give the most complete and the fairest judgment in her power, and would in so far have been perfectly descriptive of her achievement. As for scientific criticism, the name is, in our opinion, not very happily chosen. At best, it indicates a disposition, an intention, rather than a realization. That which is so called has so many affiliations with dogmatic criticism that it seems not worth while to deny the relationship, and that it would be better to limit its pretensions to being the best of the family—with modern spirit and modern equipment. At present its distinguishing idea appears to be that the origins of a man's work are to be sought in the work of his predecessors, in his surroundings, in various influences that have been brought to bear upon him; and this idea Signorina Gropallo has applied with such success in illumination as it is capable of, though, it must be owned, on occasion taking it for more than it is worth—an evil almost inseparable from its use.

Her treatment of Fogazzaro is an instance of both the strength and the weakness of the system. Fogazzaro, by the way, would seem to be indicated, if ever a writer was, for the application of such a system. There are half a dozen or so of principles from which he starts, the sources of his inspiration are in very great part easily recognizable; the scientific critic has but to enumerate these, show how they would be affected by the natural course of development, and lo! there you have the author's work mapped out and fully explained. Signorina Gropallo has done this with a thoroughness that leaves nothing to be desired. It must be confessed that she has also at times overstepped the limits of her theory, and has recognized qualities that are not to be accounted for by the Rosminianism, the Darwinism, the mysticism, or any other of the constituent forces that

have produced the writer. She has not quite overlooked the fact that he has an individuality. In 'Malombra' there are

"beautiful pages that yet diminish the harmony and vivacity of the romance. . . . The book is too rich in delightful observations, in definitions, in sayings now caustic, now delicate, always subtle, that gush spontaneous and fresh from the lips, the thought, the heart of the interlocutors; so that this inexhaustible prodigality overwhelms us like a too abundant fountain. We would like a soberer art, a more organic construction externally and internally, and, in a word, a better disciplined choice of romantic materials."

Setting aside the effect produced upon the critic by this sparkling abundance, the observation is quite true, and we are grateful that something individual should have been recognized in Fogazzaro, something outside of all that has gone towards making him up. But it is not enough. Fogazzaro has a quality very rare among Italian writers, that of humor. For us, Northerners by birth and with the Northern instinct unsubdued by any number of years of Latin contact, it is this quality that brightens his pages, and, together with the serenity that is its product, makes them delightful beyond almost anything in modern Italian literature. As a consequence, the most painstaking study of Fogazzaro which yet fails to render ample justice to this one grace of his, must seem to us to lack something essential, something that puts a spirit into the bones of the skeleton; and this is the reproach, the sole one, we make to the first essay in Signorina Gropallo's work.

Her succeeding chapters, on Gabriele D'Annunzio and Matilda Serao, seem to us more successful. They are, indeed, quite admirable, full, searching, and of a judicial impartiality. She carries us with her when she shows that the one is above all things a lyric poet, while the other remains a journalist, although so great that our critic does not hesitate to accord her a niche in the temple of fame alongside of George Eliot and George Sand. The analysis of the works of the two is masterly, as is the discrimination between their qualities and their limitations. There are pages (as, *e. g.*, 123-124) that are so just and so sufficient that one would like to quote them entire. One is restrained by the reflection that there are so many other pages that have an equal claim to the honor.

The two remaining writers treated, Giovanni Verga and Gerolamo Rovetta, are less striking figures. Verga, as the author of 'I Malavoglia' and "Cavalleria Rusticana," is known to all the world. The careful analysis given by Signorina Gropallo of his other works leaves the impression that fame has in his case been just, and has trumpeted abroad all that is of superlative quality. Still, such a novel as 'Mastro Don Gesualdo' amply repays perusal by the student of literature. In the case of Rovetta we think that Signorina Gropallo has again overstrained her system in referring all the writer's qualities to one dominant characteristic. Rovetta's vocation as a playwright does, indeed, give shape to some of his work as a novelist, but not by a long shot to the extent that our critic would have us believe. In point of fact, were it not for her system, and that Signorina Gropallo has herself written plays, we doubt if she would ever have discovered this ruling trait in reading the novels of Rovetta.

A chapter in conclusion gives an exposition of the principles which are the foundation of the author's critical work. It might be objected to this exposition that it really was not necessary to go so conscientiously to the very root of the matter, that there are certain things that any reader will allow his author to take for granted. Indeed, the worst fault of the book—we do not wish to imply that it is a very grave one—is that it is more conscientious than lively. A little lighter touch, an air a trifle less magisterial, might have won many a recalcitrant reader; nevertheless, the student who is in earnest to know about current Italian literature will have no cause to regret the time spent over Signorina Gropallo's pages.

What is Meaning? By V. Welby. Macmillan Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 321.

The Principles of Mathematics. By Bertrand Russell. Vol. I. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903. 8vo, pp. 534.

Two really important works on logic are these; or, at any rate, they deserve to become so, if readers will only do their part towards it. Yet it is almost grotesque to name them together, so utterly disparate are their characters. This is not the place to speak of Mr. Russell's book, which can hardly be called literature. That he should continue these most severe and scholastic labors for so long, bespeaks a grit and industry, as well as a high intelligence, for which more than one of his ancestors have been famed. Whoever wishes a convenient introduction to the remarkable researches into the logic of mathematics that have been made during the last sixty years, and that have thrown an entirely new light both upon mathematics and upon logic, will do well to take up this book. But he will not find it easy reading. Indeed, the matter of the second volume will probably consist, at least nine-tenths of it, of rows of symbols.

Lady Victoria Welby's little volume is not what one would understand by a scientific book. It is not a treatise, and is free from the slightest shade of pedantry or pretension. Different people will estimate its value very differently. It is a feminine book, and a too masculine mind might think parts of it painfully weak. We should recommend the male reader to peruse chapters xxii. to xxv. before he reads the whole consecutively, for they will bear a second reading. The question discussed in these chapters is how primitive men ever came to believe in their absurd superstitions. This has generally been supposed to be the simplest of questions. Lady Victoria does not deign to mention La Fontaine's pretty fable (the sixth of the ninth book; the whole of it is worth rereading if you have forgotten it) of the sculptor and his statue of Jove:

"L'artisan exprima si bien
Le caractere de l'Idole,
Qu'on trouva qu'il ne manquoit rien
A Jupiter que la parole.

"Même l'on dit que l'ouvrier
Eut à peine achevé l'image,
Qu'on le vit frémir le premier,
Et redouter son propre ouvrage.
. . . . . .

"Il étoit enfant en ceci:
Les enfants n'ont l'ame occupée
Que du continuel souci
Qu'on ne fâche point leur poupée.

"Le cœur suit aisément l'esprit.
De cette source est descendue
L'erreur Payenne qui se vit
Chez tant de peuples répandue.
. . . . . .

"Chacun tourne en réalités
Autant qu'il peut ses propres songes.
L'homme est de glace aux vérités;
Il est de feu pour les mensonges."

La Fontaine's theory is somewhat complex, and allows more to the artistic impulse than modern ethnologists have done. They make mythology rather an attempt at a philosophical explanation of phenomena. But the authoress shows by a painstaking analysis that all such theories—La Fontaine's and the new current ones alike—are fatally irreconcilable with those traits of the primitive mind that have struck Tylor, Spencer, and ethnologists generally, as the deepest graven. In place of them she offers a hypothesis of her own, and the reader is tempted to lose patience with her for regarding it only as provisional, so strongly does it recommend itself, until she presents quite another view which one must admit has its plausibility.

The greatest service the book can render is that of bringing home the question which forms its title, a very fundamental question of logic, which has commonly received superficial, formalistic replies. Its vital and far-reaching significance has been even more ignored than usually happens with matters of universal and ubiquitous concern. To direct attention to the subject as one requiring study, both on its theoretical and on its practical side, is the essential purpose of the work. But in doing this the authoress has incidentally made a contribution towards the answer to the question, in pointing out three orders of signification. She has wisely abstained from any attempt at formal definitions of these three modes of significance. She tells us what she means only in the lowest of those three senses. To have gone further would have shunted her off upon a long and needless discussion.

One can see, though she does not remark it, that her three kinds of meaning correspond roughly to Hegel's three stages of thought. Her distinction, too, partly coincides with what was long ago said, that to understand a word or formula may, in the first place, consist in such familiarity with it as will enable one to apply it correctly; or secondly, may consist in an abstract analysis of the conception or understanding of its intellectual relations to other concepts; or, thirdly, may consist in a knowledge of the possible phenomenal and practical upshot of the assertion of the concept. We might point out other interesting affiliations of her thought, sufficient to show that she must be upon the right track.

Lady Victoria, however, does not wish the matter to be agitated in the logician's study alone. She urges that people do not sufficiently take to heart the ethics of language. She thinks that modern conceptions call for a modern imagery of speech. But we fear that she does not realize how deep the knife would have to go into the body of speech to make it really scientific. We should have to form words like those the chemists use—if they can be called words. In particular, she preaches making logic—"significs," she calls it, but it would be logic—the basis or core of education.

All those ideals deserve to be pondered. The book is very rich in illustrations drawn from contemporary writing.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen and Greenough's New Latin Grammar. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Andrews, Charles M. A History of England. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.50.
Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Report of the United States National Museum. Year ending June 30, 1901. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Anthony, Geraldine. Four-in-Hand. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Barnett, S. J. Elements of Electromagnetic Theory. The Macmillan Co. $3.
Barr, Amelia E. The Black Shilling. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bartlett, William H. The Parliamentary Pathfinder. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 45c. net.
Benson, E. F. The Relentless City. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Bigelow, Poultney. History of the German Struggle for Liberty. Vol. III. 1815-1848. Harpers. $2.25 net.
Blowitz, Monsieur de, Memoirs of. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.
Böhm-Bawerk, Eugene von. Recent Literature of Interest. The Macmillan Co. $1.
Bolles, Albert S. Money, Banking, and Finance. American Book Company.
Booth, Charles. Life and Labour of the People in London. Second Series: Industry. Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V. New ed. The Macmillan Co. $2 per vol.
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Brassington, W. Salt. Shakspere's Homeland. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.
Brereton, F. S. Foes of the Red Cockade. Scribners. $1.20 net.
Brereton, F. S. In the Grip of the Mullah. Scribners. $1.20 net.
Brooks, Geraldine. Romances of Colonial Days. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.
Brown, Caroline. On the We-a Trail. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Browning, Robert. Pippa Passes. (The Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50c.
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Volume II., D—G. The Macmillan Co. $6.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. Brother Jonathan. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.
Byron, Lord. Shorter Poems. Edited by Ralph H. Bowles. The Macmillan Co. 25c.
Carman, Albert R. The Pensionnaires. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.50.
Carter, Samuel T. The Transfer Tax Law of the State of New York. The Banks Law Publishing Co.
Chamberlin, Wilbur J. Ordered to China. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.
Chambers, Robert W. Orchard-Land. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Cheever, Harriet A. Gipsy Jane. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1 net.
Cheever, Harriet A. Lord Dolphin. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 40c. net.
Christie, Nimmo. The Black Chanter. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Clark, D. Kinnear. The Mechanical Engineer's Pocket-Book. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.
Coleman, S. E. Physical Laboratory Manual. American Book Co.
Coleman, Walter M. Physiology for Beginners. The Macmillan Co. 40c.
Coleman, Walter M. The Elements of Physiology for Schools. The Macmillan Co.
College Entrance Examination Board. Examination Questions. Ginn & Co. 60c.
Comstock, Anna B. Ways of the Six-footed. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Congreve, William. The Plays of. (Mermaid Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribners. $1.00 net.
Cotes, Mrs. Everard. The Pool in the Desert. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Cripps, Wilfred J. Old English Plate. Eighth edition. Scribners. $6 net.
Crooker, Joseph H. Religious Freedom in American Education. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Cross, M. I. and Cole, Martin J. Modern Microscopy. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.
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Dickens, Charles. Great Expectations. (The Fireside Dickens.) London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d. net.
Dickens, Charles. Little Dorrit. (The Fireside Dickens.) London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s. net.
Dillard, J. H. Aus dem deutschen Dichterwald. American Book Co.
Dix, Beulah M. Blount of Breckenhow. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Dodge, Mary M. Baby Days. The Century Co. $1.50.
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Egremont, Godfrey. Verse. Great Kills (N. Y.): Mab Press.
Erskine, John. The Elizabethan Lyric. (Columbia University Studies in English.) The Macmillan Co.
Fernald, Chester B. Under the Jack-Staff. The Century Co. $1.25.
Financial Red Book of America. 1903. The Financial Directory Association. $10.
Fisher, George P. An Unpublished Essay of Edwards on the Trinity. With remarks on Edwards and his Theology. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.
FitzGerald, Edward. Polonius: A Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances. New York: Scott-Thaw Co.
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Gay, Arthur. The Little Tea Book. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Gayarré, Charles. History of Louisiana. Fourth edition. 4 vols. New Orleans: F. F. Hansell & Bro. $10 net.
Glyn, Elinor. The Damsel and the Sage: A Woman's Whimsies. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
Gower, Lord Ronald S. Michael Angelo Buonarroti. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Green, Samuel B. Principles of American Forestry. New York: John Wiley & Sons; London: Chapman & Hall.
Haggard, Lieut.-Col. A. C. P. Sidelights on the Court of France. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.
Hale, William G., and Buck, Carl D. A Latin Grammar. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Jonson, Ben, The Plays of. Vols. I., II., and III. (Mermaid Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribners. $3.00 net.
King, Charles. An Apache Princess. The Hobart Co.
Kipling, Rudyard. Just-So Stories. Scribners. $2 net. Subscription only.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Five Nations. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.
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Walmsley, R. M. Modern Practical Electricity. 3 vols. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.
Warwick, The Countess of. Warwick Castle and its Earls. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.
Whiteing, Richard. The Yellow Van. The Century Co. $1.50.
Widows, Grave and Otherwise. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1 net.
Williams, Egerton R. Hill Towns of Italy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Wood, Henry. The New Thought Simplified. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 80c. net.
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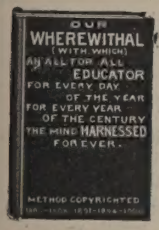

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1903.

The Week.

President Roosevelt, according to the dispatches from Washington, is facing a grave disagreement in his Cabinet. The report of Charles J. Bonaparte and Holmes Conrad on the postal scandals seriously reflects on both the Treasury and the Post-Office Department, and practically calls for the resignation of Robert J. Tracewell, Comptroller of the Treasury. Of course, Mr. Payne and Mr. Shaw object; and Mr. Tracewell is rallying the whole Indiana influence to support him. The difficulty is that, in choosing investigators, the President went "outside the official family," and picked an Independent Republican and a Gold Standard Democrat—"two mugwumps." They acted without regard to private or political interests, and purely on the assumption that the post-office business is public business; while the two Cabinet members take the common official attitude that the Government is run for the benefit of office-holders and their friends, and that the man who disturbs them is interfering in private matters. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt cannot for a moment give in to the views of Messrs. Payne and Shaw. In these postal scandals he has put his hand to the plough, and he cannot look back. He appointed Mr. Bonaparte and Mr. Conrad simply in order to get an unbiassed report. If they find Mr. Tracewell at fault, President Roosevelt is the last man in the country to help shield him. Indeed, the situation offers the President a happy issue out of some of his troubles. The most inefficient and irresponsible member of his Cabinet has, by common agreement, been the Postmaster-General; and next in order has come Secretary Shaw. If President Roosevelt lets them go, he will gain far more in public approval than he can lose through the defection of their private following. But, gain or lose, his course is clear.

The action of the Civil Service Commission in demanding the reinstatement of five employees in the Philadelphia mint who were removed solely for political reasons, is no more surprising than Commissioner Cooley's report that Philadelphia has the worst-managed Federal offices in the country. Naturally, since the bosses' word has been law in regard to the appointments of their heads. It appears that the irregularities pointed out by the Philadelphia Civil Service Association in its last annual report have become more flagrant than ever. Mr. Cooley declares that "Men have been removed from classified positions without any cause whatever, and nobody cares to give any explanation of how or why it was done." This is precisely what was to have been looked for under the circumstances. An these scandals may be expected to crop out in every place where political reasons have obtained in the appointment of postmasters or heads of departments. The situation in Philadelphia has been so notoriously bad that President Roosevelt owes to himself and the public service a thoroughgoing series of removals from office and the severe punishment of all offenders.

As far as the navy estimates are concerned, Secretary Moody proves himself to be a more pliable official than his recent Republican predecessors. He has not only followed his chief, President Roosevelt, in his large-navy ideas, but has apparently been taken into camp by the extreme imperialist officers. For the year 1904-1905, he would have this country expend the enormous sum of $103,000,000 for the support and increase of its war fleet—$72,000,000 more than in 1893, when the navy was still in the process of reconstruction. Now it is larger and stronger than at any time in the peace history of the United States, and still the insensate cry is for more men, more ships, and more guns. To judge by Secretary Moody, a visiting Martian might think this country in the Middle Ages, surrounded by hostile neighbors, and threatened with wars lasting thirty years. Instead, the country is by nature happy and law-abiding, and devoted to the arts of peace, except for a few politicians, shipbuilders, and naval officers. Where to-day is the enemy who menaces our shores? What nation has a fleet capable of attacking our coasts save our cousins, the English, with whom we are on better terms than ever? Who can maintain that our fleet as it stands to-day is built for defensive purposes merely? It has long since passed that stage, and has become a growing menace to our peace and prosperity. Should Mr. Moody's estimates be accepted by Congress, we shall be paying two-thirds as much as England does, with her vast battle fleets. Are we aiming to rival her in the mad race to throw away millions on death-dealing instruments?

Mr. Samuel Gompers has given the employers of labor to understand that there must be no cutting of wages in the event of an industrial setback. At the meeting of the Civic Federation on Saturday he said: "If the time comes to suggest to the employer the advisability of cutting or making an attempt to cut wages, it will be disputed by us. We will not let that go easily. We will make a stand against it, not only because it is uneconomic and unwise, but because it simply accentuates the industrial crisis, and gives it greater strength." If the American Federation of Labor, of which Mr. Gompers is the head, maintains this attitude through thick and thin, the consequences may conceivably be unpleasant. His assertion that a cut in wages would be uneconomic is entitled to very little consideration. If general business slackens materially, producers will reduce prices, despite the fulminations of labor organizations, and this means, of course, that the cost of production must be curtailed. But an early step in this direction must be a lowering of the wage scale. The reasons are plain. In the first place, economy in this direction is more quickly and easily initiated than in any other. A manufacturer cannot effect at will a lowering in the cost of his raw materials—he has to wait for the world's market to do that for him. And it is also impossible for him to force an immediate reduction in transportation charges, interest rates, rentals, etc. But he can move promptly and effectively in the matter of labor, and that is the reason why a lowering of wages or a reduction in the number of the employed is always apt to mark the beginning of a period of industrial depression. Already, in fact, the railroads have begun to cut wages and to lay off hands, and there has also been a certain amount of closing down in the steel industry.

Mr. John Mitchell, at the Chicago meeting of the National Civic Federation, discussed very interestingly the open shop, and union compulsion of employers and non-unionists. He properly held that organized labor has a right to work with the associates it likes, or to refuse to work. But he maintained also a right of "compulsion" as against employers and non-unionists, which he did not define, but admitted was a stage more vigorous than "persuasion." Of this compulsion, he said it "must be judged on its merits, and must not be decried simply because it is compulsion." We have no desire to follow Mr. Mitchell in verbal quibbles, and so, admitting his premises that union coercion must be judged on its merits, we call his attention to compulsion as it actually exists. It means in practically all cases violence. Open rioting and murder were Mr. Mitchell's potent allies in the anthracite strike. What does he think of the merits of that form of compulsion? In Chicago the right to compel non-union teamsters meant the right to beat them senseless; in New York the compulsion

applied to independent housesmiths was the breaking of their ribs by Sam Parks's "Entertainment Committee." These are examples of union compulsion as it actually is to-day. Hair-splitting Mr. Mitchell need have no fear that it will not be judged "on its merits."

It is reported that Walking Delegate Farley has confessed to Mr. Jerome the whole story of recent blackmailing operations in the building trades. The confession incriminates Farley himself, Sam Parks, and McCarthy. Scores of hold-ups are revealed, and the evidence for many indictments is supplied. Mr. Jerome felt sure of convicting Parks and McCarthy without Farley's assistance. The value of the reported revelations, then, is not that they hasten the condemnation of this nest of blackmailers; it lies rather in the effect that the exposure is likely to have upon the workmen in the building trades. When these laborers see clearly the methods and the results of government by Sam Parks, when they perceive the shamelessness with which he debauched every principle of honest unionism, we are confident that they will repudiate him indignantly. Having cleansed the inner rottenness of their organization, they will be likely to listen to President Gompers as he advocates the arbitration plan. A prompt acceptance of this treaty between employers and employed would ensure, in part at least, the restoration of the building industry. Further delay will mean lack of employment through the winter and great suffering among what was formerly our most prosperous class of workmen.

Last week's testimony in the Shipbuilding case brought to public knowledge the memorandum of "bonuses" set aside for promoters. This became a topic of particular interest when Mr. Gates, last year, disclaimed on the witness stand any knowledge of the $26,000,000 of the Steel and Wire Trust's $90,000,000 stock which had "disappeared" in the promotion. What inquisitive people have long wanted were details as to the method of showering new stock upon promoters; and in the Shipbuilding testimony we get them. Nine millions of the bonds were to be sold for cash—three millions in the United States and six millions "in France and England." The "French and English" figures will chiefly attract attention because of the wide advertisement given a fortnight ago to the methods of the promoters. Every one has been asking, What did the brilliant negotiators get for their labors with Rogniat, Major Spilsbury, and the rest? We are not informed what was actually received. What was contemplated is shown by the "memorandum." For the finding of foreign customers for $6,000,000 Shipbuilding bonds, the promoters were to get $133,000 cash, $700,000 in bonds, and $3,600,000 in preferred and common stock. After making these allowances, the "memorandum" figures out that there would be left over for other outlay on "promotion" and "commissions on underwriting" the tidy amount of $750,000 bonds, $3,900,000 stock, and $67,000 cash.

Workers for clean government in this city have reason for good cheer in a survey of the field. The completed registration is, at least, satisfactory. To say that it alone settles the doom of Tammany would be foolish. We have seen too many elections triumphantly won by the registration, only to be miserably lost by the actual fall of the ballots. Ingenious analysts, it will be remembered, figured out of the registration an infallible Tammany defeat both in 1890 and in 1897. It is enough to say, at present, that the number of enrolled voters furnishes good ground for encouragement. If the final registration had remained at the low level of the first two days, we should have considered the odds desperately against us. As it is, the material of victory is evidently in hand, provided that the canvass from now on be such as to compel it The situation does not warrant jubilation as if the fight were all over, but only that hope and fresh courage which lead to redoubled efforts. More than from a large and probably adverse registration is Tammany's cause suffering from loss of prestige and a panicky leadership. The Wigwam is obviously ill at ease. The rank and file are muttering and apprehensive. They do not know what blunder Murphy will make next, what will be the next damning record to leap to light. The reports we get from every-day Tammany supporters indicate their deep disgust at the way things have gone. Murphy's *coup* in kidnapping Grout they speak of as a *coup de grâce* for the organization. McClellan they flippantly refer to as "a dead one." Aside from such internal rumblings of discontent, the outward front of Tammany betrays its disquietude. It has no taking catchwords. It is more apologetic than aggressive. The claims which it makes are riddled as promptly as the lies it circulates are nailed to the counter. With a formidable revolt of "regular" Brooklyn Democrats on its hands, Tammany feebly protests that national issues are solidifying the party in order to carry the Presidential election next year.

After an impartial trial, lasting fifteen days, James H. Tillman, the slayer of N. G. Gonzales, editor of the Columbia (S. C.) *State*, has been triumphantly acquitted. This is as gross a miscarriage of justice as has ever been witnessed in any part of the Union. The facts in the case are perfectly plain; they were brought out by the State with the greatest care. But, after an overnight deliberation, a jury of his peers has declared the former Lieutenant-Governor innocent of any crime. Its members have thereby served notice on their fellow-citizens that it is sufficient defence for the most dastardly kind of homicide to prove that the victim had attacked his slayer in the public press. It is a notification to all South Carolina editors that they must refrain from criticising any low blackguard in public life unless they wish to pay for their utterances with their lives. At the very moment when the South is clamoring to be let alone and allowed to work out its own destiny, one of its sovereign States is stamped by its own citizens as a commonwealth in which unjustifiable murder goes unpunished and homicide is encouraged.

Under the present Constitution of Alabama the only voters have been those who had been registered under a temporary plan. That ceased to operate on the first of last January, but under it there were registered 188,000 white life voters and only 2,000 blacks, if we may rely upon the Montgomery *Advertiser's* figures. A new election law has now been passed, and under it some 60,000 more whites will receive the suffrage; what is to become of the blacks is not stated. A few more may be admitted—if the boards of registration see fit. Meanwhile, there is some encouragement in the case of Peter Crenshaw, of which the *Advertiser* rightly thinks Northern critics should take note. Crenshaw is a negro politician of some repute, and is also an army veteran. The Limestone County registration board refused to register him because he could not produce his army discharge papers. When he obtained copies from Washington the board again arbitrarily refused to give him the suffrage, and he appealed to the Circuit Court. The case was tried before a jury of twelve white men, the State's defence being based on technicalities, and the jury promptly found for Crenshaw, declaring that he was entitled to registration as a life voter. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court. While it is noteworthy as being the only one to go before a jury, it is also a striking example of the inevitable acts of injustice resulting from giving a board of white men the right to say whether colored American citizens, fully qualified under the law, shall or shall not vote.

It would be unsafe to generalize regarding the financial situation from the Baltimore trust-company failures. They certainly indicate that the "mobilization of credits" has not proved as effective as was predicted. But the important fact is, that the situation in Baltimore has

for a long time past been unique. The methods employed have been extreme, and have occasioned a great deal of criticism, both at home and abroad. Commitments of capital were made on a scale and in a manner to excite the surprise and reprobation of the banking community of the entire East. Baltimore has simply paid the penalty of over-competition in banking. It has multiplied its financial institutions beyond its real needs, with the result that it has been tempted, as is so often the case in those circumstances, to employ large amounts of funds in outside ventures of a tentative character. It is not the only city in the United States that has had this experience in the last few years, but it is a capital instance. Steam railroads in Mexico and undeveloped parts of the United States, street railways in the South, breweries, real estate, and other slow assets have absorbed its money. Baltimore has also been heavily involved in industrial ventures of an experimental nature, its losses in connection with the International Mercantile Marine Company being notorious. The difference between Baltimore and other leading financial centres of late has been that, whereas New York and Boston have, like Baltimore, been caught with large holdings of unsold securities, these have been of a class that could be much more easily marketed at a price than those of the former city. In a word, Baltimore is not a fair criterion of the rest of the country.

Certain diverse features of the international financial situation admit of a common explanation. The decline of both high-grade and purely speculative securities in this country, the forced liquidation of powerful interests in the stock market, the collapse of a long series of industrial combines, and the threatened reduction of dividends on the securities of still others, may be correlated with the great drop in British consols, the general downward tendency of the London stock market for a long time past, the anxiety with which each settlement day is approached in that centre of finance, the additional safeguarding from time to time recently of the gold supplies of the European banks, and possibly last week's statement of the Bank of France. These phenomena point unmistakably to a world-wide contraction of credit, the first evidences of which were observed in Germany in 1900. Omitting mention of secondary causes, we get back to the fact that credits have apparently been expanded out of proportion to the gold supply of the world, on which they are based. The "capitalizing of the future" of American industries was one form of this movement. Another was the great rise in commodity prices, which necessitated a larger amount of credits to transact the same volume of business. We must also add the great increase in bond issues (both railroad and municipal), the vast enlargement of general business, and the extensive speculation in Western lands.

It looks as if not only Great Britain, but the rest of the world as well, were now paying the penalty of the Boer war. The enormous expansion of the gold output of the world from a yearly average of $162,974,200 in 1891-1895 to $306,724,100 in 1899 furnished the basis for a great enlargement of credits, and, on the strength of this "boom," enlargement speedily went forward, both in Europe and in the United States. The effect of the closing of the South African mines in 1899 was not immediately apparent; the impetus previously gained was sufficient to prolong the expansion of credits for a good many months. Danger signals began, however, to appear in Europe in 1900, and in this country in 1901. These warnings were not generally heeded, and in a sense they could not be; for capital had been so generally converted from a floating to a fixed basis that a wide curtailment of credit was not immediately possible without a sudden and drastic effect upon international financial and industrial conditions. However, for a year at least in this country, and for a good many months in Great Britain, the process of retrenchment has been going on. The highest grades of securities—that is, the ones most easily disposed of—have been liquidated in an almost unprecedented manner, and recently inflated industrial shares have been obliged to seek a market for what they would bring. When this stage is reached, the indications always are that the real corrective of the situation is being applied.

Criticism of Elijah the Restorer in New York seems superfluous, because he has passed judgment upon himself. His intemperate language, his random imputations of vice, his pettishness before discomfiture due to his own defects of oratory, stamp him definitely as the charlatan, did not his list of securities for investment suggest a more sinister character. He lacks serious credentials. It looks as though he would be chaffed out of town. That has never before happened in New York city to any sincere religious movement, however grotesque its methods. Dowie seems to lack the conviction of a religious leader. The shrewd good sense of this town has refused to consider him as anything but the promoter of Zion City. Only recall in how different a spirit the Salvation Army came to New York. They began to lodge the poor and preach to them; the women glorified menial service in the tenements. One has only to compare that movement with Dowie's well-advertised spectacular entry to see the difference between the real and the sham thing.

What the Duke of Devonshire has lost through tardiness he atones for in consistency. Having resigned from the Cabinet, he now accepts the Presidency of the Unionist Free Food League, and takes his stand as the opponent of Messrs. Chamberlain and Balfour on the fiscal matter. In accepting the office, the Duke of Devonshire significantly suggests that the League may wish to "broaden its operations," and reminds the Secretary, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, that as yet the new President will engage to go in opposition only on the protection issue. This is pretty clear indication that the Duke expects that the opposition to the champions of the fiscal reforms will become general, and that the Unionist Free Food League, which for the present he regards as "a parliamentary committee," may at any time become a genuine party of secession. Such certainly is a fair inference from his guarded words of acceptance and from the situation itself. An element of strength is added to the Opposition by this frank declaration of the Duke of Devonshire, while the discrepancy between the large professions of the Chamberlainites and the personal abilities commanded by them becomes more glaring than ever.

The followers of Mr. Chamberlain have every reason to be disappointed by Lord Rosebery's Sheffield speech. The fact that he has now committed himself so vigorously to free trade after having last May said that he did not regard free trade "as a part of the Sermon on the Mount," will probably be paraded as an evidence of shiftiness. It is not necessarily open to that construction. Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal departure came as a great surprise. Free trade and protection were subjects to which the present generation of British statemen had not been compelled to give serious thought, and it is not astonishing that the savage attack on the existing system should for the moment have thrown Lord Rosebery into confusion regarding the true philosophy of tariffs. He now sees the viciousness of Mr. Chamberlain's attitude, not only from the economic but also from the moral point of view. Previous speakers have pointed out as clearly as Lord Rosebery the weak points in Mr. Chamberlain's programme, but his mastery of the art of discourse makes his Sheffield speech perhaps the most effective utterance so far against a change in the fiscal policy of the nation. The true need of Great Britain, provided it is in a declining state, is, in the opinion of Lord Rosebery, to "cultivate a scientific spirit and better education, and, above all, keep the universe for a reservoir of food and raw material."

THE ALASKA DECISION.

The Alaska Boundary Commission has arrived at a settlement favorable to the American contention; but not unanimously. The Canadian members were unmoved by the opposing arguments. Lord Alverstone, on the other hand, was convinced that the *lisière* conceded by Russia to the United States is an unbroken strip of coast stretching from Portland Channel to Mount St. Elias. In one small particular what has been called a compromise was arrived at. The Commission had no power actually to draw the boundary line. It merely passed upon certain questions, such as, What inlet did the Russians understand by Portland Channel? Is there a chain of mountains parallel to the coast which may serve as the natural frontier contemplated by the Anglo-Russian treaty? In case there is not, should the arbitrary line "parallel to the coast and following its windings," be reckoned from tidewater, and thus be wholly inland; or, being described parallel to an imaginary line drawn from headland to headland, should it cut the deeper tidal inlets? Under these conditions, a compromise finding would mean only that neither party should obtain a favorable answer to all these questions. Canada gets a decision at the southern end of the line. We lose the advantage of a foothold on navigable waters at this point, and Canada gains two small islands which command the approach to Port Simpson, the projected terminus of the Grand Trunk extension. It will probably appear, when the actual survey is made, that the fixing of a mountain boundary at several points—especially at the head of Lynn Canal—will give to Canada small portions of territory at the expense of our extreme claim of a strip invariably ten leagues wide. But these are all minor features of the award. In the main issue—the granting of an unbroken coast strip—the decision is distinctly a victory for the United States.

Much of the credit for this fortunate result belongs to the advocates for this nation, Mr. Watson and Mr. Dickinson; and a very gratifying feature of the whole proceedings is that the weight of the argument was borne, not by seasoned experts in international law, but by comparatively unknown lawyers, with their national reputation to make. Mr. Dickinson's elaborate argument on the *lisière* won earnest congratulations from Lord Alverstone, and all the counsel for the United States showed patient research, brilliancy in presentation, and a firm grasp of the underlying principles that should rule in a very complicated dispute. We take the immediate rise of Messrs. Watson and Dickinson to international eminence as a sign of the unutilized supply of talent in the nation. One of our chief problems is that of enlisting in the Government service abilities such as these two lawyers have shown they possess.

Of course, these gentlemen had very much the better side of the case. It weakened the Canadian contention from the outset that their advocates were unwilling to rest the case upon any single principle of international law. They argued astutely the headland to headland theory, which had some theoretical strength, but they were equally willing to draw the line along the summits of the coast mountains, creating a "chain" *od hoc*. Obviously both arguments could hardly be right. Furthermore, in the light of the evident intention of Russia to cede an unbroken coast strip, the whole Canadian protest bore a belated look. The United States was in possession. No serious complaint had been made until the discovery of gold in the back country. All this gave our counsel a marked initial advantage. It is to their credit that they never presumed upon the situation, but handled the case purely as a matter of equity and of reasonable construction of the treaty.

As to Canadian comments upon the matter, we greatly regret the bitterness of the tone towards Lord Alverstone, and we find the detection of Mr. Chamberlain's hand in the decision nothing less than absurd. Lord Alverstone's character does not admit the supposition that he was guided by timid prudential considerations, while Mr. Chamberlain would, in principle, rather cut off his right hand than alienate a square rod of the Empire. We see no defence for the refusal of the two Canadian Commissioners to sign the decision, when they had at hand the regular means of protest, a minority report. For the moment, their withdrawal from the conference is likely to exacerbate Canadian irritability, but we are confident that reflection will bring fair-mindedness, and that the Canadians will admit that they were squarely beaten in open argument, and that Lord Alverstone's conversion was highly honorable to him. The Canadians have failed to make good a rather preposterous claim, which has secured for them, however, a substantial rectification of the boundary off Port Simpson. They never had the slightest reason to suppose that their extreme pretensions would be granted by any tribunal, and they have, at the worst, merely lost what they never had. On our side, too, there will be no unseemly exultation over the decision. It was inevitable that our claim to the coast strip, supported as it was alike by documentary evidence and common sense, should be fully allowed. Everybody, on both sides, has reason to rejoice that an old occasion of irritation has been removed. After a decent interval the Joint High Commission should be reassembled to consider, with a reciprocity treaty, the few remaining matters in dispute between the United States and Canada.

THE TEST OF THE PRESIDENT.

It is live and learn, in the matter of the actual operation of American government; and we are just now taught by the goings on at Washington something to be had from no text-book or lecture. We are shown, in a word, that Senators are bent upon usurping one more prerogative of the Executive. They long ago took over his appointing power. Latterly they have been asserting that the right to negotiate treaties is theirs, not his. Now they are moving upon another fortress of Presidential privilege, or duty—a duty that goes to the heart of his function as one sworn to execute the laws. We mean his obligation to enforce discipline in the public service; to keep its personnel efficient and honest; and to make an example of every detected rogue. The new Senatorial gloss put upon this essential obligation of a vigorous and high-minded Executive is, "First ask us. Before you dismiss a rascal, consider well his 'influence.'"

Last week, for example, President Roosevelt summarily removed a United States marshal in Vermont. The officer's gross negligence was unquestioned. He had brought discredit upon the service as well as himself, and the President promptly took off his head, as a terror to evil-doers. But the real terror is a Senator whose patronage is interfered with, and that portent immediately appeared at the White House. Senator Proctor was down upon the President instanter, wanting to know how a "man" of his could be turned out of office and *he* not consulted. He may not have put his demand in exactly that language, but that was the practical upshot. Call no office-holder a scoundrel until you have asked permission of his Senator. Mr. Proctor's labors with the President resulted in the humiliating announcement from the White House on Monday that Mr. Roosevelt had decided to "investigate further" the case of the removed marshal.

We call this action humiliating because, in any aspect, it tends to degrade the Presidency. How can the Chief Magistrate make his punishments exemplary if they are subject to recall or modification through Senatorial dictation? If President Roosevelt was too hasty, and proceeded upon inadequate information, in dismissing the Vermont marshal, that was a blunder which stands by itself, and should be confessed as such; but to give it out that the case is to be reconsidered "at the request of Senator Proctor," is to cut the nerve of executive energy and to reduce the President to the contemptible position of a Mayor of the Palace, taking orders from his real masters. Senators tell him, in effect: "It is not for you to say

that officials are inefficient and corrupt, and must be removed for the good of the service. That is our affair, and you are to go on doing as you are bid. Leave all the rest, including your reëlection, to us."

A similar ominous temper is displayed in the last stages of the postal scandal. When President Roosevelt named two gentlemen of ability and character to probe the rottenness to the bottom, a chorus of approval went up from the party press: There, you see the determination of a Republican Administration to cleanse the service; no guilty man shall be allowed to escape. But, bless you, no sooner had Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad brought in their report than the Republican managers began to thrill with consternation and rage. What! let two miserable Mugwumps recommend the dismissal of good Republican office-holders! Senators were at once discerned on the horizon. They flapped indignantly down upon Washington, asking angrily what all this meant. An investigation was one thing—that was all very well to throw dust in the people's eyes; but a thorough report, exposing Republicans in office—come, come, that was too much! Did the President want to put Indiana in the doubtful column? Did he think he could get along without the electoral vote of Iowa? Supposing there had been a few irregularities, had not the beneficiaries all been Republicans, and was not this a Republican Administration?

The point we make is, that here we see the way in which corruption entrenches itself in the public service, even when an honest and clean-handed President endeavors to expel it. The attempt is to frighten and fetter the Executive. No one doubts Mr. Roosevelt's sincere intention to drive out the malingerers and the conspirators, the looters and the peculators. He meant business when he told Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad to strike deep, without fear or favor. But to the Senatorial mind the whole thing was a pretence from the beginning. Imagine Senator Beveridge really wanting any of his incompetent appointees in the Federal service, from his father-in-law down, turned out in the public interest! On the contrary, he and his colleagues fill the air with their cries, and tell the newspapers that President Roosevelt will pitch the wretched Mugwump report out of the window. Even the *Tribune's* Washington dispatches are filled with smooth words about the President's not being disposed to insist, in the face of the protests of the Indiana Senators; and about Postmaster-General Payne having successfully shielded this incriminated employee, and Secretary Shaw having saved the other. This we cannot believe. If there is anything President Roosevelt stands for it is pure administration. If there is one power he cannot surrender, it is that of a fearless and honest Executive, determined upon unearthing and routing out every thieving band that may have found a hiding-place in the departments. He cannot for a moment allow it to appear that his inquiry was a farce. The issue is full upon him, and will prove a test not only of his character, but of his willingness to maintain the prestige of his great office. If the President must stay his hand simply because Senators intervene to protect their pet rascals, it is all up with honest government.

THE SOUTHERN (NOT THE NEGRO) QUESTION.

One-half of the entire negro population of the country is concentrated in the six contiguous States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. These States compare not meanly with some of the greatest countries in the world, not only in their superficial extent, but in their agricultural, mineral, manufacturing, and commercial possibilities. Their combined area is upwards of 286,000 square miles, or about two-fifths more than that of the European possessions of either the German Empire or the French Republic. Extending as they do through ten degrees of latitude and fifteen of longitude, they have within themselves many diversities of surface, climate, and natural products. Much of their soil is very fertile. Very nearly every important agricultural product of temperate or subtropical climes can be profitably raised in one portion or another of their extensive territory. They produce more than one-third of all the cotton the world consumes. Their mountains are filled with coal, iron, and limestone. Their forests are great and valuable. In the many streams flowing from their hills and mountains they have a vast water power. Their climate is so mild that man may comfortably live there more cheaply than he can farther North; but it is, in many portions of them at least, not warm enough to relax materially, if at all, the energies of the laborer. Their coast line, both upon the Gulf of Mexico and the open Atlantic, is of great extent, and is broken by a sufficiency of good harbors. Their surface is traversed or pierced by many navigable rivers, among them the Mississippi itself. They are still but thinly peopled, having in 1900 less than thirty-two inhabitants to the square mile. Only one of the thirty-eight cities of the country with a population of one hundred thousand or upwards is within them. They have only one town of over eight thousand inhabitants for every ten thousand square miles of their area, while Massachusetts has thirty-three such on its eight thousand square miles. Much progress has been made by these States in the last few years, and yet very little has been accomplished compared with what their natural advantages show may still be done. In 1900 their manufacturing capital was only $46 per head of their inhabitants, as against a per-capita manufacturing capital of $139 in the rest of the country. Agriculture is still far and away their principal occupation, and still the value of their farm property averages but $115 per head of their entire population as compared with $288 in the other States and Territories of the Union.

What is the cause that has thus far held back this great and naturally rich section of the country? Its people have done and are doing much to develop its resources. Outside capital is eager to exploit its natural wealth. What, then, makes the prudent man hesitate to predict for it that magnificent future which would seem assured to it? Its people are not of one race, but of two, and these two are within it substantially equal in numbers. Of its nearly nine million of inhabitants, a trifle more than one-half have negro blood in their veins. There are in these six States as many negroes as were to be found in the entire Union when Abraham Lincoln was first chosen President. The negro inhabitants of these States are one and a half times as numerous as were all the dwellers, white, red, and black, in the thirteen colonies when they declared their independence of Great Britain. What changes in the relative proportion of their two races the future may have in its keeping, it is not possible with any confidence to forecast. Forty years ago the whites outnumbered the blacks by 32,000; twenty years ago there were 243,000 more blacks than whites, and now there are only 25 000 more. While on the whole it seems probable that the tendency which has manifested itself in the last twenty years rather than that which exhibited itself between 1860 and 1880 will in the future prevail, no one can be certain about it. One thing, however, is sure—for many decades, and probably for many centuries, the negro inhabitants of these States will be numbered by millions. In 1900 their negro population was more than double what it had been forty years before. Since 1880 the number of negro emigrants from the region under discussion has exceeded considerably the number of immigrants to it, and yet its negro population has increased in the meanwhile by 39 per cent.

Human nature being what it is, a community in which the population is divided not very unequally between two distinct races is, other things being equal, at a disadvantage as compared with another in which there is no such division. This is true where the two races are as closely allied as Czech and German, and where language is the principal and perhaps the only badge of dis-

tinction. Where the two races are separated by as wide a physical gulf as divides the Caucasian and the negro, the resulting loss of effective strength in the community as a whole will be much greater. There would be much race friction even if the two races were, morally and mentally, substantially equal. There will be still more when one race, whether because of racial peculiarities or as a result of the operation of historical causes, is on the average, morally and mentally, markedly inferior to the other. The overwhelming majority of the white men of the South believe that the negro as a race is incapable of attaining to the moral and intellectual level to which the white race may ascend. If they are right, the South will fall far short of making as much of its resources as will be made by the other sections of the country out of such natural advantages as they may have. In the long run it is men, rather than things, which tell. If it be true that the average negro not only is not, but never can be, as valuable a member of the community as the average white man, it is still of enormous importance to the South that he shall be as useful as it is possible for him under any conditions to become. Nothing else is quite so vital to its future. Its direct interest in the problem of making the negro as high a type of man as he is capable of becoming is far greater than that of the rest of the country, because in large part its own future depends upon the successful solution.

It is easy for one race or people to push down another, and there are many ways of doing it. There is only one way to reverse the process, and in that no one outside of the race which is struggling upwards can be of much help, although it is easy to hinder. Climbing up is a slow and painful process. If a whole race is to be elevated, there must be many weary workers slowly and doggedly struggling upwards. Whether they will so struggle depends upon whether, in their view, the prizes which await them at the top are worth the effort to get there. The future prospects of the South in very large part depend upon its negro population (now in large measure thriftless, immoral and unenlightened) becoming industrious, virtuous, and intelligent. It is going to be very hard for these negroes so to elevate themselves. Can the South afford to say to them, "Strive as you choose, succeed as you can; but, whatever you do, so long as there is a discernible drop of African blood in your veins, you shall never be allowed to obtain many of those things which men of all races and in all ages have most keenly longed for"?

BUBBLES OLD AND NEW.

The young dummy directors who testified on Thursday in the Shipbuilding suit—one of them an incorporator of the notorious Franklin Syndicate swindle—were consistent members of that society of high financiers who have been forming combinations without careful examination of constituent properties, and, just as in the bubbles of two centuries ago, have been asking small investors to put their savings into an absolutely bottomless business. The parallel, indeed, between the recent period of wild speculation and the bubble mania in the early part of the eighteenth century is closer than most of us imagine. While we have talked loudly of forming new precedents, we have been slavishly following the old. We have had a few successful ventures, a few glittering fortunes flaunted in the face of the public, a general rush to buy and a collapse of the market. The story has been often told—by Macaulay, Bagehot, and Lecky; but no modern author has illuminated the situation more clearly than the contemporary journals, *Mist's* and *Applebee's*, when Defoe was writing for them, that keen observer and hard-headed reasoner, who was a generation or two ahead of his time in his grasp of economic principles.

The lucky undertakings and the dazzling display of wealth which touched the imagination of every-day men and turned them into stock gamblers are evident enough in the letters from France in 1719, when John Law was working his miracles there: "There appear nothing but new clothes, new figures, and an infinite number of families raised to new fortunes. They see eight hundred new coaches set up in Paris, and the families enriched purchase new plate, new furniture, and new equipage; so that there is a most prodigious trade there, and money flows like the waters of the Seine." So the news runs on from day to day, and depicts conditions resembling those at the Waldorf-Astoria and other fashionable New York hotels in the hey-day of prosperity—when the newly rich from all parts of the country flocked here to drink champagne and "take a little flyer" in Wall Street. One story in *Mist's Journal* has served as the model for all later tales of the kind. A coachman told his master that he was going to leave service and "live on his own hands." "Well," said the master, "get me another coachman, for I cannot do without." "Sir," replied the man, "that will be very difficult at this time, for I have inquired for some weeks past, and have not been able to get one for myself."

All this exhibition of splendor had its natural effect. The "confluence of strangers" to Paris was "incredible." "Foreigners buy stocks at that rate that if the French gentlemen who first bought—though at the extravagant rate of 1,000 per cent.—do not make their fortunes by selling every subscription which they have one hundred livres upon for a thousand livres profit, it must be their own faults." Merchants from Genoa, Milan, Geneva, London, and "many other places" came in; "so that in time all the French people may have sold out their stock, and so pay their debts with the money which is brought in from other countries." In Paris, then, in 1719, the old trick of unloading on the outsiders was successfully played. The blind pool, too, is no novelty, for when London was fairly seized with the madness, a young man got investors for "a certain subscription, to be made some time or other, they did not know when; to some certain scheme or other, they did not know what; proposed by some person or other, they did not know who; for insurance of ships, etc., they did not know how."

And all this time Mr. Law was the very image of a conservative Wall Street banker who is struggling to check speculation. He "pretends to be surprised at the extravagant rate, and that it is gone beyond his scheme. He never designed strangers should run away with the profits of his undertaking; but, seeing they are willing to pay so dear, he will not obstruct it." Mr. Law's goings and comings were watched and chronicled as if he were an emperor or the head of a twentieth-century underwriting syndicate. People talked of him as reverently as our newspapers talked of our financial leaders: "Nothing is more evident than that Mr. Law has been of an universal service to France; and that by his genius alone he has retrieved the loss of the late long and miserable war, and put the sinking credit of that nation in such a flourishing condition as was never known before. . . . If we consider only the difficulties which he must have surmounted, that alone will show him to be a very great man. And if, on the other hand, we look into his extensive charities, we shall find him equally good and great." The combination of unscrupulous speculator, benefactor of the toiling millions, and eminent philanthropist is highly respectable in its antiquity.

Before the crash came, a few sober people began to ask, "What advantage is it to the nation of Great Britain in general to have things sell for more than they are worth?" "If shares are at market vendible at double the intrinsic value, where must they fall when the price abates?" These "bears," "pessimists," and "prophets of evil," as we should dub them to-day, kept declaring that at last the shareholders would have "only a scrap of paper which entitles them to nothing but dear-bought repentance." These same malicious destroyers of the market—so exactly does the parallel hold—were the very ones who tried to stop the panic when everybody else was frightened. They counselled holding to stocks and "not giving away estates in a

hurry." When the shares fell "below the probable interest on them," Defoe cautioned London:

"That they who sell their Stock now, lose Estates;
"That they who buy their Stock now, get Estates;
"That they who keep their Stock now, save Estates."

Defoe's conclusion of the whole matter was the same that sane critics have drawn from the experiences of the last four years. "Let us look into our morals. This is the way to bring credit in again and set it upon its legs. Do any of these men think to restore credit when they do not restore the principles of just and fair dealing, on which credit is founded, and by which alone it is established? Were ever credit and knavery consistent with one another?" But in 1721, as in 1903, all this preaching was like locking the barn door after the horse was stolen. A dialogue about the subscriptions in Broad Street, London, might as fitly be spoken in our own Broad Street: "Come, come, my friend, money is but dirt—mere dirt!" "Aye, aye, and it is such dirt as you and I have washed our hands of very clean at present."

MARTYRDOM OF THE HOUSEWIFE.

The difficulty of securing domestic help is not new, and it is not peculiar to New York. A century ago, an English writer, William Fordyce Mavor, in his 'Survey of Berkshire,' remarked pathetically: "It is greatly to be lamented that good servants every year become more scarce and difficult to command." Such also was the complaint of our own grandmothers and mothers; such is the complaint of our wives to-day. It is true, however, that servants are harder to find than for some years past. Housekeepers from one end of Manhattan to the other unite in a chorus of grief, which is echoed from Brooklyn, Staten Island, and the Bronx, from Westchester County and Rockland, and from the whole State of New Jersey. The trouble may be more acute here because population is more congested, but if the newspapers of Philadelphia and Chicago are not deceived, the situation in those cities, and indeed in the whole country, is unusually distressing.

Some of the reasons for the present plight are obvious. There have been and must continue to be certain inherent difficulties in the problem. These have often been pointed out: long and irregular hours, confined and often lonely routine, varying quantities of work, vagaries and caprices of mistresses, and the so-called "social stigma." All these combine to draw women into factory employment, with its fixed hours, opportunities to be on the street in going and coming, congenial companionship while busy, definite tasks, formal rules for conduct, consistent supervision and general independence outside of hours of labor. For the many women to whom the kitchen and its duties are not positively attractive, the factory will always be a strong magnet; and the growth of manufacturing must make even deeper inroads upon domestic service. Various suggestions have been offered for improving conditions, but few or none of the remedies are practicable for people of moderate means, who must continue to meet these inherent difficulties as best they may.

There are, however, some new factors in the reckoning. The demand for the work of women is keener than ever before. With the last decade a number of occupations have opened to them for the first time. Women, for example, are acceptably filling positions as factory inspectors and sanitary officers. Most of these new occupations are above the skill and intelligence of the housemaid, but the women who are drafted into the higher service leave room in other callings for the better class of maids to enter, and thus drain off the household service from the top.

The greatest demand for female labor is due to the era of prosperity. Our manufacturing has expanded enormously. With all our factories running full time and paying high wages, the housekeeper is facing a sharp competition at a desperate disadvantage. To add to her troubles, she must compete also with her own class. A few days ago the New York State Department of Labor, in its quarterly bulletin, declared: "Prosperity is so widely diffused that the servant-keeping class is larger than ever before, and has thus created a demand that exceeds the supply." With families that kept no servant now employing at least one, and wealthier families adding an extra nurse, waitress, or laundress, the unfortunate housewife is ground between the upper millstone of the factory and the lower millstone of her own companions in adversity.

Not only is the demand greater than before, but the supply is smaller. The very prosperity that has enlarged the servant-keeping class has enabled poorer people either to maintain their daughters at home or send them to school; and many girls who in 1893 would have been seeking places, are now living at ease on the abundant earnings of their fathers and brothers. Statistics on this point are not available, but the facts are patent. It is plain, also, that employment at good wages has allowed many young mechanics to marry, and has thus transformed possible housemaids into actual wives. The "steady company" has been much in evidence, and his attentions have still further disturbed our domestic economy.

Some people ask why the enormous immigration of the last few years has not filled up our depleted stock; for generally in times of heavy immigration household servants are comparatively abundant. An examination of the Government returns shows that in the twelve months ending June, 1902, the number of female immigrants was 182,374, and in the next year it was 243,900. With an increase of over 61,000, there ought to be some balm in Gilead for our housekeepers. But unhappily the character of the immigration has not been such as to furnish domestic servants. Of the total number of women for 1903, 9,877 came from Asia and other lands outside of Europe. Moreover, of the 234,023 Europeans a large number are from nations whose modes of life and social conditions unfit women for domestic service in America, without a training that would uproot most of their personal habits. In 1902, some 44,853 came from Austria-Hungary, and in 1903 the flood had risen to 58,027. The figures for Italy are respectively 32,643 and 43,656; and the totals for Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Servia, Spain, and Turkey are 41,429 and 51,118. Making these deductions, we have left from the immigration of 1903 only 81,222 women from the countries that usually send household servants. Of these, 15,225 came from Germany, 8,212 from Norway, 32,600 from the United Kingdom, and 16,220 from Sweden. Many of them, of course, started directly West to settle on the prosperous farms there.

The other day a gushing student of the question suggested that "love is the only hope." Without disparaging the Christian virtues, we may be sure that love will not melt the stony heart of factory wages or immigration statistics. With demand strengthening and supply diminishing, the outlook is not cheerful. The only relief now in sight is from a check upon our prosperity. The fall in prices and curtailment of manufactures that are expected in the near future, will inevitably lessen the demand for female labor both in the factory and in the home, and will as inevitably increase the supply. Meantime the martyrdom of the housekeeper must go on. If it be true, as ancient writers allege, that one of the enjoyments of the righteous in heaven is to see the torments of the damned, then the families which have drawn from the greatest American lottery one or two competent and contented servants should be in the seventh heaven of ecstacy.

MATILDA SERAO IN PALESTINE.

PARIS, October 5, 1903.

Numberless are the books that have been written on the Holy Land. I confess having experienced some astonishment on seeing added to the list of the travellers who have confided to the public their sensations in Palestine the name of the Italian novelist, already famous, Matilda Serao. Of all the modern writers of Italy, Madame Serao is the best known in France. She has a wonderful power of giving life to the heroes and heroines of her novels; she is a real-

ist *par excellence*, and at the same time she is never vulgar. She surrounds everything with a sort of beauty and light, similar to the beautiful light of her country. She is dramatic to such an extent that it ought to be very easy to transform all her novels into dramas. She has a tender compassion, *à la* Dickens, for humble, suffering, wretched creatures, and makes us feel, better than many sermons, the terrible lot of humanity. How was she to speak of the Holy Land? And how would her impressions compare with those experienced by so many famous writers?

I opened her book, just translated, with the greatest curiosity, and in the pages of her preface I saw at once that her impressions would not be those of the commonplace traveller, whom she thus characterizes: "This inoffensive traveller, sometimes sympathetic in his frivolity, has an extraordinary resemblance to his own luggage, and it would seem that when he comes home again he, too, retires into a corner with the other trunks till he is needed for another journey." She speaks also of another and rarer sort of traveller, who looks everywhere for picturesque lines and colors, who goes through the world as if the world were a mere panorama. "Afterwards," she says, "when he returns in his mind to those pictures which are not bound to each other by a constant thought or by a thread of sentiment, all the pictures get confused; and, once the rapid pleasure of the eyes has ceased, the memories get effaced, and nothing will remain of his long journeys from land to land." Madame Serao had this thread of sentiment she speaks of; she wished to find in Palestine something else than pictures of deserts, of hills, of lakes, of villages; she wished to enter into communication with the very soul of the "sacred country which has seen and heard God."

I must cite her again:

"This soul of Palestine is spread over the clear mornings of Samaria, in the perpetual song of the fountain where the Virgin washed her pure hands, on the shores of the Lake of Gennesaret whose waters bore Jesus, on a tempestuous evening, wherever the Son of God brought his pain or his hope; and each time that the divine palpitation was communicated to my uneasy soul, I tried to fix its memory on paper. I gave to my material emotion the most simple and most personal signification."

These few lines do not exactly give the impression made by Madame Serao's book, or, rather, do not give it wholly; for (and this is the originality of the writer) she is not purely what may be called a sentimentalist—she is at the same time very poetical and extremely realistic. She lives not only in the past, she lives also in the present; and she has not abandoned in Palestine her usual manner, which consists in the most exact and sometimes the most humorous descriptions of the characters that cross her path. At Jericho, for instance, she asks an old Russian woman, in whose house she spends the night, if there are any roses; the old woman brings her one, and, "like a sentimental girl," she puts it carefully away, between two pieces of wool and in a book. On her return, in the evening, to Jerusalem, she sees the doctor of the French Consulate, who asks her:

" 'Well, have you found the rose of Jericho?' 'Yes, I have brought it with me.' 'Very good. You gathered it on the mountain of the Forty Days?' 'I was not under the necessity of making the ascent; I had it from the garden of the house where I spent the night.' 'In a garden? Strange!' murmured the doctor with the tone of scientific men when they have a doubt. 'Strange? Why?' 'Because the flower is found only at a high altitude, and even then very seldom. Will you show it to me?' "

She showed the rose in the book. "It is not the rose of Jericho." "What is it, then?" "It is a simple May rose; you must have a thousand of them in Naples." "But this one comes from Jericho!" The doctor gave her the scientific definition of the rose of Jericho, and delivered a lecture on roses, finally making her a present of the real rose of Jericho. To Madame Serao it seemed sufficient that a rose should come *from* Jericho to be the rose of Jericho; but the realist in the poet had to be satisfied in turn.

In the city of Jaffa, famous in all Syria for its monasteries and churches, Madame Serao describes amusingly mine host of the Jerusalem Hotel: "He is a hotel-keeper, but also a first-rate Christian, a moralist, a philosopher; he does not deign to speak to his guest." On the doors of the rooms are inscribed, instead of numbers, the names of a patriarch, prophet, or great personage of the Old Testament. "There were on my landing Abraham, Jacob, Ezekiel, Elias chambers." On a table in each room are to be found copies of a work, a treatise on morals, by this singular hotel-keeper—copies in English, in German, in Italian, with a symbolic cover design representing all the beasts of the Apocalypse. One day the author asked Madame Serao if she was married. "Yes," she said, with some surprise. "Then read my book." The next day he asked her severely: "Have you read, and have you understood?" "I hope so," she answered. A few days afterward he gave her a copy for her husband.

It is quite natural to find in Palestine people of all nationalities, and Madame Serao describes very graphically the contrasts which result from these curious meetings. She had spent a night at the inn of Mount Carmel and took a coach to go to Nazareth, a plain *char-à-bancs*, mounted on very high wheels in order to cross the fords. There were ten places in it. The coachman, proprietor of the coach, was a Prussian named Suss; he owned three such coaches, but took the reins himself only for people whom he considered of some importance. Among the travellers was Father Marcel de Noilhac, superior of the Franciscans of Nazareth, who, after a month spent in Jerusalem, was returning to his convent. "A singular type, gaunt, with a tired look, a thin beard, a great straw hat covered with a silk handkerchief, such as all the monks of the Holy Land wear." A Turk asked permission to take a seat in the carriage hired by Madame Serao, "and surely it was a curious sight, this high vehicle driven by a Prussian, carrying a French monk born near Cognac, an Italian lady, and a Turk of Haifa, all rolling over the vast plain of Esdraelon, on a fine morning, towards the place where Jesus spent his happy youth."

Thanks to civilization, the seaport of Jaffa is now united to Jerusalem by a railway. There is but one train a day, and the journey is made in three hours and a half. Madame Serao pronounces this railway odious; it is vulgar, it ought to be condemned in the name of all the tender and poetical ideas which it offends in the mind of the traveller:

"You run rapidly over the plain of Sharon where the Philistines conquered the sons of Israel and took from them the Holy Ark; the train leaves behind the valley where Delilah seduced Samson and sent him, a blind prisoner, to Gaza. You half see the valley of the giants, where David defeated the Philistines; further on, is not there the tomb of old Simeon, who took in his arms the Divine Infant and humbly begged God to recall him to him, as he had lived long enough to see the Saviour; is not there the mount where the Pharisees met Caiaphas to decide on the death of Jesus?"

The approach to Jerusalem, in the rapid motion of the train, is not what it ought to be. Not thus was it seen by the Crusaders who fought and died before its walls, and by all those who, till very lately, arrived on foot, on horseback, slowly, quietly before these towers and gates and churches, all so full of thoughts and of memories. "No, as soon as arrived, we must go with Cook's tourists to the new Grand Hotel, dress again, wait for the bell of the table d'hôte, dine with a British menu, take tea as if we were on the Maloja, in the Engadine, or at Monaco, and sleep ten hours—our first night in Jerusalem."

The first visit was naturally to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an indescribable mixture of all architectural styles, of chapels destroyed and reconstructed a hundred times; very symbolic of the perpetual conflict of the various Christian confessions.

"Near the portico which dominates the tomb, you see groups of women, draped in blue, miserable, taciturn, sitting on the ground, with children at their necks. They are Copts who spend the whole day in the church, and look at the crowd with their savage eyes. Nasal songs reach your ears; they come from a gallery adorned with gold and precious stones, where the Schismatic Greeks celebrate their sumptuous ceremonies. Turn towards the underground chapel where Saint Helen saw the Cross, and suddenly a door opens and a strange priest appears, with a great black silk cowl over his eyes, a long beard flowing to his waist. It is an Armenian priest, who sprinkles sacred water, perfumed with roses, on your hands and clothes."

The chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, isolated from the rest of the church, is said to have been constructed on the rock which formed the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and in which the body of Christ was placed. The sepulchre was covered with precious marbles by the mother of the Emperor Constantine. This holy chapel has only two rooms, the first called the Angel Chamber, where Mary Magdalene entered, two days after the Crucifixion (all the Hebrew tombs had a small entrance of this sort); the second, the Chamber of the Tomb, in which burn, day and night, forty-four magnificent silver lamps. Thirteen belong to the Latin Catholics—that is to say, to the Franciscans of the Holy Land; thirteen to the Schismatic Greeks; thirteen to the Christian Armenians, and five to the Copts. These proportions have been the subject of long quarrels, and are observed in all the details of the ceremonies of the Holy Sepulchre.

Madame Serao has most eloquent chapters on the Holy Sepulchre, on Jerusalem, on the Via Crucis, on Golgotha, so rich in images, in thought, that it would be idle to attempt to give an adequate idea of them; they must be read, and they could not be read without emotion even by an

unbeliever if he had the smallest touch of poetry in him. Curiously enough, after such admirable pages, you find very commonplace details about the cost of a journey to Syria and Palestine, the hotel and *pension* charges, etc. This part of the book, which is, it must be said, only a sort of appendix, seems to have been written for Cook's tourists. It may, after all, be of some use to many; I infer from it that an excursion to Palestine is not a very costly affair, and can be undertaken by people of the most moderate means.

Correspondence.

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION FINANCES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your last issue you criticise the United States Steel Corporation for paying dividends upon its common stock, while requiring to raise new capital for improvements, etc. This corporation has always been more remarkable for size than financial soundness, and while there may perhaps be two opinions as to paying any dividends on the common stock, nearly every one would agree that the dividends, if any at all, should have been much smaller from the start. The second-mortgage bond issue is also justly to be criticised. The comparatively small saving of 2 per cent. difference between the 7 per cent. dividend on $200,000,000 preferred stock and interest on the same amount of second-mortgage 5 per cent. bonds to be issued in exchange, viz., $4,000,000 per annum, is altogether inadequate to compensate for the dangerous increase of $250,000,000 in the funded debt, and the comparatively paltry addition of $50,000,000 new funds, and the absence of provision for any further permanent borrowing, it being practically impossible to raise new money by the issue of either preferred or common stock.

While your criticisms on both matters taken separately are just, yet it is desirable to point out that the raising of new capital and the payment of dividends in the same year are the common practice of the best corporations, not necessarily in itself a ground of criticism.

Robert S. Minot.

Boston, October 16, 1903.

[Each case of dividend-paying while borrowing new capital has to be judged by itself. In the Steel Corporation's case, the use of both policies simultaneously was a financial blunder, and has been abundantly proved to have been so by the event. The expenditures for which the $50,000,000 cash was to be borrowed were in the nature, not of new plant, but of improvement in the old plant, and this a manufacturer commonly expects to meet from a year's profits or from accumulated surplus. That the company, barely a year after its organization, found itself compelled to place a new mortgage on its property to meet such needs as this, was proof positive that dividend payment on the common stock had been unwisely begun. —Ed. Nation.]

UNIVERSITY IDEALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The most striking contribution of "Veritas" to a burning question is his negative one. He who utters such salutary truth does not venture to indicate his identity, nor even his habitat. Possibly this illustrates the worst result of present conditions, viz., the inevitable timidity, not to say cowardice, of the scholar, and in particular of the mature learned specialist who teaches for a living. Of all men, he should be most fearless. Truth alone should be his overlord. Perhaps the most vital questions of the hour are: "Do we want such a class?" and, "Are we creating or destroying it?"

Human knowledge grows so complex that only a specialist can now speak with authority. Such enthusiastic specialists as Louis Agassiz are "too busy to make money." Most of them lack the magnetic power which reaches the popular ear with voice or pen, and so achieves personal and financial independence. In other words, most devoted specialists at forty or fifty, if they have inherited no fortune and secured no lucrative patent, can be assured of a life-long competence only through a university chair. Such a man will weld no Gurth's or Wamba's collar about his neck if he can avoid it. Whither shall he turn?

There certainly are men and women who give enormously for the creation of so-called universities and who do *not* believe in absolute freedom of speech. They hold, no doubt sincerely, that he who, like Gaius Gracchus, attacks franchises and other vested interests, or, like Anaxagoras, boldly ridicules the mystical and miraculous elements of the traditional theology, are as dangerous as the assassin who only destroys the body, not corporate wealth, nor the immortal soul.

The proviso that the head of a university and two-thirds of its trustees shall, through all future centuries, be avowed members of one minor sect, and that one the most exclusive among "evangelical Christians," is perfectly intelligible and defensible, from the pious believer's point of view. A similar proviso as to the teachers of theology, or of economics either, whether expressed or practically understood and exercised, is, or would be, entirely comprehensible, and, in its own sphere, effective of certain results. But if the other doctrine, that absolute freedom in discussion is the only assured highroad to helpful truth, be still peculiarly American; if, in particular, any of our generous public-spirited millionaires still hold it, then there must surely appear, somewhere, an institution of which that faith shall be the cornerstone.

A judge of the Supreme Court cannot be removed, I believe, for any mere heterodoxy, or even intemperance in utterance, on any subject. He cannot be decapitated by any single autocrat, but only after impeachment before his peers. The cause must be some demonstrable incompetence or unfitness for his position. The humblest teacher once permanently established in a New York city school has very much such a security of tenure. But does our university professor now have anything like it? Until he does, he must heed a warning, curt or kindly, that this or that utterance of his may displease a possible or actual donor, divert funds, and even imperil the rash speaker's usefulness to the institution. Such an institution may incubate much learning and even culture, but not beget heroic citizenship.

May a dreamer dream for one brief paragraph? Imagine twenty million dollars to start with. A hundred "life" chairs, at $10,000 each per annum, may be divided (somewhat like those of the French Academy) among ten large fields of study and instruction. They might be filled, at first, in a general open election by American college graduates, or by a large known group of independent scholars. As vacated, each chair could be filled by a majority vote, either of the subsection, or the entire body, or both. This call would be a direct statement that the recipient was the most eminent authority in his field, throughout the whole English-speaking world, available as a candidate. Some moderate provisions as to the number of hours of actual lecturing, teaching, or demonstrating expected annually, arrangements for retirement on half-pay, voluntary or by unanimous vote of one's colleagues, might provide against actual insanity or senile dementia. Is any teacher in America to-day so situated that he could hesitate to accept such a call? Yet lawyers, physicians, even clergymen, could be named who command thrice the modest income suggested, and whom no man or group of men would dare to threaten or warn.

W. C. L.

Brooklyn, October 16, 1903.

LORD PENZANCE ON THE BACON-SHAKSPERE CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent review of this book you clearly deprecate the opinion deduced by Lord Penzance from the allusion to the Gardens of Adonis in the play of "Henry VI." Truly, his opinion confirms his incompetency and makes his "judicial summing-up" ridiculous.

It may be that his deduction was based upon what another, equally unskilled, has said about the Gardens of Adonis and the play of "Henry VI." Mr. Edwin Reed, in his 'Brief for Plaintiff: Bacon vs. Shakespeare,' page 67, quotes the lines from "Henry V.," i. 6:

"Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next,"

and says:

"This reference puzzled all the commentators for nearly three hundred years, Richard Grant White declaring that 'no mention of any such garden in the classic writings of Greece and Rome is known to scholars.' It has recently been found, however, in Plato's 'Phædrus,' a work that had not been translated into English in Shakespeare's time."

Why all this pother? Why seek in the classics of Greece and Rome for such a "reference"? Shakspere need not so far have "progressed in his studies by March, 1592, as to have mastered the Greek language thus early," since on the 1st of December, 1589, 'The Faerie Queen' was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; and early in 1590 the First, Second, and Third books were published in a small quarto by Ponsonby. Now, in the Third Book, Canto VI., there are about twenty stanzas describing the Gardens of Adonis:

"And called is, by her lost lover's name,
The Garden of Adonis, far renown'd by fame."

. . . . . .

"There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruit's load."

ALFRED WAITES.

WORCESTER, MASS., October 18, 1903.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE THEORY OF FUNCTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your interesting editorial of October 1, you say, concerning the theory of numbers and the theory of functions, that "no *practical* application, and (as far as one can see into the future) no *scientific* application, either, is likely ever to be made of one or other of those two theories, outside of pure mathematics itself." This statement would probably have passed unchallenged a few years ago, perhaps even as recently as the time when the lamented mathematician to whom you allude was devoting himself to that pure and secluded virgin, the theory of numbers; but the mathematicians and physicists have been coming together within the last decade; they are comparing their standing problems, and are learning how to be mutually helpful and stimulating. It is realized that certain physical problems are at a standstill for want of appropriate modes of mathematical expression, and that there is need for the invention or discovery of new forms of functional relationship. Increased attention is accordingly being directed to the wide field of the theory of functions of a complex variable. The complex plane is one of the meeting-grounds of mathematicians and physicists, and the latter are now quite at home in the presence of that coy handmaiden, the complex variable; indeed, the well-known transformation scene in which she and her image play such a prominent part, is now an important feature in the solution of some practical problems.

The discovery of a new form of function to correspond to a new physical relation is at once a gain to natural science and to mathematics, and it widens the intellectual horizon. A single concrete example of the way in which the mutual stimulus operates may be of interest.

In 1891 Dr. Pockels of Heidelberg, in his treatise on the partial differential equations of mathematical physics, made the following suggestive remarks:

"Both from a mathematical and physical standpoint, multiform functions are important, and it is very desirable that the properties of such functions, their winding-points and singularities, their behavior on Riemann surfaces, etc., should be systematically investigated—in short, all the function-theory questions which were handled in the theory of the Newtonian and logarithmic potential. . . . In this direction of inquiry without doubt a wide and rich field offers itself."

About six years later, Professor Sommerfeld of Aachen, and his pupil, Dr. Carslaw of Glasgow, contributed papers to the London Mathematical Society on the multiform functions that satisfy certain differential equations subject to various boundary conditions; and they used these functions to solve some standing physical problems. One of these was the following problem in diffraction: "Plane waves of sound, light, or electricity are incident on a thin infinite half-plane bounded by a straight edge: to find the resulting diffraction of the waves." This problem had been mentioned in Lord Rayleigh's article on 'Wave Theory' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' in the following terms:

"The full solution of problems concerning the mode of action of a screen is scarcely to be expected. Even in the simple case of sound, where we know what we have to deal with, the mathematical difficulties are formidable, and we are not able to solve such an apparently elementary question as the transmission of sound past a rigid infinite thin plane screen bounded by a straight edge or perforated by a circular aperture."

The appropriate solution was obtained by the conception of a twofold Riemann space having the ordinary physical space as one of its folds, the half-plane as a branch membrane, and the straight edge as a winding line. The characteristic multiform function that expresses the wave motion was derived by the most beautiful use of pure function-theory.

I doubt if either Cayley or Sylvester would regret to see the sway of the virgin queen thus extended over new dominions. If she no longer has the seclusion of a "Leibnitzian monad," she exemplifies in a higher sense the Leibnitzian doctrine of preëstablished harmony—the harmony of the world of nature with the world of the intellect. What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

Very truly yours, JAMES MCMAHON.

ITHACA, N. Y., October 10, 1903.

[An apposite instance! Had we known of it, we should have softened our remark. Nor, in making it, did we forget that several applications have been made of propositions worked out by Cauchy and earlier mathematicians before the "theory of functions" was christened, and for which (though they are now incorporated in it) it can take no more credit than the theory of numbers could to the carpenter's rule of three-four-five, which was known to Pythagoras, but the principle of which may to-day figure in a treatise on that theory. But now, for the first time, we meet with one genuine case of an application of the theory of functions, upon which we may ground some hope for further such triumphs. It is a convincing and striking proof that a line of thought which seems to relate exclusively to impossible states of things may, if resolutely pursued, eventually bring great light upon familiar experiences. Let us give this instance a permanent place in our memory alongside of the fact that Pascal, after his wonderful discovery about conic sections, abandoned that study as an idle pastime having no application to any matter of importance.

All this, however, does not in the least touch the point that our remark was designed to make; for at the time when it could be said that the British were neglecting the theory of functions (which is no longer true), there was no glimmer of reasonable hope that it could ever be of any use. As for the theory of numbers, the first application of it has, we believe, yet to be made, unless, perhaps, Cayley used it for his theory of chemical "trees." But that concerns the *partition* of numbers, a separate branch of mathematics which the English have perfected, we believe.

We are heartily of opinion—but it is no longer a matter of opinion—that the younger generation of physicists are going to reap a rich harvest from their studies of the higher mathematics. In this they are only following a time-honored custom, for almost all the great physicists, from Galileo down, have been strong mathematicians. At the same time, there are instances enough—like the beautiful researches of Le Bon on phosphorescence and peculiar radiations—to show that, even in these days, the consciousness of a decidedly deficient capacity for mathematics need discourage no young man, nor young woman, from devoting himself or herself to physical investigations.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A new edition of Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' with illustrations by Charles Raymond Macauley, and a reissue of the century-old 'Peter Piper's Principles of Polite Pronunciation' (for children), may be looked for next month from the Scott-Thaw Co. of this city.

The pioneer missionary of the Episcopal Church in the Northwest, Dr. J. Lloyd Breck, is to be commemorated in a volume of biography and reminiscences by the Rev. Theodore I. Holcomb published by Thomas Whittaker, under the title 'An Apostle of the Wilderness.'

L. C. Page & Co.'s fall announcements include 'Belgium: Its Cities,' by Grant Allen; 'Gardens of the Caribbees,' by Ida M. H. Starr; 'The Art of the Pitti Palace,' by Julia de W. Addison; 'The Cathedrals of Northern France,' by Francis Miltoun; 'Japanese Art,' by Sadakichi Hartmann; 'The Love Affairs of Great Musicians,' by Rupert Hughes; 'Stevenson's Shrine: A Record of a Pilgrimage,' by Laura Stubbs; 'The Kinship of Nature,' essays by Bliss Carman, with 'Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics,' by the same writer; and 'Militarism: or, Peace and War at the Beginning of the 20th Century,' by G. Ferrero.

'Two Argonauts in Spain,' Jerome Hart's letters to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, of which he is editor, will be brought out by the Argonaut Co.

We spoke recently of the approaching completion of the A. L. A. Index to Portraits. This great undertaking is, we learn from the September Bulletin of the Central National Library in Florence, to be paralleled (and of course overlapped) by that institution's own 'Indice dei Ritratti,' which has been in compilation for a decade. The impulse to this index was the gift to the Library of more than 20,000 portraits by Professor Buonamici; but the range of the work transcends this collection to embrace other portraits possessed by the Library as well as those in books. In this last particular, a base exists in a manuscript 'Iconografia Universale' begun in 1828 by Vincenzo Follini, in sixteen vol-

umes, and including portraits scattered through the works in the Magliabechian section of the Library. The Bulletin, by the way, notices the Government appointment of a committee to catalogue and regulate the travelling libraries (*librerie ambulanti*).

One of the unnoticed events that deserve commemoration infinitely more than most battles is the completion of Mr. Charles Booth's description of the 'Life and Labor of the People in London' (Macmillan). This work, which in most respects far surpasses similar essays under Governmental auspices, such as our own census reports, will be of as much value to future historians as Domesday Book; and half the world need no longer be ignorant of how the other half lives. One cause of the success achieved was the unbiased character of the investigation, the design having been solely "to observe and chronicle the actual." In recognition of the magnificent public service so nobly rendered by Mr. Booth, if for no other reason, every one will join in the prayer with which he concludes: "May some great soul, master of a subtler and nobler alchemy than mine, disentangle the confused issues, reconcile the apparent contradictions in aim, melt and commingle the various influences for good into one divine uniformity of effort, and make these dry bones live, so that the streets of our Jerusalem may sing with joy!"

Four years ago we had occasion to praise Mr. Frederic C. Penfield's 'Present-Day Egypt,' and now we can welcome a revised and enlarged edition (The Century Co.). That there was room for this will appear if we mention solely the completion meanwhile of the mighty dam at Assuan, and of its tender at Assiut. The work has been reset and brought closely up to date.

Two editions of the works of Henry Fielding reach us together, and yet not precisely in rivalry. The first, in twelve volumes, is in the satisfactory form of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.'s earlier meritorious reprints. It requires no further comment, except that it has agreeable introductions to each book, by Dr. G. H. Maynadier, and an etched frontispiece of excellent quality in every volume. The second edition, by Croscup & Sterling, in sixteen volumes, is of the *de luxe* order, and issued in only 1,000 copies. The books have all the attractions of clear type, deckle edges, and labelled red buckram covers, with the additional feature of more than a hundred illustrations, being facsimile title-pages, manuscripts of the author, portraits of himself and associates, and eighteenth-century illustrations to his works. Under this rubric the names of Stothard, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank (his ideal illustrator) are prominent. Furthermore, the present edition is far more complete than any previous, and probably definitive. Fifty titles, mostly under the head of dramatic and legal works, appear for the first time. The editorial compilation was a labor of love of the late W. E. Henley, whose essay on the genius of Fielding appears in the last volume. The general reader will do very well with the Crowell edition; the student and bibliophile must have recourse to Messrs. Croscup & Sterling.

Charles Scribner's Sons have imported the volume on 'Cricket' in the "Country Life" Library of Sport. It is edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, and elaborately illustrated with an assortment of old prints obtained from the Marylebone Club and from private collections. There are chapters by well-known experts on Batting, Bowling, Fielding, County Cricket, Australian Cricket, University Cricket, and so forth, full of excellent advice, discriminating comment, and interesting reminiscence; and the most exacting enthusiast would find it difficult to point out any important development in the history or practice of the game that is not recorded in these 440 pages.

If it be a function of literature to revive happy memories as well as to convey useful information, there will always be room for new books on the Alps. We do not refer alone to the record of mountaineering exploits, but to all kinds of writings which bring brown rock-wall or green pasture before the inner eye. 'A Pleasure-Book of Grindelwald,' by Daniel P. Rhodes (Macmillan), is to be recommended for its title, its illustrations, and its text. The author is apparently a "centrist," for he does not take us into outlying parts of the Oberland. His theme is the region between the Grosse Scheidegg and Mürren — the region, one might almost say, which can be controlled from the Bear Hotel. All the pleasant things of Alpine life and leisure enter into his pages. Winter and summer are alike recalled. We may hear echoes of climbing, but Mr. Rhodes does not look upon the Eiger and the Jungfrau as greased poles. Sliding, skating, and skiing have in turn their share of attention, while along with the notice of each sport we are given glimpses of the most beautiful landscapes which Switzerland affords. The illustrations, though not of the most expensive order, are so very attractive that they extort a word of more than conventional praise. This is not a book to be itemized, but to be read by all who love and miss the Alps.

'Sidelights on the Court of France,' by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard (Dutton), the most lenient reviewer would find it difficult to praise. Its subject is the court life of France from the days of Francis I. to those of Louis XIII.; or, rather, its subject is the scandalous history of that period. Col. Haggard, we must admit, professes to be shocked at the profligacy which he describes; but why should he describe it? As a contribution to historical literature, his farrago of gossip deserves but the scantiest notice. For example, a single passage will suffice: "It was said and generally believed that the famous 'Man in the Iron Mask,' who was confined for life in the Bastile, was the elder brother of Louis XIV., being in truth the son of Anne of Austria by the Duke of Buckingham." As a piece of story-telling this book also fails to justify itself, for though it would fain be vivacious it is not so. There is no reason that we can see why books of this sort should be written, printed or bought.

'Sweet Violets and Pansies' (Scribners) is a book for such as would cultivate these exquisite floral cousins successfully. The fragrant violet is the favorite of the poet and the society woman, the pansy of the amateur gardener, because of its beauty and endless variety of coloring. It is not often that man can improve on nature, but in the case of the pansy he has done so amazingly. The wild Alpine pansy is a thing of beauty, but not such a joy forever as the garden pansy, which owes its present charms to persistent selection and weeding out. No variety of pansies can be depended upon to reproduce itself exactly; but this very fact is an advantage, as the editor of this volume, E. T. Cook, points out; for "nothing imparts such zest to gardening as watching a bed of seedlings for the opening flowers; . . . there are certain to be pleasant floral surprises in the way of highly promising novelties." He quotes the best authorities on pansy and violet culture freely, gives descriptions of many famous varieties, and full directions for raising from the seed or by means of cuttings.

It is instructive to watch the efforts to interest this country in its wards in the Far East, while our people cannot be said to concern itself yet with Porto Rico—nothing like as much as with Alaska. Mr. Samuel MacClintock, Ph.B., principal of the Cebu Normal School, has compiled 'The Philippines: A Geographical Reader,' which the American Book Company has brought out in good shape, with photographic illustrations of manners and customs, scenery, architecture, etc., and with simple maps. The last chapter describes the government of the islands, and recognizes the possible temporary nature of the existing connection with the United States.

The Smithsonian Institution's annual report for the year ending June 30, 1901, has just appeared. It embodies the report of the United States National Museum, by Richard Rathbun, which in turn embodies the report on the Museum's exhibit at Buffalo in the year named above. The photographic illustrations are very attractive. Room is found at the close of the volume for a narrative of a visit to Indian tribes of the Purus River, Brazil, by Joseph Beal Steere.

The Cambridge Antiquarian Society decided, in 1894, to commemorate the scholarly work of Henry Richards Luard, sometime Registrary of Cambridge University, by publishing the old records of academic life called "Grace" books. In accordance with this resolution, Grace Book A was most carefully edited, annotated, and indexed by Mr. Stanley M. Leathes of Trinity College, and appeared in 1897. Now, after an interval of six years, appears Grace Book B, Part I., containing the proctors' accounts and other records of the University of Cambridge for the years 1488-1511. (Grace Book A, be it remembered, covered the years 1454-1488.) The second part of Grace Book B, promised by the Society for 1904, will cover the years 1511-1549. Thus will become available for students of the momentous period which saw the growth and triumph of the new learning in Europe the minutest records of academic life at Cambridge. Already, in his edition of Grace Book A, Mr. Leathes called attention to the fact that, among the numerous books listed as pledges deposited up to 1488 in various university chests, there was no trace whatever of the revival of learning, and only one record of a printed book, mentioned as a curiosity. Turning to this year's publication of Grace Book B, Part I., we find that what must be a printed book, Ficino's Latin translation of Plato, was pledged in December, 1500. Here, then, is a trace both of the new art of printing and of the new learning. The editorial work upon Grace Book B has been put into commission, so to speak. Miss Mary Bateson has written the Introduction, and several hands have prepared the annotations, established

the text, and achieved the invaluable index under the general auspices of the present Registrary of Cambridge, Mr. J. W. Clark. All this work reaches the high standard set by Mr. Leathes in the first memorial volume, and the learned world may well be grateful for these substantial contributions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society.

A writer in the *Grenzboten* complains of the unconscionable time it is taking to complete the 'Deutsches Wörterbuch' begun by Jakob Grimm. A quarter of a century ago an optimistic critic expressed the hope of soon seeing the article "Gott" by Hildebrand; but that savant died before he had finished the words beginning with *ge*, and to this day only ten volumes have been completed, leaving eleven more to come. It was hoped that when, in 1868, the German Government took Grimm's work on its shoulders, it would be expedited; but the contrary was the case, and the present situation seems hopeless. Even if each of the five present editors contributed two *Hefte* a year, fifteen more years would be required to reach the end; but, as a matter of fact, only one of the five is an expert lexicographer who comes up to that mark, while the letter U has been given to a man who has done no important literary work in twenty years, and who, in the eight years since he was appointed one of the contributors to the dictionary, has not sent a single sheet to the publisher!

The earliest calendar for 1904 to reach us comes from over seas by way of Lemcke & Buechner, namely, the twentieth issue of the *Münchener Kalendar*, with its familiar monkish trade-mark and the customary display of arms of dukes, principalities, and noble families.

The *Consular Reports* for October has increased in size and in the number and variety of subjects treated. Among these the most important are the English tariff question, German industrial and commercial conditions, and the world's iron and steel production. There is a suggestive account of the work of the French chambers of commerce, 164 in number, in furnishing the Government with information about their districts, in aiding in tariff legislation, providing funds for public works (as, harbor improvements), and in founding commercial and industrial schools. From a brief statement of the occupation of the people in different countries it appears that the largest proportion of those engaged in agriculture, 64 per cent., is to be found in Hungary, the smallest, 10 per cent., in England. "With reference to the percentage of females employed, the United States stands first with only 14.3 per cent.," while in Austria the percentage is 47.

In a paper on the geographical distribution of insanity in the United States, to which a large part of the *National Geographic Magazine* for October is devoted, Dr. William A. White shows that insanity is due, not to physical environment, climatic or topographic conditions, but to the stress incident to the struggle for existence. A careful comparison of the statistics furnished by the census returns of 1880 with those of 1890, the results of which are given in a series of outline maps, make it evident that insanity increases in a certain ratio to the increased congestion of the population. Illustrative of this is the fact that in Georgia in 1880 there was but one insane negro to 1,764 of the colored population, while in New York the ratio was one to 333, or almost exactly the same ratio as for the whites. Mr. O. W. Price urges the immediate application of practical forestry to the lumber industry of this country. It now ranks fourth among our manufacturing industries, with an annual product valued at $566,000,000, but it is run on the fundamentally unsound principle of regarding only present profit without relation to the future. He advocates the gradual elimination of the large sawmill, the substitution of those of moderate size, and the adoption of measures to secure a second crop from the lumbered area.

In connection with that interesting event, the opening of the Germanic Museum at Harvard on November 10, Mr. Heinrich Conried has arranged to give a performance of three German plays—by Hans Sachs, Goethe, and Ludwig Fulda—typical of different epochs in the history of the German drama.

The good impression which foreigners often carry away with them after visiting the United States is evidenced, among other things, by the fact that a member of the Academy of Sciences of Christiania, who does not want his identity to be known, but who has spent a year in the United States, has given 6,000 crowns to the Nansen Fund for the promotion of science, which was established, it will be remembered, after the return of Nansen from his Arctic expedition, to serve as a nucleus for an American Fund. The donor desires in this way to give expression to his admiration and veneration for the American people, and he hopes that the fund will grow by contributions from others entertaining the same sentiments.

That Henrik Ibsen's health is better than it has of late repeatedly been reported to be, appears from a story told in a Christiania newspaper. Ibsen, it seems, is very fond of spending a part of his forenoons sitting on a bench in the Queen's Park, a secluded part of the Royal Park surrounding the castle; but one day, when he came to take his usual airing, he found the gate closed, to his great disgust, for he was unaware that the Queen's Park is always closed to the general public when the Queen honors the city with her presence. The King, however, learned of the matter, and immediately gave orders that Ibsen should be admitted to the park at any and all times, sending him, besides, a key to the park, so that he could always be sure of his ability to enter.

On the 27th of October a remarkable expiatory memorial will be unveiled in Geneva on the spot where Michael Servetus was burned to death for heresy just three hundred and fifty years ago. The placing of this granite block is the outcome of the agitation of Professor Doumergue, the great historian of Calvin. Beneath the record of the historic event the tablet contains the following memorable words: "Fils respectueux et reconnaissants de Calvin, notre grand réformateur, mais condamnant une erreur qui fut celle de son siècle, et fermement attachés à la liberté de conscience selon les vrais principes de la Réformation, nous avons élevé ce Monument Expiatoire le 27 Octobre, 1903."

With what difficulties the students of modern history must contend in Prussia is clear from an article published in the last *Heft* of the *Historische Vierteljahrschrift*, by Professor Rochfahl, who reports that the Government of that country refuses to scholars and savants all access to the state archives later than the year 1840. Permission to study the materials since that year is granted only as an exceptional privilege and with sharp restrictions. Rochfahl, who once secured such permission to secure data for the March Revolution of 1848, was compelled to submit his extracts to the authorities, who eliminated the best and most important portions.

—The first number of the *Scottish Historical Review* appears this month with the imprint of Messrs. MacLehose & Sons, publishers to the University of Glasgow, and is adorned most appropriately with the rampant lion of Scotland, associated in academic circles with the arms of Balliol College, but nowhere, be it admiringly said, more correctly and artistically portrayed than on this beautifully printed quarterly. Thus from the ashes of the *Scottish Antiquary*, of which this Review is technically a "New Series," emerges a periodical which takes its place worthily by the side of the American and English historical reviews. It is intended to cover history, archæology, and literature, "with more particular attention to Scotland and the Borders," and prominence will be given to "the discussion of problems in old English and Scottish literature"—according to the account of it offered by the editor, whose name does not appear. A long list of prospective contributors, including most of the well-known authorities on Scottish antiquities and many others, shows that this review has a most solid backing in Scotland, and makes it certain to deserve a wider support than could be given to the *Scottish Antiquary*. To the present number Prof. Walter Raleigh contributes a paper on the lives of authors, illustrated by uncommonly well-executed facsimiles from the Bodleian engravings and drawings of Isaak Walton, John Aubrey, and Anthony à Wood. Mr. Law's account of Lislebourg and Petit Leith explains the bestowal upon Edinburgh of the name Lislebourg—common in France and Spain for a considerable period beginning shortly before the birth of Mary Queen of Scots. Edinburgh was called Leith-lebourg, and its port Petit Leith, he thinks. However that may be, he absolutely disposes of the popular account of the matter which requires Edinburgh to figure in the mind of the French as the island-city, L'Islebourg. What Mr. Law desiderates is examples of either Lislebourg or Petit Leith before June, 1540, the date of the dispatch of Marillac, in which he finds the earliest use of Lislebourg for Edinburgh. Mr. Millar reports on a curious volume in which Scotland was described for Queen Magdalene by Jehan Desmontiers, whom James V. engaged to do the work for his bride's enlightenment. Only one copy of this book exists in Britain, nor is it frequent on the Continent, where it was printed in 1538. Interesting as the other contributions are, only Mr. Andrew Lang's publication of a letter from Sir William Stewart and Mr. James Wilson's account and publication of an English letter of Gospatric (old English accompanied by a translation) can be mentioned here.

—The article in the July number of the *Burlington Magazine* (New York: Samuel Buckley & Co.) possessing the greatest gen-

eral interest is that which deals with the Sir Joshuas, twenty-six in number, in the collection of the Earl of Normanton. Thirteen of these are illustrated in the plates, two in photogravure, and the rest in half-tone. They include the seven paintings of the cardinal and theological virtues which were made as designs for the stained-glass window at New College, Oxford, and are as charming as independent works of eighteenth-century art as they are inappropriate to their purpose; the other pictures are portraits, the best of which, to our mind, is that of George, third Duke of Marlborough. As a whole, this group of Reynolds's works is pronounced by Mr. Max Roldit to be "unparalleled in any other collection, public or private, all the world over." Of the other articles, that on "The Plate of Winchester College" is most splendidly illustrated. In a review of Ricci's 'Pintoricchio' occurs the following paragraph, which is worthy of the attention of some of our mural painters:

"But modern art is just at a point where Pintoricchio is really more sympathetic than the masters of the great style, for in the break-up of artistic tradition and the decline of classical taste the decorator of to-day is thrown back upon parading the mere materials of his art, upon bright color and relief, upon sumptuousness, and the startling and attractive. He has, in fact, dedicated himself to ornamentation—for we must not debase the word decoration! And of ornamentation, of the sumptuous, the attractive, the gay and the ingenious, Pintoricchio was a master. The gorgeousness of the Borgia apartments delude even critics who ought to distinguish more subtly, into praising them as art."

This coincides so exactly with our own opinion, as expressed in our review of the same work, that it is a pleasure to reprint it.

—The August number, though of the usual high standard of this magazine, is perhaps a trifle less interesting. Georg Gronau seems to us to overrate Titian's portrait of the Empress Isabella, wife of Charles V., of which an admirable photogravure is given. The picture, in our judgment, shows just that lack of vitality which was to be expected in the painting of a person whom the artist had never seen. The publication of the presumptive original from which Titian worked gives its main interest to the article. Mr. Campbell Dodgson writes of a "newly discovered portrait-drawing by Dürer," not of the highest quality, recently acquired by the British Museum, which he thinks he has succeeded in identifying as a portrait of Margaret, sister of Casimir, Margrave of Culmbach; and Mr. Pennell "does not argue with us, but tells us" about "Later Nineteenth Century Book Illustrations." On the whole, we are most thankful for the "Portrait of a Lady," by Rembrandt, in the collection of Mr. J. Hage, a picture of the year of the "Anatomy Lesson," and a beautiful piece of Rembrandt's smooth and finished workmanship in his early period, with all his invariable sense of life. It is published in a good half-tone plate with brief comment.

—Of particular interest were two recent meetings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The address of the President, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in which he tells the story of the battle of Salamis, would alone distinguish the proceedings, for he restates the subject in the light of a personal visit to Marathon and Salamis. Apart from this presentation, to which we may return, the Society prints a remarkable series of letters written to Dr. Richard Price, who was so good a friend to America in the Revolution, and a second series of letters from Benjamin Vaughan to the Earl of Shelburne. In the eighty-one Price letters is new material from Franklin, Jefferson, Chauncy, Winthrop, Gordon, Rush, Shelburne, and others, extending from 1767 to 1790. The quality of this correspondence is unusually high, and throws much light upon English and American politics during and after the Revolution. Ezra Stiles thought the Quebec act would cause a "jubilee in Hell," and Chauncy believed the Continental currency and its failure a real blessing to the country. The phrase "prudential algebra" is worthy of Franklin, and his criticism of Necker is quite as good: "I will not say that the writer thinks higher of himself and his abilities than they deserve, but I wish for his own sake that he had kept such sentiments more out of sight." Shelburne makes the suggestion that the displeasure so long displayed against Carleton arose from his not employing the Indians sooner. Hazlitt, the father of the essayist, gives a warning against Dr. Rush which is all the more curious as being undoubtedly true, though much against the character of the doctor. "Sandford and Merton" Day offers a not unjust criticism of American poetry, in connection with a proposal to dispose of the copyright of Barlow's 'Columbiad' in England. The one letter in the collection written by Dr. Price contains a very appreciative account of his friend, Adam Smith, who had recently passed away.

—The letters of Vaughan to Shelburne are supplied by Mr. Adams, and were copied from the originals with an intention of including them in the "Works of John Adams." The nine letters now printed relate to the peace negotiations of 1783. The writer ingeniously urged reasons for retaining the Floridas as a base for threatening the possessions of Spain in America. "While wars are among our foolish customs, I cannot see why the Gulf of Mexico should not as well belong to England as to Spain." With Canada, the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, the Ohio, and the Mississippi in English keeping, there would be a "trading coast" at the back of the American "colonies" answering to the Atlantic in front of them. This was late in 1782, when Vaughan was urging haste so that no interruption could come from Adams, then at The Hague and believed to be hostile to Great Britain and her desires. Later he looked upon Adams as very favorable to England. The two series of letters are notable.

—One of the most encouraging signs that, in this country, the study of Greek, the interest in Greek civilization, are not destined to fall into the background, is the popular support regularly given to the revival of a Greek play. Whether at Harvard or the University of Pennsylvania in the East, or at Stanford or Berkeley on the Pacific Coast, there seems to be no difficulty in securing large audiences who not only sit out a play in a language they do not understand, but follow it with unflagging interest. Aristophanes won no more flattering tribute from his admiring Athenians than was paid him by the 7,000 American spectators who witnessed a single performance of the "Birds," last month, in the new Greek theatre at Berkeley. The fact that seven representations of the "Antigone" were given in southern and central California last year by the members of Stanford University, and that the receipts met all the expenses, is, some will think, a more signal triumph for Sophocles than that famous victory over Æschylus won more than two thousand years ago. To commemorate its success, the department of Greek in Stanford University has published an attractive little volume entitled "Antigone" (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.), with a full account of the presentation and a score of full-page photographs, which should be useful to the promoters of any Greek play in the future. A critical study of the play by A. T. Murray is included; but perhaps the most important feature is an essay on the "Choral Side of the Antigone," by H. Rushton Fairclough, who gives a clear and accurate account of the musical setting of a Greek play and the functions of the chorus, together with a discussion of Mendelssohn's choral music, which was composed for the "Antigone" in 1841 at the request of Frederick William of Prussia. It is the great advantage of the "Antigone" that it possesses this set of choruses for male voices in which the genius of Mendelssohn offsets the antiquarian accuracy, or attempt at accuracy, of more modern imitators of Greek music.

—It is usually a dull task, if not unprofitable, to read the Introduction of a college text-book. Not so, however, with the selections from Pliny's Letters prepared for Macmillan's Classical Series by Prof. Elmer T. Merrill. From the humor so frequently observable in the introductory pages we are disposed to infer that Professor Merrill has sat at the feet of the sage of Johns Hopkins—if not as a pupil, at any rate as a reader of those delightful editorial coruscations which appear from quarter to quarter in the *American Journal of Philology*. Professor Merrill sets a high value on the Letters, not discounting them so heavily as some because of their artificial character. A man may be excessively self-conscious, he holds, may write with a constant view to future publication, and still be sincere. It must be conceded, however, that one writing under these conditions will hardly come as near telling the *whole* truth as he might otherwise do. The loss of Pliny's speeches and poems is not regarded as a serious misfortune. As to the former, the possession of the 'Panegyric' "will go far towards solacing our grief for the loss of the remainder." And of the poems we are told: "As every man of letters then or in any period of the world ought to do, Pliny loved poetry; and as few men then or ever ought to do, he tried to write it. Naturally enough, he loved what he had written, but, worse than that, he also admired it." Professor Merrill has made an independent and careful study of the manuscripts, and his readings differ in about one hundred and thirty cases from those of Keil's critical edition (1870). Grammatical discussions are excluded from his Introduction, as he does not choose to display "the bleached and arid bones of grammatical and stylistic framework, laid out in classified order before the student's repugnant vision" right at the start. The commentary is sufficiently full—about two pages

to one of text—and is well adapted to elucidate the thought.

THE "CAMBRIDGE" UNITED STATES.

The United States. (The Cambridge Modern History. Volume VII.) Macmillan Co. 1903.

The present volume of the "Cambridge Modern History" is, although published next after the first volume, the seventh and not the second of the whole series, and, instead of carrying on the European story from the days of Maximilian of Germany and Henry the Eighth of England, makes a new start with the English and French occupation and colonization of North America. It is all (except the two chapters on the French in Canada) occupied with the history of the United States; and out of its 751 pages nearly 200, filling six chapters, are devoted to the War of Secession—a proportion perhaps excessive when one considers that, immensely important as that struggle was, it represents in a certain sense rather a side channel than the main stream of American development. The history of democratic institutions and the history of economic development are, after all, the two lines of progress with which the present and future have most to do.

In conformity with the general plan of this great work, the present volume is the work of different writers selected for the special competence each is deemed to possess for dealing with the particular topic committed to him. Thirteen contribute, all but three of whom are Americans. One of the three, Mr. John A. Doyle, writes four chapters, covering the history of the colonies down to the end of the Revolutionary war. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are fully treated by Mr. Melville M. Bigelow. Prof. J. B. McMaster gives us in three chapters a general history of the nation from 1783 till 1850, while the war of 1812, considered as a sort of military and naval episode, is allotted to Mr. H. W. Wilson. President Woodrow Wilson, in a chapter on the State Rights controversy, carries the reader down to 1860, where the late Mr. John G. Nicolay takes up the tale, and narrates minutely the operations in the civil war. After chapters on the South during the War by Professor Schwab, on Political Reconstruction by Mr. Theodore Clark Smith, and on the United States as a World Power by Prof. John B. Moore, which bring the narrative down to 1902, two concluding chapters by Prof. H. C. Emery and Prof. Barrett Wendell give a general survey of the economic development of the United States and of the work of America in the field of literature and art. This enumeration shows how difficult it is to review the book as a whole. One cannot, within the limits of an article of this kind, attempt to describe or criticise the method, the style, the idiosyncrasies of thirteen different writers; nor can one examine the general views of the course of American history presented, for each writer has his own point of view, and it is in the variety of points of view as well as in special competence that the value of this sort of composite work resides.

This, however, we may say of the volume as a whole, that, like Volume I., it is a piece of good, solid, thorough work from beginning to end. There is very little rhetoric and, indeed, very little ornament of any kind. All is practical, direct, and business-like. Few of those general reflections in which the old historians rejoiced are to be found, even when the result of a series of events might be profitably summed up in that form. However, in several of the chapters, such as President Wilson's on the last political phase of the "irrepressible conflict," before the ship was hurried into the rapids by the Presidential election of 1860, we find a clear, broad, and vigorous presentment of most of the forces that were at work worthy of his reputation, as well as an admirable sketch of Calhoun. Mr. Bradley's account of the campaign which wrested Canada from France and gave it to England is full of spirit; and Prof. Barrett Wendell's chapter entitled "The American Intellect" is a striking piece of work in its conciseness, in the constant precision and frequent felicity of its expression, and in the effort to interpret each part of the products of American thought by the other parts, so as to convey a general impression of the typical features of the national mind. There is no harder task than to present such a view which shall be consistent throughout, and yet avoid the error of giving undue prominence to any one leading idea. And although those who have meditated on the topics Professor Wendell handles may find themselves differing from some of his judgments, they will, if they are candid, admit that he has given them suggestions deserving to be pondered over, and fit to awaken new ideas in their own hearts.

One task, however, which the composition of this volume involved is scarcely less formidable than that which confronted Professor Wendell. It is the task of telling the political story of the last few years—years which are in the memory of all of us; years whose events are still the subject of strenuous controversy. Many of the data by which the judgment of history on the actors in those events will be determined have not yet been made public, nor can the most courageous and candid writer venture to say all that he thinks, even when he is sure that he possesses sufficient data, because nobody can be expected to embroil himself in disputes with living men or their near relatives. It is as perilous to deal with the history of one's own time as it is to speak the whole truth regarding some prominent person who has just quitted the world. Prof. J. B. Moore had therefore a duty of extreme difficulty and delicacy when he undertook the last narrative chapter, which covers the period from 1885 to 1902. He has addressed himself to it with honesty and impartiality. He has wisely made it a mere record of facts, and has abstained from the expression of opinions, whether on politics or on persons. Yet without some expressions of opinion it is scarcely possible to convey the whole facts, for the significance of the facts cannot be understood without a knowledge of the personal factors. Mr. Blaine, for instance, and President McKinley are in these pages little more than names, yet it was the character of the two men that at certain points made all the difference to the course things took. We could not send a European to this portion for an account of the proceedings which led up to the war with Spain, and of the features of that war itself with any confidence that he would know all the causes, or even all the main causes, that determined the momentous change that war has brought. This may suggest a doubt whether the editors have been well advised in trying to bring the narrative, except in the form of a bare chronological record, down to the date of publication of each volume.

Returning to the book as a whole, and repeating the impression of fairness and thoroughness which it makes, we may add a few criticisms on points which seem inadequately dealt with. In chapter v. Mr. Doyle describes the incidents in the quarrel with Great Britain with the knowledge and judgment we expect from him, and in chapter vi. ("The Declaration of Independence") Mr. Melville Bigelow gives an extremely careful and valuable analysis of the legal questions at issue between the mother country and the colonies. But a chapter, or a section of a chapter, is also needed to describe the moral and social forces which were tending to draw the nations apart—a branch of the subject which, so to speak, falls through between these two writers. The chapters devoted to the struggle over slavery may appear scarcely satisfactory to those, now becoming few, who remember the ante-bellum days. Slavery was a worse thing, not only in its ultimate economic results, but also in the actual suffering it inflicted, in the moral evils it engendered, in the spirit and temper it created, than would be gathered from chapter xiii.; and although the moral feeling of the North which expressed itself most forcibly among the Abolitionists is touched upon, its importance as a factor is not quite fully recognized. In the later parts of the volume three topics receive less prominence than they deserve. One is the growth of the party system—a growth which is really the most distinctive feature of American democracy, the most remarkable contribution to the "natural history of democracy in general" which America has made. Another is the part played in the public life of the country by great cities and the problems of municipal administration. Though it would have been impossible to trace in detail the changeful phases of corruption and purification, of reform and relapse, in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago, the influence of the cities has grown so notably that this important subject ought not to have been passed over almost in silence. Lastly, there is the negro problem. It is touched on in the chapter on Reconstruction, but its later developments, both social and Constitutional, receive slight notice, though the whole history of the colored race in America is one of the most remarkable and instructive branches of the ethnological annals of mankind.

A critic who notes these deficiencies is also bound to admit the enormous difficulty of compressing into one volume, even a volume of 857 pages, the mass of facts which had to be set forth and explained when tracing during three centuries the progress of a gigantic nation. Even had the omissions been far more numerous, the book would be one of great and permanent value. It contains (and this is an improvement on volume i.) a useful chronological table of leading events, as well as a carefully prepared Bibliography, which serious students will find serviceable. Another improvement is the presence of an index to this volume. It would (we may be allowed to repeat) be a

convenience to the reader if at the corner of the top of each page the name of the writer of the particular chapter were given, for it is hard, when one has occasion from time to time to consult the book, to recollect which of the numerous writers is responsible for the chapter under perusal.

BRYAN'S DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New edition, revised and enlarged under the supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D. With numerous illustrations. Volume I., A-C. Volume II., D-G. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

This well-known work was first published in 1816. An edition revised by J. Stanley was published in 1849, and a supplement to this in 1876. An edition revised by Robert Edmund Graves of the British Museum, and extended to two volumes of about 750 pages each, large octavo, in two columns, was published in parts between 1884-1890, with Sir Walter Armstrong, since so widely and favorably known as a writer on painting, as editorial associate for the second volume. That edition differed in title from the present one, but only in a minor detail. For fifteen years it has been, in a general way, the most useful dictionary to students, for the arts of painting and engraving alone; all other classes of artists being excluded from Bryan's Dictionary except when, as in the case of Antoine Louis Barye, a sculptor was also known as successful in one of the graphic arts. Even this name was admitted grudgingly, however, for the amount and excellence of Barye's work, and the interest it has often excited among artists as well as among the instructed public, would entitle him to more than the six lines allowed.

We must not ignore some slight annoyances to him who would consult this dictionary in the course of his daily work. Take one of the simplest possible instances: each name is followed by the words "was born in ———" or words altogether equivalent to this; but the date of death is not to be found until the close of the biography. Now as this biography may be succeeded by a long discussion of the merits of the artist, or by an attempted analysis of his work at an earlier and a later epoch, it follows that the date of death is almost undiscoverable, and that one is much more apt to catch up Champlin and Perkins, or Seubert, or James, or the 'National Biography' for Great Britain, or one of the two American biographical dictionaries, or Michaud, or Hoefer, or some other general work—anything rather than hunt through the packed text for a date. We have named above books in which this defect (of obvious importance to the busy maker of "copy," while he is writing or dictating), is consistently avoided. Each one begins the notice with a simple parenthesis within which are the two dates, the years of birth and death with a dash between them; or with a statement almost as brief including the place of birth and of death, when known. Alone the magnificent 'Allgemeines Künstler Lexikon,' by Dr. Meyer, based upon Nagler's old 'Dictionary of Artists,' sometimes omits that device for facilitating study; but to this and to similar minor faults of omission it owes its commercial failure, for in thirty years it has not advanced beyond *Bezzuoli*.

Bryan's book had this advantage, a merit shared by the great German work alone, that, after the biography of a notable artist, a list of his works was given, arranged methodically under towns and galleries. As these lists were printed in tabular form, they allowed of very easy consultation. Etchings or other work on copper and wood were separated from paintings in these tables, as where we find under the term "Bol, Ferdinand," first a table of known paintings of importance, and then, after a brief introduction, a separate list of etchings. In each of these two lists, and their introductory notes, by the way, only one thing is lacking—some mention of the fact that Bol counts so obviously for much in the etchings commonly ascribed to Rembrandt.

Comparing volume one of the present edition with that of Graves and Armstrong, there are to be noted many additions, as of persons who have died since the former work was made complete (for the work is limited strictly to the dead), and other insertions of artists of less fame who had not been thought worthy of a place in the first edition. As the preface says: "Many more names have unfortunately become eligible for inclusion, and further researches have brought to light new facts"; and it is stated that about five hundred new notices are to be included in the work. Thus, there is a column devoted to Boecklin (entered, strange to say, after Boekhorst and Boekel); the notice is rather critical than biographical, perhaps as introducing the epoch-making work of an artist so little known in the West. In like manner Rosa Bonheur has about a column, and Benjamin Constant as much. No one of these three artists is allowed a tabulated list of paintings, but many names of pictures are mentioned in the text or in a small-print note at the end of the biography. Ford Madox Brown has a page and a half; but although he had been dead at least nine years before this book can have gone to press, no list of his works is given, but only the names of pictures which are convenient for the criticism undertaken. Burne-Jones (entered under B) receives two pages, but here also the tabulated list is omitted. We regret to see this general abandonment by the editors of the new work of what was a valuable feature of the standard book finished in 1889. We are not unmindful of the fact that the work of very recently living men is mainly in private hands; and that of course would make such compiling more difficult—not less desirable. French and other Continental schools are treated in a rather offhand way. Pierre Victor Galland has thirteen lines only, and Gaillard, chief of all recent engravers with the burin, only eighteen. Perhaps it is not the "foreigner" who receives this slighting treatment at the hands of the English editor, but the decorator and the innovating engraver, rather. At least, Jules Dupré of the newer men has space enough allowed him; as have also Henry Peters Gray and the battle-painter, Detaille, who, by the way, is named not as having died, but as having given up painting only.

Considering the older artists, those of whom no strikingly new knowledge has been obtained, we find the notice of Thomas Bewick unchanged, and that of George Cruikshank also unchanged except for a word or two. Gustave Courbet and Thomas Couture have here, also, the same notices which they had in the former edition, although the notice of Couture was limited to twenty lines and a list of six pictures; that of Courbet to less than a column all told. It is a small matter, perhaps, that Courbet is said to have certain pictures in the Louvre, six in number, whereas that great museum has ten Courbets. The notice given to Camille Corot remains unchanged, and no table of his works follows it, though five or six pictures are named in the text. The fact that the Louvre, the special goal of every French artist, contains five of his paintings, is not mentioned; nor are the very remarkable and precious etchings by Corot named in the new edition, as they were not named in that of 1886.

Considering now some of the great celebrities of old time, some of the giants of whom perhaps all that need be known is given in the former editions, we find that Paul Veronese (under Caliari) has the same notice that he had in the former edition, with the exception of a few deleted lines, and with what appears to be a deliberate omission from the list of all paintings in private hands. Correggio (under Allegri) has also the same notice as in the former edition and the same table of works; but the earlier edition credited this list to "Dr. Meyer's carefully prepared catalogues," an ascription which the new edition omits.

There is one important consideration in the study of all these dictionaries of artists, the tone of criticism adopted. This, of course, varies with the writer of the separate notice, and it would require incredible firmness and unattainable range on the part of the editor-in-chief to restrain even in part the expression of opinion by his numerous contributors. Within limits, the expression of individual opinion can be restrained, can be modified, can be even modified for the better by the added responsibility which weighs upon him who in a sense commits the whole body of his fellow-contributors and his editorial chief as well, and who, therefore, cannot write with the same indifference to the opposite and differing views which he might feel when writing under his own signature and without editorial supervision. To a very small extent only are these conditions changed by the insertion of initials after some of the newer articles. It is still within the bounds of possibility that criticism should be restrained from assuming the dithyrambic tone of Mr. Malcolm Bell's article on Burne-Jones, or the surprisingly positive statements made by the editor in his article on Benjamin Constant, who is there asserted to have been the master of the modern French school—a statement which would astonish most members of that school. But the tone of criticism is, on the whole, instructive. To say that it is altogether just would be to say too much; but what one needs most to know is given in most cases. Thus, in the article on Corot and in the article on Caldecott (to take only the newest biographies), the characterization of the man's work is accurate enough and gives all that one needs, perhaps, in the way of the ordinary search for information.

On the whole, then, this book is a less complete remaking of 'Bryan' than we had

hoped for, and falls short of the ideal as a dictionary of painters and (especially) engravers. There is, however, a new feature of unquestioned value and interest, having only one disagreeable side to it, the consequent increase in the size of the dictionary and also in its cost. Each of the two volumes already issued is as thick as the old volume of twice the number of pages, a difference which cannot be altogether accounted for by a slight increase in the thickness of the paper (which is also very much prettier, with soft, rough surface and a pleasant tint). What really makes them heavy, and also precious to the student, is the addition of one hundred, or of eighty, full-page plates by photographic process, including modern as well as ancient paintings, and, since they are accessible under the alphabetized list of names, extremely useful to the student. That means a collection of four hundred and fifty well-chosen pictures. This, then, is a work for extra-illustration with many inserted plates, not for the sake of making something unique to figure in catalogues of auction sales to come, but for frequent consultation. It so happens that the world has been enriched, of late, by a number of collections of photographic reproductions without texts. In Germany, in France, in England, and in the United States these gatherings of half-tones and other process-prints reproducing the paintings of the great masters by the score and by the hundred abound; and it is not a difficult thing to add twenty Ghirlandajos to the two given here under Bigordi, or as many Bellinis and half as many Boningtons. Moreover, the presence of these pictures suggests what might be done in the way of making a dictionary that would appeal to those who can learn by observation better than by reading.

Sea Scamps. By Henry C. Rowland. McClure, Phillips & Co.

McTodd. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. The Macmillan Co.

It is rather an uncommon coincidence that two books of sea-tales should be issued simultaneously, each by a different author, and that each should have qualities far above the average of their class. 'Sea Scamps' is a vivid, fluent, picturesque, and entertaining series of yarns told by three men, equal participants in adventures on Eastern seas. One is an English surgeon, the other an American railroad man, and the third an English artist. Each in turn contributes to the continuity of the narrative. So skilfully has the author varied the method of expression or style of each of the narrators that the illusion of three distinct contributors, instead of one, is consistently carried out.

Brown, the artist, was not at first associated with the other two on their nautical enterprises. He came in later, under the plea of opportunity to study the movement of the ocean from the deck of a ship. Under these circumstances—although a subsequent and willing participant in their adventures—he feels at liberty to criticise with considerable frankness the moral attitude of his comrades. Of Bolles, the English surgeon, and Knapp, the American railroad man, he says they were unprincipled solely from early associations, which, in the case of Knapp, were rigid New England Congregationalist, while Bolles was so by reason of the High Church teachings he had absorbed as an undergraduate at Oxford. With such handicaps, it was not surprising, according to Brown, that Bolles had been engaged in smuggling opium into the Philippines (since American occupancy), and that he and Knapp had been together in another enterprise perilously near to piracy. Individual opinion as to the falsity or truthfulness of Brown's deductions can best be determined after perusal of 'Sea Scamps.' In the narrative—contributed ostensibly by Brown—called the "Break of the Monsoon," will be found a description of a typhoon at sea which throws into shadow almost any previous attempt to describe this atmospheric phenomenon. For vivid, impressive suggestion of verity, for wild and turbulent movement, it has never been surpassed, if ever equalled.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, in many of his sea tales, has done as much—many will concede as well—for the Scotch marine engineer on tramp (and other second or third-rate) steamers, as Kipling has done for Tommy Atkins and the British army. In 'McTodd,' he holds to the fore with no diminution of his accustomed power and humor. McTodd is a whiskey-soaked Scotch engineer, who, under the influence of liquor, is involved in constant trouble. Courageous, competent, and resourceful, drunk or sober, his love of whiskey bars him from a Board of Trade certificate of chief engineer; consequently he is a chronic growler and fighter. His hand is against every man's and every man's hand is against him. His shifts of employment lead him from the tropics to the Arctic Sea. The yarns, which are all in the form of personal narrative, have a very uniformly sustained interest. In the exercise of his choice among them, the reader will find it hard to discover wherein one shows inferiority to the other. In them all, however, McTodd's too frequent iteration of his filial devotion and responsibility becomes somewhat fatiguing. This is the sole blemish in what is otherwise fine literary art.

World's Children. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

'World's Children' is preëminently a picture-book. The text which accompanies the one hundred colored plates depicting types of children of different countries and incidents in their lives, is merely to explain the pictures and point out racial differences, manners, and customs. There is much to delight the eye in Mortimer Menpes's work; he has the gift of seizing the characteristic moment, and of rendering it with great freshness of color and accuracy of impression. This is true of his pictures at first hand, but it seems impossible for any mechanical process to be satisfactory where color is involved. Although these reproductions were engraved and printed at the Menpes Press, under the direct superintendence of the artist, it is evident from many instances of defective modelling, the pervading blackness in shadows, and the frequency of hot, tawny tints, that the original painting has suffered much through its translation, even under these most favorable conditions. We take as an example Marguerite, the Flemish child, a charming arrangement of delicate tints of white, in which the child's face tells out as the only positive color. The drawing and modelling and expression leave nothing to be desired, but the color of the face is leaden where it should be brilliant, as if the reds had been rubbed over with pencil. In many less careful drawings, more like sketches in execution, the flesh tints look quite inky, as in "Rough Locks" (Sicily), "Fiammetta" (Italy), "An Armful (Cashmere), "In the Sun" (India); while "The Lilac Sunbonnet" is a remarkably subtle example of delicate color accurately rendered. We note also a "Bye-Street in Cairo" as one of the most pleasing pictures in the book.

No especial plan has been followed as to the nationalities represented. Although there are many examples of English, Italian, French, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and Mexican children—besides other European nationalities—Turkey and Greece, Austria and Germany have no representatives here. Of American children there are three illustrations, two of Puritans and one little lady in her perambulator, while the corresponding text by Dorothy Menpes offers severe criticism as to our method of education, formed chiefly, we should judge, on varieties to be met with in transatlantic travel. Where children are concerned, generalizations are dangerous, especially when distributed among different nationalities, for children are much the same all the world over. We are surprised to read the following remark: "There are perhaps no more obedient children in all Europe than the children of France. A French child never dreams of questioning a command." The narrative is most interesting when it tells of children of Cashmir, Ceylon, Burma, India, and Japan, the less familiar nationalities affording therefore more scope as to folk-lore, the manners and customs of their juvenile populations, their religious observances, their opportunities of education, their games and feasts and ceremonies, as also their mode of dress or undress. We note that "Fiammetta" and "Carita" are from the same model, owing, no doubt, to the exigencies of the number of illustrations offered. The book is handsomely bound in blue and gold.

Homes and their Decoration. By Lillie Hamilton French. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

A work like this appeals to women of all classes and of every variety of fortune, from the wife of the millionaire who can bring precious marbles and wood carvings from old Italian palaces and priceless treasures of applied art for the decoration of her luxurious dwelling, as also to the struggling helpmate of the overworked Government clerk, who can have recourse only to the carpenter, cheap fabrics, and casually acquired furniture for the making of a home. Miss French offers suggestions and advice to all; she writes as one in authority, referring to a long experience of correspondence on this subject with bewildered matrons in every part of the United States and Canada and with colonists abroad. She treats at length of every detail of household arrangement, from the reception rooms of the wealthy to their servants' sleeping-rooms and kitchen. The only part of the house left unmentioned is the nursery, which seems a remarkable lapse, now that

so much attention is given to the early education of the young through their surroundings, and considering the important part they play in family life.

The making of a home is certainly more of an instinct than a talent to be acquired from books or teaching of any kind. It is not given to every one to bring a sense of harmony into their house any more than into their lives; nor do riches help much here, for the meaning of a home comes from the fitness of the surroundings to the individuality, associations, and history of its inmates; and its dearest possessions are generally an inheritance from the past rather than a selection of costly furniture. We have all known many examples of the inefficiency of good bric-à-brac and the best upholstery to give an appearance of comfort, and Miss French has much to say as to the ineptitude of women of wealth to meet the daily requirements of life in the arrangement of their homes and in the exercise of hospitality. She insists that every woman of whatever station should know how to give her rooms a look of cheerfulness and welcome to the entering guest, and that the capacity to achieve this proves the degree of culture attained by quick sympathy for the requirements of others. Miss French is rather exorbitant in her demands on hostesses in general: she even expects them to furnish the guest chamber with the medicines which may come into request during a short visit. With due regard to American hospitality, which is proverbial, this is more than could be looked for.

Innumerable descriptions of the special arrangement of certain rooms are given, which satisfy this writer's taste, accompanied by full-page illustrations, while the text is interspersed throughout by pen-and-ink sketches of every imaginable object of different degrees of interest and decorative value. We should say that Miss French's proclivities are in favor of elaborate furnishing; her suggested arrangements are often very complicated. We note that she not infrequently commends the disguising of one material to look like another, as, for instance, on page 63, where enamel paint is made to look like red brick. On another occasion it is oak furniture (which she considers inadmissible) that must be transformed by white paint. It has always been one of the principles of good decoration to let things be what they are, not to try to get iron to look like wood, or brick like stone, but to obtain from each material by proper treatment the effects it is capable of. But Miss French is full of fads and prejudices, notwithstanding the wide range of her enthusiasms; she gives lists of objects indispensable and lists of objects undesirable, which will seem a little surprising. Her advice to keep precious books in cases enclosed with glass is contrary to the latest convictions of bibliophiles, who find that open bookcases allowing the air to circulate are the safest.

The Mediæval Stage. By E. K. Chambers. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1903. 2 vols.

In spite of all the books on the subject, the history of one of the greatest products of human genius, the Elizabethan drama, has never yet been adequately written. But the work of criticism and preparation is going valiantly forward; and in the meantime scholarship is concerning itself, quite justly no doubt, mainly with questions of genesis and origins. We have here a discussion of origins which is of formidable learning, and quite the best thing of its kind that has yet been done in English. The title of the work has the merit of brevity, but is a little misleading. The literary side of the mediæval drama is almost totally neglected, the stage itself is only incidentally discussed, the dramatic product of England is the centre of attention to the practical exclusion of that of other lands, at least from the point where the religious drama begins to nationalize itself, and the whole of the first (and larger) volume is taken up with things which previous historians have scarcely regarded as part of the material of drama at all. This volume is, indeed, an account of mediæval minstrelsy and of the so-called "Folk Drama"—that is, of the mediæval customs of festivals and pageantry studied in their origins and development as expressions of the mimetic instinct of the folk. Mr. Chambers is an eager folklorist, and this volume is essentially an elaborate study in folklore. The culture-historical and social background is investigated on an adequate scale. One feels that the impulse of the modern method and movement in historical studies is at last communicating itself to literary history, even as studied in England.

We feel, too, that the author has been on the whole well advised in his self-imposed limitations, and has within these made an important contribution to learning. It is true that the first volume advances various views which at best are speculative and uncertain, and contains much material which seems excessively remote from the subject. It is true that the connection between folk "drama" and literary drama is somewhat obscurely presented. It is true, perhaps, that the first half of volume ii., dealing with the Religious Drama, makes no essential advance upon the treatment of Creizenach and other authorities, while the second half (the Appendices) reprints, along with much that is new or inaccessible, a portion that was already well known to scholars. Nevertheless, the work as a whole is a work of solid erudition, and presents a mass of valuable material, sidelights, and suggestions. It now remains open for Professor Manly, in the long-expected third volume of his 'Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperean Drama,' to complete the treatment of the mediæval English drama on its literary side. The public would then have an adequate equivalent of a complete history of the subject, embodying the results of a century of research and the conclusions of recent scholarship. If this could be supplemented by a translation of Creizenach's 'Geschichte des neueren Dramas,' the needs of the English-reading public would be sufficiently served until the great historian of the drama shall appear.

The author's range of inclusion is dictated by his conception of the dramatic, of what constitutes drama in its germs and essential principle. Not dialogue by itself, of course, and so nothing in Anglo-Saxon literature, in spite of its frequent use of dialogue form, is drama; and not the Middle English 'Harrowing of Hell' and similar *estrifs* and *débats*. But it is dialogue combined with impersonation in more than a single rôle; and of this combination the manifestations are traced through various ramifications into divers forms and conclusions. The old question of the mediæval minstrel and his relation to and inheritance from his forebears, the *mimus* and the *scôp*, is debated afresh. The evidence adduced still remains inconclusive, and the author is forced to content himself with the probability that the *mimus*, who disappears as a player of farces in the seventh century, and his like, who reappeared in the fifteenth century playing farces, must in the interval have been practising the rudiments of the art of acting, and that something rudimentarily dramatic must have persevered through all this time. The question still remains open.

The plain people who have not followed the vagaries of recent folklorists will be surprised to learn of the latest theory, here presented, of the origin of certain familiar but ancient and venerable sports. Like the mediæval drama, they arose from ritual. As in the villages of India to-day, so in the village communities of our Germanic ancestors, certain rites and sacrifices were necessary for the fertility of the fields. Fortunate was the man or the company of men who could secure a portion of the sacrificial beast or the sacrificial grain to bury under his furrow. So it comes that, in the primitive game of football, "the ball is nothing else than the head of the sacrificial beast, and it is the endeavor of each player to get it into his own possession, or, if sides are taken, to get it over a particular boundary." The author is not unaware of the humor of this explanation. A moment later we are told that "if Golf belongs to the present category, it is a case in which the endeavor seems to be actually to bury the ball." Here certainly is a game which in the hands of many hierophants tends to revert to its primitive function! Similarly, the traditional hood of the mediæval fools and jesters "was originally a sophistication of a more primitive headdress, namely, the actual head of a sacrificial animal worn by the worshipper at the New Year festival."

The treatment of the actual history of the religious drama itself, from its origin in the liturgy to the beginnings of its transformation under the influence of humanism, is reasonably brief—some 225 pages. But nowhere else in English has the process of this evolution been so clearly displayed. Here for the first time is sufficient evidence adduced to make the modern reader understand and realize the astonishing variety and abundance of dramatic performances in mediæval England. Centuries before Shakspere's day the nation had been trained to the habit of spectacle and mimetic entertainment. The chief contribution of the Renaissance, after all, was that of literary consciousness and of literary form.

The History of the Peninsular War. By Charles Oman. Vol. II. With maps, plans, and illustrations. Henry Frowde. 1903.

Mr. Oman's 'History of the Peninsular War' is carried rapidly forward by a second volume, which surpasses its predecessor in bulk, although it is confined to the events of 1809, and even closes with September of that year. It will be remembered that the motive of this work is found in the short-

comings of Napier and in the recent publication of valuable materials. Napier, with all his knowledge of the war and his literary brilliance, admired Napoleon too much. As for the documents which have been made available since his day, there can be no doubt that they justify a fresh consideration of Peninsular campaigning. Mr. Oman writes with a great command of statistical detail, and his accumulation of data has been supplemented by a special study of topography. Thus, in the present volume, he puts a different face on Wellesley's passage of the Douro by bringing out the fact that the river at Oporto runs between cliffs nearly two hundred feet high. Here, the English operations were attended by the most extraordinary good fortune, for the French did not discover the presence of the enemy until an hour after the first troops had made good their crossing. Napier at this juncture is quite unsatisfactory, offering no adequate explanation of Wellesley's *tour de force*. Mr. Oman supplies a photograph which clears matters up at once by showing the remarkable character of the ground. No Frenchman who was not on the very edge of the cliff could have seen what was happening on the surface of the stream below. To be sure, Soult was careless, but the precise nature of his carelessness can be explained only by the description of a very peculiar locality.

The campaign of 1809 was marked at the outset by such singular complexity that it can hardly be called a campaign at all until the month of July. Napoleon, hastening from Spain to direct the politics and war which culminated at Wagram, left the most astonishing directions to his generals. Take, for example, the burden laid upon Soult. The unfortunate Duke of Dalmatia was bidden in midwinter "to expel the English, to pacify Galicia, to take Oporto and to march on Lisbon"—all within a time limit of twenty-three days. But campaigning in the Peninsula bore little resemblance to campaigning on the Danube; the war soon lost its unity, and by May six sets of operations were simultaneously in progress. These, Mr. Oman points out, were not part of one general scheme of strategy, but quite disconnected. In northern Portugal, Soult opposed Wellesley; and in Aragon, Suchet opposed Blake. Victor and Cuesta contended for Estramadura; Sebastiani and Venegas for La Mancha. Ney invaded the Asturias, and Saint Cyr sought to conquer Catalonia.

Out of such chaos some sort of military order was evolved during the summer by Wellesley's plan to combine with the Spaniards for a march upon Madrid. The French armies drew together to frustrate this movement, and the dénouement was Talavera, the central battle of 1809 in the Peninsula, as Wagram was in the operations about Vienna. To describe the fighting about the Cerro de Medellin would be quite impossible within our limits, but it is interesting to observe that it justified in a striking manner Wellesley's belief that the line could beat the column. This, Mr. Oman selects as the groundwork of his tactics, and the idea was one which he had seized even when he was in India. The honors of Talavera, however, were fairly shared between general and troops, for the French could not have been beaten without the exceptional steadiness of the British foot commanded by Sherbrooke and Mackenzie. In point of casualties, Talavera can be paralled only by Albuera, one of the British divisions being so smitten that nearly two-fifths of the men were incapacitated. Wellesley failed to capture Madrid, but Soult also failed to surround him and Cuesta. In spite of the carnage, Talavera left the situation much as it had been before. Though a personal triumph for Wellesley, it still left Napoleon in possession of opportunities for offensive fighting.

Mr. Oman is particularly concerned to revise the *facts* of the Peninsular War, but his main motive does not deter him from pausing to make a generalization or to portray an individual. It was inevitable that at some time he should pronounce an opinion upon the qualities of Wellington. He does not wait till the conclusion of his last volume, but turns away from the spring campaign of 1809 to discriminate between the virtues and shortcomings of the Commander-in-Chief. On the whole, the verdict is a severe one. To be sure, Mr. Oman praises "Wellesley's extraordinary ability" and illustrates it by adequate examples; but at this time of day there is no novelty in such a view. The striking circumstance is, that an ardent admirer of Wellesley's capacity should possess a low opinion of his heart. The Duke's correspondence with Lady Burghersh came out in time to be given its due weight, yet, notwithstanding all proof of kindness towards personal and family friends, Mr. Oman condemns Wellington for the callousness which he displayed toward troops and officers. The facts in question affect one's judgment of him as a warrior, and weigh more heavily than any charge of tactical faults. A general who does not possess the affection as well as the fear of his troops, cannot get out of them the full measure of their fighting power. This, in Mr. Oman's eyes, was Wellington's chief limitation. In conversation with Lord Stanhope, he called the rank and file the scum of the earth, and said that English soldiers were fellows who enlisted for drink.

"His notions of discipline," says Mr. Oman, "were worthy of one of the drill sergeants of Frederick the Great. 'I have no idea of any great effect being produced on British soldiers,' he once said before a Royal Commission, 'by anything but the fear of immediate corporal punishment.' Flogging was the one remedy for all evils, and he declared that it was absolutely impossible to manage the army without it. For any idea of appealing to the men's better feeling, or moving them by sentiment, he had the greatest contempt."

Mr. Oman's 'Peninsular War' has passed well beyond the initial stage, and bids fair to realize the aims which the author outlined in the preface to his first volume.

Ancient Athens. By Ernest A. Gardner. Macmillan. 1903.

The constant excavation and research which has been going on in the city of Athens and its environs, especially within the last quarter of a century, has cleared up many questions in archæology while necessarily raising some new ones. An accurate and scientific résumé of these results in English has been a growing desideratum; and this is now satisfactorily filled by Professor Gardner's 'Ancient Athens,' a handsome volume illustrated with many photogravures, and presenting, like Mau's 'Pompeii,' something of a holiday aspect. The illustrations are beautifully clear, and chosen with great taste, subject only to the necessary limitations of views which include wide spaces within a brief compass. Two serviceable maps of the city are added, one of which marks in detail the author's scheme of the route of Pausanias.

The contents include dissertations on the natural features and water supply, the ancient walls, the Acropolis before and after the Persian wars, the city in the classic period and in Hellenistic times, the most important temples, and the theatres. A separate chapter is given to each of the following topics: The Parthenon, the Ceramicus, the Piræus, the route of Pausanias, and the subject of Early Attic Art. The result is a most attractive and at the same time scientific handbook of the antiquities of Athens, designed, perhaps, primarily for the student of classical antiquity, but well fitted also for the purposes of the art student, or of the intelligent amateur in art and architecture, who likes to be certain of his facts. Even as a guide-book, there is no impropriety in recommending to the traveller captivated by the beauty of Athens this summary so luminous, accurate, and impartial by one whose position as director of the British School gave him every opportunity to master his subject, and whose handbook on Greek Sculpture proved his fitness for such studies. Mr. Gardner's general attitude is highly impartial and dispassionate; if he has a bias, it is slightly conservative. But he states facts and conflicting theories with great fairness, and adds his own conclusion without the slightest dogmatism. He does not accept Dörpfeld's identification of Calirrhoë, nor his well-known views on the Greek stage, nor his opinion that the early temple of Athena was restored after the Persian invasion. He will not positively decide whether the "Theseum" is a temple of Hephæstus or of Heracles; as to the topography of the harbors, he follows Leake, in the main, recently supported by the investigations of Angelopoulos. Professor Gardner's method has the great merit of helping the reader to form judgments for himself; that being the case, a greater number of references to sources and authorities might have been desirable. His delicate taste in art is evinced in many places, *e. g.*, in the remarks (p. 509) on the impossibility of any genuine restoration of the noblest and most refined architecture.

The proof-reading of this work was done in London, and the printing in this country, and hence a few blemishes. The most serious we have noticed is the occurrence of "southwest" (p. 149) for southeast, where a glance at the author's map reveals the printer's error. The Greek will also bear revision in a few places. There will be an opportunity for this in the work-a-day edition which is likely soon to be demanded.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, Wilbur. Money and Credit. New York: The Grafton Press.

Allen, Anne Story. Merry Hearts: The Adventures of Two Bachelor Maids. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75c. net.

Ashley, W. J. The Tariff Problem. London: P. S. King & Son.

Austin, Mary. The Land of Little Rain. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.

Balzac, Honoré de. (In Little French Masterpieces.) Introduction by Ferdinand Brunetière. Translation by George Burnham Ives. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation. (The Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.

Beers, Henry A. The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.
Bierce, Ambrose. Shapes of Clay. San Francisco: W. E. Wood.
Boynton, Henry W. Bret Harte. (Contemporary Men of Letters Series.) New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. Tittlebat Titmouse: Abridged from Dr. Samuel Warren's Ten Thousand a Year. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
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Cary, Alice and Phœbe. Poems. (Astor Edition of Poets.) Introduction by Katherine Lee Bates. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 60c.
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Cherbuliez, Victor. Samuel Brohl and Company. (Collection of Foreign Authors.) Cleveland (Ohio): The Ormeril Co.
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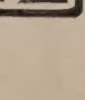

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1903.

The Week.

Cuban reciprocity, to consider which the President has now summoned Congress, stands to-day in a position different from that it occupied when first urged. The appeal of a prostrate people and an imperilled industry does not now come with the old force. By her remarkable recuperative power, and with admirable patience and fortitude, Cuba has, thanks partly to a rise in the world's price of sugar, surmounted the fear of impoverishment. A cry of rescue can no longer be raised. Our solemn promise to the Cubans remains—though about two years overdue. Doubtless the uncompromising protectionists will be ready to break it for two years more. But the whole matter should now be approached in a reasonable and practical spirit. Cuba has as much to give as she asks us to grant. Her knocking at the tariff door is but one of many indications that the time has come for this country to fling it open, so that commerce may go out as well as come in. Facilitating trade with Cuba is only the first, though most urgent, step to be taken in removing the fetters that hamper our exporters in so many parts of the world. Uncle Sam will soon have to look over his garden wall and see what the chances are for doing business outside. Cuban reciprocity should be promptly followed up by Argentine reciprocity and Canadian reciprocity. Upon the present unhappiness of our Northern neighbors a proposal to engage in mutually advantageous trade would fall most soothingly.

When we annexed Hawaii and later Porto Rico and the Philippines, our cocksure Imperialists everywhere welcomed their inclusion within our territory as being so many strong outposts in the national defence. Hawaii was to ward off the fleets of Japan from San Francisco, just as Porto Rico was in some mysterious way to defend us from attacks by way of the South. The Philippines, too, were to be a great source of military strength to us. Everybody admitted this except a few warped anti-Imperialists and "Little Americans," who took the ground that such territorial outposts would necessitate great fleets and vastly expensive fortifications for defence. Their point of view is now fully confirmed by the Chief of Engineers, Gen. George L. Gillespie, in his newly published annual report. There are, he says, not only harbors in the Philippines, in Hawaii, in Porto Rico, and the new naval stations in Cuba to be fortified, but we must spend millions upon Guam, upon our Samoan island, and upon the many coaling stations, large and small, which we have been gradually establishing all over the world. As a small beginning, Gen. Gillespie asks only two and one-half millions of dollars for insular defences in addition to eight millions for our home defences. For the apportionment of the millions to be squandered in this way upon our insular possessions he desires a general board similar to the Endicott Board, in following the recommendations of which we have already spent hundreds of millions at home. Among all foolish and wanton methods of wasting public money which have yet been devised, this fortifying of harbors we do not need seems to us preëminent.

A fixed par of exchange between gold and silver-using countries would obviously be of enormous benefit to the world. Efforts to secure it have been discussed time out of mind, but the task remains one of the future. How far the suggestions of the Commission appointed early this year by the President of the United States to consider this question are of practical importance, is a debatable point; but the Commission has at least framed an interesting hypothesis. The violent fluctuations of silver in recent years have had a demoralizing effect on the finances of such countries as Mexico and China, and it was at the instigation of these two Powers that an American Commission spent the summer in Europe in consultation with the leading Governments over the possibility of establishing by joint action a fixed par of exchange between the East and the West. Its report is now made public, and some misconception regarding the character of its mission has been cleared away. There has been a pretty general fear that the Commission was trying "to do something for silver," but it appears conclusively that its main purpose is to establish a gold standard for the remaining silver-using countries. It recognizes, as every one acquainted with the East must, that while such a standard is perhaps feasible, a gold currency is not at present. Hence a silver coinage for Government account at a ratio of 32 to 1 is recommended, to be kept at par by gold credits in the leading financial centres of the world, against which exchange can be sold.

The arguments by which the Commission backs up its project are sound in the main. Its reasons for selecting a ratio of 32 to 1 have some weight; and its views regarding the effect upon the price of silver of greater regularity in the purchase of such amounts as are needed for coinage purposes, are entitled to consideration. But when everything has been urged as to the desirability of a fixed par of exchange, the practicability of the scheme outlined in behalf of a gold standard for China and other silver-using countries remains extremely doubtful. The most that can be said is that a highly important international problem has been discussed in an intelligent manner by three gentlemen of sound economic attainments. The success of their measure depends upon too many contingencies. To say nothing of unforeseen economic factors, there are many political and other considerations to be kept in mind. The attainment of the Commission's end must depend largely on the attitude of the Viceroys, and this might suggest that "graft" is quite likely to play a part in settling the question. The ultra-conservatism of the Chinese people is, of course, a matter of considerable importance. Furthermore, can it be assumed that, when it comes to the point, the Imperial Government of China will consent to the large measure of foreign control of its finances that the present scheme contemplates? Here the report is vagueness itself. It is complacent over a general "approval of the principle" by those who will take no step to put it into execution; and has comfortable hopes of what China may be induced to do; but to actual progress the Commission is not able to point.

The first attempt at enforcing the anti-anarchist act passed after the assassination of President McKinley is alarming to all who hold to American ideals of personal liberty. On Friday night Secretary Cortelyou's United States marshals broke into a meeting and arrested John Turner as "an avowed anarchist." Unquestionably the Government means to deport him—a logical act under an absurd law. Turner has made no incendiary utterance in this country; he has not, in the words of the law, "advocated the overthrow by force or violence" of any organized government. When he preaches the gospel of anarchy among us it would be time to deport him. To proscribe him because he may have written or talked elsewhere against constituted authority may be legal; it certainly is repugnant to American ideals. In Portland, Oregon, United States District Judge Bellinger has rebuked a similar arbitrary action of Secretary Cortelyou's. The case was that of two French women, imported, it is alleged, for immoral purposes, who were arrested and detained for a month without trial or hearing. Very properly Judge Bellinger ruled that Secretary Cortelyou is "guilty of exceeding his authority and of introducing tyrannical

methods of deportation." Put beside these two cases the harrying of suspected Chinamen in Boston by the Department of Commerce, and it will be evident that that newly organized authority is exercising a mischievous activity. At least, these doubtful arrests of Secretary Cortelyou have served to show the absurdity of a hastily framed act which attempts to exclude immigrants for immorality and for political heresy without legal evidence of either disqualification.

That enterprising army contractor, Congressman Lucius N. Littauer, has now read the full text of Attorney-General Knox's decision in his case. The kernel of the document is in the last sentence. After saying that an affirmative opinion could not be followed by a vindication of the law, on account of the statute of limitations, Mr. Knox adds: "A negative one might be regarded as an affirmance of the validity and propriety of methods of dealing with the Government in cases where, after all, the form of the transaction is not to be so much considered as its substance." In short, Mr. Knox feels that the real question is not whether, in furnishing gloves through E. R. Lyon, Mr. Littauer successfully evaded legal technicalities, but whether he did not practically violate the statute forbidding Congressmen an interest in army contracts. On this point there can be no doubt. The published correspondence between Mr. Littauer and Mr. Lyon proves that the former was the real principal, the latter a go-between—a mere name. Mr. Littauer, then, though he escapes legal penalties, cannot escape the moral. Henceforth, he must be known as a man who tried to sneak round a salutary law against corruption and was caught—a few weeks too late.

Care in the choice of a father is nowhere more advisable than in the Federal service. Young Mr. Quay, the circumstances of whose resignation from the army are remembered though not recorded, had the foresight to choose a Pennsylvania Senator for his father, with the result of slipping as easily into a lucrative civil office as he had before dropped out of the army. How painful in comparison with this wise choice is young Mr. Landvoigt's selection of a mere postal officer, and how unfortunate for the unwisely chosen father! Landvoigt senior has been forced to resign—properly, we judge—because Landvoigt junior is engaged in the supply of registry books to the Post-Office. Now, since a man cannot help his occupation, there is all the more reason why he should be careful about his parentage. If young Landvoigt had had the sense to be Senator Quay's son, there is no reason to suppose that the Administration would have troubled either of them. Nobody criticises Senator Quay because his promising boy slips into a soft berth, but everybody condemns that impossible parent, Mr. Landvoigt, for letting his son do business with the Registry Department. All of which goes to prove the adage: Be sure you have the right father, and then go ahead.

Senator Lodge's *Scribner* article on the Senate consists of a kind and patient explanation to the ignorant. The common notion that the Senate has grown great on usurped power, he shows to be an entire mistake; the fact being that the Senate has rather laid aside power than eagerly grasped at it. It might, for example, in the guise of "Constitutional adviser" of the President, have insisted upon being present at Cabinet meetings. So, too, it might have claimed the right to draft the great appropriation bills, instead of simply bedevilling them. And the Massachusetts Senator painstakingly points out that the enlargement of the Senate's prestige has come about solely through the exalted wisdom and virtue of its members, who in this respect fully realize the brightest hopes of the framers of the Constitution. That the House cannot do better than sit in rapt wonder at the feet of such a Senate, is the fair inference to be drawn from Mr. Lodge's contention. That Senators should have all the patronage, he takes as a matter of course. How can the President "know" the appointees? Senators, of course, know, on the principle that the Lord knoweth them that are his. In Massachusetts, however, they do say that some of Lodge's appointments cause the evil disposed to assert that Satan also knows his own.

"Unparalleled outrages" upon the negroes in Rush County, Texas, are vouched for by R. T. Milner, an ex-Speaker of the Texas House of Representatives, by Gen. Webster Flanagan and by the Henderson *Times*. Mr. Milner declares that the crimes were "some of the most atrocious ever committed by white men in any country, in any age of which history gives any account." The first offences were whippings. That example served as an excuse to "wreak vengeance" upon innocent negroes. Finally, the lawlessness became "a furious passion to inflict upon harmless and helpless negroes punishment and death in a manner so horrible as to reflect the savagery of the barbarous and bloodthirsty ages of the long past." Had a Northern editor insinuated that such things could occur in the South he would have been denounced as a slanderer and vilifier. Now that Southern men have cried out against this fresh example of Southern ill-treatment of the negro, we shall hope to see justice vindicated, if it takes all the power of the State of Texas.

Devery did not explain on Friday how he made his own pile, but he did cast a certain light on the various lucrative relations of the Tammany leader, Murphy. He very distinctly charges Murphy with the proprietorship of the Empire—that unspeakable dive in which the Crafts murder took place. Murphy, he says, forced the removal of the police officers who were stationed outside of that notorious den. Finally, he said, "Charlie Murphy is the biggest grafter this town has ever seen. He has managed everything from a ladies' baseball nine to a disorderly house." We commend this characterization, by a recognized authority, to certain fledgling statesmen who have been impressed by the sincerity of Mr. Murphy's demeanor. Should Murphy object to his portrait as drawn by Devery, the courts are open. A suit Murphy vs. Devery is a thing to imagine with a shudder, but it might be illuminated by the invincible gayety of the ex-Chief, and it certainly would interest the District Attorney.

The affidavit of Bernard Lynch, the saloonkeeper who perjured himself in order to save Parks, the blackmailer, contains one significant touch: "The persons [Samuel Parks, Henry Farley, and their lawyers] were in my private room drinking champagne." This picture of the simple and abstemious life of the walking delegate should appeal powerfully to the horny-handed housesmiths. The rank and file of the union were out of work and their families were in want; but Parks and Farley were able to sit in the back room of a saloon sipping costly wines. The question which their unhappy followers will naturally put is the same which the voters of New York put to Croker: "Where did you get it?" The answer is easy; Parks got it by holding up building contractors and real-estate owners. In one case his price is said to have been $50,000; but, as an Assemblyman once remarked of a Tammany colleague now in Congress, "He is not particular; he will take anything he can lay his hands on, from $25 up." Joseph Plenty, for instance, refused to be bled for more than $200. The story of 'Plodding Parks, or the Road to Wealth' should be "written up" and placed in every Sunday-school library. It will teach the rising generation that well-directed industry is the secret of success. By steady attention to business, by picking up unconsidered trifles of $25 here, $200 there, and $50,000 elsewhere, a man may rise from the blackest slums until he can hold up his head and drink champagne with the proudest Trust promoter in Wall Street.

To those who recall the beginnings of the Amalgamated Copper Company, the recent decision of the Montana court comes as a tremendous anti-climax. Early

in 1899 there were rumors of an impending copper combine with a billion-dollar capital; but if such an idea was actually entertained, it was speedily abandoned, and the present company was floated with a capital of $75 000,000. Every effort was made to prepare the minds of the public for magnificent developments, and the bait was swallowed. Numerous intimations were spread abroad that the stock would speedily go to a dizzy figure, as high even as 200 being predicted, and the credulous public rushed to "get in on the ground floor." After the allotment of stock, the price was forced above par for a brief period, but eventually broke and went as low as 89¾ in 1900. Subsequently, the capital was increased to $150,000,000, and the market quotation was "jack-screwed" up to 130, affording the insiders an opportunity to unload prior to the reduction of the dividend in the fall of 1901, which sent the stock headlong to 60½ in December.

The losses were widespread and severe. The *modus operandi* of the Amalgamated could no longer be hid. Inflated prices had been paid for most of the constituent properties, but the great Boston and Montana Company had been secured at a price which seemed on its face to indicate ability to carry the rest of the "outfit." The acquisition of the Parrot mine was also expected to contribute to this result. Meanwhile, litigation sprang up on all sides, and for several years past the Amalgamated has been a powerful factor in Montana politics, aiming, it has been openly charged, to get control of the judiciary. Last week a lower court dispossessed the company of the Minnie Healy mine, a valuable property. More important still, it has rendered permanent the injunction forbidding the payment of Parrot and Boston and Montana dividends to the Amalgamated, and has intimated that it may later appoint receivers for these two constituent companies. As a result, the Amalgamated has closed down all its Montana mines, smelters, and other properties, pending a decision by the Supreme Court. What is the real motive? Does the company hope, by rendering industrial conditions in Montana chaotic, to coerce the Supreme Court? Or is the copper situation in such shape as to make it welcome this pretext for a shut-down?

It is strangely perverted reasoning which leads the disappointed Canadians to complain that Lord Alverstone's decision against them was not "judicial." In fact, the Lord Chief Justice was the one member of the tribunal who was in a position to display the temper of a judge. The rest were violent partisans. Our own Senator Lodge, we know, would not have been persuaded though one rose from the dead. His colleagues would likewise have said that they were open to conviction, but that they would like to see the man who could convince them. Of a similar mind were the Canadian arbitrators. Lord Alverstone's prepossessions, if he had any at all, must have leaned to the Canadian side, but he was not absolutely committed; and the very fact that the argument in the case impelled him to decide as he did—against the British contention—would seem to be the highest and final proof of judicial-mindedness. His impartiality and conscientiousness appear as clear as did Mr. Justice Harlan's, when, in the Bering Sea arbitration, he voted against some of the American positions. If Judge Bradley had gone against his party in the Electoral Commission, many things might have been said of him, but it would scarcely have been alleged that he had not acted as becometh a judge.

The indefatigable President Harper proposes that the University of Chicago shall endow athletics and abolish gate receipts. If Dr. Harper can cut his way through the thicket of practical difficulties, he will make a notable contribution to academic progress. College athletics would be far nearer their ideal condition if the games were free to undergraduates and alumni and their personal friends, and were closed to the rest of the world. Our centre-rushes would then no longer be paraded through the newspapers as the most distinguished persons of their generation, the amount of money received by the teams might bear some fair proportion to the college receipts for tuition, and the expenditures for coaching, travelling, and dressing would be less extravagant. Of course, the money of the football team is not squandered on those "compotations, ingurgitations, surfeitings, drunkennesses, and enormous and excessive commessations" that so scandalized an ancient critic of university life; but to-day young men are reckless with thousands when they should be careful with hundreds. No marvel that they forget the proper place for athletics in a scheme of physical and intellectual discipline.

With the resignation of Signor Zanardelli, Italian politics will fall into uncertainty. Weighted with years and overburdened by ever more exacting duties, the most attractive Prime Minister of recent times seeks honorable retirement. More than two years ago Zanardelli carried into a compromise Cabinet, framed out of apparently incompatible elements, something of the moral enthusiasm which survives apparently only in participators in the struggle for United Italy. He assumed control at a time when the bitter warfare between the Socialists and the reactionary parties had, under a temporizing Premier, lapsed into hopeless sulkiness. Zanardelli went cheerfully about a task of reconciliation that might have appalled the most hopeful statesman. He held his uneasy Socialist allies to support of necessary legislation, he placated disgusted moderates. If his constructive work in legislation was small, he renewed a right spirit in a demoralizing political order. His foreign ministers brought to an end the old and foolish misunderstanding with France, and, without offence, loosened the bonds of the Triple Alliance. His Government acted fearlessly against the Camorra in Naples and the Mafia in Sicily. All this was largely due to the inspiring influence of Zanardelli's brave and generous personality. Urgent reforms remain for his successor to make—redistribution of taxation, relief of the chronic distress in the South. But all these things will be more possible because Zanardelli mastered the anarchy ruling at Montecitorio, and called back Italian politics to something of the high seriousness of the Risorgimento.

The reduction of the Bulgarian army to the peace status is probably the signal for a general armistice in the Balkans. Winter is approaching, and it was understood that the revolutionary bands would suspend operations with the first snow unless help came from outside. But the present revolt remains far more serious than the sporadic outbreaks of twenty years past. The bands will winter in the mountains, only sending home their weaker members. Meanwhile great stores of rifles and ammunition will be accumulated against the spring, when, failing radical reforms, guerrilla warfare will begin again in more formidable guise. During the winter the agents of the Bulgar propaganda will work among all civilized nations. They should have little difficulty in arousing the sympathy of the Christian world for the Macedonian sufferers. England and France are already contributing liberally to the relief of the homeless and famine-stricken population. Other nations, we believe, will not fall behind, while it is probable that many people will feel that the most effective measure of relief is to contribute directly to the revolutionary chest. Such action would find justification in the hopeless nature of the Austro-Russian demands, even in their amended form. Hilmi Pasha, the organizer of the terrible drives in the vilayet of Monastir, is to remain Governor-General. Already the Porte is protesting against the single reform measure that promises substantial amelioration—the appointment of tax assessors friendly to the Christian subjects of the Sultan. Finally, Germany and Italy are cavilling at the very mild control which Austria and Russia are proposing to exercise in Macedonia.

THE "LABORER" IN FEDERAL OFFICES.

The Civil Service Commission's demand upon the Treasury Department for the reinstatement of five employees of the Philadelphia Mint discharged for political reasons is not merely a revelation of gross abuses in that institution. It is a fresh warning to the President, and to all interested in the welfare of the public service, that it is time to close up the "laborer" loophole by which many unqualified persons obtain classified positions without examinations, in direct violation of the law. What has been done in this respect in the Mint has been done in the Philadelphia Post-Office, and, it is believed, to a greater or less degree, in the New York Custom House. The public will remember that the naval "historian," Edgar Stanton Maclay, was carried on the rolls of the New York navy yard as a "laborer" until discharged for his criticisms of Schley, and that the now famous report of Mr. Tulloch gave numerous instances of "laborers," some of whom held two positions, but most of whom toiled not, neither did they spin.

The object-lesson afforded by the Philadelphia Mint cases is very plain. Mr. Francis P. Rodden had been employed for about eleven years as a "roller" in the classified service. He was faithful and efficient, but his place was "wanted" in the pursuance of a scheme by which the Mint's classified employees were reduced by thirty-eight persons, while the unclassified service was increased by forty-two. Mr. Rodden was notified that his dismissal was due to insubordination, of which not the slightest proof was submitted; perhaps it was not deemed necessary to waste ink and paper on a Democrat. Instead of appointing an employee from the classified list in his place, his work was assigned to two "laborers," both Republicans. One of them was an "active political heeler in the Seventh Ward"; the other was the son of the foreman. Thus, in place of one obnoxious Democrat the Mint was served by a personal favorite and by a party worker. In the eyes of Superintendent Landis, a valued Quay man, this was doubtless an extremely meritorious act; at least he continued this policy by discharging four Democratic watchmen and employing six Republicans in their stead. From the point of view of a Quay or a Platt, Mr. Landis is certainly a wonderful public servant. No one but a political genius or a magician could make five places become eight, and then fill them with the faithful in the very teeth of the silly civil-service reformers.

But Mr. Landis cannot lay claim to real originality. The former postmaster of Philadelphia, Mr. Hicks, was removed because of his striking penchant for "laborers." The work of the office seemed to increase over night, but with the demand there was always the supply. Mr. Hicks, too, had a very remarkable experience, not usually shared by large employers of labor, for he speedily found, if we may judge by his selections, that there were no unemployed Democrats in all the City of Brotherly Love. His successor, Postmaster Clayton McMichael, had the itch for laborers in only a little less virulent form. Within a year he had appointed forty-seven, thirty-seven of whom took the places of an equal number of men left over from the Hicks era, who mysteriously disappeared from the service or were transferred. One of these McMichael laborers was Charles S. Morgan, jr., who thus defined his arduous laborer's duties: "Copying letters, opening letters, straightening up the desk, bringing messages from one part of the building to another; that is my idea of a laborer's work, and I cash the checks when signed by the Postmaster." John S. Knowles, another laborer, the son of the Assistant Postmaster, earned $600 by acting as messenger for the cashier's division, and—surprising as it may seem—to the Assistant Postmaster. Edward J. Wynne bent his back and strained his muscles in the money-order division "casing" money-order advices, for the sum of $700 a year. As his name indicates, he is a relative of the First Assistant Postmaster-General.

The purpose of all this scheming and manœuvring is plain. These are the final efforts of the spoilsmen to "beat" the civil-service rules. Driven from one entrenchment to another, they are now in the last ditch. The one way in which they can oblige their political bosses and owners is to make a man a laborer and then give him clerical work. So flagrant had this abuse become in Washington a year or two ago that there were 800 laborers found doing work to which no man is lawfully entitled until he has passed an examination and been appointed from an eligible list. This was too much for President Roosevelt, and in July, 1902, he issued an order establishing labor boards and a registration system. The department heads are now compelled to appoint laborers from an eligible list, but the 800 who have sneaked into the service are to retain their present "classified" positions. A similar ruling has recently been made for the Philadelphia Post-Office in the hope of stopping the practices cited above.

But this does not lessen the culpability of officials who, like the Superintendent of the Mint, have openly and avowedly ignored the eligible lists furnished by the Civil Service Commission and appointed laborers instead of men who had passed their examinations. In the Mint, as Commissioner Cooley has just reported, the number of unclassified employees has increased out of all proportion to the amount of unclassified work, there having been a net increase since May 1, 1902, of fifty-three unclassified employees and a decrease of thirty-seven holding classified offices. Naturally the Commission insists that all these classified positions now held by laborers should be declared vacant and refilled after an open competitive examination, and that there should be proper regulations for the employment of laborers at the Mint.

By an order of March 16 last, President Roosevelt provided for the extension of the labor registration system to Federal offices outside of Washington. Save in Philadelphia, nothing has yet been done to carry out this order. Collector Stranahan is reported to have opposed its introduction in this city very bitterly, and the spoilsmen at the head of the other Federal offices here and elsewhere look with equal disfavor upon the plan. The President should now see to it that the system is applied without loss of time. The Philadelphia situation should prove to him that only prompt action will prevent further scandals, and he already has enough on his hands. Incidentally, the Philadelphia experience should demonstrate the folly of expecting heads of great offices to look with favor upon the classified service until they themselves are believers in it, and in fixity of tenure in office, as against appointing political favorites to please a boss or with an eye to a local political situation.

BUSINESS AND THE CURRENCY.

Troubles in the money market always raise a hue and cry about the currency laws. The deep-seated tendency to attribute such a state of affairs as this country has been passing through for a year or more to a defective monetary system, springs from a variety of causes. For one thing, this is the traditional way of explaining a financial dislocation. During a very large part of our history, the influence of unsound currency methods on the general financial and industrial welfare was unmistakable. This was certainly the case down to the repeal of the Sherman law in 1893. But many of those who are now using the defective-currency argument to explain the collapse in Wall Street ignore the fact that our present currency situation differs from previous ones in two particulars: first, such circulating media as we now possess are in no danger of directly inflicting loss on the trading public; and, second, the time has apparently forever passed when they can weaken the national credit. Our present currency bears no resemblance to the inflated note issues of the State-bank days or to the silver issues that so greatly impaired the public credit prior to 1893.

Another cause for the confusion that now exists regarding the relation of the currency to the business situation is a widespread inability to distinguish between money and capital. The address of Comptroller Ridgely, on "The Busi-

ness Situation and the Currency," before the Bankers' Convention, is therefore timely. He maintains that the business situation is not largely attributable to currency, and that it is not to legislation that we should look for permanent relief. If we had had a better and more elastic currency system, and if the surplus revenues of the Government had not been taken out of circulation, there might not be so much fear of a stringent money market. But, on the other hand, if there had not been the most absolute confidence in the soundness of our currency, the disturbances in the stock markets of the past two years would probably have spread much farther, and doubtless ended in a serious crisis, with severe industrial and commercial depression. Sound opinion will uphold the Comptroller in these statements. But when he goes on to say that, "if there had not been a large surplus revenue and plenty of money in the United States Treasury, the Secretary might not have been able to render the assistance he had to the money market on several occasions, when he checked trouble due to causes entirely apart from all questions of currency or governmental finance," he constructively throws his influence in favor of excessive revenues for the purpose of enabling the Government to dominate the money market in the interest of general business—a species of paternalism that is not likely to obtain wide approval.

But if there is any lack of agreement with Comptroller Ridgely on such points as this, it is speedily lost sight of in the endorsement which his remarks as a whole command. Without going into details, he states concisely his view regarding currency reform in the following language: "I am a thorough believer in currency reform, and agree with those who wish to see the greenbacks retired, the silver withdrawn down to the point which is practically subsidiary coinage or currency, leaving nothing in circulation but gold, as coin or certificates, and a real banknote circulation by gold reserves, with such regulations for issue and redemption that it would be a matter of indifference to the banks whether their credits remained with them as deposits or were circulating notes." But we have a very different system in force, and it is the Comptroller's opinion that there is much to be said for the argument that this is not the time for any very radical change. He states the philosophy of the present situation with a cogency that leaves nothing to be desired, saying: "There is no use to delude ourselves with the hope that legislation will help us out of the trouble due to over-expansion and speculation. We need all the reserve money we can get, but legislation will not produce it. We must wait for the accumulation of gold, the only real reserve money. It will be no real help to make a further large increase in banknote circulation, and no one would think of adding to the volume of the greenbacks. No legislation can change fixed capital to productive capital. That is merely a question of time, and there is nothing to do but to wait for it." That is the situation reduced to briefest terms. Not more currency, but more capital, is what is needed to rectify the financial situation.

No one will dissent now from Mr. Ridgely's assertion that "our bank loans have been expanding too fast." In his statement of the causes which have produced this result, he refers to many factors which can hardly have escaped general observation, such as extravagant living, a great rise in prices, and a consequent necessity for larger volumes of credit for the conduct of business on the previous scale, with the vast amount of loanable capital that has gone into fixed improvements which are unproductive or are very slowly becoming productive. His allusions to the speculation in farming lands, however, throw light on a subject regarding which many well-informed people have possessed only a more or less vague knowledge; and of course he does not neglect to mention the part which has been played by the banks in fostering speculation. But, despite all these adverse influences, the Comptroller views the situation hopefully. He keeps his eye on the enormous development of the real resources of the country of late years, and remarks that our recently acquired prosperity "is not going to disappear or vanish in a day because of a slump in stocks or the collapse of a few underwriting syndicates." Yet the applause which he received was well-deserved when he told the assembled bankers that "the speculative attempts to discount the future and overcapitalize earning power have met with foreordained and inevitable failure."

TAMMANY'S MIXED ALLIES.

Rather than be accused of a want of courtesy to its political opponents, the Citizens' Union withdrew, the other day, a political banner which bore the words, "Every thief, gambler, and dive-keeper will vote for Tammany." The same fact was then restated in a different form: "No thief, gambler, or dive-keeper will vote to elect Mayor Low." The change in wording may or may not have salved the wounded sensibilities of Tammany Hall; but the truth of the original statement has not been altered thereby, or even questioned. Now, as during all its career of political crime, the closest friends, the warmest allies of Tammany Hall are found in the denizens of the "world of graft." These it has cherished, nurtured, and rewarded; defended when in trouble, and not infrequently admitted to its innermost councils. Its record shows that whenever the Hall has made its hypocritical pleas on behalf of the downtrodden poor, it has had in mind, not the dwellers in tenements, but those citizens whose chief dread under a reform administration is that of an enforced residence in Sing Sing.

Concerning this alliance with crime and vice, so strenuously denied by Col. McClellan in 1901, but so plainly admitted by him in 1903, there can be no language too strong. More openly than ever before, Tammany is seeking to bind to itself the vulgar violators of the law. The elevator man who declared the other day his intention of voting for Tammany because he had been promised his former position as steward of a poolroom in the event of Col. McClellan's election, is merely a type of a class to which Tammany appeals with irresistible force. Unable to bring a single serious charge against Mr. Low's Administration, driven to national issues or to the wildest falsehoods in order to save themselves from total silence on the stump, Tammany's leaders are now trying to purchase the city by wholesale promises of immunity from the legal punishment of public offences.

The liquor dealers who would make sales in defiance of the statutes are daily assailing Mr. Low, positive that Col. McClellan's election would mean a relapse to the system of police blackmail and illegal sales. The gambling syndicate is worried only by its fear that, owing to Mr. Jerome, Tammany may not be able to "deliver the goods"—that is, the freedom of operation—it so glibly promises. The corrupt building contractor is for Tammany, heart and soul, knowing full well that there will be no Perez M. Stewart to enforce the law without fear or favor if the city votes for the grafters. Even to the theatres, we are informed, the tip has gone forth that Col. McClellan's success will mean official forgetfulness of the laws forbidding standing in the aisles, and requiring other precautions in the interest of the public.

There is not a single interest which would profit financially by a failure rigidly to enforce the laws, to whose greed Tammany has not made its corrupting appeal. "Help us to the offices," it cries, "and you may ask of us any favors you please"; and it dangles this bait at the very moment that its subservient candidate is suavely assuring his audiences that, if elected, he will give the city "an honest and a business Democratic administration." With the best intentions in the world, so weak a man could never prevent his Tammany associates from carrying out the pledges made in their desperate search for votes.

Upon the most dangerous class of those who would betray the city in order to make unlawful gains, Mayor Low touched in his most admirable speech in Cooper Union on Wednesday week. The abandoned and the outright criminals of a great city are ever in a small minority.

With their aid alone Tammany never has won and never could win. Their contributions to the campaign fund are rather in the form of promises to pay as soon as unleashed to prey upon the community. It is to the soulless corporations that Tammany looks primarily for its sinews of war. Therefore, when it is announced that "Tim" Sullivan, the man who "holds the bag" for Tammany this year, has visited the offices of the president of a great company, and that this same officer of a public-service corporation has called at Tammany headquarters, the public must not be blamed if it reads the news with suspicion and uneasiness. It cannot forget that as the city grows there are more and more valuable franchises to be awarded; that there are legal proceedings under foot by the present reform Administration to recover from traction companies millions of dollars which have long been owing the city, but as to which proceedings slumbered during the Administration of Tammany's Van Wyck. The public can but marvel that the president of any corporation doing business with the city should dare to call upon the Tammany leaders, whatever his errand, for he must know that only a sinister interpretation of his visit would become current.

The resounding applause that greeted Mr. Low's references to the corporations which have paid blackmail to Tammany Hall, shows that his firm stand against corporate greed meets with the approval of every honest citizen. Not even Tammany's wildest fabricators have dared to intimate that the Mayor's relations to corporations are not all they should have been. But in exposing the alliance of Tammany Hall and the unscrupulous corporation managers, he should not have shrunk from mentioning names. This, the most serious menace to the cause of good government, cannot be handled with kid gloves. The arch-traitors who pay over trust funds to an organized band of pirates should be known, that the finger of scorn may be pointed at them, that their names may become bywords, and they themselves be ostracized in their social, if not in their business relations. Bereft of their secret aid, Tammany Hall would not have the slightest chance of success.

THE "DECLINE" OF BRITISH INDUSTRY.

The Duke of Devonshire's description of the Blue Book, prepared in response to Mr. Balfour's "inquiry," as "a rearrangement and consolidation of statistics" is strictly accurate. The work has reached this country, and, so far as it is possible to make any headway at all through the enormous mass of facts and figures which it presents, it appears to have no real bearing on the broad question of tariff policies. These innumerable charts and tables will undoubtedly be of great service in statistical study. Persons engaged in examining special aspects of the commerce of Great Britain —such as the course of the foreign trade in any one commodity or the development of the mercantile relations with any particular country—will find here a mine of information. But so far as the main purpose of the compilation is concerned, the details given are as valuable to one side of the present fiscal controversy in the United Kingdom as the other. The fact that between 1854 and 1902 the total imports of the Kingdom increased 248 per cent., as compared with a gain of only 186 per cent. in the total exports, proves nothing as regards the tariff policy of the nation. If a great deficiency in exports did not exist, the indication would be that Great Britain was losing money fast. The Board of Trade statisticians estimate the "normal" excess of imports at £160,000,000 a year. But they also figure that this sum is more than offset by the net income of the nation's carrying trade and the returns from foreign investments.

Nor can conclusions hostile to free trade be drawn from the fact that the percentage of exports of manufactured and partly manufactured articles to the principal protected countries and colonies declined from 57 per cent. in 1850 to 38 per cent. in 1902. Such a shrinkage was inevitable under any form of tariff. The countries indicated include the progressive nations of Europe and the United States, and it is not supposable, in view of the large increase in the volume of capital in the last half-century, that, tariff or no tariff, their resources should not have been enormously developed. Artificial causes have not produced the great manufacturing industries of the United States, Germany, and other European nations, but access to unlimited supplies of raw materials, a plethora of loanable funds, and intelligent and energetic populations.

The advocates of protection have read into the trade returns a good deal that does not appear on their face, but there is abundant opportunity for the free-traders to do the same thing. The Chamberlainites, for instance, would contend that the fact that the exports of manufactured and partly manufactured articles to Germany increased from £15,950,000 in 1890 to only £16,442,000 in 1902, indicates that Great Britain's trade with that nation is menaced. As a matter of fact, the exports increased to £20,761,000 in 1899, and were £19,839,000 in 1900, in which year occurred a great financial crash in the Empire. The fact, therefore, that the exports were £16,442,000 in 1902 means absolutely nothing, except that in all probability the decline is the temporary effect of widespread industrial depression in the purchasing nation.

Another noteworthy feature is the colonial trade. The protectionists have been pointing to the increasing exports to the colonies as the salvation of British manufactures, but it looks as if possibly the mother country were building on a somewhat insecure foundation. The self-governing colonies took £52,211,000 of manufactures from the United Kingdom in 1902, against £35,516,000 in 1890. But it should be noted that the exports to this class of colonies actually decreased through a series of years to £27,597,000 in 1894. In 1896 they began to move upwards again, and in 1902 attained the high figure recorded above. The decline in the early eighties can be ascribed partly to the financial crash in Australia at that period, but the increase in recent years may be attributed in considerable measure to the heavy borrowings of the colonies. The export movement to the colonies has, in short, such an artificial appearance as to deter one from attaching too much importance to it as a prop to British trade.

Though it is true that the United Kingdom's exports of manufactures to the principal protected countries and colonies were only £87,062,000 in 1902, as compared with £94,504,000 in 1900, £101,696,000 in 1890, and £93,349,000 in 1880, it is also a fact that its exports to all other countries and colonies were £140,538,000 in 1902, against £130,696,000 in 1900, £127,104,000 in 1890, and £104,851,000 in 1880. If any conclusion at all can be drawn from these Blue Book figures, it is that natural causes are deflecting Great Britain's exports of manufactures in some measure from old customers to new. The figures relating to tin plate are worth a moment's notice. The average annual exports of tin plate to the United States in 1887-90 (the four years preceding the McKinley law) were £4,278,667, from which amount they diminished to £887,432 in 1902. But the exports to other markets rose in the same period from £1,403,974 to £3,445,734, showing how far gains in one quarter may be relied upon to counteract losses in another.

The astonishing thing is not that British trade with the principal protected nations should have decreased so much, but that the shrinkage should have been no larger. In view of the textile development of Germany and the United States in recent years, it is really surprising to find the United Kingdom actually increasing its exports of cotton manufactures to both between 1890 and 1902—in the case of Germany from about £2,800,000 to £3,800,000, and in that of our own country from £2,800,000 to £3,600,00. And in this connection it is worth noting that the Kingdom's consumption of raw cotton increased from 6,900,000 cwts. in 1854 to 15,700,000 cwts. in 1899 (the maximum figure). The consumption of raw wool was at its maximum in 1898. The pro-

duction of pig iron was at its height in 1899, and the consumption of this commodity was at its greatest in the same year. In the face of such facts it is absurd to talk about Great Britain's declining industry.

A PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORIAN.

The most coherent and impressive portion of the late Mr. Lecky's work is probably the 'History of European Morals'; in bulk, his writings on the eighteenth century exceed all his studies in other fields. This already suggests the temper of the great historian that is gone. Mr. Lecky was a moralist in the eighteenth-century sense. In the turmoil of our rapidly shifting civilization, he was distinctly the enlightened man. He attained as early as his undergraduate years at Dublin that serenity and impartiality of spirit which the Encyclopædists regarded as the most desirable possession, but hardly achieved. In other respects, also, he was of the eighteenth century. Before that appalling mass of evidence which crushes the generalizing spirit back to the journeyman work of heaping up facts, he remained unruffled. As a young man he undertook 'A History of European Morals' with the cheerful curiosity of Bayle compiling a Universal Dictionary. This poised and indomitable spirit, which he maintained in the face of constant invalidism, brings him perhaps nearer to Spencer than to any man of his time. It certainly removes him as far from the class of documented athletes of Freeman's kind as it does from the eloquent special pleaders of the Gibbon-Macaulay-Carlyle dispensation.

In the fearless mind which he brought to the great task of interpreting history through philosophy, Mr. Lecky distinctly recalls Hume, Montesquieu, Adam Smith, Voltaire. His superiority in method and his essentially modern quality lay in a truer sense of the difficulties that invested his problems. To read his books is to be instructed in the complexity of historical causes. One feels that he has moved more cautiously and patiently among his facts than those soaring minds who were his constant admiration and study. You rarely surprise him in a dogmatism; were he not a most engaging writer, his kaleidoscopic exhibition of interplaying forces would merely confuse. As it is, it gives to a patient spectator a peculiarly exhilarating sense of a world-life that is always in flux, yet never out of order. Opinions will differ as to the value of Mr. Lecky's studies in history and morals, but no criticism is likely to deny the abiding worth of their intention. To refuse to inject one's personal passions into the analysis of the past, to decline in the interest of eloquence or popularity to treat complicated affairs as simple, to be rigidly a logician and yet frankly to admit the force of chance—those cases "in which a slight change in the disposition of circumstances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history"—this certainly is genuine title to distinction in an age which is intolerant of all painful intellectual processes not immediately useful.

Possibly Mr. Lecky did not realize how much of a pioneer and conservator he was. He pointed the way that historical science must take if it is to enlarge the intelligence of those whom it professes to instruct; and he did this by keeping undimmed what we may call that intellectual courage which, for want of a better word, we name classic. In placid pursuit of his favorite studies he does not seem to have cared to impress his own originality upon others. He lacked the sturdy and aggressive qualities, and hardly seems to have felt himself to be what he unquestionably was, the champion of an urgent cause. Except for the advertising proclivities of the age by which he inevitably profited though disapproving, he might hardly have risen to international eminence. Indeed, it is likely that a large class of his readers take him rather for facts and the amenity of his style than for those elaborate interpretations of facts which are his peculiar contributions to historical science. To a small group of dissidents he was a leader in the highest sense, if hardly their personal chief. He was a kind of living evidence of the dominance of the mind, despite the greater tasks of assimilation constantly put upon it. And he seemed like the visible promise of a time when the balance between accumulation of facts and their interpretation shall be again restored.

Very likely, the merit of Mr. Lecky's point of view will never be sufficiently recognized. His very dispassionateness and the calm flow of his style made Mr. Lecky almost as much a distinguished stranger in a world of strenuous scholarship as he was, for a time, on the Government benches at Westminster. His scrupulous fairness was an offence to the generality. English Whiggism is not so dead that it likes to be told that the Revolution of 1688 was "a movement essentially aristocratic," in which about the only popular element was "that hatred of foreigners which is so deeply rooted in the English mind, . . . and has played a part that can hardly be exaggerated in English history." Nor has the average Englishman or American reached that philosophic detachment from which he can survey the American Revolution as a mere by-current in the mounting tide of Liberalism. But an age that loves pluck and paradox should at least honor the memory of the invalid who delineated 'The Map of Life' while propped on his elbows on a couch.

Correspondence.

CONGRESSIONAL POWER OF INCORPORATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Commenting, on the 15th instant, upon Judge Grosscup's opinion that the Trust question may be controlled by a national law of incorporation, you credit him with originality in so far as he asserts that such a law would be Constitutional, and, continuing, say, "The power of incorporation was never in dispute in the Constitutional Convention."

But the question of granting the general power of incorporation to the Congress was directly before the Convention. On July 26, when that body had proceeded so far as to be agreed upon a Constitution, but not in detail, the proceedings were unanimously referred to a Committee of Detail "to prepare and report the Constitution." On August 6 the committee reported, and, among the other powers granted to "the Legislature of the United States," was that "To regulate commerce among the several States."

In considering the report of the Committee of Detail, each clause of the Constitution as reported was discussed, adopted, amended, or rejected. Mr. Madison thought the powers of the General Legislature too limited, and proposed among others to be granted that it be given power "To grant charters of corporations in cases where the public good may require them and the authority of a single State may be incompetent." Mr. Pinkney proposed the general power "To grant charters of incorporation." When it was proposed to add this power, the clause to regulate commerce among the States had been unanimously agreed to.

In the reports of the proceedings of the convention the proposed amendments offered by both Madison and Pinkney seem to have been lost sight of until the entire instrument had gotten into the hands of the Committee of Style; and, on receiving the report of that committee, Mr. Madison again made an effort to have added to the powers of Congress that of granting charters of corporations. The motion was so modified as to limit the power to granting charters for canals, and, being submitted, was lost by the vote of eight States against three for it.

Mr. Wilson of Pennsylvania, if not the ablest, always conceded one of the ablest, lawyers of the Convention, while favoring the grant of the power as proposed by Madison, yet thought that as to mercantile corporations the power was already included in the power to regulate commerce. (See Journal of Constitutional Convention kept by James Madison, Scott's edition, Vol. II., 549, 725; Documentary History of the Constitution of U. S. A., Vol. III., 555, 744, 745.)

I have not seen the comments to which you refer, but it would seem that Judge Grosscup has overlooked the best of testimony for his claim that Congress has its authority in the Constitution for the solution of the Trust problem by a national law of incorporation for those engaged in interstate commerce. The idea is contemporary with that instrument itself.

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

MEXICO, MISSOURI, October 19, 1903.

Notes.

Selections from the marginal notes on Linnæus's 'Systema Naturæ' pencilled by the poet Gray, and from his designs of insects and birds in the same work (now, by way of Ruskin, in the possession of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton), are to compose a book of some 80 pages, edited by Mr. Norton, and published in a limited edition by Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston.

'Ruskin Relics,' supplementary reminiscences, by W. G. Collingwood, with drawings; and 'Minute Marvels of Nature,' by John J. Ward, are in preparation by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

An illustrated stage edition of 'Everyman' is promised by J. F. Taylor & Co. of this city.

The "Puritan Edition" of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' already announced will be marketed in this country by Fleming H. Revell Co.

Forthcoming from McClure, Phillips & Co. are 'The Lyceum and Henry Irving,' by Austin Brereton; 'Man's Place in the Universe,' by Alfred Russel Wallace; 'Great Masters,' by John La Farge, illustrated; and, next season, Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace.'

J. B. Lippincott Co. announce 'A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times,' by the Danish actor, Karl Mantzius, in two volumes, with an introduction by William Archer; and 'Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler,' by Arthur Jerome Eddy. Also, 'The Mechanical Engineer's Reference Book,' by Henry H. Suplee.

'The History of the World's Painters,' by James William Pattison, is in the press of Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

The Eureka Publishing Co., Columbus, O., announces 'The Race Problem Unmasked,' by Everett James Waring, LL.B., A.M., of the Ohio bar, "the first colored attorney to argue in the United States Supreme Court, and the only colored man who ever sat on the bench in the State of Ohio."

Henry Frowde is to publish for Prof. J. F. Bingham of Hartford a collection of noteworthy passages in prose and verse from the most eminent Italians from the thirteenth to the present century. It will make a quarto of more than a thousand pages, containing concise biographies, a characterization of the several periods of Italian literary development, and appendices —the whole in Italian.

D. Appleton & Co. will be the American publishers of Wilfrid Meynell's 'Disraeli: An Unconventional Biography,' with abundant illustrations.

A. Wessels Co. are to be the American publishers of J. A. Hammerton's omnium-gatherum 'Stevensoniana.'

Macmillan Co. have nearly ready 'The Mother of Washington, and her Times,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

A new and enlarged edition of Prof. Henry A. Beers's 'The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus' (Henry Holt & Co.) is attractive enough to commend itself to Yale men, if any such there be, who have been heretofore ignorant of the merits of this entertaining miscellany.

The 'Guide to Siena, History and Art,' by William Heywood and Lucy Olcott, which we had the pleasure of reviewing most favorably some months ago, is now published with the imprint of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, London.

A little more than eighteen months ago we briefly characterized the illustrated quarto volume of Michael Myers Shoemaker, 'Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary, Queen of Scots,' from the London edition. The work has now been placed in the hands of G. P. Putnam's Sons for American disposal.

The inexpensive "Fireside Edition" of Dickens's Works (London: Chapman & Hall; New York: H. Frowde) progresses apace with 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' 'Bleak House,' 'Little Dorrit,' 'Our Mutual Friend,' 'Great Expectations,' 'The Uncommercial Traveller,' and 'Christmas Stories.' In this group of volumes we take leave of Cattermole and Phiz, and make acquaintance with a younger set of designers, like Marcus Stone and Harry Furniss, partly working in line and partly in wash; so that the chronology of the later products stands clearly revealed in the illustrations. The parallel Dent-Macmillan issue of Thackeray, edited by Walter Jerrold, likewise adds 'Catherine,' 'Roundabout Papers,' and 'Christmas,' which all have a common bond in Mr. C. E. Brock's clever sketches, some in red chalk, but mostly pen-drawn, while a few of Thackeray's own designs appear in the 'Christmas' volume, and there is an interesting frontispiece portrait of the author, after Leonard T. Poyet, in the 'Roundabout.'

A third rapidly mounting series in revival is the pretty wine-colored issue of which Messrs. Appleton are the American publishers, and which we have already described in connection with 'Dr. Syntax.' A companion poetical work of Combe's, 'The Dance of Life,' with illustrations after Thomas Rowlandson's colored engravings, is now obtainable; and Rowlandson's work is again reproduced in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' John Leech, on the other hand, appears in Surtees's 'Handley Cross,' in black and white and in color (the latter very dainty); and the same sporting author's 'Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities' is lighted up by Henry Alken's lively colored illustrations. Not all of these works are now readable except as curiosities; collectors will value them chiefly for the plates.

We spoke last week of T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s twelve-volume edition of Fielding's Works, and it is now exactly matched by Smollett's, at a price remarkably cheap considering the excellent quality of the typography and the presentable binding. As before, Dr. G. H. Maynadier furnishes the special introductions. Each volume has a full-page frontispiece design. The same house sends us three volumes of a duodecimo "Astor Edition of Poets," below the dollar mark in price, but more than respectable in appearance and execution. The chance combination is odd, for 'The Canterbury Tales,' with a brief introduction by Professor Lounsbury, and 'The Faerie Queene,' which Professor Trent expounds, are accompanied by the Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary, whom a single generation has effectually consigned to forgetfulness. Miss Katharine Lee Bates has made this gathering from the several volumes of the estimable Cary sisters, and has even edited it with occasional notice of MS. variants. More diminutive are Messrs. Crowell's "Handy Volume Classics," pocket edition, embracing Montaigne's Essays, 'Elizabethan Dramatists,' Franklin's Autobiography, Carlyle's 'Past and Present,' Emerson's 'Conduct of Life,' Ruskin's 'Frondes Agrestes,' etc.; attractive little books, and legible according to the amount of condensation required in the letterpress. Still another, rather elegant set, with limp covers, is Alexander Jessup's "French Masterpieces"—Balzac, Mérimée, Gautier, Flaubert, Daudet, Maupassant; we can do no more than enumerate them. Paper, print, and binding are here all that is needful; each volume contains a portrait, and an introduction by a competent hand. The publishers are Messrs. Putnam.

There seems a veritable demand for these handy outputs, and we discourse *de minimis* when we mention Messrs. Putnam's vest-pocket edition of FitzGerald's 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám,' an inch and a half wide by four inches long, just the companion for memorizing. FitzGerald's 'Polonius,' on the other hand, published by the Scott-Thaw Co., is a squarish little volume, rubricated, and gayly bound in tan and gold. This form of the collection of "wise saws and modern instances" is decidedly to be commended.

FitzGerald's 'Omar' reappears in the elegant "Thumb-Nail Series" (but it is not so small as that) of the Century Company, along with Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and Jowett's version of Plato's 'Apology of Socrates' and 'Crito' and the closing scene of the 'Phædo'; friendly little volumes of irreproachable typography and charming covers stamped with appropriate designs.

Finally, the Dent-Macmillan "Temple Classics" shall bring up the Lilliputian rear with Browning's 'Pippa Passes, and Other Dramatic Poems' of the forties, Howell's 'Familiar Letters,' in three volumes, the 'Verba Christi,' drawn for the Greek text from Westcott and Hort; and Bede's 'Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation.'

Mr. Peter Newell still further illustrates "Lewis Carroll" in the handsome volume, 'The Hunting of the Snark, and Other Poems and Verses,' just issued by the Harpers. For what pertains to the title verse and to that of "Sylvie and Bruno," we think our American humorist has succeeded in emphasizing the dreary character of those extravagances. Still, his best designs fall in the earliest section, beginning with a very skilful and graceful imaginative conception of the vanishing before the Boojum (p. 40); and a real artist is discernible behind his comic mask in the "Riddle of the Fishes" (p. 198). With these deserves to be mentioned the group before the hearth, "Rest your old bones" (p. 148). Fairly droll are the Knight Mayor (p. 70), the procession of nursery maids (p. 112), and "How shall I be a Poet?" (p. 132). It is convenient, if not wholly amusing, to have all Lewis Carroll's verse between two covers.

Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley, already favorably known as an interviewer and as a biographer of royalty, has been tempted by the fascinations of the Court to prepare an elaborate history of 'Royal Palaces and their Memories' (London: Hutchison & Co.; New York: A. Wessels Co.). It is the kind of book commonly known as "suitable for presentation," as its forty-eight full-page plates,

many of them of much artistic interest, sufficiently indicate. The writing has not, however, been done in any perfunctory way, for Mrs. Tooley has made careful and extensive research, and has expressed the results in a clear and natural style.

The James H. West Co., Boston, publishes for John Snyder an amusing skit, 'The Wind Trust, a Possible Prophecy,' for which, strangely enough, Dr. E. E. Hale writes a brief introduction. It would seem that Dr. Hale must have avoided prejudice, after the manner of Sydney Smith, by writing before reading, for the protective system has had no doughtier apologist than Dr. Hale, while Mr. Snyder's gay adventure is from first to last a satire on that system, and not merely a satire on that particular excrescence of the system called a Trust. The title obviously suggests its drift to any person who has the perspicacity which a grindstone is not beyond. We are told of the origin, development, and ultimate collapse of the "Istamboul Corporation for the Control of the Wind." There is much excellent fooling which but thinly veils a serious purpose, viz., to excite contempt for the usurpation by a few of advantages that belong to all. The fable is well managed for the most part, but less effectively in the concluding than in the introductory and middle parts. Some of the most palpable hits are incidental, touching our imperialism and related follies on their sorest spots.

Our notice of Prof. James A. Woodburn's 'Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States' (Putnams) has been much too long delayed. Like the same author's 'The American Republic and its Government,' the present volume is a useful, though not a great, contribution to the literature of American politics. The work falls into three parts—a division, by the way, of which the table of contents gives no hint. The first, comprising about one-half of the whole, is a rapid survey of party history, in which the beginnings of the several parties and the course of those of lesser importance are sketched with particular clearness. The second part—"American Party Machinery and How It Works" is a clear and practical account of the "machine" in actual operation. No one can touch this field without showing large indebtedness to Mr. Bryce; but Professor Woodburn has evidently taken the trouble to study the matter at first hand, and his abundant illustrations of the good and the bad are often fresh as well as typical. In his third part the author passes in review certain ethical problems in party politics, in particular those concerning the duty of voting and the various phases of corrupt practices. There is here little that is new and nothing that is profound, but the discussion as a whole has a healthy practicality and common sense that makes it useful and invigorating reading.

A sociological study of a Boston factory district by Mr. R. F. Phelps, who held a "South End House Fellowship at Harvard University," has just been published by that association. It embodies the results of a two years' personal investigation of the industrial conditions in these factories, the housing of the operatives, and the determining factors in the choice of homes. The conclusion is that, "along with our Better Dwelling Societies, we should have a society for the encouragement of suburban residence for the poor—such a society having a central bureau where information may be obtained as to good and convenient localities for the homes of workingmen outside of the crowded city limits. Philanthropic persons might devote themselves to the worthy task of offering valuable information to those workingmen who are ignorant of better possibilities for home life in a healthier and more ennobling environment, thus liberating those whose 'residential inertia' holds them imprisoned in habitations which would be unendurable did the victims of such congested conditions but realize what they suffer." Three outline maps show graphically the main facts obtained by the investigation.

At the annual meeting, October 15, of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, the titles in its library were 248,050, of which 10,584 were accessions within the last ten months. Its invested funds are only $44,-199, but it receives from the State $20,000 yearly, with other assistance. Half the expense of keeping its grand building in order and open for use is paid by the University (to which it has become indispensable) for shelf room, books, lecture rooms, and reading-room. For further help to the University the Society will urge the next Legislature to build a north wing to its library as originally planned, over against that on the south, which is now filled with book stacks in six stories. The seventeenth volume of the Society's Historical Collections, completing the treatment of the French régime, is in the press, and the first ten volumes of its series, beginning in 1855, a reprint of which has been authorized by the Legislature, will be issued in the near future. We record here the fact that the public library in Madison has received $50,-000 from Mr. Carnegie, and various other Wisconsin establishments as much or more; his gifts to eleven libraries in eleven other Wisconsin cities during the last year aggregating $142,000. Several libraries also have just been founded by private citizens, so that already only three cities (with a census of 3,000) in the State remain destitute of a book treasury free to all comers.

—Monumental is the word that may fitly be applied to Prof. Edward Arber's reissue of the Term Catalogues, the first volume of which has just been printed. It covers the years 1668 to 1682, and its large type and generous page are a delight to the eye. For the first time this contemporary list of the issues of the English press is made generally available, and in a form which gives the reprint a greater practical value than the original could ever possess. Professor Arber not only furnishes full indexes, with glossary and notes, but has sought to correct the errors of the original editors of the list. Names were omitted by them, or misspelled, and, through carelessness or intention, misleading items were inserted in the titles. Such errors and omissions have been made good, and yet the "text itself has not been added to nor subtracted from." The rarity and high bibliographical value of the original catalogues—of some of the issues but a single example is known—have made them one of the most desired of acquisitions. Including only such titles as the printers paid for, the lists are by no means complete; but they are the only source, and, considering the difficulties in the path of the undertakers, they constitute a remarkable performance. The history of printing, and even of literature, in this interesting period of English life can be related only with the aid of these lists, and the frequent mention of colonial writings gives them an additional value to American libraries. Professor Arber's preface is a very brief summary of the printer's condition under the rule of the censor, Roger L'Estrange, and he very pointedly inquires how the Quakers succeeded in issuing so large a number of tracts at a time when every effort was made to restrict such appeals to the people? The work will be completed in three volumes, and certainly makes a most important addition to our bibliographical equipment; in a style of editing, too, that places it on a very high plane of performance. Dodd, Mead & Co. are Professor Arber's representatives in this country.

—We made brief reference the other day to Mr. Charles Francis Adams's recent discussion of the battles of Marathon and Salamis in papers which are printed in the 'Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society' for May and June, the fruit of his tour in Egypt and Greece last spring. He criticises severely the "Father of History," but uses no stronger language than others who are very grateful to Herodotus for what he tells, though they recognize clearly the truth that he was not a traveller and historian trained according to modern methods. Mr. Adams seems to agree with Professor Goodwin in holding that the battle of Salamis was fought at the entrance to the bay; but his expressions are not fully clear, and he assigns to the Persian fleet at the beginning of the conflict a position farther to the northwest than is claimed for it even by some scholars who yet believe that the battle was begun in the bay rather than at its entrance. The observations of a layman with Mr. Adams's interest and experience in the arts of history and of war, who views the fields of these battles without the prejudices formed by a long study of rather vague authorities, are bound to be suggestive and stimulating, but the positive results are seldom great. Mr. Adams twice calls attention to the principle, often forgotten by historians, that "an army moves on its belly"; but Herodotus himself was much interested in the care taken to provide sufficient supplies for the army of Xerxes. Mr. Adams was deeply impressed "with the military and naval capacity evinced by the Greeks, and their grasp of the situation." Of the battle of Marathon, he takes no extreme view, but he attaches high importance to Salamis. "If Marathon was the Bunker Hill of the Greek resistance to Asia, Salamis was assuredly its Yorktown," and "not until the fall of Constantinople, more than nineteen centuries later, was the work of that memorable day undone."

—Professor Richardson's 'Vacation Days in Greece' (Scribners) must not be confounded with the books which all travellers, in the enthusiasm of their new experiences, are tempted to write after a vacation visit to Greece. This collection, not wholly unfamiliar to our readers, gives for the general public accounts of visits made to parts of Greece which are seldom visited by the ordinary scholarly traveller, not to speak of the tourist, who never sees them. The author has

just returned to this country after ten years of service in Greece as Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and his familiar acquaintance with the lands of Hellas is matched by that of few living men, while his broad archæological knowledge is based on a firm philological foundation. So scholars will welcome all that he has to say, and will regret that he has not said more, about Dodona, Acarnania, the Styx, etc. But Professor Richardson is an excellent traveller, as well as a scholar. Not only is he familiar with the literature, history, language, and character of the people of Greece; his chapters show him to be blessed with an excellent temper, a power to adapt himself readily to circumstances, a vigorous physique which makes a bicycle ride of ninety or a hundred miles over Greek roads seem a reasonable day's exertion, and a sense of humor and humanity which makes him a delightful travelling companion or guide. No one should be deterred from reading the book by the knowledge that the author is learned. Most of the chapters are reprinted with slight changes from weekly or monthly periodicals, but the last chapter, on Dalmatia, seems to be published here for the first time. This and the chapter on Sicily are perhaps the most interesting of all.

—There is a fine old-fashioned flavor to the title of a recent publication by the American Unitarian Association, Boston, 'Pioneers of Religious Liberty in America: Being the Great and Thursday Lectures delivered in Boston in nineteen hundred and three.' Dr. S. A. Eliot, President of the Association, writes a preface, in which he gives some brief account of the "Great and Thursday Lecture" that originated with John Cotton and was maintained without a break down to 1775, and then suspended for awhile, to be revived at the conclusion of the siege of Boston, since which time, says Dr. Eliot, "it has had a continuous existence." If this statement is correct, the late O. B. Frothingham was much mistaken, and many have been led astray by him. In his biography of Theodore Parker he represents his father, Dr. N. L. Frothingham, as laying violent hands on the Thursday Lecture to prevent the further enjoyment of its opportunities by Theodore Parker. He says that the lecture died of that violence; that later an attempt to revive it was made, but without success. Be the facts as they may, it may well be doubted if before or since Theodore Parker's sermon the Thursday Lecture has been more honored in the observance than in these eleven lectures on well-chosen subjects, every one handled in an attractive manner, several of them by writers of special competence for their particular themes. Such, for example, are Edwin D. Mead, who writes of "William Brewster and the Independents"; Williston Walker, who writes of "Thomas Hooker and the Principle of Congregational Independency"; W. W. Fenn, who writes of Dr. Channing; Washington Gladden, who writes of Bushnell. Mr. Mead is never content with history that does not yield a lesson for the present time, and he draws out one here with much less complacency than Daniel Webster contemplating the appearance of Brewster at a New England Society dinner. Dr. Eliot's lecture on Phillips Brooks brings out in clear relief some generally neglected features of the great bishop's life.

—Without preface or index, but richly illustrated with half-tone reproductions of well-selected photographs, 'The Heart of Japan,' by Clarence Ludlow Brownell (McClure, Phillips & Co.), will disappoint readers seeking original knowledge of the country and people from one who might be supposed, from the title of his work, to be intimately and profoundly acquainted with the subject in hand. The sub-title, "Glimpses of Life and Nature, far from the Traveller's Track, in the Land of the Rising Sun," leads to great expectations. The author is a Fellow of the Society of Arts and the Royal Geographical Society, and member of the Japan Society of London. He has apparently been in Japan, and perhaps engaged in work and in residence there, for he talks about "our life on the west coast," and even mentions the provinces of Etchiu and Echizen. He gives pleasant glimpses of Japanese life in the interior and the ports, spelling his native words correctly, and using common phrases to express proper names, *e. g.*, Kono Hito (this man) and Sono Hito (that man). Nevertheless, it is a little curious that most if not all the local color in his word pictures is little else than a transference, with literary garnishing, of what has already been written and seen by the eyes of the authors of 'The Mikado's Empire,' of 'Noto,' and of the contributors to the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. The literary dressing does not and cannot cover up the original features of other writers. The author, having read well and reproduced with some literary decorations what has already been written by English and American residents and students, writes genially and attractively about gods, missionaries, earthquakes, trade, flowers, village life, and the ways of foreigners and natives. Like so many writers of the Sir Edwin Arnold type, he exaggerates, even to caricature, the honorific element in Japanese conversation. This is a delightful book to read for an hour, but its matter, while professing to be fact and experience, as no doubt much of it is, gives to an old dweller in Japan the impression of fiction.

—'The Tree Book,' by Mary Rowles Jarvis (John Lane), is the third volume of the "Country Handbooks Series." It consists of a few notes on trees obviously collected from the encyclopædia and put together with little attempt at system. The trees are not grouped in families, the ash being placed next the mountain ash, as though they were related; the chapter on forestry, advertised as "practical," is made up of vague statistics and even more vague advice. "According to forest fancies of all ages," writes Miss Jarvis, "the moon has much to do with the growth and prosperity of the trees. To do their best, they, with all other plants bearing fruit above ground, must be set out in the light of the moon. But if the timber is to 'dure,' it must be felled in the dark and waste end of the month." Miss Jarvis makes no attempt to supplement this sort of information by describing more modern methods. Her chapter on "How to Distinguish the Trees" is rather literary than scientific. To greet the inquirer with the information that the Stone Pine is, "in age, flowing and graceful," is to leave him much where he was. The photographs, which are numerous, are too impressionistic to be useful. One who knows a leafless walnut from a leafless sycamore will like these pretty groups; one who does not, will learn nothing from Miss Jarvis. The statement on page 101 that English ivy cannot be grown out of doors in America is refuted by the experience of many Americans, who find that, at any rate south of New York, it flourishes out of doors, and covers a wall more quickly than in England if well looked after in the first winters after transplanting. Miss Jarvis seems to think that on "Arbor Day" every American is moved by an irresistible impulse to plant a tree—an amiable delusion very flattering to us. A "series" of any kind always raises the question for what class of readers it is intended—a question more than ever unanswerable if all the "Country Handbooks" are written in the belated, drawing-room-table style of Miss Jarvis.

—Mr. H. Noel Williams, after writing the lives of Mme. Récamier and Mme. de Pompadour, turns his attention to an earlier century. His 'Madame de Montespan' (Scribners) is a large and beautifully printed book, which abounds with photogravures. We need not repeat the considerations that are urged in the preface to justify the publication of this biography, since it finds its best justification in the author's familiarity with good sources and his impartiality of treatment. No little sympathy has been lavished on Mme. de Montespan from the belief that she was a victim of Louis XIV.'s undoubted callousness. Such sympathy, however, is undeserved. To the world the manner in which a *liaison* of twelve years' standing was terminated may well have seemed abrupt if not crude. But in 1682 the world did not know that Mme. de Montespan, besides resorting to quacks and magicians, had actually sought to take the King's life. We say nothing either to extenuate or condemn her jealousy of Mme. de Maintenon, for that is a large question. It is enough to explain the King's action that he should have known of the connection between his mistress and people like La Voisin, Lesage, and Guibourg. Mr. Williams lays no claim to original research in the matter of the *Chambre Ardente* and the poisoning cases; but he has at least made himself familiar with the researches of M. Ravaisson and M. Funck-Brentano. The charities of Mme. de Montespan in her later years were very probably suggested by a genuine repentance—like those of Mme de Longueville. At the same time, the former had blots upon her career beside which the offences of Mme. de Longueville seem peccadillos. We may be quite willing to forget her arrogance and her treatment of La Vallière. The things which we cannot forget are her intercourse with the sorcerers, extended as it was over a period of nearly twenty years, and her personal participation in the horrors of the "black mass." Mr. Williams writes as an historian, and without any special prepossession in favor of Mme. de Montespan. He also shows, and this is a much more difficult matter, a good deal of *sang froid* in his judgment of Mme. de Maintenon. After all, the best thing which can be said of this book is that it is sincerely designed to be an historical essay, and is not prompted by a love of scandal. Mr. Williams's researches, though not profound, may be called adequate. He presents in an agreeable form the most re-

cent opinions which have been reached in France regarding the rôle of Mme. de Montespan at the court of Louis XIV.

PALGRAVE'S BANK RATE.

Bank Rate and the Money Market in England, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, 1844-1900. By R. H. Inglis Palgrave. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

It is now thirty years since Walter Bagehot published his 'Lombard Street,' a book whose extraordinary merits were at once perceived, and which has become almost as classical as the 'Wealth of Nations.' From most of what Bagehot said there was no dissent, but his views of the duty of the Bank of England concerning the maintenance of the gold reserve were vigorously controverted. He showed that it was of cardinal importance to maintain a great banking reserve; that "whether the times of adversity are well met or ill met, depends far more on this than on any other single circumstance." He insisted that, under the peculiar conditions developed during a long history, the Bank had come to hold the ultimate cash reserve of the country; that it had become the "Bankers' Bank." It followed that the responsibility of the directors was of a very different nature from that of the directors of an ordinary bank, and that it was their duty to maintain a very much greater reserve; and he proved that, whether the directors liked it or not, the solvency of the Bank itself depended on their maintaining this reserve. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that Bagehot's argument was so conclusive as to cause financial men in this country to suppose that his recommendations must have been followed.

However, as we have intimated, Bagehot's conclusions were very offensive to some of the directors of the bank. Mr. Hankey, a banker of great experience, declared that the *Economist* (in which Bagehot's views were published) had put forth "the most mischievous doctrine ever broached in the monetary or banking world in this country, viz., that it is the proper function of the Bank of England to keep money available at all times to supply the demands of bankers who have rendered their own assets unavailable." Mr. Hankey said that the Bank would bear its full share of any drain, and that it should hold its banking deposits in the most available securities, reserving generally about one-third in cash; but he denied that it was either expedient or practicable for the Bank to keep money unemployed to meet the demands of those who found themselves embarrassed in times of panic. To this Bagehot replied simply that the reserve of the Bank *must* be used, or, at least, be regarded by the public as available, in times of stringency; otherwise the Bank would fail. Were it to stand aloof and let other banks fail, it, too, would be carried down. Its depositors would rush to get out their money, and when its cash was gone, its "available securities" would be useless. It could not realize on them; it could not sell even consols, because no one would have any money to buy them with.

It is difficult to believe that the directors of the Bank were not gradually influenced by Bagehot's unanswerable arguments, and it is probably the common impression, both in England and here, that the Bank maintains a greater reserve than formerly. This impression is not confirmed by Mr. Palgrave's book. The comparatively violent fluctuations in the discount rate of the Bank led him to investigate minutely the methods pursued in its management, with results which are not reassuring, and may even justify some uneasiness. The reserve of the Bank is smaller in proportion to its own liabilities than it was forty or fifty years ago, and it is far smaller in proportion to the liabilities of the other banks. It is provided by the Bank Act of 1844 that, as other banks in England and Wales cease to issue notes, the Bank may increase its own issue to the extent of two-thirds of the amount retired; and these new notes are issued against securities, not gold. Since 1880 these securities have been increased by £3,175,000. In 1879 the notes issued were about £49,000,000, and the gold about £34,000,000. In 1902 the issue of notes was £316,000 more and the gold held £2,858,000 less. The number of banks, or banking offices, in the country has increased from probably less than 1,000 in 1845 to 6,700 at present, all depending ultimately on the reserve of the Bank; and the great increase in the Scotch and Irish circulation, as Mr. Palgrave shows, causes large demands on the reserve.

It is obvious that a small reserve implies severe fluctuations in the rate of discount. The amount of the reserve will be watched anxiously, not only by the Bank directors, but also by the public, and if it declines there is no other way to restore it but to diminish loans by charging more for them. Such fluctuations, Mr. Palgrave shows, are injurious to trade, and especially to trade carried on with conservative methods. He observes:

"Great instability in the rate of discount is a very prejudicial thing to the interests of commerce, and hence to those of banking. The close competition between one country and another renders it a far greater danger to our business now than previously. A supply of capital at a fairly low rate, and at a rate which may be expected to remain tolerably constant, is as important to trade as a steady supply of food and other necessaries of life to every one, and of the materials on which he operates to the manufacturer. Instability in the rate for money tends to render the results of trade more uncertain than they otherwise would be, and is sufficient even to prevent business enterprises from being entertained which otherwise might be carried out to the advantage of the country. The chapters which follow show how much more equable the rate of discount has been at the Bank of France and at the Bank of Holland than in this country. Nearly the same may be said of the rates in Belgium and in Germany, although in Germany a higher rate has been charged than in this country; in the three other countries named the rates have not only been more equable, but they have been lower."

The great interest taken in the weekly return of the Bank is explained by these remarks. The relation of reserve to liabilities, and the probable demands on the reserve, form the basis of most of those calculations which are continually being made by men engaged in business as to the movement of the Bank rate of discount. It is reasonable to expect that the form of the Bank statement should steadily improve; that it should convey more and more information to the public. Unfortunately, a different policy has been adopted. No figures are now published of several details, such as the temporary advances made by the Bank, or of the bills discounted, or of the amount of the balances kept by bankers with the Bank both in London and in the provinces.

What gives these omissions a sinister aspect is the fact that they are of comparatively recent occurrence. Up to the time when Bagehot wrote, and for a year or two after his book appeared, a great deal more information used to be given. After 1875, the amounts of the bills discounted and of the temporary advances, which had been uniformly given from 1844 downwards, no longer appear, and since 1877 the London bankers' balances have been altogether left out. Hence, as Mr. Palgrave says, since 1878 down to the present time "bankers are absolutely ignorant of matters which are of the highest importance to them. Every bank knows, of course, its own balance, and occasionally the amount of that of one or two of its neighbors, but there is no general knowledge of the amount of the collective balances of the bankers standing to their credit at the Bank of England as a whole." The enormous extension of the banking business makes it extremely desirable that every safeguard be strengthened, and that every available source of knowledge should be utilized. The private banks have recognized these conditions. When Mr. Palgrave began his inquiries, in 1877, he was told that it was impossible to ascertain the details of the operations of the banks. No private bank then published its accounts; now their practice is more enlightened. That the Bank of England should have adopted the policy of giving less information than formerly makes it doubtful if Bagehot's arguments and warnings have been so effective as has been generally supposed.

It is true that the capital of the Bank is very large; but its deposits have increased enormously. As late as 1870 the average deposits did not much exceed the capital; they are now nearly four times as large. The reserve has increased, but not to the extent of the liabilities, and the most dangerous of these liabilities, the bankers' balances, had shown a very great increase when the Bank ceased to disclose its amount. We only know that whereas this item was less than one million pounds in 1844, it had become nine and a half in 1877. In 1844 this liability was only 11 per cent. of the total reserve. In 1866 it was 93 per cent., and it was more than 75 per cent. in the years 1873-77. Probably these deposits have very greatly increased since that date. They are a dangerous liability because they are the "till-money" of the banks—the money which every bank must keep on hand to meet the checks that are presented over the counter, and the demands of its customers for cash. This money is kept with the Bank of England, and it cannot be regarded as a reserve. It must be available to meet sudden demands. Against it the Bank holds a vast amount of "other securities," the nature of which it does not disclose, while there is reason to believe that the quantity of "bills discounted" has relatively diminished. Mr. Hankey, in his book on banking, quoted the remark of a relative of his, C. Poulett Thomson, to the effect that nothing was easier to conduct than the business of a banker "if he would only learn the difference between a mortgage and

a bill of exchange." It would be reassuring to know that the directors of the Bank of England are keeping this lesson in mind.

Mr. Palgrave's tables bring out the fact that on many occasions the bankers' balances have equalled, and sometimes exceeded, the reserve. This tendency is progressive. Between 1844-53 this excess occurred once; between 1854-61, eleven times; between 1862-69 twenty-one times; between 1870-77 twenty-eight times. After 1877 the reports of the Bank cease to give this information. The last report which gave it showed that "the reserve available against the ordinary as distinguished from the banking portion of the liabilities was less than three millions instead of eleven and one-half millions, and that the proportion of this reserve to the liabilities on deposits other than those derived from the bankers, instead of being 57½ per cent., as the annual statement makes it, was only 23½ per cent." Whatever view we take of this, it is evident that these balances cannot be both the reserve of the Bank and the reserve of the bankers. It is estimated that the liabilities of the bankers have increased from about seventy millions in 1844 to one thousand millions in 1902. Practically the only reserve of cash that is kept against these enormous liabilities is the reserve of the Bank of England. No doubt, as was explained by Mr. Gibbs—afterwards Lord Aldenham—a certain part of the bankers' deposits with the Bank is never disturbed; it is necessary for the transaction of their daily business. But whatever is above this minimum may be called for, and called for suddenly. In 1876 these balances fluctuated nearly ten millions between their lowest and their highest point; and this ten millions could not properly be regarded as part of the normal reserve of the Bank.

The Bank announced in 1878 that it would not feel bound to adhere strictly to its published minimum rate of discount, and it has more recently adopted the practice of rediscounting bills. It seems that for more than a century prior to 1839 the Bank rate never rose above 5, nor fell below 4 per cent. It followed that the Bank did a very small business in discounts; in 1844 it held only £113,000. Thereafter the Bank adapted its rate more nearly to that of the market, and by 1848 it was believed to hold half the discounts then outstanding. Of course the number of alterations in the rate of discount has increased, and it is evident that at present the power of the Bank to fix the rate in the market is much less than formerly. Mr. Palgrave makes some valuable suggestions concerning the government of the Bank and the methods of determining the rate for money, but we cannot comment on them further than to say that they are in the line of Bagehot's recommendations. When we regard the fluctuations in our own market, those at London, however exaggerated by unscientific methods, seem very tolerable. But as the London banks agree on the rate to be allowed on deposits, they might easily fix a discount rate; and our own experience shows that publicity is nothing to be dreaded by sound banks.

Many interesting matters besides those which we have mentioned are discussed in this valuable essay, but we can only allude to them. In the midst of our clamor over the dearth of paper money, it is impressive to be told that the total note circulation of England and Wales was in 1900 only two millions greater than in 1844, although the coin in circulation has increased probably seventy millions. But the wisdom of suppressing the notes of the country banks is open to question. Some very instructive comparisons are drawn by Mr. Palgrave between the conduct of the Bank of England and that of the great banks of the Continent; and his work is based throughout on elaborate tables of figures. We have said enough to indicate the character of this treatise to the very intelligent class of men engaged in the banking business in this country, and we trust that it may receive a critical examination. Its theme may appear remote; but the principles involved are fundamental in any financial system resting on credit.

HOBSON-JOBSON.

Hobson-Jobson: A Glossary of Colloquial Anglo-Indian Words and Phrases and of Kindred Terms, Etymological, Historical, Geographical, and Discursive. By Col. Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., and A. C. Burnell, Ph.D., C.I.E. New edition. Edited by William Crooke, B.A. London: John Murray. 1903.

Col. Sir Henry Yule, geographer, biographer, historian, scientist, editor, diplomat, engineer, soldier, poet, humorist, Indologist, was the main maker of this book; a great scholar and a many-sided man. Few knew so well the geography and travels of the Middle Ages and of the age of modern discovery in relation to Asia. It was Yule who edited 'The Book of Ser Marco Polo' (1871 and 1875), and authored its varied wealth of note and comment. It was Yule who reduced Sir John Mandeville, "the Father of English prose," to his true status as a translated myth, the fictitious hero of a French romance patched up from old travels and old fables. These were good preparations for the present opulent book. Yule had as a chosen associate Dr. Burnell, a man of wide learning, especially versed in the ways and tongues of Southern India, who died four years before the book first appeared, in 1886. Three years later Sir Henry Yule departed this life. And now, after seventeen years, the work appears in a new edition, rightly without change in the original text, but with many notes of correction and addition, and many new articles, by the competent hand of Mr. William Crooke, the author of several works on the ethnology and folklore of northern India, who has had the coöperation of many willing scholars in this multifarious task. The work is more than ever a monument of science and history. It is truly a thesaurus, a treasure out of which a man may at all times bring forth things new and old.

It is a discursive enclycopædia. Colonel Yule, with the modesty of merit, called it, under the truth, "a colloquial glossary," and then, with characteristic humor and with good literary instinct, chose as the leading title the peculiar Anglo-Indian phrase "Hobson-Jobson." No one who has not seen the book—or has not learned from other sources something of the devious ways of Indian words in European mouths—can appreciate the full significance of this happy title. Let it suffice here to say that "Hobson-Jobson" is in its first state ("Yā Hasan! Yā Hosain!") a Mohammedan festal cry, and in its later stages ("Hosseen Gosseen, Hossy Gossy, Hossein Jossen, Hobson Jobson"), the British soldier's gradual improvement and subjection of that (to him) unmeaning foreign jabber. In its ultimate form, "Hobson-Jobson," it may be said to reflect in one phrase the British soldier's notion of the peoples, customs, religions, and languages of India. The phrase, we are told, is passing out of use, in its military application; but it will continue to live as the doubly allusive title of this varied summary of India, and as a happy term for the frequent derangement of epitaphs which marks the contact of two different civilizations, one of which essays, like a python, to squeeze and engorge, or, to use the diplomatic word, to assimilate, the other. In this latter sense it is used in Edward E. Morris's partly similar work on Australian words and things, 'Austral English' (1898).

The plan of the book is simple and scientific. The subject is India, or South Asia, as seen by Europeans; its natural history, geography, ethnology, custom, philology, in summary, as they are encountered or sought or needed by the English or European reader or traveller. The facts are numerous, of all ages and kinds, recorded in many languages. They are stated, each by itself, or in small groups, in "the most senseless and fit" order, the irrational, impersonal, undisputed order of the Roman alphabet. A systematic statement in the form of a chaptered history would have been unhappy for the purpose. What is wanted is the facts, clear and compact. History in the literary form is often a device for omitting most of the facts. Each article in this book, as a rule, contains a definition or a discourse, with etymology and usually some note or anecdote. Then follows the chain of history in the form of quotations set in chronologic order.

The quotations are historic, illuminating, apposite, from various sources, ages, languages, from forgotten or recondite books, out of deserts of prose or the *hortus siccus* of dead notions. This kind of quotation is science, not mere compilation. It is no such easy task as composition. The learning, the imagination, the insight, the memory, the judgment, required to find, understand, appraise, select, arrange, and print such chains of quotations as abound in this work, and, for another example, in the 'Oxford English Dictionary,' far surpass the mental equipment of the average novelist or poet. The average novelist is, indeed, sometimes more entertaining; nor do we despise these mitigations of literature. Better, saith the Philistine reader, is a dinner of herbs where fiction is, than a stalled ox and science therewith. But why not both? There is both science and entertainment in Yule's long arrays of quotations. The range is vast; the variety is great. Under the important rubric, "India, Indies," for example, the chain begins with the cuneiform inscription (translated) on the tomb of Cyrus (dated B. C. 486), and proceeds with Herodotus (B. C. 440), Megasthenes (B. C. *c.* 300), Arrian (A. D. *c.* 140), Hwen-T'sang (A. D. 650), a series of Hindu and Arabic writers, and at length the modern Portuguese writers, Barros (1552-1613) and Camoens (1572). Then, for other phases of the subject, the editor

harks back to Hwen T'sang, cites Marco Polo (1298), Friar Jordanus (*c.* 1328), Shakspere (*c.* 1601), Pinto (1614), Morier (1826), then Linschoten (1598), and so on, some twenty-nine writers. Then, under "Indian," follow citations from an Anglo-Saxon poem, Shakspere again, the first book of Maccabees, Polybius, Livy, Athenæus, Elphinstone. It is usual to praise this sort of thing as "industry," as it were an humble, drudging virtue, suited to plodding minds, to the tortoises of literature. But let the hares try to do the like!

Hundreds of the articles invite philological remark. We venture to offer additions or solutions in a few cases: The article upon "Dhow, Dow," the name of "the old-fashioned vessel of Arab build," familiar to English readers in connection with the attempts to suppress the slave trade on the East African coast, discusses the etymology without conclusion. A Persian-Arabic form is cited (*dāo*), but the Arabic status is doubted. The form is certainly entered in some Arabic dictionaries (*dâw* in Steingass, 1884, p. 351), and it is certainly not "native" Arabic. Is it not native African? It is found just where it is needed, in the Swahili, or "language of the coast" of East Africa. Krapf, in his 'Dictionary of the Suahili Language,' 1882 (p. 47), citing Bishop Steere as authority, enters *dau*, and defines it as "a native boat, sharp at both ends, with a square mat sail. They are the vessels of the original inhabitants of Zanzibar, and chiefly bring firewood to the town from the south end of the island." The Swahili language contains many boat names, some Arabic or Indian; but *dau* appears to be native. A language must have some native words. The correct English spelling is, as Yule notes, *dow*, rather than *dhow;* or, better, simply *dau*, the form used by Sir Harry H. Johnston of Kilima-njaro and okapi fame ("The Kilima-njaro Expedition,' 1886, pp. 25 and 318).

Under the title "Suclât, Sackcloth, etc.," a multiform name for a multiform cloth, at one time embroidered silk, but in its later use applied to European broadcloth, the many forms are cited, and different etymologies are proposed, without result. But the solution is not far to seek. *Suclat*, Chaucer's *siclatoun*, the modern *scarlet*, are all concerned. The Anglo-Indian *suclat*, *suklat*, *sooklaat*, (Telugu *sakalāti*, Canarese *sakalātu*), represents the Persian *suqlât*, *siqalât*, *saqalât*, Arabic *siqillât*, beside *sijillât*, particolored linen, and this is merely the Middle Latin *sigillatum* or *sigillata*, "figured cloth." We read in late Latin of *tentoria sigillata*, "particolored tents," and *serica sigillata*, "figured silks." Cicero spoke of *scyphi sigillati*, "figured or reliefed cups," and we may speak in English of pottery or other things as "sigillate," that is, "sigilled" or "sealed," stamped or marked with a figure. The L. *sigillum* itself has penetrated into Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Hindustani. The Arabic word appeared also with Arabic suffix as *siqlâtûn*, Persian *siqlâtûn*, *saqlâtûn*, whence Old French *siclaton*, *ciclaton*, *siglaton*, Middle English *siclatoun*, *ciclatoun*, etc. Further, the Arabic word, as of foreign origin, took a popular twist, perhaps under Mediterranean influence, and as *saquarlât*, Persian *saqirlât*, Turkish *iskerlât*, gave rise to Italian *scarlatto*, English *scarlet*, etc. Finally, the Anglo-Indian *suklat* took on sometimes the melancholy guise of *sackcloth*, in which one sees no glimpse of *scarlet*. It is worthy of notice that the original meaning here ascribed to *suklat*, *siclatoun*, *scarlet*, namely, "figured cloth" (and hence "colored cloth," and even "whole-colored cloth"), is paralleled in the meaning of another Eastern fabric, *gingham*, which, according to Scott, cited in this edition (p. 376), meant in Malay and Javanese "striped cloth." Fabrics that are figured or striped, or highly colored, are likely to receive names of such meaning (*brocade*, *check*, *blazer*, etc.); and any fabric name, in a continuing trade, is likely to pass over to other fabrics (*flannel*, *merino*, *linen*, *silk*, *wool*, *felt*, etc.).

The lover of sports will find here that strange word *gymkhana*, which, we are told, is a factitious word made in the Bombay presidency out of the English *gymnastics*, cut down (as our American boys and girls in college cut down *gymnasium)* to *gym*, with *khana*, "probably based on *gend-khana* ('ball-house'), the name usually given in Hind[ustani] to an English racket court" (p. 406). From *gymkhana*, through "gym suits," one's mind passes to pajamas. These familiar, not to say *négligé*, articles are of Anglo-Indian origin. They are in this book under the spelling *pyjammas* (p. 748). This represents the Hindustani form *pâe-jâma*. Our American spelling accords better with the Persian *pâ-jâma*. The name means, with as much elegance as the circumstances and the liberal fit permit, "leggarment."

There are many amusing stories and quotations. One (p. 601) is of "a very gallant Governor-General" who said that "he had found it very tolerable, on a sharp but brief campaign, to 'rough it on chuprassies and mussaulcheés.'" There is a joke here, but it requires a diagram. The Governor-General meant, "rough it on chupatties and mussalla." When we add another diagram, and explain that while he meant to say, if we may paraphrase the sentiment into Western idiom, that he really enjoyed eating hardtack and molasses, he did say that he enjoyed eating cooks and sutlers, the joke is fully revealed. By this process one can elucidate the most difficult jokes. Such confusions of similar words are of course inevitable in all frontier "Hobson-Jobson," and are doubtless latent in many unsuspected passages in ancient literature as transmitted to modern times. In other articles we meet the lady who, in time of danger, "left our own compost," meaning our own "compound" or station (p. 243); the clergyman "who spoke of the deposition of 'the bloody Punjaub of Lahore'" (p. 742); and the poet (Browning) who twice takes *nautch*, a dance, for a dancing-girl (p. 620). What would the poet make of a *poggly nautch*, which is a name for a fancy-dress ball? It means a fool's dance. And speaking of *poggle* ("a fool, a madman, an idiot"), experienced persons will see something apt in "the native name for a regular picnic," which is, according to Lady Dufferin, "*poggle-khana*, that is, a fool's dinner" (p. 717), but more literally "a madhouse," "a lunatic asylum."

A few verbal errors still need to be corrected. The name of Blumentritt, the Philippinologist, misprinted "Blumenroth" in the first edition (under *bobbery-bob*, p. 76), remains unchanged in the new edition (p. 101). The name of Whitney is unluckily printed "Witney" (p. xlvii), and the name of the book cited is given as 'Oriental and Linguistical Studies'; it should be "linguistic." Americans generally prefer the simple forms in *-ic* (biographic, biologic, etc.), and some make a crusade against the forms in *-ical*. As for the slight inconsistencies and omissions in the transliteration of the mazy alphabets of the East, we make no account of them. In a future edition a systematic recension of the words and transliterations by a few professed philologists, Indic and Semitic, would lead to a finer accuracy; but there is no harm in casual inconsistencies of spelling and print. They do not worry readers who have souls.

It is a fact of much significance that this admirable work of historic research, of scientific importance, of philologic value, was made by a British soldier and a member of the British civil service. It is one of a thousand works of respectable scholarship produced in the military atmosphere of the British empire. At the best such works are but a small residue of permanent science and humane learning left from the grinding of the military machine on which such huge sums are spent. The military machine of the United States is now demanding even huger sums. Are we getting any fair residue of science and humane learning from this enormous military expenditure? It were a great gain to secure a fixed percentage—say, 5 per cent. to science and humane learning and humanity, and only 95 per cent. to the Juggernaut of war. In time the percentage devoted to good works might be increased to 7 or even 10 per cent.

THE PRICE OF EMPIRE.

Principles and Problems of Imperial Defence. By Lieut.-Col. Edward S. May, C.M.G., R.A., Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Prior to the late war with Spain, an American had but little interest in the questions so ably discussed in this book. Happy and secure behind a double line of defence, the outer held by the navy, and the inner by the army, he could look out upon the world from the shelter of that strongest of natural military positions, a geographically self-contained area bordered by friendly neighbors and an equally friendly sea, and he could pity the unfortunates upon whom fate or their own folly had imposed the necessity of keeping armed to the teeth, in constant readiness and in constant dread. Six years ago he might possibly have glanced at the title of Col. May's work, and he certainly would have tossed the volume aside, thanking God that he was not as other men are—forced to study such grave problems, and to provide against the stern eventualities which these problems suggest. How different is his position to-day! In the South Pacific, he sees the flag of his country flying over far-distant Tutuila in the Samoan Group, where the likelihood of trouble with the natives there and with the Germans on the adjacent islands combines with the establishment of a useless coaling station (costing half a million of dollars) to make him inquire what he should do in the event of hostilities, and whether the place itself is worth the expense

of holding. In a lesser or greater degree, the same annoying queries arise as he turns towards Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippine Islands, and he perceives with an illumininating flash of comprehension that his new burdens are the same as those which his British brother bears not of choice but through dire necessity. If he be both thoughtful and patriotic, he will consider the advantages and disadvantages of retaining these over-sea possessions, as well as the moral obligation to keep them which, it is freely asserted, we have incurred, and he will further seek to know what steps must be taken to preserve our footing and control. To such a reader, 'Imperial Defence' will be extremely useful, for it makes clear how the thing is to be done, and it explains, for England, the manner in which the existing state of affairs was brought about.

In these days of unreasoning aspiration after world-power, of blindness to the real greatness which lies within our natural borders, of chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of bigness across wide stretches of ocean, of pushing our military outposts into a region where international jealousies bid fair to break out at any moment in open war, and to involve us in quarrels with which we have no part or lot except of our own choosing, it is both timely and refreshing to be reminded by the voice of history, speaking through a student abundantly qualified to interpret her teachings, that success has never crowned the efforts of the colony-builder except when the merchant and the trader preceded the soldier and the sailor. "In the case of England, commerce was the germinating power which called our many resting-places on the water into existence." This was true in the times of Tyre and Carthage; it was true when Genoa and Venice held the palm of commercial and naval supremacy; and it was true when Holland outgrew her narrow confines. England's astonishing over-sea expansion and the equally impressive colonial failures of France and Germany bear further witness to the same immutable law. "It was individual effort and private enterprise that built [England's] foundations, and our Government has usually followed, often hesitatingly and anxiously, where its citizens had led the way fearlessly, vigorously and wisely."

The sequence, as Colonel May traces it, is simple and logical. A hardy race of islanders takes naturally to the water, to fishing and trading. So the sea habit is formed and commerce is established. Soon the merchant extends his operations to more remote shores, planting his "factory" or trading-post in distant corners of the world. About it cluster other kindred interests, and ere long the monarch is called upon to furnish defence against land attacks on the one hand and protection to the ships which maintain trade and communication with home on the other. When a colony is actually born, the Government is asked to adopt a new child into its family of dependencies, and to assume the responsibilities of foster parent, not the least important of which is the obligation discussed in the pages of 'Imperial Defence.' Such a colonial policy, the result of individual effort rather than of ministerial design, necessitates a special provision and disposition of the national forces. In this respect, Englishmen enjoy one great advantage over foreigners: they know exactly what is essential to their well-being, if not, indeed, to their existence as a nation, and in the light of that knowledge can plan and execute without hesitation, while Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans cannot tell at what moment a change of ruler or administration may put an end to a state of affairs abroad which is lacking in naturalness, so to speak, and thus may reduce the problem of national defence to its simplest terms—maintaining the integrity of the home borders.

For the present, at least, like the English, we too have outlying possessions and garrisons to be supplied and protected; we too have long lines of exposed communications to defend and keep open; indeed, our military requirements so closely resemble theirs that we too may be said to have our problem of Imperial Defence. In a general way, our plans must be modelled after theirs, but our task will be simpler, however arduous. It requires no gift of prophecy, no analysis like Jomini's, to appreciate the part which the Philippines are to play in our next war with a civilized Power. This part will inevitably dwarf all others into insignificance, for the conditions are ideal—the military occupation (in the midst of a large and hostile population) of an extensive and most difficult territory, seven thousand miles distant from the base, with a line of communications to preserve long enough to reach nearly one third around the globe. "This is our weakest point," we shout to an amused world, "come, butt us here!" Few of us realize the gravity of the situation or the awful possibilities which it involves.

Whether or no we fully understand our responsibilities, as a world power, we ought, as good citizens, to fit ourselves for the new sphere upon which we have, so heedlessly, entered. So far as the matter of defence is concerned, no better general guide can be found than Colonel May. Belonging to the school of Colomb, Mahan, and Sir George Clarke, he emphasizes the necessity of an adequate navy. "We should measure our strength with that of the two sea powers next in importance to us," for the

"navy must keep the highways of the ocean and communication of the Empire always open to us, and must acquire, as early as possible after war breaks out, such a mastery over the fleets of our opponents that it may be possible to send our land forces on expeditions across the waves. When the navy has done that, it will have attained what we know as command of the sea; and until it has established that essential condition in all schemes for the defence of the Empire, the task it is called upon to execute will remain unperformed, and the army must stand and wait for its accomplishment."

Passing to the "function of the army," it is impossible to avoid noting the facility with which Col. May's conclusions may be paraphrased to suit our own needs, thus:

"We find, then, that we may summarize the function of the army in our scheme of Imperial defence in the following brief paragraphs:

"(1.) To defend India [the Philippine Islands] and our colonial possessions which are without local forces of their own.

"(2.) To hold the naval bases throughout the world which supply our ships with coal, stores, and ammunition; provide them with facilities for refitment or repair, or give them shelter when menaced by superior force—and this, when we are at war with a great power, will form a duty hardly second to the first named.

"(3.) In minor wars to furnish a compact, easily transferable force to provide punitive expeditions or forces to deal with the savage races with which we may come in collision.

"(4.) When we are engaged with more formidable antagonists, to place at our disposal the equivalent of three army corps, with cavalry in addition, with which to reinforce the troops defending India or our Colonies [Philippine Islands. Porto Rico, etc.], or to take offensive action as may be needed beyond the seas.

"(5.) To ensure the presence of such troops at home as may provide drafts and reinforcements to those abroad.

"(6.) To give security and confidence at home and enable our ships to operate where they will."

A few years ago this extract would have meant absolutely nothing to the American reader; to-day it is full of sinister significance. In view of this significance, we are led to doubt the wisdom of maintaining so small an army as ours. According to Col. May:

"In the present state of politics and armaments all over the world, three army corps and a cavalry division ready for immediate mobilization do not constitute a force which in common prudence can be termed excessive. Behind these first three army corps, three others, largely composed of our auxiliary forces, are to be organized to furnish drafts and train troops in war time for our establishments abroad, provide for home defence, and reinforce our armies engaged with the enemy. In addition, provision for garrisons and mounted infantry in the shape of yeomanry will also be made."

Translated into figures, this means about 135,000 men under arms on a peace footing, with as many more in the first reserve. There is no possible use in shutting our eyes to facts. Imperialism is the most costly enterprise a nation can embark upon, and those who are unwilling to pay their scot should withdraw from the game.

Our author, in emphasizing the importance of naval bases and coaling stations in the general scheme of defence, points out the unavoidable, yet considerable, demands for protection which they make upon the sum total of the nation's armed strength. Their bearing upon political questions is unmistakable. It will startle some Americans, after reading, "In the West a momentous change in the great routes of the world is about to be made. When the Isthmian Canal is cut, the highway of the world's trade will run east and west through the Caribbean Sea," to be told that

"It will not matter, when war comes, who has fortified the new canal, or who may levy tolls there, or in whose hands its possession is supposed to rest. The batteries that may protect the passage will not give a ship security that steams beyond their range. The country which commands the sea will dominate the outlets to the ocean, and that power which can keep a squadron superior to those of others in the neighborhood will control the passage of the waterway."

Have we really neglected a vital factor in our complacent calculations?

The rule of the seas necessitates ownership of the cable communication across (or rather under) them, with the attendant obligations of defence. Here, again, for England, commerce and war are alike interested. To her private companies belong no less than 114,000 out of a total of the 193,000 nautical miles reported in June, 1901. These cables secure to the British Government a priceless advantage over its enemies.

We need only glance at Col. May's chapters on "Our Food Supply in Time of War" and "The Protection of Our Commerce." The first will give us no concern, and we have no commerce to protect. To whom, we wonder, does he refer when he says:

"We have never deliberately organized a navy either to develop or protect our commerce. Of late years, in certain countries, quite a different policy has been set on foot. The strong navies are being built up to protect the commerce, not only that is, but that is to be, or there may be ulterior motives beyond the mere protection to commerce."

We notice one curious error. "During the Spanish-American war, the *New York*, a merchant vessel, flew the flag of Admiral Sampson"; and we suspect that the author, in discussing "The Protection of Commerce," has failed to profit by the classical essays of Sir John Colomb, wherein, among other things, the latter suggests guarding the points where the great trade routes intersect. Nor can we admit for a moment that, during the war with Spain, "the long coast line of the United States was notoriously inadequately defended." Panic along shore there was, there always has been, and there always will be. Panic, always unreasoning, lacked every excuse for being in this instance, since our coasts were in a satisfactory, if not perfect, state of defence. This subject was thrashed out at the Naval War College three years ago, and the army cleared of the grave charge of neglect and unpreparedness which had so lightly been brought against it. But a lie dies hard.

In the concluding chapter, "Organization for Imperial Defence," Col. May advocates the creation of a great general staff in London, through which the resources of the whole empire, of whatever nature and provenance, may be utilized in war time. "The coöperation of the services is, indeed, the cornerstone of Imperial defence; coöperation, above all, in the council chamber."

Col. May's style is vigorous at all times, if not always beyond criticism. His sanity of view prompts such expressions as, "Strategists are fond of indicating certain places on the map as dominating points, the possession of which would confer on their owners a kind of supernatural power over and above what their numbers and armament may bestow. . . . The ocean is, in fact, nothing but road, and the right of the road falls to him who is strongest." His integrity of purpose and his broad-mindedness are reflected in his constant recognition of the predominating part which the navy should assume—"Imperial strategy demands naval supremacy as a first postulate in our schemes of defence"; and his patriotism in his appeals to his countrymen to pause and consider while there is yet time. Americans ought to be grateful for so frank an exposition of the real significance of the important movement upon which they have entered, and for the counsel and warning which this most interesting and readable book so generously offers.

Warwick Castle and Its Earls. From Saxon Times to the Present Day. By the Countess of Warwick. With two photogravure plates and 172 illustrations. Two vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

This is a work which it is not easy to describe and criticise in a short notice. Lady Warwick has made excursions into the field of serious historical literature without giving one the impression that her studies of Clark, Pollock and Maitland, and Round are much more than excursions. She has drawn heavily on the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' as she could not fail to do, but one may doubt whether she has followd up its bibliographies with much thoroughness. Judged strictly as an historical writer, her main advantage comes from an unrestricted access to the archives of Warwick itself. Thus, she is able to print for the first time a striking letter of Nelson, written on September 3, 1805, to George Greville, Earl of Warwick. "On board ship," says he, "our wish is to get as close as possible, by which I think we suffer less and the Enemy [more] than by long shots, and I always endeavour to inculcate the doctrine *get close* and you will be a Victor." While everyone is familiar with this feature of Nelson's tactics, such a precise statement from his own pen and almost on the eve of Trafalgar is not without interest.

It may seem ungrateful and ungracious to begin by pointing out what seems to us the chief limitation of Lady Warwick's book. At the most, it wears the guise of erudition without being very profound. At the best, it is marked by sprightliness and more than an ordinary share of individuality. Lady Warwick is not afraid to write in the first person, nor to give sketches of her contemporaries when she is bent on drawing an historical analogy. Fulke Greville reminds her of "Owen Meredith," and Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, suggests Mr. John Morley, who is spoken of with much sympathy. "He has displayed Mr. Chamberlain's vigor without his inconsistency, and Mr. Balfour's cleverness without his hesitation." Lady Warwick also shows that, besides raciness of style, she possesses a fair share of historical disinterestedness. This quality appears, for example, in her appreciation of Mary Rich. "She was really a very interesting woman," says Lady Warwick, "though one cannot help feeling that one would rather not have seen too much of her." This is the sentence with which the sketch begins. But the closing passage strikes a different note: "It was a beautiful life and a beautiful death for those who have the sympathy and the imagination to see it."

We once came across the following sentiment from an American in the visiting-book of the "Warwick Arms Hotel": "The Middle Age had its castle for the one, the Modern Time has its homes for all." The grandiloquence of this outburst was probably due to the deep effect which the majesty of Warwick produced on the mind of the writer. At any rate, there can be no doubt that it is a national monument, in the best sense of that hackneyed phrase. Lady Warwick indicates the difficulty of her task by saying that the history of the Castle "is bound up indissolubly with the history of England." Were it necessary to illustrate this fact, attention might be called to the national character of the sympathy which was elicited by the great fire of December, 1871. As it is, the legends of Guy of Warwick and Godiva; the authentic deeds of the Beauchamps, Nevilles, and Dudleys; and the more modest but still important annals of the House of Rich and the House of Greville, centre in this one historic spot. The mere beauty of Warwick, apart from its associations, has endeared it to thousands of American tourists, some of whom will be sure to welcome the present work.

Lady Warwick has given her two volumes a handsome dress, although they are rather heavy to hold and are printed on paper of the highest glaze. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen. The collections of the Castle itself furnish many of the subjects, and the rest are drawn from excellent sources. We must not neglect to state that in the second volume (pp. 766-768) will be found a list of his own achievements which was written by George Greville, the second of the Greville Earls of Warwick. As a record of personal exploits we know nothing quite like it, except the *Monumentum Ancyranum* wherein the Emperor Augustus describes the benefits conferred by him on the Roman world.

A History of the Mississippi Valley, from its Discovery to the End of Foreign Domination. By John R. Spears, in collaboration with A. H. Clark. With facsimiles, illustrations of historic places, maps, and portraits. New York: A. S. Clark. 1903. Pp. 416.

Few monographs have appeared covering the whole valley of the Mississippi from first to last while under foreign control. The topic has seemed too huge, as Jove's bolt was too heavy for thievish Mercury to lift. De Soto first of Europeans saw that supreme river in 1541, and his route from Florida had been overland and westward. Pushing further west into the terra incognita, he became exhausted, returned to the river, and, while preparing to sail down it, died and was entombed in its waters. His men, who had dwindled from an army to a handful, brought home such tidings that Spain, although by papal bull king of the continent, for almost two centuries gained no foothold on the continental river. Hence La Salle, in 1682, having canoed it from the lakes to its mouth, claimed for France its whole watershed, now ascertained to exceed a million square miles. The French tenure of this valley, though it lasted fourscore years, was military occupation rather than peaceful settlement. Fur traders outnumbered farmers, while both, together with mechanics, were fewer than soldiers, adventurers, and wood rangers, who sunk themselves and the savages still lower. In 1763 this matchless valley was lost from brim to brim by France—the western half secretly ceded to Spain and the eastern yielded to England as spoil of war. Two decades later, the eastern portion, having been largely conquered by Americans, was surrendered to them at the recognition of their independence. Trans-Mississippi, having been handed back from Spain to France, was sold by Napoleon to the United States April 30, 1803, just fifty years after fur dealers had fixed their local habitation where St. Louis now stands.

These matters of common knowledge have touched the world at vital points, and of course have become the themes of manifold volumes in both hemispheres. Interest in them, which was doubling while the St. Louis Exposition's coming was shining afar off, will spread during its splendors and outlast them, even if Mississippi pearl fisheries should not, as is now hoped, eclipse Ormus and Ind. Accordingly, average readers

abroad as well as at home demand such a history in size and substance as Messrs. Spears and Clark have just supplied. The work of these writers, if not less pretentious than some others, is less prolix. Its pages are scarcely one-fourth as multitudinous as those of Roosevelt's 'Winning of the West,' and to him as a veteran author on a similar topic this latest volume is dedicated. From him, too, and others, these later heralds have borrowed thunder without much acknowledgment, or, alas, even accuracy. The purpose of Mr. Spears, whose name for brevity we use to represent his junior partner also, or the joint firm, was to eschew swelling up into that big book which as a big bore is passed by on the other side by the generality of readers. His single volume, though more than a three-pounder, thanks to cheap paper, has only four hundred large-type pages and a fourth as many of index, facsimiles, portraits, and especially sketch-maps from recondite sources, which furnish welcome object-lessons. A part of them, however, though they make up a show, we wish had been more thinly scattered, or reformed altogether into a better grade.

The handiwork itself is naturally, perhaps necessarily, rather of selection than of research, yet Mr. Spears has made the material his own by a style which stamps it with his own personality—a bit flavored with Carlyle. In treating of the successive claimants of the American continental backbone and its radiations, our chronicler sweeps us along with Spaniards who were rather tramps than explorers, raiders on a plundering and butchering trail, westering from the Atlantic into the land-sea of prairies; starting all pride and pomp, degenerating into fuss and feathers; ultra Quixotic, or, even more crazy, finding nothing of what they sought; transient as a ship's wake on the waves, and in the end within a hairbreadth of perishing like a vessel which puts to sea and is never heard of again. Then, passing to the French stage, Mr. Spears paints Joliet and Marquette in many of their *ipsissima verba*, and the classes, sacred and secular, of which they were types, showing up, by the way, the blunder in the Washington rotunda where the place of the sole head of the earliest exploration down the grand waterway is usurped by the chaplain he had taken along with him. The entering edge of a wedge must be thin, but that edge comes to naught unless backed up and buttressed by something heavier and tougher behind. In fact, French soldiers and missionaries, however good for pioneers, lacking settlers in masses and in permanence, fought like one who beateth the air. Expansion was also crippled, because the physical resources which would have increased their efficiency tenfold were lavished on mistresses like Pompadour, or in excluding from New France a million Huguenots who made other wildernesses blossom like the rose. Indian fugitives from New England (p. 40) were the oarsmen of La Salle down and up his unknown highway, and negro slaves labored in New Orleans from its first decade. These facts were prophetic and ominous of the contrast between a state of factotums and one of *fainéans*. A hundred years of French endeavor as often baffled as renewed, captains leading well, but without rank and file to follow, from head to mouth of the river, are sympathetically portrayed by our author. La Salle, "greatest of all French Americans," is his ideal from first to last. He deserves preëminence as first to reveal in all its amplitude the mysterious river, and that single-handed; yet more admirable is he for what he would have achieved but for treachery in his associates, and most of all for his death, so tragical that it will forever move readers to tears more than for most martyrs. It was his to find the true *La Chine* and to traverse it to its very end in the sea.

Financially, French ownership of a million miles of the richest land in the best latitudes of the world, both for tillage and traffic, was a loss. Few individuals or monopolies but became "land-poor." The chief promoter, Crozat, failed. Law, whose South Sea bubble had burst in England, blew up one larger in Paris, and that more iridescent, which dazzled like "one entire and perfect chrysolite." The heads of fur-trading rings, and they only, became opulent. The six posts fortified by La Salle as links in a chain uniting Canada and Louisiana united nothing, and others few and far between, isolated like Sahara oases, were expensive, but had nothing to guard within their reach or sphere of influence. Better had their outlays been scattered in the bottom of the sea. For seventy years the end and aim of these garrisons was to fit out Indian scalping parties, to officer them, and thicken their ranks for murder and conflagration along the frontier of English settlement, whose fringe was advancing inland like a tidal wave.

It was naturally upon the greatest eastern affluent of the Mississippi that French and English, confronting and clashing, began an international duel which wrought the ultimate downfall of France in continental America. The chain of forts and the "thin line" or festoon of *habitans*, too weak to bear its own weight, was crushed under the "Old Man of the Sea," whom it could not shake off. It is a noteworthy irony of fate (or mystery of Providence?) that Washington, who, as a green subaltern on the Ohio, had been first to fight for British supremacy in the West, just thirty years afterwards, in 1783, as Generalissimo in New York, received from the British the relinquishment of that claim as well as that of all sovereignty over the United States. The twenty years of British rule were stagnation or Rip Van Winkle slumber. The West from the Alleghany crest was set apart by royal proclamation for a game preserve, or the first of those Indian reservations defined by Spears as "refuse heaps, unpleasant enough to look at." Settlers were debarred from entry, and squatters were dispossessed, and that on the ground, as Franklin says, that they were "beyond the reach of profitable commerce with England."

Mr. Spears is rich in epithets which make his style pictorial, as when he calls Washington a "square-jawed man," and Jefferson's gunboats "porcupine policy." Some deformities in style he may throw off his shoulders upon the proofreader, but not his snubbing for six times the name of Thwaites, whom he quotes as often, nor where, in quoting Nicollet (p. 60), manito is drawn out into the monster manitouriniou (p. 4), and, least of all, where Francis Parkman is set forth as "Rev. Mr. Parkman" (p. 142). The map here printed as Marquette's is, says Shea, "not at all a copy of the original still preserved as it came from the hand of the great explorer," and which, we add, has been reproduced in facsimile. A still more memorable autograph should have been reproduced, but is not, namely, the written demand of surrender from the British commander on the Illinois by Clark, which was the death-warrant of British power in the boundless valley. The protograph, itself held by the Wisconsin Historical Society, has been photographed by them.

The Development of the Drama. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

This is a pleasantly written volume, showing a fairly keen sense of artistic principles, and a sufficiently broad comparative view and grasp of the outlines of several literatures, but it is not until the author reaches the nineteenth century and has material to furnish forth a discussion of the actualities of the modern stage, that he seems at home with his subject and fitted to speak *ex cathedra*. For the whole is slight and sketchy, good magazine literature gathered into book form, a sort of primer of the subject graded to the university-extension standard and following university-extension methods; the whole a series of gracefully turned commonplaces, and obviously not for men of reading in the field, but for the beginning public. French ideas and French ideals prevail, and Professor Matthews obviously has most used French authorities. He is not primarily a student of dramatic literature as literature, but rather of stagecraft and of dramatic construction or play-writing. This is the difference and distinction of the book. The aim is to study only dramatic essentials, and so (and with reasonable success) the old classics of the drama are re-valued, from the "Suppliants" of Æschylus down to modern plays.

In its particular kind, then, the book is not a bad one, but it has too many evitable flaws. There is, even for a merely popular and elementary work, too lofty an avoidance of the specific. Dates are almost never given, and references fare as badly. The beginner would not be unwilling to know, for example, the name of the writer (or at least the provenience) of the interesting contemporary description of an old morality quoted at page 190; and similarly of the clever remark on the French classical drama at page 276. Again, this is a spelling reformer's book, and the old-fashioned reader's attention is perpetually distracted by such forms as *dialogs*, *decads*, *dilletants*, *altho*, *Renascence*, and by un-English over-hyphenation, as in such forms as *prose-fiction*, *connecting-link*, *men-of-letters*, and *comedy-of-manners* (has the English preposition *of* no force, then, of its own?). Index there is none, and the slightest possible table of contents.

Neither the scholarship nor the criticism of the book is robust. From so practised a critic one would hardly expect anything so banal and amateurish as the comments upon Marlowe (pp. 206-7), and upon Beaumont and Fletcher (pp. 221-2). In all this there is too little either of original apprehension or of sympathetic historical spirit. So in the comments upon "Gorboduc" (p. 192), "an alleged tragedy of mortal tedium," etc., there is too much of the fine-gentleman air, of the easy superiority of the sated heir of

all the ages. In dealing with the mediæval period, too much is made of the eighteenth-century distinction between "mystery" and "miracle play." The distinction was not recognized in the period itself, and, except rarely for certain specific purposes, is an artificial and misleading classification.

There are other queries and doubts. Why (p. 2) must we believe that the processes of art are acquired by toil and care and time alone, while the message the artist has to deliver is no such thing, but comes by inspiration and is "the gift of God"? But this is perhaps a large question. Again (p. 20), how is the doctrine that all drama consists in struggle and the conflict of will to be applied in the lighter forms of comedy and in farce? The answer in books on dramatic theory has not yet been very satisfactorily given. Is it true that will and the struggle of will (p. 21) are not found in the epic? Are Marlowe's views of the other world (p. 181) really childish? What one, specifically, of the most gifted of the dramatic poets of the Elizabethan age (p. 188) can be cited who shows definitely and directly the influence of the Greek drama? Are the "interludes" (term of vague import) really derived from the moralities (p. 189)? Why is the closet drama, in itself and not as a competitor for stage favor, a "pestilent type" (pp. 204, 315)? As literature it is certainly a type which has justified itself by a score of illustrious examples. And were the efforts of Shelley so "misdirected" (p. 297) in, say, the "Cenci" and the "Prometheus Unbound"? Is it so sure that Webster's plays (p. 205) were planned with no thought that they would ever be read by posterity? Is the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (p. 218) in fact a play which deals "avowedly" with the men and women of Shakspere's own time? Is not Falstaff the same Sir John whom we have met as of the time of Henry IV.? Is Massinger, properly judged (p. 223), a master of blank verse, and of "flexible" blank verse at that? And (to make an end —not that our list is ended) by what right is Heywood cited (p. 311) by the side of Scribe and Kotzebue as a master of the mere mechanics of dramaturgy and so a type of the playwright pure and simple? He may be so, but it remains to be demonstrated.

The Story of Notation. By C. F. Abdy Williams, M.A., Mus. Bac. London: Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xvi, 265.

It is safe to say that, of the millions who read music, not more than a mere fraction have ever paused to think what a monument of human ingenuity and perseverance that system is which enables them to do so. The transmission of such a civilizing art as music stands next in importance to the recording of speech itself in writing. If our music has not remained such as we find it to-day among savage tribes, we owe this to musical notation; which also has this advantage over written speech, that it appeals equally to all mankind and is the common property of all nations. It is these considerations that recommend the history of musical notation to the attention of all who love music and appreciate its immense civilizing power.

Mr. Williams takes up, one by one, the various systems which, from the fifth century B. C., if not earlier, have contributed something to our present notation. Their details were to be sought in many ponderous tomes, inaccessible, most of them, to English readers; and he has been remarkably successful in explaining them, in spite of the appalling intricacy of some of the number. It is true that he has not succeeded equally with them all; but even the most perplexed of those ancient systems are sufficiently elucidated to show their share in the ultimate result. There is, no doubt, considerable repetition, some of which might, perhaps, have been avoided; and the very natural desire to make his book more readable has occasionally betrayed the writer into digressions not quite germane to his subject. But these are pardonable defects. We can recommend this manual as entertaining and eminently profitable reading.

Mr. Williams naturally begins with the ancient Greek notation, the oldest as to which we are sufficiently informed, and which contributed to our system the idea of calling the notes after certain letters of the alphabet. He next takes up the difficult subject of the neumes, developed as early as the ninth century from the Greek accents. From these we ultimately derive the idea of showing pictorially the movement of a melody up or down the scale. He explains the neumes more clearly than we have seen it done before. The addition to the neume-signs of one or more lines marked as carrying certain notes of the scale ultimately led to our stave of five lines. After explaining the system of Guy of Arezzo, from which our three clefs are taken, and the mysteries of the famous "Guidonian hand," the author passes to the terribly intricate subject of "measured music," which defies the utmost literary skill to elucidate it within a reasonable compass. Mr. Williams succeeds as well as could be expected in showing how the absurd systems at first employed to mark the time-values of notes produced our familiar signs for semibreves, minims, crotchets, etc. The "tablatures" are then described. These were pictorial representations of the keyboards, or of the frets and holes of instruments, showing what keys, frets, or holes were to be employed, just as the Greek letters showed the strings of the lyre or the holes of the flutes. To the tablatures we owe our bar lines. Figured base, "accidentals," signs of expression, and the rest of our modern signs are traced in like manner to their sources. The book ends with a review of many recently proposed reforms in our present notation, none of which have much chance of general acceptance.

The book is richly—perhaps superfluously —illustrated, and is furnished with a good index and two useful appendices, one a list of musical writers, the other a glossary of musical terms. The type is good and the roughness of the paper is agreeable, though it somewhat hurts the clearness of some of the tables and examples, of which the small page necessarily reduces the size. There are some typographical errors, as is natural in a first edition. The most annoying thing is that the illustrations are often far from the corresponding text, and have to be sought with some labor, or avoided where they obtrude themselves unbidden. Of misprints, or possibly slips of the pen, we note, as specimens, Paramesos (p. 41) for Paramese, *memoriae technici* (p. 52), the C clef on the wrong line (p. 99) unintentionally transposing an example, *becarré* (p. 117) for *bécarre*, synnemenon (p. 13, thrice) for synemmenon. In the examples of Greek music the Greek words are here and there misspelled (as on p. 41), and the accents are sometimes given, sometimes omitted. These slips will not greatly trouble an intelligent reader. We must add that the book would be materially improved by a better marshalling of the facts, especially if each of the elements of our modern notation could be separately traced to its origin; but it must be confessed that this would be no easy task, since not a few of the ancient systems have contributed more than one of those elements, and at various periods.

Ordered to China: Letters of Wilbur J. Chamberlin. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

These letters, from various dottings around the circle of the world, to his wife at home by a newspaper correspondent ordered to China during the Boxer uprising, are so full of rollicking fun and hearty affection, withal so buoyant and graphic, that one at first sight cannot realize their real value to the scholar and historian. Chamberlin was more than a first-class gatherer of news. He hated mere sensationalism and exaggeration, and his marked characteristics were good nature, patience, and energy. These are letters penned in haste and without polish pretty nearly every day, however weary the writer might be, but they are wonderfully vivid, and the story in each one is clear. Both ashore and on deck he saw through shams, discerned worth, and knew how to picture human nature in all its varieties. Besides racy descriptions of life in the floating Chinese communities on the Pacific liners, he makes a good study of contrasting race traits and of individual temperaments. The "contract doctors," who go out to attend to our soldier boys, he thought "the worst lot of duffers that ever wore the title of doctor." He has a good deal to say, pro and con, about the missionaries who, at the time of his arrival in Shanghai, were rather numerous, having fled from the interior. He writes much about the confiscated property of the Chinese, which the army softened into "loot" and the missionaries into "reimbursement," though we do not find that even he refrained from stepping up to the bargain counter. Indeed, it would be hard to learn who was not an Achan in the general enjoyment of deserted property. In his encounter with "Mr. A.," we think that, even according to his own account, he comes off second best.

We may be reasonably sure that the dispatches which Mr. Chamberlin sent to New York had some effect in shaping the policy of the State Department at Washington in its treatment of the Peking Government. Certainly the American policy, in contrast with that of the Governments of Europe, was both righteous and efficient. Probably no book thus far written, or likely to be composed, gives from the inside such a vivid and truthful picture of Peking during the boiling of the diplomatic cauldron in 1900, and the petty squabbles for social and diplomatic precedence among the foreign diplomatists. With the Germans, among whom more of the feudal spirit still prevails, the disease was in the bone. The civil war that went on between Mumm von Schwarzenstein, the German Minister, and

Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, as to which should outrank the other at the dinner-table, is almost too funny to be true. Nevertheless, it is on this kind of meat, furnished them so abundantly by the foreign diplomatists, that the native Cæsars in the Tsung-li Yamen have fed for a century. Other social incidents are told in amusing style. When the homesick American officers "proposed the toast 'Sweethearts and Wives,' and sang it over three or four times, a youngster disturbed the harmony by offering this toast: 'Here's to our Sweethearts and Wives—may they never meet.' Well, most of the crowd were married men, and in two shakes of a lamb's tail that youngster was standing on his head in a snowbank outside the door."

The author's tribulations in having his dispatches misrepresented by addition, subtraction, and mistranslation were great, but some of us, even in 1900, who realized the situation, were then able to sympathize with him. This book was well worth printing, for it is full of material for history, besides legend, story, anecdote, and fun sparkling on every page, all set down in free, unstudied style. Here are snapshot literary photographs. On his return, after a journey to see the midnight sun, this one of three brothers who early spent themselves, having served their country with pen and brain, died suddenly at Carlsbad. Having started from home Sunday, August 5, 1900, a cablegram dated London, August 14, 1901, read: "Chamberlin died Carlsbad yesterday. Notify friends."

Biografia di un Bandito: Giuseppe Musolino di fronte alla psichiatria ed alla sociologia. Da A. Morselli and S. De Sanctis. Milan: Treves. 1903.

It has been the fortune of many precious rascals to attain a qualified beatification as heroes of romance within the pages of hair-lifting tales, or even on the operatic stage; but it was reserved for the present day, and the dawn of the sciences of psychiatry and criminal anthropology, to enshrine the villain in works of scientific biography previously consecrated to the saint. The 'Biography of a Bandit' may appear an enticing title to the reader of the jaundiced newspaper, but he will be disappointed in its contents. It is "a medico-legal study and considerations" by two serious-minded university instructors in psychiatry, one at Genoa, the other at Rome, who dedicate their work to their famous master, Prof. Cesare Lombroso of the University of Turin.

The bandit himself, Giuseppe Musolino, enjoyed notoriety in his native province, Calabria, and, indeed, throughout Italy, during the brief years of his criminal career, and especially attracted the attention of the international newspaper world on the occasion of his somewhat spectacular trial at the assizes of Lucca in the summer of 1902. He was at that time less than twenty-six years old, but he had been a tough case (*pessimo soggetto*) ever since his boyhood, and was not inexperienced in the court-room and the jail. Yet he apparently had not tried the excitement of homicide till the month after he reached his majority. Then a friend with whom he had quarrelled was shot and seriously wounded from behind a wall, and Musolino went into hiding in the Calabrian mountains. Some months later he was arrested, tried at Reggio, Calabria, and sent to prison for twenty-one years; but in less than four months, and only thirteen days after being transferred for safer keeping to a new and strong jail, Musolino and three other convicts dug their way through the walls and took again to hiding. This free life lasted just two years and nine months, and during it Musolino's most notable crimes were committed. He proudly proclaimed himself no thief, but he took a bloody and unperturbed vengeance on those whom he suspected of giving testimony against him, of spying upon his whereabouts, or of attempting to capture him. His name filled the countryside with awesome admiration mingled with a wholesome timidity.

His life of adventurous struggle against the strong arm of the law caused him, as is so frequently the case in Italy, to be crowned with an aureole of popular sympathy as a poor unfortunate *(povero disgraziato)*. So he went on through summer and winter, protected by fear or favor, frequenting villages and cities of the district, travelling on the railway, entertained in convents or by respectable families, watching from close at hand the progress of bands of police sent out to find him, and then retiring to sleep peacefully in the beds left warm by his early-risen pursuers. During this time he was continuing his vendetta until he had to his account seven premeditated murders and eight or ten attempts in the same direction. Finally, the authorities took counsel of despair, and set about isolating the bandit by arresting his suspected sympathizers. After a hundred and fifty of these had been incarcerated, Musolino found it advisable to quit the country. So he started northward on foot with the idea of emigrating to France or to America; but far away in the Marches a pair of carabinieri stopped him with questions on a country road, and, on attempting to run away, he was arrested, and later identified by old acquaintances brought from Calabria to confront him. Capital punishment is not practised in Italy, but Musolino's sentence was to life imprisonment in the *ergastolo* of Portolongone on the island of Elba, with the first ten years in cellular confinement, of which the authors say that it is "a shame to our penal and prison legislation, for it involves a physical and moral torture far more atrocious than instantaneous death at the hands of the hangman."

During the time of Musolino's detention at Lucca, pending his trial, the authors of the study before us were given free access to the delinquent, and he appears to have found diversion in their visits and in the minute examinations to which they subjected him. With the help of tabular statements and of diagrams they chronicle the details of Musolino's physical and mental organism, from precise measurements of his person, record of pulse and temperature, photographic reproduction of finger-prints, to the character of his reflex muscular actions and the classification of the subject-matter of his dreams through a long series of consecutive nights. Of course, the mental and moral phenomena are not neglected.

The layman, after a careful reading, will be likely to consider that all this mass of painfully gathered data goes to show that Musolino exhibited no abnormal traits, and was far from appearing a monster of wickedness to an ordinary acquaintance. He seems like a perfectly normal human being, with no lust for blood—only he has the undeveloped moral sense that is characteristic, for example, of the Indian in his savage state; and Calabria is well known to have lagged behind the rest of the world in moral as in material development, if, indeed, it has not retrograded. But the lack in Musolino appears to be entirely moral, and to be a defect in education alone. The authors, to be sure, try conscientiously to make the most out of one indication of possible degeneracy that they appear to be able to discover. Musolino had occasional attacks of epilepsy, and, besides the careful investigation of the facts in his individual case, the authors have inquired into the prevalence of epilepsy in Calabria, both absolutely and in comparison with other parts of Italy. The results are, of course, brought to bear on the fact that Calabria exceeds all other parts of the Italian realm in crimes of violence, and in actual homicide in exceeded only by Sicily. The bearing of the comparison must be left to the expert.

The ordinary reader, who may care little for the details of Musolino's digestion, will yet find great interest in the chapters that treat of the social, economic, and moral conditions of Calabria, and mayhap will be surprised to learn that so much of poetic temperament and agreeable characteristic yet survives in that country, the state of which in its worst portions is shaming the Government of Italy to action in its behalf.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Aldrich, Fred Davis, and Foster, Irving Lysander. A French Reader. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50c.

Antigone: An Account of the Presentation of the Antigone of Sophocles at the Leland Stanford Junior University. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Art Portfolio of the International Studio. New York: John Lane.

Arts and Crafts. Vol. IV. (The Woman's Library.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Atkinson, Eleanor. Mamzelle Fifine: A Romance of the Girlhood of the Empress Josephine on the Island of Martinique. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Bearan, Arthur H. Tube, Train, Tram, and Car, or Up-to-date Locomotion. Illustrated. Introduction by Llewellyn Preece. London: Geo. Routledge & Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Black, W. C. Is Man Immortal? And God in Nature. Introduction by C. B. Galloway. Nashville (Tenn.): Bigham & Smith.

Book-Prices Current. Vol. XVII. London: Elliot Stock.

Browning, Robert. Men and Women. Illustrated. (Miranda's Library.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Campbell, William. Formosa under the Dutch; Described from Contemporary Records, with Explanatory Notes and a Bibliography of the Island. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 12s. net.

Charles, Frances. The Awakening of the Duchess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Clark, Felicia Buttz. The Sword of Garibaldi. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.25.

Cotes, Mrs. Everard (Sara Jeannette Duncan). The Pool in the Desert. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Cronise, Florence M., and Ward, Henry M. Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider, and the Other Beef: West African Folk Tales. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Duff's Abraham and the Patriarchal Age. (The Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Series.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Earle, Mabel. New Fortunes. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.25 net.

Ellis, Edward S. True Blue: A Story of Luck and Pluck. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1 net.

Ellwanger, W. D. The Oriental Rug: A Monograph on Eastern Rugs and Carpets, Saddle-bags, Mats, and Pillows. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Encyclopædia Medica. Vols VII.-XIII. Conclusion. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Eyre, Archibald. The Trifler: A Love Comedy. New York: The Smart Set Publishing Co. $1.50.

Faulkner, John Alfred. The Methodists. (The Story of the Churches.) New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

FitzGerald, Edward, Letters and Literary Remains of. Vol. VII. and last of the edition. The Macmillan Co.

FitzGerald, Edward. The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. (The Thumb-Nail Series.) The Century Co.
Ford, James L. The Brazen Calf. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Foulke, William Dudley. Protean Papers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.
Francis, M. E. Christian Thal. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
Fraser, W. A. The Blood Lilies. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Gall, James. An Easy Guide to the Constellations: With a Miniature Atlas of the Stars. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75c.
Gilder, Richard Watson. A Christmas Wreath. The Century Co. $1.40 net.
Goldsmith, Oliver. She Stoops to Conquer. (The Thumb-Nail Series.) The Century Co.
Gordon, John B. Reminiscences of the Civil War. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Gotshall, W. C. Notes on Electric Railway Economies and Preliminary Engineering. New York: McGraw Publishing Co. $2.
Gray, Andrew. A Pilgrimage to Bible Lands. London: Skeffington & Son; New York: Edwin S. Gorham. $1.25 net.
Gregorovius, Ferdinand. Lucretia Borgia: According to Original Documents and Correspondence of her Day. Translated from the third German edition by John Leslie Garner. D. Appleton & Co. $2.25 net.
Gwynn, Stephen. John Maxwell's Marriage. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Haggard, H. Rider. Stella Fregelius: A Tale of Three Destinies. Longmans, Green & Co.
Harland, Henry. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. New edition. John Lane.
Harrison, John Smith. Platonism in English Poetry. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Hepburn, A. Barton. History of Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for Sound Money. The Macmillan Co.
Heywood, William, and Olcott, Lucy. Guide to Siena History and Art. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.
Higgins, Lothrop D. Lessons in Physics. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90c.
Hill, Elizabeth. My Wonderful Visit. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20 net.
Hobart, George Vere. Li'l Verses for Li'l Fellers. New York: R. H. Russell. $1.40 net.
Hooper, Cyrus Lauron. Gee-Boy. John Lane. $1 net.
Howard, Montague. Old London Silver: Its History, its Makers, and its Marks. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: B. T. Batsford.
Hudson, W. H. The Naturalist in La Plata. New ed. Illustrated. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
Hulbert, Homer B. In Search of a Siberian Klondike, as narrated by Washington B. Vanderlip. The Century Co.
Hume, Martin. The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots: A Political History. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Hunt, Leigh, The Autobiography of. With Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries, and with Thornton Hunt's Introduction and Postscript. Edited by Roger Ingpen. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.
Huntington, William Reed. Sonnets and a Dream. New York: Thomas Whitaker. $1.
Ingraham, Col. Prentiss. The Girl Rough Riders. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1 net.
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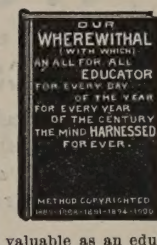

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1903

The Week.

"Well, we must begin all over again." So wrote D'Azeglio to a French correspondent after the crushing defeat of the Piedmontese at Novara; and such must be the watchword of every stout-hearted champion of honest government in this city, after Tuesday's disaster. Mr. Cutting sounds the true note. We must at once, he says, set about preparing for the next mayoralty election. Reform is beaten to fight better next time. With nothing to regret or retract as to the conduct of the calamitous campaign of 1903, we must turn our faces towards the campaign of 1905. Meantime, all post-mortem reasoning about the "causes" of the Fusion overthrow is futile. Every man can point out contributing elements. Fifth Avenue struck hands with East Seventeenth Street to buy votes. There was doubtless some Republican treachery. The pettiest motives actuated many citizens. The artful raising of the partisan cry deluded multitudes. But, when all is said, the hard, brutal fact remains that the voters of New York spurned the best city government they ever had. They were offered impartial enforcement of the law, and they preferred the mercenary tyranny of Tammany, tempered by blackmail. They were offered a public service on the basis of merit, and they voted for one of "pull" and purchase. The most tangible and solid proofs of the benefits of non-partisan government were furnished them—great public improvements, the amelioration of the lot of the poor, justice in the courts and in the tax-office alike—actually lessened burdens with heightened advantages to the commonalty—yet they turned it out with gusto. It was obviously no question of personality. The Angel Gabriel could not have succeeded where Mayor Low failed. It is perfectly evident from the result that no candidate in his place, no independent Democrat, would have fared much better. To put the case thus baldly is to give the true measure of the disaster that has befallen us.

Senator Gorman rebukes President Roosevelt for having precipitated the race issue; but himself proposes to take advantage of it to consolidate his malign power in Maryland, and to make himself the Presidential candidate of the South. In no other way can his inflammatory words be interpreted. To raise the cry of "negro domination" in Maryland is absurd. It has an ulterior purpose. Gorman and his would-be colleague in the Senate, Rayner, urge negro disfranchisement in their own State only to curry favor with those unscrupulous politicians in the South who mean to ride to power over the crushed aspirations of the negro. Senator Gorman's idea that he can have the "race issue" all to himself is preposterous. He appears to imagine that he can openly affront and bitterly attack the sentiment of the North without provoking either retort or resistance. No sly but short-sighted politician ever fell into a more egregious blunder. We have the best of reasons for believing that a rapid awakening on this subject is now discernible in the Republican party. Senator Gorman's unscrupulous appeals to race prejudice are rousing men who will have much to do with shaping the course both of national policy and of national legislation. If the Maryland Senator issues a challenge to make injustice to the negro a leading issue in the next Presidential election, it will be taken up quicker than he dreams. Already we have from President Roosevelt the emphatic assurance that he will not shun that contest. He is reported as saying that if he could be assured of reëlection on condition of turning his back on the principles of Abraham Lincoln, he would be incapable of making the bargain, and would be unfit to be President if he could think of doing such a thing. That he should take this unequivocal and manly stand is only what we should have expected from so outspoken a champion of fair play and equal rights.

Secretary Shaw was rather more preposterous than usual last Thursday at Boston. This cannot be attributed to extreme haste, resulting from the sudden Macedonian cry of the Republican managers of Massachusetts. If Mr. Shaw's speech had not been delivered there, it would undoubtedly have fallen on other ears. To be sure, the subject of his remarks, the tariff, is one on which a few things have been said; but Mr. Shaw knows how to invest an old theme with new interest by the graphic use of diplomatic language. What could be more discreet than his allusion to our clubbing Great Britain over the head in return for our free entrance into her preserves? But it is when he comes to the balance of trade that the Secretary contributes most successfully to the gayety of nations. Not even the inventor of the Chinese puzzle is more entitled to the thanks of a world in search of innocent amusement. The Democratic party advocates Great Britain's policy, and that policy results in an adverse balance of $1,000,000,000 a year. Evidently, Great Britain ought to have been bankrupted decades ago. For half a century at least her imports have annually exceeded her exports by from $300,000,000 to a good deal more than a billion. And yet she has labored under the delusion all this time that she was rapidly growing prosperous. The bills against her have presumably not been running unpaid for half a century. But where has the money come from? The balance has obviously not been settled in gold, for there has not been more than a fraction enough in existenc[illegible]hat purpose. But on this point the [illegible]ary was silent.

Bishop Butler himself was no stronger on analogy than Mr. Shaw. The palm for the best ship subsidy argument must certainly be awarded to him; and the beauty of it is, it is all in a nutshell. We created the commerce of the interior and of the Pacific slope by means of subsidized railroads, and we subsidize rivers and harbors in the hope of aiding commerce. Ergo, we must go on to subsidize ships. Facts, as Le Sage says, are stubborn things, therefore the Secretary of the Treasury discreetly eliminates them from the discussion, and confines himself to names. It all depends on the use of the word "subsidize"; and it is not of the least importance to ask if the word has the same meaning in the one case as in the other. If this Government owned millions of acres of land in South America or elsewhere, to which it desired to transport millions of bona-fide settlers, "subsidy" would mean in the present controversy what it meant when the Pacific railroads were built. But Mr. Shaw's use of the term in connection with rivers and harbors is his crowning effort. If it is bad policy to subsidize steamships, we must, to be consistent, have no more river and harbor bills. This argument is applicable to every form of industrial activity. If a merchant sees nothing to be gained by sending a band wagon all over town to drum up trade, it is very illogical for him to keep the entrance to his store free from obstacles. Expensive fixtures and foolish outlays are among the means by which mercantile establishments most commonly come to grief. If Mr. Shaw is anxious to obtain the 90 per cent. of South American, South African, and Pacific Ocean trade that goes to the rest of the world, he must offer, not fine fixtures in the shape of subsidized steamers, but the best goods at the lowest prices.

There is no mistaking the meaning of the October Treasury statement. A decrease of $4,500,000 in receipts and an increase of $5,000,000 in expenditures practically effaced the surplus of the preceding three months. A balance at the end of October, 1901, of $33,000,000, and at the corresponding date in 1902

of $13,557,000, has been diminished to $669,278. This result is attributed to the falling off in the imports of sugar and iron and steel products, the former by about 32 per cent., and the latter by nearly 50 per cent. But the attempt to explain the decrease in the receipts of sugar by the fact that the Cuban planters are withholding their offerings in expectation of a ratification of the reciprocity treaty with this country at the extra session of Congress, is rather futile. The arrivals of sugar from Cuba showed proportionately less shrinkage than those from either South America or the East Indies. The expectation of Cuban reciprocity would, other things being equal, stimulate exportations to this country from the localities mentioned. Of course, it is possible that the imports from Cuba may have been influenced in a measure by this cause, just as wool imports were in 1894, prior to the law which took the duty off that commodity. But, on the whole, the decline in the receipts of sugar can be placed in the same category with the falling off in iron and steel imports. They are merely corroborative evidence of a fact that can no longer be ignored. Their meaning is that the financial situation has begun to react on the industrial condition of the country, and somewhat to reduce its purchasing power.

A seeming tendency to hold the United States responsible for the evacuation of Mantchuria finds emphatic expression in an appeal of the Chinese Minister at Washington. He protests against the reoccupation of Mukden by the Russians, and asks the Government at Washington to remind the Russians of their broken promise to leave. Such an interference on our part would be an unfriendly act, and Secretary Hay properly reminds the Chinese Government that our stake in Mantchuria is purely commercial. In other words, we are not immediately concerned with any breach of good faith by Russia as regards China. We should not be bound to intervene if Russia and China were at war, nor to oppose, except by diplomatic means, the annexation of Chinese territory by Russia. Thus far our diplomacy has occupied itself merely with gaining trade concessions—notably the open door—and with ensuring the continuation by Russia, whether as tenant or conqueror, of all treaty rights granted to us by China. From this point of view it would be proper for us to protest only when the Russians forbade us free entry at the port of Mukden. For the present, Russia will hardly press such an issue.

President Palma's message to the Cuban Congress is a review of the work of a Government now firmly established, and (or all signs fail) as strong in the affection and pride of the people as it is in the actual possession of power. The President's aspirations for Cuban progress and enlightenment bespeak a truly national sentiment. To that, indeed, he directly and consciously appeals. He thus has the sure position of one who rules by the consent of the governed. Imagine the difference between the feelings of Cubans and of the Filipinos, as the latter are told of improvements by an alien and forcibly imposed government! As for Cuban relations with the United States, President Palma abounds in expressions of gratitude for what this country has done for his republic. The long-promised but long-delayed treaty of trade reciprocity, he assures his people, the American Congress will speedily ratify. That remains to be seen; though we certainly hope that the dog-in-the-manger protectionists will conclude to abandon their blind opposition to a measure sure to be beneficial both to Cuba and to the United States.

Perry S. Heath must retire from the Secretaryship of the Republican National Committee unless the present Administration wants to pose as the defender of the postal frauds. Whatever the Bristow report may say or leave unsaid, whether Heath has or has not been guilty of actual crime, whether he can or can not plead protection under the statute of limitations, the public is already sure that he was deeply involved. Even if he did not carry off much of the swag himself, he was responsible for the disorganization and looseness of administration that made wholesale robbery possible. The leaders of the grand old party themselves admit that Heath has become too heavy a burden for the back of the strongest elephant, to say nothing of one that is suffering from dropsy and indigestion, brought on by gross overfeeding. Heath's connection with the postal scandals in Cuba was not wholly pleasant, but still there was no serious talk of dropping him from the Secretaryship, for looting "dagoes" is nothing between friends. His suspicious relations with the Seventh National Bank of this city were also unhappy; but the proof that he was no drone simply added to his value as a politician. The final revelations, however, are the last straw on the back of the much-enduring beast. Even Senator Hanna must admit that Perry Heath's character has completely overtaken him; and, as Dr. Johnson remarked of a scoundrel of his day, "He may do very well as long as he can outrun his character, but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

One of the most remarkable letters which have found their way into print lately bears the signature of W. I. Risinger, one of the jurors in the case of J. H. Tillman. It throws so much light upon the mental attitude of the better class of poor whites in the South, from which the jury was drawn, towards murder as to be well worth widespread attention. The Spartanburg *Journal* having severely criticised the Tillman jury for its failure to do justice, Mr. Risinger at once rebuked the editor, telling him that he was "following in the footsteps of the decease Editor, 'abusing your liberty.' I wish," Mr. Risinger continues,

> "to be polite in this matter and show more wisdom than you did in writing upon the Lexington court that tried James H. Tillman. To make my letter brief, I refer you to the annals of History when you fail to find a single conviction of any man for shooting an Editor. The State and counsel for same was satisfied with the Verdict, otherwise the State could have gone to the appeal courts, the Masses have accepted the verdict as fair, but seemingly the press wants more blood which can be found by walking in the foot prints of N. G. Gonzales."

He admits that Editor Gonzales was a very able man. His only mistake was in abusing the liberty of the press. If he were the editor of the *Journal*, he declares, and were not satisfied with "the defendant's acquittal, and had the grit to follow my pen, I would certainly invite the defendant to entertain me beyond the Georgia lines." This, being translated, means that in Mr. Risinger's opinion one should not criticise the jury, but kill the defendant. To cap the climax, he intimates that, in his opinion, Gonzales did not die by a murderer's hand, but committed "*suicide by the abuse of liberty with the wrong man.*" We have heard much about the lack of civilization in the Black Belt. Evidently there is a Darkest South Carolina in which the primal instincts are not confined to those of dark skins. Indeed, we never heard of a colored man who publicly counselled the murdering of editors.

The rumors of a conspiracy between the stonecutters and the union to fleece the public receive full confirmation in the publication of "Resolutions adopted by the employing stonecutters of New York and its vicinity, April 7, 1903, and endorsed by the Journeymen Stonecutters' Association April 8." This extraordinary document may be read in copious extracts in Thursday's *Herald*. The method of the combination was simple in the extreme. All bids for stone work were submitted to a committee, and the job was allotted to one of the medium estimates. Afterwards the stone man to whom the award had been made went through the form of competitive bidding with the unlucky contractor. Ten per cent. of the proceeds of the job was turned over to the Association, which also had arbitrary powers to fine and otherwise discipline its members. On Christmas eve a special meeting of the "horse market" was to be held. Then, in the Christmas spirit, the accumulated funds were to be distributed, 10 per cent.

to the Stonecutters' Union, the rest per capita to the active firms constituting the Association. Obviously, these Christmas boxes were at the expense of the building contractors and the general public. It casts an interesting sidelight on profits during flush times that 10 per cent. could be deducted from the price of building-stone, and still a satisfactory profit be left to the seller. Unfortunately, the exposure of this society representing the "Chicago idea" has been made too late for Mr. Jerome to transfer a group of its Christmas revellers to Sing Sing. Failing such poetic justice, some of these gentlemen are likely to be sufficiently occupied in evading justice of the routine sort.

The second conviction of Samuel J. Parks for extortion is a sharp lesson to labor unions. The jury was out only fifteen minutes; and the evidence was so clear that the verdict of public opinion has also been quick and unanimous. The Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Rand, put the case in a nutshell when he declared that Parks was not prosecuted because he was a union man, but because he was an extortioner. It is high time that this distinction between unionism and lawlessness was grasped, not merely by the court, but by the workingmen. They have been acting as if all the crimes on the calendar were sanctified if only they were committed in the name of labor. The discarded theory of papal indulgences never in its worst applications matched the latter-day theory of union indulgences. The unions have often chosen as leaders their most reckless and unscrupulous members; and they have stood by these representatives through thick and thin. Months ago every one knew that Parks was an insolent dictator who was using his position to fill his own pockets without the slightest regard to the welfare of his followers; and yet, in the teeth of overwhelming testimony, he was treated as a martyred champion. At last, however, even the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union has discovered that open defiance of decency is unprofitable, and is taking steps toward expelling Parks. The professed friends of labor must learn that our laws are not, like those of Edward the Sixth, "written in milk."

One should probably not be held to too strict account for what one says at a Lord Mayor's luncheon. Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain's speech at such a function in Liverpool last week contained certain statements which were so obviously in the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum* that they are bound to discredit either his intelligence or his veracity. Americans will be chiefly interested in his assertion that this country is not really against his policy, but is, of course, anxious to prepare itself to meet it, if possible, by concessions. If we fail to appease England, she will be forced to retaliate by placing duties upon our goods; and then "the American and not the British consumer will pay the duty." The absurdity of all this is plain. First, retaliation is a game two can play at; if Great Britain places duties on our goods, we shall raise our barrier against hers. Second, what we buy of her is less essential than what she buys of us, as we have boundless resources of a very varied character, while hers are limited in range and of diminishing productivity. Third, as regards the statement that the producer pays the tax, at the head of the Board of Trade's import figures stand the letters c. i. f. (cost, insurance, and freight), to which will be added d. (duty). Last of all, it is folly for an individual to try to drum up business with a club; but this is equally true of a nation.

Mr. Chamberlain may be thinking of the future, but he strangely faces the past. A twentieth-century Empire is his aim, but a seventeenth-century navigation law is his method. He brought out the latter fact pretty clearly in his speech to the Liverpool workingmen on October 27. His special point was the shipping industry. It appears that American reciprocity will work havoc with the British mercantile marine. No more British goods will go into Cuba, and all the traffic between the United States and the island will be done in American bottoms. And not only that, but the large rice trade between Rangoon and Cuba, now being conducted by British ships, will henceforth go to New York, and thence to its final destination in American vessels. Here certainly is the exact spirit of 1660. The navigation laws were passed in order to discourage colonial competition in manufactures and shipping, while affording full encouragement to the exports of raw materials to the mother country. Mr. Chamberlain might almost be accused of plagiarism, for he said at Liverpool that "he wanted to see fewer foreign manufactured articles imported, but more raw materials, in return for British finished goods." It is quite possible, however, that he has forgotten how the navigation laws cost England her American colonies.

Of the late Professor Mommsen everybody will feel that the man was too large to be contained in the *Gelehrter*. Only scholars can fitly appreciate the grinding labor that underlies the 'History of Rome,' and only a minority even among scholars can rightly value that gigantic task of deciphering and publishing all extant Latin inscriptions. It was owing to these labors that the fire which raged in the Corridor of Inscriptions of the Vatican, as Mommsen was dying, could have destroyed no historic evidence of value. All that was permanently useful in the inscriptions that lined the walls was safely embodied in Mommsen's 'Corpus,' or in the kindred publications to which it had given birth. Mommsen so thoroughly represented the gigantic scholarship of older times that it is a surprise, in measuring his public services, to see how large and continuous they were. This biography of a minute scholar reads like that of a statesman. Mommsen was well towards sixty before he entered politics. Time was left for him to be the apologist of his country in the Franco-Prussian war, and the champion of Liberal ideas in the teeth of Bismarck. Anti-Semitism found in him its most venerable opponent. Only the other day he appealed to Englishmen to put off current prejudices and remember the racial bond that unites them with Germany. Probably no scholar of his times had a more truly international influence. In this reconciliation of the rôles of investigator and man of affairs he continued the most honorable traditions of German scholarship. Like the Schellings, Fichte, the Grimms, Schleiermacher, Hegel, Virchow, he added to the glory of the special student that of the promoter of liberal ideas among his countrymen at large.

The fire in the Vatican reminds us once more how insecurely many of the world's greatest treasures of art and literature are held. The present fire was in alarming proximity to the small picture gallery of the Vatican which contains Raphael's Transfiguration, and it threatened to destroy the priceless collection of books relating to Thomas Aquinas left by the late Pope. The manuscript riches of the Vatican library were in imminent peril, and the Loggia of Raphael, the Borgia Apartments, and the Stanze of Raphael might easily have been destroyed in the general conflagration. Happily, such a calamity was prevented, but the incident recalls unpleasantly the fact that many other great collections are in worse case than those of the Vatican. In Italy little wood is used in construction, and a fire plays over the surface of brick and concrete. In northern Europe many of the galleries are food for fire; the Louvre notoriously. By a mistaken economy, portions of the Louvre are used for Government offices, in which a slight mishap—the overturning of a candle, the flinging down of a lighted cigarette stump—might destroy the whole collection. In London, too, a fire near Trafalgar Square has recalled the fact that the National Gallery is a tinder-box. The ill luck—with good luck—at the Vatican may serve a useful purpose if it stimulates the nations of Europe generally to greater watchfulness over their historic buildings.

OUR OBSOLETE POSTAL SERVICE.

The executive committee that is to examine the working of the New York Post-Office and report to President Roosevelt, is on the lookout chiefly for corruption. It turns its scrutiny upon such matters as the alleged "promotion syndicate" which sells advances in the service at a price; upon favoritism or collusion in awarding Post-Office contracts; upon bribe-taking, and possibly even embezzlement of the Government funds. Something of all these evils undoubtedly exists in an organization built up largely after the mind of Senator Platt. But we imagine that the President's committee will make an even larger exposure of inefficiency than of corruption, and we are confident that the report will cause Postmaster Van Cott's retention of his office to look as anomalous as Mr. Payne's holding on to his discredited Postmaster-Generalship.

Indisputably, the greatest of the Government Departments is the weakest. The experience of everybody who uses the mails shows it, comparison with foreign postal services sets our misrule forth glaringly, the unceasing disclosures of rottenness in the permanent force suggest graver evils than lax management. Mr. M. G. Cuniff, in the first of a series of articles to be published in the *World's Work*, does good service by giving to the criticism of an obsolete system striking and specific form. He asserts: (1) that except in rural delivery the service "has made no material advance in a decade"; (2) that the inefficiency of the Department is due to the fact that the Postmaster-General is "a political appointee," as are his chief subordinates; (3) that while the payment for transportation of the mails remains at about the rate of twenty years ago, the cost for similar transportation has been reduced from one-third to one-half.

Nearly every Postmaster-General for many years has been a novice, and has been turned out before he had had time to learn the business. "How do I know? I've been Postmaster-General only a year," said Mr. Payne, when Mr. Cuniff asked him how our Post-Office compared in efficiency with private business organizations and with foreign Post-Offices. The answer is instructive. Even if Mr. Payne were as competent and zealous in the public service as he is in the nice distribution of Republican patronage, he would face an almost impossible task. Except for a small clerical force at Washington—the real managers of the Post-Office—the staff disintegrates every four years, and a new set of novices takes hold at Washington and in the great city post-offices.

Much of the trouble is due to the instability of the higher offices. The Department needs an organization as compact and complete as that of the Treasury. More of the difficulty lies in the ancient and slipshod laws that govern and restrict the workings of the Department. Congress refuses to institute a civilized parcels post, such as every other great nation now enjoys, or to authorize a pneumatic tube service in the cities, although that is most profitably supplied in London, Paris, and Berlin. When these improvements are suggested, the special interests begin to be heard in Congress. Said "a high Post-Office authority" to Mr. Cuniff, "Do you suppose we can have a revision changing the present rates of paying the railroads as long as some of the most prominent Senators and Congressmen are identified with transportation interests, or establish a parcels post while T. C. Platt, President of the United States Express Company, is United States Senator?"

The case is clear: first, the postal service is debilitated by subjection to a chief who is primarily the office-broker of the ruling party; then the starveling Department is kept to quaint, old-fashioned ways by Mr. Platt and similar interested observers, who let progressive bills die painlessly. There has been a good deal of ingenuous bragging about the Post-Office. Impulsive Socialists and Imperialists have said: "The Government that runs the Post-Office can do anything." Let such persons read Mr. Cuniff's articles and learn that the Post-Office is as obsolete as the forty-gun frigate. In London you can send a pneumatic letter at ten, receive a reply before luncheon, rejoin in the early afternoon, and have the surrejoinder before the close of business. A resident of Berlin has his meat promptly delivered from a cheaper market a hundred and fifty miles away at a cost of 12 cents for a twenty-pound package. And these services pay. Compare with that state of things, first, the annual deficit of our Post-Office, and, next, the statement made in successive reports of the Postal Committee of the House of Representatives. This standing indictment reads: "There is not a sane business man in the country who has given the matter any thought but knows that the Post-Office Department could be operated by private individuals on our present appropriation and show a net profit of thirty or forty millions per year."

Since the malady has been too much politics in the service, the remedy is no politics, if that be possible; or, at any rate, less politics. President Roosevelt is helping matters in keeping the place-warmers stirred up. He must not spare the rottenness of the present régime. But the President can never have an honest and efficient Department so long as his effort is chiefly to spy on Payne's doings and pick up his loose ends. The President must have at the head a Postmaster-General who has at least ordinary business capacity and a desire to improve the service. That is the indispensable preliminary to the complete reorganization of an obsolete Department which should at once be undertaken by Congress.

THE HOWZE CASE.

The findings of the court of inquiry ordered to investigate certain acts of cruelty towards Filipinos alleged to have been committed by Capt. Robert L. Howze, Sixth Cavalry, now major in the Porto Rican regiment, are entirely favorable to the accused officer, whose record is thus officially cleared of any wrongdoing. In other respects, however, his singular case seems only to have become further involved by the court's finding, and by the unfavorable endorsement by the Assistant Secretary of War of so much of its decision as relates to Major George K. Hunter, Sixth Cavalry. This officer investigated the actions of Capt. Howze by order of Lieut.-General Miles, commanding the army, and preferred the charges against Capt. Howze by order of Major-Gen. George W. Davis, at that time commanding in the Philippines. To cite merely one contradiction: Secretary Root decided, on May 28 last, that there never had been any such beatings of natives as were alleged. The court of inquiry, which consisted of Brig.-Gen. Francis Moore, Lieut.-Col. S. R. Whitall, and Lieut.-Col. Frederick Ward, flatly differs from the Secretary, but attributes the beatings to a native who had been put over his fellows by the Americans, with the title of secretary of the province. The court avers, however, that no deaths resulted from the whippings.

As far as Major Hunter is concerned, Secretary Root was of the opinion that he was animated only by "bitter personal animosity" against Capt. Howze, due to his having been reprimanded by Capt. Howze when the latter was his superior by virtue of his temporary rank of lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-fourth Volunteers. The Secretary also charged Major Hunter with having himself contradicted his charges in an affidavit. None the less, the court of inquiry finds that, while Major Hunter had been unfriendly to Capt. Howze, there was "nothing to show" that the Major's "investigation was not strictly impartial and in accordance with the order under which he acted." The board also says that "the investigation was fair and impartial, as far as it extended, and that it was as nearly complete as was within Major Hunter's power at the time he made it." This view of the Major's activity is in accord with his honorable record of thirty years' service, and was made—to the board's credit—despite the fact that the Secretary of War had condemned him publicly *before* ordering the board to ascertain whether or not he was a perjurer and whether or not he was a procurer of false affidavits. The

board might have taken Mr. Root's own arraignment of Major Hunter as a hint to condemn all of that officer's proceedings. Assistant Secretary Oliver's disapproval of the board's finding in regard to Major Hunter is due, he says, to his belief that it is "contradictory in terms and not warranted by the board during the progress of its investigations." And this although the board was on the spot and heard the evidence, while Gen. Oliver did not become Assistant Secretary until August thirty-first!

To many the attitude of the War Department has from the first seemed strange. If Major Hunter was an unfit officer by reason of prejudice, was it right to blame *him* for the investigation, or Gen. Miles, who appointed him the investigator, and Gen. Davis, who in turn ordered him to bring the charges? Granting the prejudice, ought Major Hunter to have been made to defend himself for actions taken by order of higher authority? It is not usual, we believe, to search for the motives of an inspector who brings in a report against another officer. When the report is in the form of allegations properly made, the custom of the service is not to grant a court of inquiry, but to constitute a court-martial, particularly when the charges were ordered by higher authority. Nor is this in any way affected by the fact that, after reading his evidence and instructing Major Hunter how to formulate his charges, Gen. Davis subsequently accused him of "reprehensible methods" and "unmilitary conduct" in originally making the charges against Howze in a personal and confidential letter to Gov. Taft. The upshot was that Major Hunter found himself actually in the position of defending his reputation and his commission in the army, instead of proving allegations made against another in the course of duty. The accuser was on trial far more than the accused.

We hold no brief for Major Hunter, as we held none for Capt. Howze. We had no reason to suspect that Major Hunter was animated by spite, or to doubt Gen. Miles's good judgment in ordering that officer to conduct the first inquiry. We were glad to call attention to the case, not because of any desire to give publicity to the shocking brutalities which are now officially established as occurring under American military rule, but because we were urged to do so by officers of the army who have the honor of the service at heart, and were disgusted with the failures of courts-martial to punish properly men of the stripe of Majors Glenn and Waller and Lieut. J. E. Gaujot. Moreover, the Howze affair differed from most other cases in that the accusations were made solely by army officers, and could in no way be attributed to the influence of the wicked anti-Imperialists. We presume that there will be universal satisfaction that the army is not to stand directly charged with such inhuman offences as were alleged to have been committed by Major Howze. At the same time, it is also gratifying to note that the court did not feel compelled to cast doubt upon the truthfulness of every sworn statement made by a Filipino, as Secretary Root seemed inclined to do.

As a whole, the case illustrates once more the dangers of the army court-martial system in dealing with anything save purely military offences. In other cases, the courts failed lamentably in their duty of punishing officers who were guilty of shocking crimes. For this we have the authority of President Roosevelt in his disapproval of the courts' findings in a number of instances. In the Hunter case the board's belief that he did his duty as ordered by higher authority is set aside by the Assistant Secretary because in his opinion it was "contradictory."

AN "ARTISTIC SWINDLE."

How far the *suaviter in modo* has given place to the *fortiter in re* in the discussion of the industrial Trust situation is shown by the report of the receiver of the United States Shipbuilding Company. Though many of the facts touched upon have been brought out with more or less fulness in the recent hearings, the report presents the situation in some sort of perspective, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein. Besides, the receiver cites a few astonishing facts which have not as yet been brought to the notice of the public. He says, for instance, that the reports of the expert accountants did not indicate such figures as were given out by the directors as the basis for their purchase of the subsidiary plants. A deliberate intent to "mislead and deceive the investing public and the then present and future creditors of the company" is charged. The prospectus of the company is shown to have been false in a number of particulars. The capital was wrongly stated; more than half of the directors mentioned did not hold and never held that office; and the amount of contracts was overstated. The purchase of the various concerns is said to have been "absolutely without intelligent and independent representation." And, in particular, the mortgages signed to secure Mr. Schwab's bonds, received in part payment for the Bethlehem Works, are held to be a fraud on the creditors of the Shipbuilding Company.

The whole affair is, in short, a matter of "plunder" and "artistic swindle." That fact had already become fairly well established; but the receiver's report is a very important document, by reason of the firm conviction which it expresses that all the stock bonuses given to vendors and promoters are recoverable by the Shipbuilding Company under the law. It may be assumed that the receiver has acted under the best legal advice in making this claim. Independent investigation seems to sustain his point; for in Dill on 'New Jersey Corporations' it is categorically stated that "holders of stock given as bonus are liable on it to creditors, but not to the company." The consequences of a rigid enforcement of such a provision would carry consternation to an enormous number of corporations in this country. When one considers the long list of industrial combines which have been created in the last five years, and the use made of stock bonuses in floating them, the outlook for their promoters is not a pleasant one, in view of the insolvencies that have already taken place.

Every shred of respectability is torn from the shipbuilding project, and yet this may be fairly assumed to be but an exaggerated instance of the general industrial Trust policy of recent years. There may have been more restraint in previous instances, but the underlying intent was, there is good reason to believe, the same as in the case of the Shipbuilding combine; and perhaps the difference in method does not count for so very much after all. In how many instances has it been found that the expert accountants "erred" in estimating the value and the earning power of acquired properties? How often has it been discovered that trusts which started with "sufficient working capital to render them independent of the money market," have not been able to conduct their month-to-month business, to say nothing of charging to depreciation? Furthermore, how frequently has it appeared in the past that the vendors sold out with the intent to get their properties back again and make an enormous profit on temporarily deeding them to the combines? Mr. Schwab has exemplified this policy to perfection. According to the Shipbuilding receiver, he has taken the $2,000,000 annual earnings of the Bethlehem works and, instead of turning the money over to the proprietary company, has spent it on extensions and improvements. This is an old dodge with vendors who were lying in wait to get their properties back.

The question now is, Did these revelations impel the public to seek a remedy for this sort of thing? It is to be hoped that the matter of recovering on the bonuses granted by the Shipbuilding Company will be promptly tested in the courts. Furthermore, the moral as well as the legal aspects of the situation need to be straightened out a little. The plea is raised that something can be said in favor of "dummy directors." In organizing a great project, it is a hardship to compel directors to come from remote points and spend several weeks in New York. But why should their convenience be so carefully consulted? Much will be gained if this episode starts an agitation for some such mea-

sure as that of the English Companies Act. Among the provisions of that law is one which reads: "If any person wilfully makes a statement false in any particular, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable to imprisonment." If we had such a statute, the legal proceedings against Whitaker Wright could be duplicated in this country. But it is a fortunate thing for our Trust promoters that such a law could not be made retroactive.

LIGHT BREAKING IN THE SOUTH.

The October number of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, a publication issued at Durham, N. C., by professors of Trinity College, contains the most remarkable articles upon the negro problem which we have yet seen signed by men born and bred in the Southern States. It is to the colleges of the South that its friendly critics have long looked for signs of an intellectual uprising against the doctrines of the Tillmans and Vardamans. Just as the movement for a free Germany and a freer New England originated within the walls or under the influences of the higher schools for learning, so it was expected that protests against the narrowness and provincialism of the South, and against that solution of the race problem which would make of the colored people merely hewers of wood and drawers of water, might first be heard from within university halls.

This hope has not been unfulfilled in the past. At the University of the South, for instance, Prof. W. P. Trent was fiercely assailed for years, and is still called a "renegade Southerner," for daring to state his belief that the South suffers from a lack of contact with the world, and from its voluntary isolation from the intellectual and literary ideals of the rest of the nation. At other institutions, also, such as Vanderbilt University, as was evidenced by Chancellor J. H. Kirkland's address at the Educational Conference in Richmond last spring, the spirit of *Lehrfreiheit* has begun to show itself. But in the great majority of Southern colleges, it must be confessed, the faculties are so overawed by local public opinion, or by their respective boards of trustees, as to be unable to express themselves upon the various developments of the South's political and intellectual life. In the discreditable dismissal of Professor Sledd from Emory College, Georgia, last year, for daring to publish views of his own on the race question in the *Atlantic Monthly*, there is suggested quite as important a reason for the comparative ineffectiveness of Southern institutions of learning as any connected with their meagre endowments.

At Trinity College, however, the professors seem at liberty to speak out without fear of consequences. Of the four articles in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* to which we have just referred, one is from the pen of President Kilgo, another is by Professor Edwin Mims, and a third by the editor, Professor John Spencer Bassett. Professor Mims's paper relates to the "Function of Criticism in the South." In it he has dared to say that his Southern people have "undoubted limitations and defects." "We need," he continues, "to ask ourselves uncomfortable questions and to face the answers heroically":

> "How do the Southern statesmen of the present day compare with those of a former generation in progressiveness and breadth of sympathy and culture? How many ministers and editors are there in the Southern States who have national reputations or deserve to have them? How many highly endowed institutions of learning have we? With all our boasted universities, how many really deserve the name? How many libraries, museums, art galleries, publishing-houses, magazines have we? To what extent is scholarship prized among us? Why is it that so many of our men of letters and scholars now live north of Mason and Dixon's line? Such questions and others like them can not be answered by evading the issue and talking of the strong points in Southern character. Only a discontent with things as they are and a knowledge of other people who are strong where we are weak, will give us a desire for perfection."

And Professors Mims devotes the rest of his paper to a "plea for criticism of the South—criticism that will not be destructive, but constructive"; and criticism, let us hope, that will not be silenced by the shotgun and the revolver.

To a Northern college professor such a plea may seem simply an appeal for one's birthright. If in the South these utterances require courage, what shall be said of Professor Bassett's declaration that "Booker Washington is a great and good man, a Christian statesman, and, take him all in all, the greatest man save General Lee born in the South in a hundred years"? He is similarly outspoken in his protests against the Southern editors and demagogues who would stir up the forces of race antipathy for political purposes by dwelling upon such incidents as Booker Washington's luncheon at the White House. He is broad enough to see that "as long as one race contends for the absolute inferiority of the other, the struggle will go on with increasing intensity." But Professor Bassett also has something to say about the superiority of the white race and its consequent duty. It is this:

> "But if some day the spirit of conciliation shall come into the hearts of the superior race, the struggle will become less strenuous. The duty of brave and wise men is to seek to infuse the spirit of conciliation into these white leaders of white men. Is the white man not superior to the black man—superior in mind, superior in opportunity, superior in obligation to do acts of charity?"

Mr. F. G. Woodward, who writes on "Getting Together on the Negro Question," has perceived fully the economic aspect of the subject, pointing out that "the South, moreover, is slow to grasp the historically proved fact that no large part of a people may be socially, politically, and intellectually repressed without becoming either a criminal or a proletarian class, menacing peace, balking progress, thwarting prosperity." Mr. Woodward takes no stock in the prevalent Southern belief that one-third of the people of the South can be kept in "ignorance, subserviency, and serfdom, while the favored two-thirds enjoy the blessings of a generous civilization." He has also a sharp word to say as to that form of "institutional pauperism" which results from "mercenary scrabbling" after Northern bounty. Equally notable is President Kilgo's address on "Our Duty to the Negro," which finds a place in the *Quarterly*, but was originally delivered to the students and citizens of Durham. Did space permit, we should be glad to make copious extracts from this sane and temperate utterance, with the spirit of which we find ourselves thoroughly in sympathy. We cannot refrain, however, from quoting President Kilgo's belief that if the negro "cannot be made to fill a higher place in the kingdom of human life, then American civilization must acknowledge a defeat—it has found a race of people which it cannot benefit, the Christian religion has discovered a man that it cannot save."

If such words, or even President Kilgo's declaration that the question of social equality "is no part of the negro problem," should fall from the lips of a Northern preacher to youth, they would, of course, attract but little attention. Yet in the South the Northern preacher would be impatiently told "to come and live among us and change your views," and regarded as a crank or lunatic. But coming, as the sentiments do, from a Southern college president and his teachers, we must see in them the most hopeful signs of a solution of the race question along lines of wisdom and humanity and Christianity that have yet appeared in the South.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CURRENCY PLAN.

The American Bankers' Association last year passed a resolution favoring the enactment of "a law imparting a greater degree of elasticity to our currency system in order to make it responsive to the demands of the business interests of the country," and appointed a committee to consider the subject and report at its next meeting. Such a report was presented at the convention in San Francisco week before last. Two measures for accomplishing the desired end were recommended. One proposes to substitute other bonds, that may be acceptable to the Secretary of the Treasury, in place of those of the United States as security for national bank notes. The other contemplates an emergency circulation to be issued in cer-

tain cases, under a tax of 6 per cent. which is to be imposed in order to bring the notes home speedily. But as regards the main purpose of giving elasticity to the currency, both of these measures must be considered seriously defective.

By elasticity of the currency is meant the faculty of expanding and contracting according to the demands of trade. In order to impart such elasticity, facilities must be supplied for issuing bank credit in the form of circulating notes when called for by the exigencies of business, and retiring them when no longer wanted. The record of our national bank currency shows that its rise and fall in volume has invariably corresponded to the price of United States bonds—that is, the bank currency has risen in volume when the price of bonds has been relatively low, and has declined when the price has risen. Never has the volume of banknotes been materially affected, one way or the other, by the demands of trade, not even in the panic of 1893. High-priced bonds mean low rate of profit in circulating notes, and vice versa.

Now the question arises whether the selection of an inferior kind of security will impart elasticity to the system. It will still be necessary for the banks to pay more money for the bonds than they will get back in the form of notes. It will still be incumbent on the bank's officers, in the interest of their shareholders, to watch the market, as they do now, and sell their bonds, either to secure a profit or to avoid a loss. The wants of trade will have no more bearing upon the note-issuing function when the bonds of New York city or of the New York Central Railway are deposited than they have now. "A system of bond-deposit security," as the report of the Indianapolis Commission says, "will always be a rigid system."

But a change in the kind of security accepted for banknotes and the adoption of an inferior kind may have other effects. If the Secretary of the Treasury is to decide between different kinds of bonds, accepting some and rejecting others, and perhaps rejecting to-day what he accepted yesterday, his powers will be dangerously great. He will have control of the money market, if he chooses, and he will be supposed to exercise control even if he does not. Even if he uses his power impartially and wisely, he will not escape criticism. He will be accused of favoritism. The times will always be hard with some people, and the impecunious will always hold the Government responsible for their shortage of money. Conversely, the Secretary will always be subjected to political pressure to admit new securities to the favored list, and speculators will be constantly manufacturing securities to be put upon that list, or to fill the space left vacant by those withdrawn from the market. The Aldrich bill in the last Congress, which proposed to legalize the practice of taking other than Government bonds as security for Government deposits, defined the classes of securities of States, cities, and railways that might be accepted. It was the opinion of Wall Street at that time that the object of the measure was to create a vacuum of one hundred and fifty millions in the bond market to be filled by "undigested securities." That vacuum would be much larger if the San Francisco plan should be adopted. The elasticity would not be in the currency, but in the securities.

"Emergency circulation" is a phrase applied by certain speakers and writers to any issue of banknotes over and above the amount which those particular gentlemen think sufficient. When that maximum is reached, the emergency man says that any overplus of notes should be subjected to a tax high enough to cause their speedy return to the issuing bank. But there are serious objections to this scheme of taxation. In the first place, it tends to defeat the very object of the emergency circulation, which is to relieve stringency, to check panics, by enabling banks to issue their credit speedily in its most acceptable form. Yet the tax, if onerous, will prevent the banks from issuing the notes and giving the relief sought for. The avowed object of the tax is to call the notes home to the banks. But it will not have that effect, because when the notes pass into circulation they pass out of the banker's control. Calling them in will be like calling spirits from the vasty deep. The only thing that he can do to stop the tax will be to deposit legal-tender money in the Treasury to retire them. But this will reduce his cash reserve and lessen his power to discount commercial paper. Every dollar thus taken from his reserve will curtail his discounts by four dollars or more.

GEN. FLEURY AT ST. PETERSBURG.

PARIS, October 20, 1903.

The account given by M. Thiers of his mission during the war of 1870 and of his interviews with the ministers of foreign affairs in the various courts of Europe is a very interesting document, which will be more generally read when the notes left by him are published in a more accessible form. His most interesting visit was to Russia. The key of the situation was in reality in St. Petersburg; if Russia had shown a desire to help France, the conditions of peace might have been very different.

Count Fleury has published a volume entitled 'La France et la Russie en 1870,' from the papers left by his father, Gen. Count Fleury, a personal friend of Napoleon III., to whom he rendered great services, and one of the familiar figures at the Tuileries during the whole period of the Second Empire. In October, 1869, Napoleon III. chose him for the embassy to St. Petersburg, in place of Baron Talleyrand, who was called to the Senate. This choice proved that the Emperor needed to place near the Emperor of Russia a person having his entire confidence, and who could establish very cordial relations between the two sovereigns. Since the Crimean war these relations had always been cold and formal. Russia felt humiliated by certain clauses in the Treaty of Paris, made after the war; she was afterwards very much irritated by the encouragement imprudently given by France to the Polish agitation. This Polish question, which was for a time almost threatening, drew together more closely the reigning houses of Prussia and Russia, which had both had their share in the partition of Poland. In 1867, however, the Emperor Alexander accepted an invitation to come to Paris, but a Pole fired at him in the Bois de Boulogne, and a French lawyer insolently screamed on the steps of the Palais de Justice, which the Emperor Alexander had come to visit: "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!"

The Emperor Napoleon desired better relations with Russia. The new Ambassador had private instructions, emanating directly from the *cabinet* of the Emperor, and thus conceived:

"General Fleury will express to the Emperor Alexander the thought that the Emperor Napoleon, wishing to tighten the bonds which unite the two sovereigns, has chosen as Ambassador an officer who is particularly attached to his person.

"With Prince Gortchakoff it will be necessary to maintain some reserve, and simply to affirm that the French Government desires peace, and consequently the *status quo*.

"In subsequent conversations, General Fleury will insist upon the danger which threatens Europe in consequence of the Germanic idea, which, if it continues to increase, will naturally embrace in its sphere of action all the German-speaking countries from Courland to Alsace."

The note afterwards alluded to the various debatable questions:

"As for the East, one must likewise desire the *status quo*, but there is no reason for not talking of the future. It would be very important to know how Russia understands the future of Turkey, and how she would like, after a general convulsion, to see the countries of the East constituted. . . . If France knew completely the views of Russia, she could examine where her interests would lie in a future which it is possible to predict."

All this was written one year before the war of 1870. The new Ambassador who had to communicate these views was a very shrewd, very agreeable man, a man of the world as well as a soldier. He was very well received by the Emperor, the Grand Dukes, the Grand Duchess Marie (widow of the Duke of Leuchtenberg), by the Princess Dagmar, married to the heir of the crown. In the first interview with the Emperor allusions were made to the difficulties "which the French Empire seemed to meet" (the Opposition had obtained many seats in the French Chamber), to the revolutionary feeling, which seemed to be on the increase, not only in France, but also in Russia and in Germany. The Emperor asked the Ambassador point blank: "Did you see the King, on your way, at Berlin?" "No, Sire." "I am not surprised; I heard from Prince Reuss [the Prussian Ambassador at St. Petersburg] that my uncle is much puzzled over your mission to this court."

The prolonged occupation of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein was at the time a

subject of diplomatic negotiation. The Czar was very fond of his daughter-in-law, a Danish princess, who often spoke to him of the Danes; he was also a great admirer of his uncle, the King of Prussia; the French Ambassador occasionally said a word in favor of the Danes. The Emperor sent the order of St. George to his uncle on the day of the centenary of St. George; but the Chancellor told Gen. Fleury "that, in the mind of the Emperor Alexander, this was nothing but a spontaneous and friendly act of courtesy from a nephew towards an uncle whom he venerated; that there was in it no reason for dissatisfaction on the part of France or Austria, since there was no question of Sadowa; that the toast and the telegram were addressed to a past of fifty-four years—a glorious past, which it was quite allowable for the chief of a great military power to evoke on such a festive day." After this allusion to the events of 1814 and 1815, the Chancellor said: "If we are proud of the Berezina, of Leipzig, and of Waterloo, are you not proud of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Eylau, of Borodino? Have we not crossed in Paris the Boulevard Sebastopol—a name which reminds us of a defeat honorable indeed, but which opens a wound hardly cicatrized? Did you not give the name of the Malakoff to the conqueror of the Crimea?" The Chancellor added that, for himself, he was the promoter of the idea of an alliance with France, "an alliance which would be very intimate but for your fatal campaign for Poland. . . . I shall defend this policy as long as I live."

The extracts from the letters which Gen. Fleury sent to Paris are very interesting. He describes minutely the life led by the Emperor. Speaking of the Tsesarevitch, he says: "As for the Tsesarevitch (and it is a good card in our game), he represents what is called the Russian party—that is to say, the anti-Prussian and anti-German party. . . . In the Council of the Empire he has had occasion several times to manifest his anti-Prussian sentiments." The national opinion, as far as it could be expressed by the press, in Russia, was turning visibly towards a French alliance. The Chancellor always indulged in very optimistic language. Russia was beginning to build her railways; she had no object but peace. "If complications arose on the side of Prussia, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg would be led, by the force of opinion, to observe neutrality." Gen. Fleury's dispatches testify to his comprehension of the situation. "Neither Prussia nor Russia," he says in one of them, "has any interest in their mutual aggrandizement. If Panslavism is detested in Berlin, Pangermanism is no less feared in St. Petersburg. . . . Whatever may be the affection of the nephew for his uncle, the Emperor Alexander is obliged to reckon with the national feeling." His judgment on Panslavism is curious:

"I consider Panslavism a sort of sentimental freemasonry, to which it is good form in society to belong, and to which it is also difficult not to make some concession in high governmental spheres. . . . Panslavism is a sort of patriotic dream, which is cherished though it is not easy to see how it can be realized. . . . The Slavic peoples are animated by very different tendencies, according to their political situation. It is not certain that the Servians, the Montenegrins, the Bulgarians are, in their inner souls, tempted in the least to abdicate their autonomy and the liberties they enjoy in order to exchange them for the Russification which is in waiting for them. If the Czechs, the Croats, the Ruthenians, and others invoke the phantom of Panslavism, it is in order to obtain larger concessions. As for the Galicians, by accepting the place made for them in the Austro-Hungarian Government, they bring to Austria incontestable strength. Who can say that the comparison of their fate with that of the Poles will not give Russia serious difficulties?"

All these dispatches show Russia chiefly occupied with Eastern questions, and behind all these was the constant desire to efface some of the traces of the treaty imposed on Russia after the Crimean war, and to make her more free in the Black Sea. This was really the dominant preoccupation, and the war between France and Prussia soon gave Russia the occasion which she longed for. "War may come out of a mere incident," wrote Col. Stoffel as far back as February, 1868. The incident was the vacancy of the Spanish throne. All the incidents which followed—the renunciation of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, who had for a moment been a candidate, the meetings at Ems between the King of Prussia and M. Benedetti, the French Ambassador—belong to history. What were to be the conduct and attitude of Russia? The Chancellor Gortchakoff never concealed his thoughts: "Russia is desirous to have a cordial understanding with France; but it is necessary that France should give her tokens of conciliation on the Eastern question. Not that there should be any question of the revision of the humiliating treaty of 1856, which Russia signed with pain; in such a grave question France is not alone, and she can act only in concert with England." This was well understood in Berlin, and Prussia knew that, with promises on the Eastern question, she was sure to obtain the neutrality of Russia.

General Fleury was ordered to remain in Russia when the war broke out. The Emperor Napoleon still thought he could render some service at St. Petersburg. The Ambassador's correspondence with the Duke de Gramont shows very clearly what were the sentiments of the Emperor of Russia. In a letter from Baron Jomini to General Fleury (Jomini was attached to the Russian Foreign Office) we read these lines:

"Considering the manner in which the war is engaged, the best thing Russia can do is to keep out of it as long as she can. But it is possible that the necessities of the struggle may oblige France to draw in Austria. The war would then assume so threatening an aspect for us that, *nolens volens*, it would be difficult for us to remain passive spectators. Eventualities might then arise which would force our hand."

These lines show clearly that if Austria had tried to help France, Russia would have declared war against her. It is painful to think that the Emperor Napoleon threw himself into war without the slightest guarantees on any side. It is difficult also to imagine why M. Thiers thought it necessary to go to St. Petersburg; he could obtain nothing there but polite words.

Correspondence.

IRRIGATION IN THE SOUTHWEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The practical irrigators of the Southwest thoroughly agree with the statement of Mr. I. W. Griscom in the *Nation* of October 15, that "the equitable distribution or sale of public land is a legitimate Governmental function." But they dissent *in toto* from most of the positions and deductions therefrom of this correspondent, who evidently is not familiar with the actual irrigation of arid or semi-arid lands.

The experience of Southern California is wholly at variance with his assertion (in effect) that land which depends upon artificial irrigation is no place for a poor man. On the contrary, the direct opposite of this assertion is true, in the opinion of practical irrigators in this part of the world.

As a matter of actual experience, I think it may with truth be said that irrigation —and irrigation which in almost every instance was initiated by poor men—has been the making of Southern California. This is especially true of Los Angeles County, which formerly included the territory now constituting the prosperous counties of Orange, San Bernardino, and Riverside. Anaheim, the pioneer colony of California (since the change from Mexican to United States rule) was started on the coöperative plan in 1857 by fifty persons, mostly Germans of San Francisco, who, as a rule, were "light in pocket" and dependent on their own labor for their sustenance as well as for the wherewithal to carry forward this (at that time) experimental undertaking. They pooled their resources and bought, at a very moderate price, about eleven hundred acres of a Spanish grant, near the Santa Ana River in this county, and hired a civil engineer to lay it off into fifty small farms of twenty acres each, bring the water in a big ditch on to the tract from the Santa Ana River, and plant each tract mostly to grape vines, and care for the same three years. At the expiration of this period, or soon thereafter, most of the proprietors moved to their new-made homes, where their young vineyards already were beginning to bear. Other thriving colonies, or coöperative associations, following Anaheim methods more or less closely, have been formed, and have proved wonderful successes, the more notable of which may be mentioned—Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, and Pomona, besides many others. And thus, through the magic of irrigation and coöperation, thousands and tens of thousands of acres of orange and walnut and other orchards have taken the place of the former dry and apparently arid cattle ranges of Southern California.

The Government has millions of acres of arid or semi-arid lands which are worthless without water, but which, with water, will produce anything that can be produced in Kansas and Nebraska, and many things much more profitable that cannot be grown in those States. The waters of the Los Angeles, the San Gabriel, and the Santa Ana Rivers are susceptible of diversion at comparatively moderate expense. But to take out the vast volume of water of the great Colorado of the West, and make it available for the irrigation of the millions of acres of Government land along its banks and on the immense areas of the Great Desert, is a task of such magnitude that only the Government ought to undertake it; and this is the only way it can get these lands occupied and improved. Once the water is brought on to them, the men in a "prairie schooner" will very quickly club together to bring, in lateral ditches, the

water to their ten, twenty, or forty-acre tracts. For, when land is irrigated where hired labor is expensive, a poor man only wants what land he can cultivate himself.

As to the cost of preparing arid or desert land for irrigation, it is practically nil, for, generally, in a state of nature nothing grows on it, although, under cultivation with plenty of water, it is, on account of the excessive heat of those regions, wonderfully productive, as has been abundantly demonstrated along the banks of the river in the vicinity of Yuma, and at Indio, Salton, etc., in the Desert by means of artesian wells. HENRY D. BARROWS.

LOS ANGELES, October 25, 1903.

SCIENCE AND WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are now two great funds of approximately the same amount—ten millions of dollars—which are devoted to the interests of science: the Nobel Fund, administered by committees of the Royal Academy of Sweden, and the Carnegie Fund, under the charge of the Carnegie Institution.

The Nobel Fund was given by the Swedish inventor of deadly explosives which have revolutionized the conduct of wars; and the name "Nobel powder" will perpetuate that of the inventor in scientific literature. Other more deadly compounds will, however, obscure the brilliancy of the inventor of this powder in the eyes of the great public. The fund he has established promises to give him a greater monument for all time, and he will be numbered with those who, in the sonorous Latin of the inscription on the walls of Memorial Hall at Cambridge, shine "quasi stellæ in perpetuas æternitates." For the fund is to encourage mankind's effort to abandon wars and to cultivate the arts of peace. In Nobel's will we find the following:

"The said interest shall be divided into five equal amounts, to be apportioned as follows: one share to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics; one share to the person who shall have made the most important chemical discovery or improvement; one share to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine; one share to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency; and, finally, one share to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolishment or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace congresses."

These prizes amount to approximately fifty thousand dollars each, and they are also accompanied by a gold medal. They have been awarded to Röntgen, the discoverer of the X-rays; to Lorenz and Zeeman, the discoverers of the remarkable doubling and tripling of spectral lines in the magnetic field; to Van 't Hoff and to Fischer for their investigations in chemistry; and to Arrhenius for his work in electrochemistry.

No scientific man can offer his own work to the Nobel committees. He must be recommended by his peers. To this end, circulars have been sent to investigators in the subjects of physics and chemistry. The circular to physicists reads as follows:

ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, SWEDEN.

"SIR: The Royal Academy of Sciences have elected the undersigned members of the Nobel committee for physics; and to facilitate their work, we have the honor to invite you to present to us a proposition for the Nobel prize in physics for 1904.

"According to sections 7 and 8 of the Statutes of the Nobel Foundation, this proposition should be inspired and accompanied by works and other documentary evidence upon which it is founded; and it should reach the Nobel committee before February 1, 1904."

The circular is signed by Hasselberg, Thalen, Knut Angstrom, Hildebrandsson, and Arrhenius, well-known names in science.

These prizes may be said to crown a man after his lifework is accomplished, while the Carnegie Institution starts an investigator who has an idea which he wishes to realize. It is not probable that the Carnegie Institution will ever give sums approaching the amount of a Nobel prize even for the carrying out of a scientific idea. It remains to be seen whether the Nobel Fund or the Carnegie Fund will be the most fruitful in results. It is often said that the profession of a physicist or a chemist does not offer great rewards such as come to men in other learned professions. With the institution of the Nobel Fund this criticism no longer holds. It is true that a man cannot say, "I shall get the Nobel prize after long and arduous labors"; for great results in science come slowly, and some investigators are more fortunate than others who may have the greater learning. Both funds may be said to make for peace, since science is making war so costly that nations hesitate longer before undertaking them. Scientists believe that their labors in time will prevent wars more effectually than peace congresses. Electricity and chemistry are constantly providing more effectual death-dealing methods.

Unfortunately, this opinion is not yet shared by our diplomats and Cabinet ministers. Some years ago, when Mr. Lowell was Minister to England, I met him at a reception, and on his asking where I had been that day, I replied that I had been to the National Gallery looking at the Turners. He brightened, as if pleased to find that a scientific man could have a taste for art, and wished to know which Turner I liked the best. I said that I preferred "Towing the old *Téméraire* to its final resting-place." He remarked, with still greater show of interest, that he also preferred that picture; and he asked what the picture typified to me. I had hardly begun to speak of what seemed to me was the idea of the artist, when he eagerly said:

"It typifies to me vulgar, puffing science towing a poetical rhapsody to its final resting-place."

"Oh," exclaimed a lady in deprecating tones, "Mr. Lowell! Science and scientific inventors, like Nobel, are making war so terrible that they will soon vanish from the face of the earth."

"Madam," said Minister Lowell, "wars will endure so long as women admire chivalry in men."

I was moved to quote from the 'Biglow Papers' some vigorous denunciations of war; for instance, the line—

"This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable featur."

Knowing, however, our late Minister's genius for correction, I remained silent.

Science certainly has a hard task to combat our barbaric inheritances, which are at war with higher ideals. These animal vestiges, like the vermiform appendix, manifest themselves strongly in youth, and are in evidence even in the mature years of our rulers. The fallacy that war is necessary for a nation's vigor seems to be long enduring; but the Nobel Fund makes for righteousness, and will have its perfect work in time through the labors of the scientific men who arise to be crowned in their efforts for peace.

JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, October 30, 1903.

LORD PENZANCE AND THE GARDENS OF ADONIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of October 22, Mr. Waites points out that the gardens of Adonis were mentioned in the 'Faerie Queene' in 1590. As, however, "Henry VI." may have been written before 1590, and as its author may have meant by the gardens of Adonis something different from what Spenser did, the citations from the 'Faerie Queene' are scarcely decisive. In his 'Natural History,' as translated by Philemon Holland, in 1601, Pliny speaks of "the gardens of the Hesperides, of *Adonis*, and Alcinoüs" (xix. 4); and in another place, alluding to "sothernwood," says that "when it is above ground, the young plants are removed and set, as it were, in *Adonis* gardens, within pots of earth" (xxi. 10). In his 'Morals,' as Englished by Holland in 1603, Plutarch speaks of "those women, who cherish and keep their gardens (as they say) of *Adonis* within brittle pots and panns of earth" (ed. of 1657, p. 455); and in his 'Lives,' translated by North in 1579, he twice refers to the Adonia ("Tudor Translations," ii. 110, iv. 20). Other writers to mention the gardens of Adonis were Theocritus ('Idylls,' xv. 113), Theophrastus ('Historia Plantarum,' vi. 7, 3, and 'De Causis Plantarum,' i. 12, 2), and Erasmus ('Adagia,' 1573, i. 22, 23, ii. 246), who quoted Plato and Plutarch.

It will, perhaps, be thought that these citations show a knowledge of classical literature. On the contrary, they merely indicate an hour or two spent in a large library. In their notes on "Henry VI.," Delius, in 1858, referred to Plutarch, Hunter in 1873 referred to Pliny, Hudson in 1880 referred to Spenser, Rolfe in 1882 referred to Pliny and Spenser, and White in 1883 referred to Plato and Spenser. In 1886 Prof. J. D. Butler quoted Plato ('Shakespeariana,' vi. 230-232), in 1888 A. R. Shilleto did the same ('Plutarch's Morals,' p. 352), in 1896 Alice C. Sawtelle noted several other allusions ('Sources of Spenser's Classical Mythology,' pp. 14-16), while the gardens have been described in numerous Greek, Latin, and classical dictionaries, notably in the 'Dictionnaire des Antiquités' of Daremberg and Saglio published in 1877. Yet of these many references, drawn from recent and easily accessible sources of information, apparently but a single one had come within the ken of Lord Penzance. If we turn to early critical editions of Shakspere not so accessible as the recent ones, the result is still more striking. Neither Rowe in 1709 nor Pope in 1723 commented on the passage in "Henry VI."; but in 1733 Theobald had a long note in which he said: "This Species of *portable Gardens* in Honour of *Adonis* (a Superstition that has been

variously explain'd;) is mention'd by *Theophrastus, Aristotle, Plato, Pausanias, Athenæus, Eustathius*, and a Croud of Authors more, who are quoted in *Castellanus*, and *Meursius* in his *Græcia Feriata*." In a later edition, Theobald quoted the 'Faerie Queene.' In 1744 Hanmer referred to Erasmus, while in 1747 Warburton summed up what had been said on the subject by Theobald, Hanmer, Bentley, and Pearce (the last two in their notes on 'Paradise Lost,' ix. 440).

What, then, has been well known to others for a hundred and seventy years is still unknown to certain Baconians. But this is not all. Even if Shakspere was the author of "Henry VI.," even if he could have obtained his knowledge of the gardens of Adonis only from Plato, not translated into English in his day—still, Lord Penzance's conclusion that Shakspere must have "mastered the Greek language" by no means follows. Lord Penzance does not seem to have been aware of the fact that in the sixteenth century it was common to print the works of Greek authors either in a Greek text, or in a Greek and Latin text, or in a Latin text only. There are now before me a Latin text of Plato printed in 1561, and a Greek and Latin text of Plutarch printed in 1572. It is thus seen that Shakspere could have learned of the gardens of Adonis through the Latin of Plato, Pliny, and Plutarch, and of the Adonia through the Latin of Plutarch and the English of Sir Thomas North. Hence the "rather startling result" which so puzzled Lord Penzance, and which he said demanded an explanation, is, like so many other mare's-nests discovered by the Baconians, purely a difficulty of their own creating. ALBERT MATTHEWS.

BOSTON, October 26, 1903.

P. S.—It may be added that the gardens of Adonis were again alluded to by Spenser in 'Colin Clout,' l. 804, and were mentioned by Jonson in 1599 ('Every Man out of his Humour,' Act iv., Sc. viii.).

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot was found, in Cambridge, on October 23, lying face downward on the grave of his wife, who had died just ten years ago, he having lately completed the book on philosophy to which he had devoted his whole life. One of the benefits of an acquaintance with Dr. Abbot was that it gave a new conception of the saying, "The pure in heart shall see God." The unsophisticated purity of his love of and apprehension of truth, oblivious of the tide of opinion, was a quality without which the Introduction to his 'Scientific Theism,' wherein he put his finger unerringly (as the present writer thinks) upon the one great blunder of all modern philosophy, could not have been written. The perfect clearness and simplicity of his argument will blind many a mind to it that could thread its way through the most abstruse tortuosities of law. But Dr. Abbot was like that "best philosopher" of whom Wordsworth speaks—

> "On whom those truths do rest
> Which we are toiling all our lives to find."

He had that spiritual insight into philosophy that Wordsworth attributes to the child. In each writing of a philosophical nature that he produced, he brought out some undeniable and important point that had been almost entirely overlooked by philosophers; so that philosophy is sure to be materially advanced by the great work which he left finished, but which is not yet published.

Dr. Abbot was an intensely self-conscious man, with a perfectly accurate appreciation of himself, and with a noble variety of self-consciousness that bent to no compromise with himself or with others, for all his gentle and loving nature. The world does not like men so extremely consistent as he was, but it seems impossible at this day to review any long-past episode of Dr. Abbot's life without seeing that his course was the right one, the only right one. He was fond of writing verses. Here are two stanzas of seven in his 'Scientific Theism':

> "Art Thou the Truth?
> To Thee, loved and craved and sought of yore,
> I consecrate my manhood o'er and o'er,
> As erst my youth.
>
> "Art Thou the Strong?
> To Thee, then, though the air be thick with night,
> I trust the seeming-unprotected Right,
> And leave the wrong."

C. S. P.

October 27, 1903.

Notes.

The Burrows Brothers' Company of Cleveland project a further extension of their reprints of scarce and neglected Americana, in limited editions, with Eliot's 'Indian Logick Primer,' Hutchins's 'Topographical Description,' Leonard's 'Narratives of Adventures,' and Narratives of Indian Captivities. As heretofore, competent editors are provided in each case.

Harper's November list includes 'America in Literature,' by Prof. George E. Woodberry; 'The Standard of English Pronunciation,' by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury; 'The Making of a Journalist,' by Julian Ralph; 'Tennyson's Suppressed Poems'; 'The Ambassadors,' by Henry James; 'The Russian Advance,' by Albert J. Beveridge; 'The Keystone of Empire'; 'Symbol-Psychology: A New Interpretation of Race Traditions,' by the Rev. Adolph Roeder; 'Winter,' photographically illustrated, by Rudolph Eickemeyer, jr.; William Morris's 'Pygmalion and the Image,' illustrated; and 'Mother and Father,' by Rob Rolfe Gilson, illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

Ginn & Co. announce 'The Louisiana Purchase,' by Ripley Hitchcock; 'Greek Sculpture: Its Spirit and Principles,' by Edmund von Mach; and 'Bacteria, Yeasts and Molds in the Home,' by Prof. H. W. Conn.

'Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent,' by Miss Fannie Merritt Palmer, is in the press of Little, Brown & Co.

A. Wessels Co. will shortly publish 'Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century,' and 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' for boys, by William C. Sprague.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon bring out 'Plays, Acting and Music,' by Arthur Symons.

Nearly ready is Esther Singleton's 'French and English Literature,' from McClure, Phillips & Co.

The history of New Hampshire is to be told by several writers in a volume edited by George Francklyn Willey and issued by the New Hampshire Publishing Corporation under the title of 'State Builders.'

Whether it be or be not commendable to collect and publish every discoverable scrap from the pen of a departed man of letters—little ephemeral squibs in newspapers, album-verses, and miscellaneous *quisquilia*—is a question too ample to be discussed in the compass of a note, but it is suggested by the appearance of Volumes I. and V. of the 'Works of Charles and Mary Lamb,' edited by E. V. Lucas (London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). Certainly, if such republication be ever justified, it should be so in the case of Lamb, everything from whose pen has some flavor of his quaintness and whimsicality. While the present edition includes all his work previously published, the editor has spared no pains in tracking his author (often by scent rather than by sight) through files of forgotten journals and other dust-heaps of literature, and has perhaps given even more labor to the elucidation of obscure allusions to persons and happenings of the time, embodying the results of these researches in a mass of notes. The inclusion of Mary Lamb's writings gives this edition a special value, and two well-engraved portraits are an acceptable adornment of these handsome volumes.

With volume seven the sumptuous Macmillan edition of the 'Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald' is brought to a close—deliberate, we might call it, in view of the protracted publication covering many months. The miscellaneous character of the present volume, which begins with Omar in all his glory of four versions, and all but ends with the Chronology of Charles Lamb, reflects many phases of FitzGerald. Here are translations from the Persian and from Petrarch; his own short flights of poesy; a letter to Professor Cowell; his preface to 'Polonius' and introduction to 'Readings from Crabbe'; and the admirably prosed obituary notices of Crabbe and of Bernard Barton. His Greek and Spanish sides are indeed wanting, and still the medley contains all of the man if not of the poet. Those who can afford this edition will seek it; it represents, we think, the last word unless the Letters should be reprinted by themselves, as they deserve to be, being for the first time arranged chronologically.

One of the happiest selections for the Miniature Temple Classics was Sebastian Evans's translation of 'The High History of the Holy Grail.' It has seemed good to the publishers, Dent-Dutton, to offer his excellent version in more stately form. The result is an immaculate reprint in octavo, in which nothing but the illustrations may be cavilled at. Jessie M. King has unhappily taken as her exemplar the morbid mysticism of Aubrey Beardsley in his illustrations for the 'Morte d'Arthur,' but she has little of his perverse ability in the management of the pounced line and the solid spot.

Three editions of W. H. Hudson's 'The Naturalist in La Plata' followed rapidly upon its first appearance in 1872, when we judged it a work of rare originality and authority, delightful to read. The demand, it appears, has continued unsatisfied, and now the treatise (for it is not quite a narrative) is once more handsomely produced, with some changes in the illustrations, by J. M. Dent & Co., London (New York: Dutton).

Henry Harland's sprightly story of 'The Cardinal's Snuff-box' has been freshly brought out by John Lane in very attractive

print, paper, and binding, and with clever and graceful pen-drawings in illustration, by G. C. Wilmshurt, and is sure of a prolonged vogue.

A fourth, enlarged edition of Dr. Benjamin Rand's 'Selections Illustrating Economic History since the Seven Years' War' is being brought out by Macmillan. First issued in 1888, and very favorably received, this compilation at once took its place as a text-book in our leading universities, was much improved in the second edition, and is now brought down to the end of the last century. Room has been saved by making a separate volume of the select bibliography of economics which was a feature of the third edition.

The third edition of 'Who's Who in America' (Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.) shows an increase, during the two years, of approximately 4,000 names. By so much is the worth of this indispensable national directory enhanced. The brief, authentic biography; the list of authors' works; the present address—sum up information nowhere else to be had between one pair of covers. This little world of nearly 14,500 names is curiously analyzed by the editor in his prefatory remarks, respecting place of birth and residence and age. "Examination of the tables will show that more of the men were born in 1856 than in any other year, and that over one-half of the entire number were born between 1840 and 1860. Of the women, more were born in 1860 than in any other year, and more than half were born between 1840 and 1865." These benchmarks are like the westward-shifting centre of gravity of population in our decennial census.

The seventeenth volume of the English 'Book-Prices Current' (London: Elliot Stock) records the prices fetched at auction from October, 1902, to July, 1903, with the customary scrupulousness and the invaluable index, in which the several entries are still further differentiated by bracketing the date of publication. The editor, Mr. J. H. Slater, in his analytic preface, points to the growing demand for Old English Classics; the unchecked appearance in the auction room of early editions of Shakspere's plays, even of the first four folios, more or less defective; the scarcity of Americana, etc. One work, Alexander Gallus's 'Doctrinale,' a hitherto unknown publication of Pynson's and the first of his dated issues (1492), had for nearly three and a half centuries lain on the shelves of the Appleby Grammar School. Another rarity was Bacon's autograph in Luther's Commentary on St. Paul. Horace Walpole's autograph copy of Chaloner's translation of Erasmus's 'Praise of Folly' also fell under the hammer.

In more senses than one—so far as New England is concerned—Mr. Bradford Torrey may be called the 'Clerk of the Woods,' conformably to the title of his new volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). By his long tenantry of the aisles of the forest, by his devotion to the study of his subject, and by the accuracy of his journal, he well deserves such appellation. It is no small undertaking to make a calendar of a year spent in the woods (and this one begins with May and closes with April), taking daily note of the coming and the going of the birds, of the blowing and the fading of the flowers, and of the multitudinous mutations of nature. Mr. Torrey has done this with admirable patience, and those who have followed his work know what to expect in his lines, for his quality is as certain to manifest itself as the birds are to come with the sun. His quiet humor and his happy faculty of discovering analogies between things in the worlds human and material, it is needless to dwell upon. He reports here that the chicory plant is not marked in Gray's 'Manual of Botany' as bearing white flowers; nor in Britton and Brown's 'Illustrated Flora' as having pink ones; yet, as Mr. Torrey shows, it has both. There are thirty-two sketches in the book, and among them may be noted: In the Cambridge Swamp; Wood Silence; A Day in Franconia; A Text from Thoreau; Signs of Spring; Birds at the Window; Under April Clouds.

It cannot be said that Mr. W. Salt Brassington has made a readable book of his volume on 'Shakespeare's Homeland' (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Dutton); but doubtless visitors to Stratford of exceptional leisure may find many hints in it for interesting excursions, though the connection of the things seen with Shakspere is often of the slightest. There is a chapter also on the "Home of the Washingtons," and several on Shaksperian celebrations, Shaksperian relics, and the portraits of Shakspere—the last of no especial value or authority. The illustrations, in pen and ink, are from two hands, and some of them are attractive. The frontispiece is a reproduction, in color and said to be "in facsimile," though the process is not named, of the so-called "Droeshout Original." It does not look like a photographic reproduction, but rather like a poor lithograph. Certainly the portrait is no more convincing in this form than in the black-and-white reproductions we have seen hitherto. The book is well printed on good paper, and may serve for an acceptable holiday gift to the sort of person who likes books for their appearance rather than for their matter.

Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower's 'Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' in the Bell-Macmillan "Great Masters" series, will add neither to the reputation of the writer nor to the usefulness of the series. It is not to be expected that such a book should contribute anything to our knowledge of the life of the great Florentine, but the common and accessible facts might be given in clearer and more attractive form; and if really original criticism is more than we have a right to demand, yet something more discriminating than a constant repetition of superlatives might be afforded us. The chapter on "Michael Angelo as Draughtsman" was made antiquated before it was published, by the appearance of Berenson's studies of the 'Drawings of the Florentine Painters'; but in both painting and sculpture Lord Ronald is apparently inclined to accept all the doubtful works, and an extraordinary number of these are included in the illustrations—a procedure which might be justified in a larger and fuller work where an argument on their authenticity was undertaken, but which is in the present case entirely misleading. The "short bibliography" fails, singularly enough, to mention Grimm. In short, the only thing in the volume that seems worth printing, at this date, is Mr. G. F. Watts's high estimate of Michelangelo as a colorist, as well as a draughtsman, in his frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. This is to be found in a fragment of a letter from the veteran artist which Lord Ronald includes in his preface, and is so interesting that one wishes Mr. Watts had been entrusted with the writing of the book.

In her 'Greek History for Young Readers' (Longmans, Green & Co.) Miss Alice Zimmern's aim has been to write a book which shall serve as a link between the tales of Greece with which most children early become familiar and the more advanced histories. In this she has succeeded admirably; she uses the most simple language, and conveys all the essential facts of Greek history from what we know (or, rather, don't know) of the prehistoric dwellers in the Ægean, down to the death of Alexander. The numerous colored and plain maps and the illustrations of Greek antiquities and modern photographs of Greek sites greatly enrich the volume, which is well printed. Miss Zimmern's archæological introduction conveys in language that ought to interest any child the most recent theory about Troy and the earliest encounters of Europe and Asia. An occasional anecdote helps along the information, and a young student who should be led to read carefully through this little volume of 373 pages would acquire, as painlessly as one may, an excellent background of Greek history, together with a smattering of archæology, in these days indispensable.

A novel experiment has been made with the Herodotean story of King Crœsus, out of which "Lucy Snowe," the writer of one or two plays, has constructed a short dramatic piece published by Brimley Johnson (Adelphi, London), with a view to school performances. The first act conveys the glory and greatness of Crœsus along with the wisdom and warnings of Bias and Solon. The second act brings in the oracle from Delphi, the declaration of war, and the death of Atys. The third act begins with the sacking of Sardis, and ends with Apollo's deliverance of Crœsus, who bethinks him of the wisdom of Solon. The contriver of this play has not wandered far from the simple story of Herodotus, and indeed has been well inspired to use as far as might be the very words employed in Mr. G. C. Macaulay's well-approved translation of Herodotus. For the cleverer boys and the older ones in a school of fair size, there are six parts, requiring a good deal of memorizing. There are four parts which require no more than a younger boy could learn to do and say, and eleven parts of microscopic dimensions, suited to the incipient stages of boyhood. To these performers add the necessary supernumeraries, and twenty-five or thirty could take part, though the play might be staged with twenty. Here is a new means suggested for popularizing the substance of things Greek quite apart from the study of the Greek language.

The Rev. R. F. Weymouth, well-known for his scholarly work in preparing the 'Resultant Greek Testament,' completed before his death 'The Modern Speech New Testament' (New York: Baker & Taylor Co.). The title indicates the character of the version. Similar translations have been made, and, while this is one of the best, it is, as the author suggests, "a succinct and compressed running commentary" rather than an exact rendering. Such a work encounters, even more constantly than the Revised Version,

the prejudices in favor of the old familiar phraseology. There are some "modern" improvements in the arrangement: the paragraphs are shorter than in the Revised Version, and the "headings" are let into each paragraph, instead of being placed at the top of the page, as is done in the American Revised Version.

The Financial Directory Association publish 'The Financial Red Book of America,' which is supposed to contain the names of all men and women worth upwards of $300,000, with some indications of the affiliations of individuals with different corporations as directors, etc. Such a book would have a certain value if it were absolutely correct, but a cursory examination shows that the present volume is ludicrously untrustworthy.

The veteran astronomer Senator Giovanni Schiaparelli has turned from the canals of Mars long enough to give us a most lucid and interesting sketch of the astronomy, cosmography, and calendar of the Hebrews ('L'Astronomia nell' Antico Testamento'). It is one of the little "Manueli Hoepli." Another is a quite admirable outline of Assyro-Babylonian literature ('Letteratura Assira') by Prof. Bruto Teloni of the Royal Institute of Higher Studies at Florence. It unites a French lucidity and simplicity in the text with a German detail and exactness in the notes, and throughout is well up to date.

The *International Studio* (John Lane) publishes, in an 'Art Portfolio' with illuminated cover, sixteen of the more important colored plates which have appeared in that magazine. They are mounted each in a heavy mat, occasionally of startling color, and provided with brass rings for hanging. They are well executed, and some of them are of good quality, but eccentricity seems more characteristic of the series than beauty, and it is difficult to take as seriously as the *Studio* does the kind of art in which it is most interested.

We do not often concern ourselves with the fashion magazines, but the publishers of our higher-class monthlies may profitably notice the quality of decorative art and of reproduction reached in some of the covers of the *Delineator*—notably in the design, by W. C. Rice, jr., for the November number. It is long since the *Century* or *Scribner's* has given us anything of such serious merit or anything so well reproduced. We have seen nothing, until now, by Mr. Rice, but his work seems to be worth watching for, and we shall expect to hear more of him. Such a modest and workmanlike production, though not faultless, contrasts most refreshingly with the straining for novelty of the contributors to the *Studio's* Portfolio.

In the *Geographical Journal* for October, a number of exceptional value, Prof. W. M. Ramsay describes the Great Taurus Pass through the Cilician Gates, with many allusions to the ancient history of this region. Referring to the present condition of this part of the Turkish Empire, he states that he was struck with the obvious signs of prosperity and increase in the population, due to a great extent to the administration of the present Grand Vizier, Ferid Pasha, at that time Vali of Konia. He is "a man who possesses the governing instinct and capacity, who has learned much from modern European method, but applies what he has learned, not with the rigidity of a mere official trying to force European ways on an trained, undeveloped, and unresponsive Oriental race, but with the free, rough-and-ready natural power of one who sees what is possible, and gets his work done in a way that the people are fit for. Hence, on the one hand, as I was told, he has greatly increased the revenues which the Vilayet sends to Constantinople, and, on the other hand, I can vouch from personal experience for the fact that the increase is accompanied by obvious signs of increased prosperity among them, and by the most perfect order and quiet. During the last two years we travelled widely in the Vilayet, and found not the slightest trace of disorder, such as we have often observed in previous years in that and in other parts of the country." In a "Scheme of Geography," Prof. W. M. Davis discusses, with the help of diagrams, a method for taking a comprehensive view of geography as a whole—a department of learning concerned with the inorganic conditions that constitute the physical environment of living forms, or physiography, and the response made by all living forms to their environment, or ontography, and the correlation of the facts which fall under these two heads.

"Two years among the Chukchis and Koryaks," the title of the principal article in Petermann's *Mitteilungen*, number eight, is an account of the ethnographic expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History in New York in 1900 to study the hyperborean tribes of extreme northeastern Asia. The facts are said to have been obtained from a member of the expedition, but his name is withheld. In this instalment, Vladivostok, the convict isle of Sakhalin and Okhotsk are briefly described. A settlement of the Koryaks was visited, and a remarkably vivid picture is drawn of the dwellings, manner of life, and customs, and especially of a drunken orgy of these savages. Phonographic records of a hundred of their songs and melodies, it is said, were obtained.

Mr. G. T. Emmons's monograph, 'The Basketry of the Tlingit,' in "Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History," Vol. III., ii., is primarily for ethnologists, but it deserves the attention of all who are interested in the applied arts. Mr. Emmons enumerates fifty-one designs in use by the Alaska Indians. Most of the motives are derived from familiar natural objects or utensils of the lodge or chase. The patterns are frequently striking, and their combinations in the finished basket or cup are often very ingenious and beautiful. Eighteen plates, illustrating five or six times as many examples, show a decorative sense that recalls in some fashion the faultless art of the rug weavers of Turkestan and Caucasia. A single colored plate gives an idea of the beauty of the seasoned spruce root which is the basis of the weave. It has a golden straw tone that willow baskets rarely possess. Mr. Emmons describes the various weavings, the dyes, the symbolical value of the patterns, etc., and his whole study will be suggestive to all who go in for arts and crafts.

A marked feature of the fifty-first annual report of the Boston Public Library is the earnest effort of its officers to increase its usefulness. It has now one hundred and fifty-six agencies—thirty-nine more than last year—for the delivery or reading of books. But, notwithstanding these added facilities for circulation, there has been hardly an appreciable increase in the home use, while the number of borrowers has decreased. This is due largely, in our opinion, to the fact that newspapers and magazines are gradually driving the book from the homes of the middle classes, and partly to the decrease in the purchase of fiction. Of 702 stories reported on by the appointed readers, only 112 were bought. The school-libraries, intended primarily to aid the children in their studies and stimulate their taste for wholesome reading, are now sixty-six, including six in parochial schools. This last is a new departure, and it might be instructive to print in one of the monthly bulletins a complete list of the books chosen for parochial pupils.

So far as Prussia, whose leadership in matters of education is almost always followed by the other German States, is concerned, a uniform system of orthography is at last a *fait accompli*. The Ministry of State has recently published a decree regulating for the schools of that country the spelling of such words as were still a matter of doubt notwithstanding the agreement reached some months ago by the authorities of the German States, Austria and Switzerland. These orthographical *ultimata* have already been introduced in the new and second edition of 'Wörterbuch für eine deutsche Einheitsschreibung,' by Sarrazin, chairman of the Deutscher Sprachverein and the recognized leader and protagonist of uniform orthography in Germany. The Ministry itself declares in its decree that the press and the writers of the country, as also the other German States, ought to adopt these conclusions. Bavaria has already done so. Sarrazin's work is an excellent handbook, and furnishes particulars as to the whole movement and its history.

The Russian bibliograph P. Draganoff has compiled a list of the translations made of Tolstoy's works, according to which he is the most international literary celebrity of the times. His writings have appeared in forty-five languages and dialects, including the Chinese (since 1895), the Japanese (since 1896), as also in the "Esperanto," the new "world's language" invented by the Vienna physician Samenhof. Among the most recent additions is a Siamese version done in 1900, and one into Hindustani in 1901. As for the Eastern European languages, there are eighteen editions in the Greek alone. The total number of Czech editions is 180. Bulgaria claims 80 editions and Servia about 100.

—Pliny succeeded in getting Minerva and Diana to work together in his hunting expeditions about Comum, but the editor of the *Century* has accomplished the feat of harnessing Minerva with Mercury in securing a description of the New York Stock Exchange from the pen of Edmund Clarence Stedman. The paper is illustrated from drawings by Ernest L. Blumenschein. H. Addington Bruce gives a somewhat sensational story of critical difficulties encountered last winter in the construction of the Hudson River tunnel. The progress of the tunnel was stopped temporarily by encountering stone, and the gradual escape of compressed air finally disintegrated the mud above until a portion of the roof was denuded. "At once the river, infuriated," we are told, "began to bombard the unprotected roof with boulders, ice, and the force of its own waves until the tunnel

rang with a perfect fusillade of marine ammunition." As all this was at the bottom of sixty-five feet of water, with but little current, the careful reader will add the traditional grain of salt to this lively bombardment. Andrew D. White's diplomatic recollections in this number deal entirely with Bismarck, whom he does not hesitate to call the greatest German since Luther, though turning the light occasionally upon his faults and foibles as well as his great qualities. Incidentally, M. Thiers comes in for a column of severe arraignment, "the most noxious of all the greater architects of ruin that France produced during the latter half [*sic*] of the nineteenth century." Dr. Buckley contributes a striking article on the "Present Epidemic of Crime," calling particular attention to the encroachments of criminality among classes which ought especially to be exempt—the very young, the well educated, the temperate, and those whose occupations normally imply good character. This is partly, he thinks, a legacy of the civil war, and still more, in proportion to its extent, of the Spanish war. The high nervous tension of modern city life also contributes its quota of evil, as well as the turn which the conflict between capital and labor has taken.

—It is a very ingenious defence which Senator Lodge puts up for the Senate in the current *Scribner's*. The only difficulty is, that we have before us not merely the Senate as he describes it, but also the Senate as we see it constantly with our own eyes, and the two views are not in harmony. Our own eyes show us, for instance, a senatorial interference with appointments which is constantly bringing disgrace upon the Government by forcing unfit men into office and retaining them there for personal and partisan reasons, while Senator Lodge sees in the same set of facts merely the only practical way by which the Senate can exercise its Constitutional duty of advising the President with regard to appointments. A few such palpable fallacies as this do not leave the reader in the best mood to appreciate the really valid argument, that the framers of the Constitution expressly intended to put the Senate in an exceptionally strong position, in order to safeguard the standing of the States as indestructible entities in the new Government. It is the abuse, not the mere use, of the Constitutional powers of the Senate to which people rightly object. The Senator actually cites the case of the Wilson Tariff bill as illustrating the great Constitutional power of the Senate. The fact was simply that several Senators insisted that no bill which did not favor interests in which they were deeply concerned should pass. It is easy enough to show that the action of the Senate in such matters as those mentioned, and in much of its dealing with treaties, does not technically violate the letter of the Constitution, and may in this negative sense be said to fall within the limits of Constitutional prerogative; but it ought to be just as easy for an intelligent man, even an intelligent Senator, to realize that there may be intolerable usurpation in *fact* without going to the point of technical usurpation in *law*. Senator Lodge's assumption that no one would charge the Senate with encroachment except from ignorance of its origin and the powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, is unduly arrogant.

—One finds almost the enthusiasm of a Schliemann in the brief account of recent excavations at Abydos contributed to the November *Harper's* by W. M. Flinders Petrie. In the twenty feet of débris on the early site of Abydos lie such records as were left of a civilization reaching, apparently, about 4,700 years back of the Christian era. Dr. Petrie is especially pleased with the recovery of two ivory images, the first supposed to represent a king of the first dynasty, about 4,500 B. C., and the second marked with the name of Khufu, the great Cheops of Herodotus, whose date was about 500 years later. The head of the latter was accidentally broken off by the spade of the workman who unearthed it, and it took three weeks of patient dirt sifting to recover the loss. The head, reproduced in double the actual size, strikes one immediately as indicative of great will power and executive ability. "As far as force of will goes," says the enthusiastic excavator, "the strongest characters in history would look pliable in this presence." The cautious might be inclined to raise some questions; but, in the presence of such unquestionably important discoveries, caution may wait for its turn until enthusiasm has had its fill. Brander Matthews undertakes the defence of American literature against the silence of Mr. Dodd, whose extensive collection of the "Epigrammatists" includes not a single specimen from any American author. The American epigrams cited by Professor Matthews show a fair degree of merit, though he does not make it appear that the form has been a distinguishing characteristic of any of our authors. The attempts of Lowell and Aldrich in this field he regards as the most successful, Lowell showing the more vigor, and Aldrich the more ingenious delicacy. Admitting the general inferiority which Mr. Dodd's exclusion suggests, Professor Matthews explains it tentatively on the theory that the epigram calls for wit rather than humor, while the American author is apt to be endowed with humor rather than wit.

—That prolific compiler of hymnals, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, was probably wrong in assuming that people do not want to be told when Isaac Watts was born. Mr. Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology,' which might be supposed to have exhausted its subject, seems scarcely to have abated the demand for scrappy and accidental gleanings from this field. Such works of this sort as appeared thirty or forty years ago had the attraction of novelty, and might claim the praise due to pioneers; for their late successors less can be said. Some of them are gossipy and sketchy, others are lifeless and commonplace; most of them do little but draw from sources already sucked dry. That 'Famous Hymns and their Authors,' by Francis Arthur Jones (London: Hodder & Stoughton; New York: Edwin S. Gorham), reaches us in a second edition, proves it the kind of book which many people like; yet it has no graces of style and the feeblest pretence at criticism, and it adds hardly anything to our knowledge beyond the death at Quebec in 1893 of Matthew Bridges, an estimable writer who, in later life, strayed beyond the ken of hymnologists. It is not even strong in sentiment and pretty stories to tell at prayer meeting. Not all the 230 hymns it cites are "famous"; of the 200 authors (and composers) indexed, some are little, if at all, known in America, though the range of selection is up to modern standards of catholicity, extending from Romanists to Mrs. Emily H. Miller, and even condescending to heresy in Sir John Bowring. More interesting than the text are the portraits, barring a few familiar from infancy. It is doubtless not Mr. Jones's fault that even here disappointment smites us, since poets are not always poetical to the eye of flesh; but several of these Anglican dignitaries look like Hardshell Baptists from East Tennessee, and the corrugated and awful visage of Bishop Wordsworth (p. 248) suggests manhandling by unconverted savages. And why does good Miss Havergal face the title-page, as if leader of the choir?

—'The Jesuits in Great Britain,' by Walter Walsh (Dutton), is a book which at once suggests the titles of other anti-Romanist works by the same author. These are 'The Secret History of the Oxford Movement,' 'The History of the Romeward Movement in the Church of England,' and 'A Defence of the King's Protestant Declaration.' Mr. Kington Oliphant is a mild critic of the Catholic Church compared with Mr. Walsh. The latter says in his preface: "There are many sensational events recorded in these pages, but I trust that nothing will be discovered in the way of intemperate comment. The facts against the Jesuits are so strong that they do not need the aid of abuse." This is a fair profession, but as we proceed we discover that Mr. Walsh must use language in a very Pickwickian sense if he does not intend to abuse the Order whose history he has set out to write. For example, as he draws near the close, he observes: "In concluding this record of Jesuit deception, trickery, sedition, treason, and crime in Great Britain, it is important to point out that the Order has never repented of its past offences. What it has done in the past it would do to-day, were circumstances favorable. . . . In other words, it is hopelessly incurable." Mr. Walsh's mood may be styled a French calm, according to Mark Twain's definition of it. His conclusions are possibly true, but we cannot consider them justified by his narrative. He prides himself on having drawn very largely from Roman Catholic sources. We must point out, however, that his treatment of evidence is wholly polemical and inconsistent with true historical methods. We quote a single passage to show how Mr. Walsh generalizes at random: "All through his reign Charles II. helped forward the interests of the Church of Rome in his dominions to the utmost of his power, never hesitating to practise every possible deception in order that he might accomplish his evil purpose." We have spoken of this book somewhat severely. If we have done so, it is because we believe that the interests of history are not furthered by such writing, whether it comes from the Protestant or Catholic camp.

—'Shakespeare's Garden' is the title of a closely-printed little book of 250 pages by J. H. Bloom (London: Methuen; Philadelphia: Lippincott), which professes to be a complete account of Shakspere's flora. The idea of such a descriptive catalogue of the trees, shrubs, flowers, and fruits mentioned in the plays is not new. Ellacombe's 'The Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shake-

speare,' reprinted in 1896, is Mr. Bloom's chief rival. The present work is arranged in the form of a calendar, the flowers, shrubs, etc., proper to each month being named in no particular order, except as they fall in each month. An appendix of more than eighty pages gives a complete collection of all the passages in the plays in which there is the slightest hint of a vegetable, from a nutshell to stewed prunes, for which Shakspere seems to have had no particular aversion. Mr. Bloom's discursive, semi-botanical treatment of his calendar is somewhat confused. Current folklore and extracts from Elizabethan herbalists are served up with Linnæus and Latin names. The book is, in the end, neither a readable popular account nor a trustworthy reference book, still less is it a concordance. Like many works of the kind, written in the seclusion of the English country rectory, it must have been interesting to write; unfortunately that does not make it interesting to read. Who cares to know that there are thirteen references in Shakspere to the common nettle, or that in his day the walnut tree preferred a chalky soil? Only that passionate lover of statistics who rejoices in the knowledge that, last year, we imported eight million bushels of potatoes. The type of mind is peculiarly common to the British Isles, where the purely disinterested craving for unrelated facts is fed by such papers as *Scraps* or *Tit-Bits*. Mr. Bloom's book was written for such a public; one might make up a very readable number of *Pearson's Weekly* or *Answers* from its pages.

—Mrs. E. W. Latimer has made Gourgaud's 'Journal' the basis of a book which she entitles 'Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud' (Chicago: McClurg). It will be remembered that Gourgaud's 'Journal' is the latest contribution of any importance to the sources for Napoleon's life at St. Helena. Appearing in 1898, it was warmly praised by Lord Rosebery in his 'Last Phase,' and indeed it furnished that essay with its most striking *pièce justificative*. Lord Rosebery's third chapter opens as follows: "But the one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena is the private journal of Gourgaud, written, in the main at least, for his own eye and conscience alone, without flattery or even prejudice, almost brutal in its raw realism." Gourgaud was a brave and active soldier who had only reached the age of thirty-two at the time of Napoleon's second exile. Unlike the other members of the Emperor's staff, he was unmarried, and at St. Helena time hung heavily upon his hands. He loved the Emperor, but could not help chafing under the ennui of such a barren existence. According to the record of his own journal he was petulant, jealous, and abrupt. The singular thing is that Napoleon should have shown so much indulgence toward a subordinate who was so young that he had barely reached the grade of general at the opening of the Waterloo campaign. We certainly think that Lord Rosebery presses these memoirs too far when he makes them support a theory that Napoleon had a well-developed bump of benevolence. On the other hand, they are more trustworthy than most of the St. Helena reminiscences. Mrs. Latimer has cut down the bulky original to a fraction of its size and extracted from it Napoleon's own observations. These are arranged for the most part in chronological order, although conversations on miscellaneous subjects like the art of war, great generals, and religion are digested under separate headings at the close of the volume. The editor supplies an apparatus of footnotes which suffices to explain most of the allusions in the text.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

Admiral Porter. By James Russell Soley, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy. [Great Commanders.] D. Appleton & Co. 1903. Pp. 499.

That David Dixon Porter (1813-1891) was a great commander will be generally conceded. Unfortunately for his fame, he exhibited traits that provoked in some quarters a bitter personal enmity; and there were those whose prejudices drove them even to the verge of denying to him the qualities of courage and leadership. But Porter's place in history is assured. He will wear the honors of a naval hero. He will be known as an officer who took a broad view of duties to be performed, who was tireless in preparation, quick to move, and brave in action; who kept steadily on, undismayed by threatened disaster; and who showed wonderful endurance under the strain of constant exposure in the face of the enemy.

This work, whose publication has long been looked for, is of more than ordinary importance. The author has had it in hand for many years. Admiral Porter died in February, 1891. He had asked his friend to write a Life, and Professor Soley (then of the navy) acceded to the request. Mr. Soley, it is hardly necessary to state, has performed his task with marked skill and ability, and has made a valuable contribution to naval biography. Perhaps no writer could have been found better equipped to deal with the subject. As librarian of the Navy Department he created the Naval War Record Office. His thorough knowledge of naval routine, as well as his perfect familiarity with the official records of the war, gave him an advantage that has been wisely availed of for the preparation of this volume. Moreover, as regards many of the events narrated, he had the benefit of conversation and discussion with the Admiral himself.

The army has been more fortunate than the navy, in one respect. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan have left behind them memoirs from their own pens. Admiral Porter, in his later years of leisure, turned to literary composition; but Mr. Soley seems to think that the less said about this line of effort the better. Besides other works, the Admiral wrote a 'History of the Navy during the Civil War.' Of this performance his present biographer remarks: "It is unfortunately inaccurate in many essential particulars, including both dates and events. The book is rambling in style, and hastily and carelessly put together. Its value lies chiefly in its professional comments and its narratives of personal experience" (p. 463).

The inaccuracy of statement which Mr. Soley speaks of as prevalent in the 'History,' seems to have proceeded from an infirmity that beset the Admiral at various times when he took up the pen. Even in official reports there are instances where either the Admiral or his brother officers must have been mistaken as to what actually had occurred. To construct a narrative of what Admiral Porter really accomplished requires considerable research, a keen intelligence, and some experience in weighing conflicting testimony. Possibly this fact may account for the delay that has attended the publication of the present Life. Mr. Soley appears to have met the difficulty, however, and to have surmounted it in a creditable manner. Still, on one or two points which have given rise to controversy the text might well have been made somewhat more explicit. For example, Gen. Butler, it may be recalled, attacked Vice-Admiral Porter savagely in Congress, when Farragut died and it was proposed not to continue the grade of admiral. He carried the House with him on the first vote. Afterwards, Butler published a pamphlet charging Porter with "running away" from his position, just below Fort Jackson, after Farragut's fleet had passed the forts and gone up to New Orleans. He submitted proof that Porter, on the morning of April 24, with his mortar boats, went twenty-five miles down the river, and that he stayed at Pilot Town till the 27th for fear of the *Louisiana*. As a matter of fact, Porter may have deemed it prudent to go down the river, though he denied that he had done so. Butler charged Porter with "falsehood," and brought forward a mass of testimony, partly made up of Porter's own contradictory statements, that leaves little room for doubt as to what was the actual fact. The logbook of the *Harriet Lane* (Porter's ship) ought to show just where Porter was on these days; but this particular logbook, it seems, disappeared from the Department, and, when Butler called to examine it, was not to be found. The question is, perhaps, of no great moment to-day; at all events, it is not worth while to revive ancient feuds. Nevertheless, a public controversy of this nature interests many people, some of whom desire to get at the bottom of the facts, if possible. Hence, one would like to find a little clearer description of the situation than this statement of the text affords:

"Although the mortar flotilla desisted from bombardment, Porter was by no means idle. A portion of the schooners were sent below to refit and prepare for sea as well as to take a position of greater security. Several were moved to the network of waterways in the rear of Fort Jackson to blockade the bayous on that side, and to prevent the introduction of supplies. The *Miami* took Gen. Butler and his staff to Pilot Town to procure launches for bayou transportation. Thence, she went around outside to the rear of Fort St. Philip and took on board a regiment of Butler's force, which she landed near Quarantine, on the left bank of the river above the forts. The *Sachem* was also sent to assist in this duty, all of which was so efficiently performed that by Saturday, the 26th, the people in the forts found the lines gradually drawing around them by movements which they could see but were powerless to prevent. Meanwhile, Porter with his remaining gunboats was engaged in patrolling the river, clearing it of boats by which information could be given to the enemy, and assisting the movements of the army, but above all keeping a close watch upon the enemy's fleet lying under the forts. Each day the gunboats, or some of them, took up a position below Fort Jackson where they could both see and be seen. So matters remained for two days" (p. 200).

In the very interesting account of the first attempt on Vicksburg (p. 226), we observe a slight error, due, we presume, to inadvertence. The text reads:

"Although the forts were not silenced, Farragut wisely decided that it was better to continue on than to return; but the *Brooklyn*, confused by the ambiguous terms of the general order, and finding herself, with the battle still in progress, unable from the smoke to determine the movements of the *Hartford*, remained in position engaging the batteries. At length, seeing that the fleet had passed and that she remained alone with her two gunboats, she dropped with them down the river out of action."

The commanding officer of the *Brooklyn* obeyed strictly the order of the Flag Officer. There was no confusion on board the *Brooklyn;* nor is there anything in the official report from that ship to justify the expression.

This volume, being one of a series designed rather to furnish a sketch than a full biography, would seem to be longer than it ought to be. There is too much detail. Mahan's 'Farragut' occupies 333 pages; this volume 499. What is said of the Admiral's father might well have been condensed. Singularly enough, no mention is made of the Admiral's mother—not even her name is given; yet she lived until 1871. It would be interesting to learn to what extent a mother's guidance and care shaped the destiny of her distinguished son. Another omission, hardly less noteworthy, is that of any sentiment with regard to the vital principle at stake in the war. Not a word is said about the preservation of the Union, or Porter's feelings in reference to the crisis. This is the more marked because we are told that Lieutenant Porter, tired of routine duties, had made up his mind to resign and go into private business, and that he entertained this purpose as late as March, 1861, when he came to Washington. If he saw the spectre of war, he seems to have said nothing about it.

Mr. Soley is a loyal champion of the Admiral. At times we seem to hear the voice of the adroit advocate rather than the utterances of the calm, judicial mind. He is led away more than once to speak disparagingly of the old navy and of Secretary Welles. Porter, full of fire and energy, arrived in the nick of time, and waked the Department up. Porter originated plans, and, by sheer force of a superior and dominating will, compelled the Navy Department to adopt them. Such is the tenor of the author's views. Of the older officers of the navy before the war, Mr. Soley says: "They were dull men of routine, with a narrow range of vision, whose only object was to preserve unchanged the existing order of things, and who frowned upon anything like a progressive spirit" (p. 89). Speaking of Porter's "simplicity and directness" of manner, Mr. Soley says: "No doubt among the rather pompous commanding officers of the period before the war there were many who did not relish it, and who would have preferred to see a greater subservience and flexibility in their junior, yet none could fail to recognize the force and self-reliance of his character" (p. 476). Of Mr. Welles, our author permits himself to say:

"He lacked some qualities necessary for success in executive administration. Slow of decision himself, he was tolerant of slowness in his subordinates. Hence the machine which he controlled, in which rapidity of action was of the first importance, moved during the first year of the war with a deliberation that, in comparison with ordinary business methods of to-day, seems little less than appalling. . . . In the autumn of 1861 . . . the naval administration, still pursuing its deliberate course, stood greatly in need of some dynamic force capable of overcoming its inertia and setting its cumberous machinery really in motion. This force it was now Porter's office to supply" (pp. 134-5).

If all this be true, Admiral Porter must have been secretly praising himself when, after the fall of Fort Fisher, he wrote to Secretary Welles as follows: "I know that no country under the sun ever raised a navy as you have done in the same time, and that no navy ever did more." This is an extract from a letter written by Porter to the Secretary of the Navy, marked "Private," of which "some person ill disposed to the Admiral" procured the publication (p. 462). It was certainly most unfair to print the letter, which, it will be remembered, contained some extremely severe language about Gen. Grant. Mr. Soley wisely passes over the subject with a very few words. It is generally understood that the "ill-disposed" person was Gen. B. F. Butler.

The most important part of the author's duty has been to portray the man, to analyze the character of Admiral Porter, and to assign him a proper rank among men of great distinction. So far as praise of him as an organizer, a strategist, and a fighting commander is concerned, we are at one with Mr. Soley. He is happy in the use of the term "buoyancy" to denote the quality that contributed largely to Porter's success. Porter's generosity, again, in commending subordinates is worthy of admiration, though in the brotherhood of officers the trait is by no means a rare one. The lack of it in Farragut, it must be confessed, was a serious defect. What Mr. Soley observes upon this point, by way of contrast between Farragut and Porter (p. 480), is well said, though it will be news to some readers that Porter was "unassuming" (*ibid.*) and "was not a pushing person" (p. 251). While much may be allowed to the fervor of personal friendship, it is surely going too far to assert of Admiral Porter that he was "the type of all that was best and highest in the service" (p. 457). This type, for our part, we find rather in the character of such men as Foote, Davis, and John Rodgers—officers who daily exemplified the virtue which Davis attributes to Hiram Paulding, of "a scrupulous regard for the rights and feelings of others." We incline to think that the touchstone of Porter's character was his influence over the young officers associated with him. In spite of his faults, he aroused in them a living enthusiasm for high ideals. For example, he was much the best superintendent the Naval Academy has ever had—not because he was a scholar or an educator, but because he infused into the midshipmen a lofty sense of personal and official honor, self-respect and, in short, *esprit de corps.* They even went so far as to try the vicious among their number for improper acts, and to recommend their dismissal to the authorities. Had Porter's tone continued, we should, to-day, be hearing less of "hazing" at Annapolis.

Mr. Soley has labored faithfully, and produced a work of many excellences. His book is well printed; it is a pity that it is not equally well indexed.

THE SCULPTOR STORY.

William Wetmore Story and his Friends; from Letters, Diaries, and Recollections. By Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is quite possible that the readers of this book may be divided into two classes: those who drop it in despair at the end of the first chapter, and those who, persevering, find it the most attractive book of the season. The vague and remote phrase, "The Precursors," ushers in eighteen pages of the peculiarly involved and often puzzling style which now tyrannizes over Mr. James. Long and complex sentences greet the reader, the very first of these occupying nearly half a page. The most insignificant words, such as *all, other, they, them, could,* and *can* are put in italics, on almost every page, as if from want of skill to adjust the emphasis without such elementary devices. With the first chapter, however, the perplexing and often exasperating monologue ends and the real book begins—a book whose charm lies, of course, largely in its theme and materials, but also in the clever handling of these. Here we have Mr. James at his best. A 'prentice hand might, of course, make a readable book out of such elements, having in the first place what Mrs. Browning called in one of her early letters "life and light and Italy" to deal with, and having also Browning, Lowell, Story, and Charles Sumner in the foreground, or at any rate self-portrayed in their own letters. But to do this by delicate touches with such keen characterization, with such faithful givings and withholdings, as in these two volumes, really demands a talent as fine as that of Mr. James. His very remoteness from America—that remoteness which caused it once to be said of him that he was not truly cosmopolitan, because a true cosmopolitan must be at home even in his own country—is, of course, visible here. He inevitably makes some errors, as where he spells the name of Sumner's biographer "Pearce" instead of Pierce, and supposes that the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem is given after dinner. But these are trifles.

The glimpses of Story's early life are here of little value, and for such facts one must turn to Miss M. E. Phillips's rather inadequate memoir, published six years ago. Those among Mr. James's readers who chance to have known the Cambridge of Lowell's and Story's youth would find little of it here. Even Story's father, that delightful, good-natured and simple-hearted judge and professor, appears in colors hardly nearer to the man than in that anecdote of William Story's wife which came home from Italy in the early days of their foreign residence. It was very likely the invention of some other American woman envious of Mrs. Story's too easy advancement in Italian popularity; but, as Mr. James finds no room for the legend, it may be worth inserting. The tale ran that when the first hunting season opened after their arrival in Italy, Story himself, from either economy or inexperience, kept out of it; and his wife, wishing to shield him from social condemnation, explained it on the ground that his father, Mr. Justice Story, had always kept hunters in America and his son had become

rather tired of it. To those who recalled the image of the dear, smiling bald-headed old judge, jogging into Boston behind his elderly gray pony, the tale was something quite delicious as a bit of conjugal defence; and there is still just enough credibility about it to make it a needful corrective of some of Mr. James's pictures.

Story's life from its earliest days reflected the sunniest of tempers, and was prolonged in cheerfulness throughout a fairly successful career. His natural gifts were so varied that even his ample opportunities could not secure time enough for all of them to mature; and some of them, as, for instance, his great talent for amateur acting and his more questionable early taste for painting, exhibit themselves but little in Mr. James's pages. The writing of law books, which was his by inheritance, was naturally superseded early by other pursuits. His poetry and prose were in a manner imitative of his schoolmate, Lowell, and his only published volume which has found wide reading, the 'Roba di Roma,' was, in great degree, as his Roman neighbors tell us, a digest of innumerable Italian handbooks. though filled with delicious passages of his own. There is much truth in what Mr. James says in reference to this book, as in the following:

"I used to think, I remember, that the great challenge to envy was in the little evoked visions [*i. e.*, Story's descriptions] of that out-of-the-season Rome to which one had one's self to be a stranger, the Rome of the Romans only, of the picture-making populace, both in the city and the small hill-towns, who lead their lives as the sun gets low on the long summer days and the clear shade spreads like a tent above the narrow, sociable streets" (II., 132).

If ever a foreigner, indeed, made Rome his own domain, it was Story; and when one even questioned him as to what months were healthy for residence there, he always answered resolutely, "Every month," and vindicated it by his own experience.

Mr. James shows nothing of the biographer's usual desire to exaggerate his hero, but is rather liable to the charge of a certain shade of lukewarmness. It is a curious fact, however, that, of the leading letter-writers in this book, Story appears to the best advantage in correspondence, his letters being more inexhaustibly cheery and descriptive than those of any other contributor; Lowell's being rather too involved and too jocose, as was his wont; Sumner's rather heavy, and Browning's a little tame and businesslike. Like most Americans of long European residence, Story misses Europe fearfully whenever he comes back to America; and then, when he gets back to Europe, sentimentalizes about America and writes (1850): "Of all places in the world it is the true spot for us. I cannot tell you why it haunts me and taunts me. But ever my heart goes back there in my dreams, and the thought of New England life cuts across me like a knife" (I., 210). It is fair to say, however, that this was written from Berlin, and that he writes from Rome, two years after: "Every day that I live here I love Italy better, and life in America seems less and less satisfactory" (I., 253). Mr. James is usually at hand to point a moral in favor of all that condemns America, and even has a page of curious pondering over the perplexing and invincible fact that Longfellow contrived to be happy in Cambridge and keep up his European culture at the same time. He says in a long and characteristic sentence:

"Did he owe the large, quiet, pleasant, easy solution at which he had arrived (and which seems to-day to meet my eyes through the perspective, perhaps a little through the golden haze, of time) to his having worked up his American consciousness to that mystic point—one of those of which poets alone have the secret—at which it could feel nothing but continuity and congruity with his European? I put the question—for all it is worth—without quite seeing how it is to be answered" (I., 312).

To be sure, Lowell gives some comfort to Mr. James when he writes to Story from Dresden in 1856, proposing "a handsome reward to anybody who will find a cure for the (*small-*) potato disease with which Boston is fearfully infected" (I., 313). He also says, on a later page:

"When I look back and think how much in me might have earlier and kindlier developed if I had been reared here [in Europe], I feel bitter. But, on the other hand, I prize my country breeding, the recollections of my first eight years, . . . and I mean to make a poem out of them some day that shall be really American. . . . I like America better than Germany in many respects. They have too *many* ideas here; so many tools that they only handle them without doing anything. The beauty of Greece was that they had very few ideas, and those simple and great" (I., 314-15).

Six months later, however, Lowell writes from Paris to Mrs. Story:

"Is W. [William] as savage as ever against that wretched town of Boston? Since George Third nobody ever treated it so. Well, I give it over to him. I entrench myself in Cambridge; it is a good kind of place. For the country in general, with Kansas and Brooks and what not, I don't wonder you were in haste to get out of it" (I., 328).

All this was written, it must be borne in mind, at a period which is now ancient history, before the civil war or the abolition of slavery; and it must be noticed in justice to Mr. James that, as a prelude to a long and delightful portrayal of the English-speaking Italian life of that period, he makes this manly statement which should henceforth disarm his severer American critics: "A man always pays, in one way or another, for expatriation, for detachment from his plain primary heritage; and . . . this tax is levied in an amusing diversity of ways" (I., 333).

We have collateral glimpses of many authors or notable persons besides the letter-writers, as, for instance, of Walter Savage Landor, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Bettina von Arnim, Theodore Parker, William Page, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Charles C. Perkins. To these may be added others, not known to fame, but vividly known to individual memories, such as John Field and Alleyne Otis, to the latter of whom Mr. James gives more than a page which nothing in his novels has ever surpassed in the way of delicious personal analysis and delineation (II., 187). It may well be said that almost any one can describe a very great man, but that it takes a master of the art to paint the miniature of a small one.

In conclusion, it remains only to say of this attractive book that it was apparently printed in England, and that the index, excellent in form, is very inadequate when tried by the American standard. The indexer makes some bad blunders, going even to the extent of twice attributing to Story the statue of Robert Gould Shaw by St. Gaudens; but the most serious defect is in the omission of names. We can understand that an English indexer should have omitted Emerson and Clay, but we might justly have expected that even he would include Lord Brougham and Lord Denman.

LODGE'S STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Story of the Revolution. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. xviii., 604.

According to the New York *Tribune*, "writing of this sort needs good illustration"—a sentiment which may be accepted in one sense by those who think that good history consists in idealizing and glorifying the deeds of one's countrymen, and in another sense by those who think that good history consists in explaining past events in the light of truth rather than in the light of "patriotism." From the latter point of view, writing of this sort does, indeed, need good illustration; it needs, above all, the glare of a great name and the illuminating power of a national reputation. Mr. Lodge's 'Story of the Revolution' is a better book than his history of the Spanish war; but it is the same kind of "history," with the same virtues and the same defects. Whatever merit such work may have in the popular estimation, to the serious historian, with careful methods and rigid standards, it is worth less than nothing; it is not history at all. But even from the point of view of the "general reader," the need of this kind of effort is not obvious. Fiske's 'Revolution' is more accurate, better written, infinitely more suggestive. True, it has not the advantage of "good illustrating"; and the illustrations in the present case are numerous and interesting—from "Thomas Jefferson writing the Declaration of Independence" to the bedroom of George Washington at Mount Vernon.

With the causes of the Revolution Mr. Lodge is but little concerned. There is some conventional vague phrasing about "world-forces," and the principles of English liberty, Magna Carta, and the Stamp Act. Even the more immediate causes are disregarded. One learns nothing of the Port Act or the Tea Episode, the Quebec Act, or the Billeting Act. With a passing glance at the first and second Continental Congresses, the author proceeds to relate the military events of the war in some detail. With military history, indeed, the book is mainly concerned. Conditions in England and Europe, a knowledge of which is absolutely essential to an understanding of the Revolution, are rarely touched upon, and never with real understanding. The work of Congress is referred to briefly and incidentally. The Loyalists are but just mentioned once or twice; of their numbers, views, action, and importance we have nothing at all. One gets the impression that the Revolution was a spontaneous national movement, and that the only danger of internal dissension arose from the Middle State jealousy of New England. At the close of the volume there are more superficial generalizations on the "meaning" of the Revolution to the world and to America, and an addendum tracing the growth of democracy in the nineteenth century until its culmination in the freedom of Cuba and the emancipation of the United

States from its traditional policy of isolation. Nothing is said of the Philippines.

Turning to the military events of the war, the problem which confronts all historians is to explain why the British commanders, with a force so superior and with control of the sea, were not only not successful in destroying the American army, but were not able even to disorganize it or drive it beyond the mountains; and why, more particularly, the Americans were never so near failure before Saratoga, when they fought alone, as they were after Saratoga, when they had the aid of France on land and sea. Until recent years the conventional explanation of American historians was that the advantages of England were more than counterbalanced by the courage of American soldiers, the stupidity of British generals, and the transcendent and never-failing military genius of Washington. Within recent years historians have become dissatisfied with this explanation. Critics have been questioning Washington's military capacity, or at least minimizing his successes; and it has been pointed out that the most stupendous stupidity cannot explain the failure of British commanders, notably Howe, to take advantage of their opportunities. This has led to a more careful study of English party politics, and there has been advanced the theory that Howe, who was a Whig, used his "olive branch" instructions to defeat the Tories in England, rather than his military power to defeat the rebels in America; in a word, that America has Howe to thank for the preservation of the American army and the victory at Saratoga.

However tenable this theory may be, Mr. Lodge is quite satisfied with the conventional explanation. He sees that it is difficult for 14,000 (10,000 would be nearer the mark) militia, ill-equipped and poorly disciplined, to drive out of Boston 12,000 British regulars; but "it was neither by accident nor cowardice that the British were beaten out of Boston; it was by the military capacity of one man triumphing over extraordinary difficulties of his own and helped by unusual stupidity and incompetence on the part of the enemy" (p. 115). Why Howe left arms and ammunition for the rebels when they might have been destroyed; why he went to Halifax when he might equally well have gone to New York —these are questions not touched upon by Mr. Lodge; but the explanation is doubtless the same stupidity. In the subsequent campaigns in New York and New Jersey we hear a great deal about Washington's genius, but here also there are questions which Mr. Lodge does not touch upon. Why Howe remained seven weeks on Staten Island; why he failed to press his advantage on Long Island, and then remained there two weeks instead of following up his victory, which, according to Gen. Putnam, would have resulted in "dreadful" consequences to the American cause; what were those "political reasons and no other" which made it impossible for Howe to explain why he did not press his advantage at White Plains; how the troops of Cornwallis came to be so "tired" at New Brunswick that it took them six days to reach Princeton; why they rested seventeen hours at Princeton; why seven hours were required to march twelve miles to Trenton? Had Mr. Lodge touched upon these points, the explanation would doubtless have been the same—stupidity. Other interesting questions do not appeal to Mr. Lodge: Why Howe, receiving the order to coöperate with Burgoyne August 16, took two weeks to reply that he could not coöperate; why he could not coöperate; why, when Clinton started out to do for himself what Howe could not do, Howe discouraged him by ordering a part of his small command southward to help reduce forts on the Delaware?

Aside from avoiding questions like these, Mr. Lodge's simple explanation—Washington's military genius and British stupidity—leads him into some curious contradictions. Although Howe could not coöperate with Burgoyne (p. 279), Washington's great task was to keep him from going north. This he had to do "by sheer force of his own skill" (p. 280); yet Howe, instead of going up the Hudson, as Washington expected him to do, went south of his own free will. Further, Howe "was not thinking of Burgoyne at all," and did not understand the "overwhelming importance of that movement" (p. 282); yet when Washington learned that Howe was aiming at Philadelphia, his task was still the same—if he could not save Philadelphia, he must at least "hold Howe there and stop his going north" (p. 282). This he did successfully, keeping him "cooped up" in Philadelphia all winter (p. 315). The "sheer force of Washington's skill," by which he kept Howe from joining Burgoyne, must have been great indeed, since Howe "was not thinking of Burgoyne at all," did not understand the "overwhelming importance of that movement," and was aiming at Philadelphia, which he succeeded in taking. Again, Washington voluntarily remained at Valley Forge in order to keep Howe "cooped up" in Philadelphia all winter after the surrender of Burgoyne. This he did, we must suppose, by "sheer skill"; yet, curiously enough, Clinton, who took command in the spring, "quietly slipped away" (p. 318) on June 18, although the necessity of keeping him cooped up was greater than ever, since he was "isolated" at Philadelphia, and it was necessary for him to get to New York because the French alliance "would soon produce fleets as well as fresh troops" (p. 316). Finally, although Clinton "slipped away" from Philadelphia for the very purpose of getting to New York because Philadelphia was "worthless" to him, we learn that he was "driven from the Middle States" by the victory of Washington at Monmouth (p. 323). Washington had now won three campaigns—New England, the Hudson, and Philadelphia. His task was henceforth to keep Clinton cooped up in New York and prevent a junction with the Southern forces. This he did successfully; yet with all these victories in less than eighteen months the American cause seemed to be going down in "utter helplessness" (p. 491).

A self-satisfied scientist once confided to a professor of history his belief that history must be a "delightful" study. He himself, he said, liked nothing better, after a "hard day's work," than to settle himself comfortably in the evening and read of the heroic actions of men in past ages. Doubtless Mr. Lodge finds it equally delightful, after an exhausting session at Washington, to settle himself by the library fire and spin out the story of the Revolution to his own satisfaction, for the edification of his countrymen. Both the scientist and Mr. Lodge are, nevertheless, somewhat discouraging to the serious student of history. When the story of the Revolution is truly told, probably Washington will be less of a "steel portrait" and more of a human being, yet none the less worthy of grateful remembrance; and the American Revolution, though doubtless capable of intelligent explanation in a less jingoistic spirit, will nevertheless take its proper and exalted place among the "world forces" that destroyed the "decaying monarchies" and the "effete aristocracies" of the Old World.

In the Palaces of the Sultan. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903. Pp. xii., 492.

On the outside paper cover of this volume is printed the following:

"Mrs. Dodd had unusual opportunities to see the Sultan, his court, and his palaces from the inside, since, as the guest of General Horace Porter, United States Ambassador to Paris, she, together with General Porter and his party, was received by the Sultan at his court, dined with him, and was personally conducted through his immense private domain, consisting of miles of palaces and parks. Mrs. Dodd has described the details of this visit in the most graphic way. The book is a fresh and timely discussion of Turkish political life and various phases of Eastern life."

The first part of this is quite true; the last quite the opposite of true. In the introduction, dated at New York, October 5, 1902, the author says that she was not only received in the suite of Gen. Porter by the Sultan, but also authorized by him to publish her impressions of her reception at his court, a situation which, while giving her "exceptional advantages and favors," has also necessarily brought in "its train many restrictions." It did, in fact, give her a peculiarly favorable opportunity to view in a social aspect the Sultan himself and his male entourage of courtiers and guards. Gen. Porter's visit coincided in time with the Miss Stone episode, and the Sultan was extremely anxious to conciliate American statesmen and politicians, so that the courtesies shown the visiting Ambassador to France were unsual. Mrs. Dodd describes what she saw with much enthusiasm and considerable effusion, but graphically and effectively withal. The courtesy shown by the Sultan himself and by the aides commissioned to guide and amuse the General and his party prepared Mrs. Dodd to find all things charming. The Seraglio and its famous Treasury, dancing and howling dervishes, the unoccupied palaces of Beylerbey and Dolma Baghtshe, and other sights familiar to every visitor to Constantinople, official or unofficial, are so clothed with an atmosphere of glamour in Mrs. Dodd's description that one is inclined to suspect her glowing and roseate account of the Sultan's residence, palace and gardens of Yildiz, and his own appearance and surroundings, which is really the *raison d'être* of this book.

Of Constantinople at large she saw little, and that of a peculiarly limited character, judging from her descriptions, which tail off to a very thin end in her last chapter on "Scutari and Brusa." Her point of view is almost amusingly feminine, both as to what she sees and the way she sees it. When she launches out into history, as in

her story of the fall of Abdul Aziz, she gives us gossip more entertaining than reliable. Naturally, considering her surroundings, she sees only the show side of life, not the realities, which does not matter greatly when she is describing a trip to the Sultan's stables or a drive through the streets in one of his carriages. Unfortunately, however, she has added to the account of her visits to the palaces and other sights of Constantinople a second section in ten chapters, entitled "Notes and Impressions," dealing with the customs, religion, family life, government, and politics of Turkey. Unfamiliar with the country, a chance visitor for a brief period in the capital, these notes and impressions sound like nothing more than a shallow echo of the statements of some Turkish aide-de-camp. The morality of this section is low, as might perhaps be expected, considering the sources which it seems to reflect. Here is a curious sentence, in which Mrs. Dodd condones, if she does not approve, the persecution of the Jews in Russia and the Armenians in Turkey (pp. 426-427):

"The tribal warfare between the Armenians and Khurds, one that had been going on for centuries, became of European importance when the extortions of the Armenians upon their neighbor Khurds—extortions similar to those practised by the Jew upon Russian subjects, and for which said practices the Czar banished the Jews from his dominions—when the Khurds retaliated upon their oppressors, massacring them wherever found, thus arousing the Armenians to concerted action—one directed equally against their infuriated victim and their Turkish rulers, whose rule was hateful to them—with this triple conflict and its later sinister consequences still another 'Christian' nation was differentiated from the 'heathendom' of Turkey."

In another place (p. 118) the Armenians, whom Mrs. Dodd's informants evidently disliked, are differentiated from all other Christians of the Turkish empire, Greeks, Romans, Syrians, Assyrians, etc., as adherents "of the more semi-idolatrous Armenian creed," while in still another place they are classed among the "believers in the Greek form of Christian worship" (p. 475). From the following it would seem that she prefers polygamy to monogamy (p. 448): "As has been admirably stated by Mr. Stuart-Glennie, Islamism modified the polygamous patriarchal form of marriage as practised among the Semites, greatly to the advantage of women; infinitely to their disadvantage did Christianity arrange the monogamous system of marriage in force among Aryans." Elsewhere we read that the Turk does not proselyte nor persecute (pp. 375, 376); there is compulsory education throughout Turkey, the children learn to read and write, and "the reading of newspapers" has "brought about a corresponding change in the monotony of lives absorbed in an earning of daily bread" (p. 440); "the Moslems were . . . the first to preach this doctrine" of "the spirit of God [which Mrs. Dodd defines to mean Jesus] as having been born of a virgin" (p. 443); woman is better protected and her lot more satisfactory under Turkish law than under the Christian laws of Europe—only America is to be compared with Turkey in this regard (pp. 448 ff.); divorce is almost unknown in Turkey (p. 447); Christian evidence is admitted in Moslem courts (p. 474), and there exist for Christian and Mussulman alike "political, civil, and religious conditions so equal" that they constitute "but one and the same people under different races and religions" (p. 474). At least this is the ideal which the Turk is seeking to realize, but even Mrs. Dodd, although she seems to imply that this ideal is on a fair road to realization, nevertheless is obliged to admit that, "as in the case of many other Turkish laws, this promised religious toleration has not always been held sacred" (p. 475). All this is, of course, very absurd. The source and spirit of these representations are manifest from her narrative. She has with closed eyes and open mouth swallowed all that was given her.

The book is beautifully got up and profusely illustrated. Many of the illustrations are from familiar photographs, but well chosen and admirably executed. The spelling of Turkish names is erratic, and not always consistent. There are several blunders due to carelessness, like *midrab* for mihrab (p. 226 ff.), *seraskerate* for seraskierate (p. 199), *djam* for djami or jami (p. 311); and others due to something else, like *Islams* for Moslems.

The Moon, Considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite. By James Nasmyth and James Carpenter. London: Murray; New York: James Pott & Co. 1903.

This is a new edition of a work first published in 1874, which attracted much attention at the time. In view of the rapid advance in every branch of science during the last thirty years, it might be expected to be quite out of date; but the subject of which it treats forms a curious exception to the general rule. It is true that, meanwhile, there has been no lack of investigation relating to the moon in all its aspects. A new era has been introduced in the study of its surface by invoking the aid of photography. The beautiful photographic maps made at the Lick Observatory completely superseded all previous charts and drawings for scientific purposes. These have been improved upon, to a certain extent, by a series of finely executed photographic charts of the moon issued by the Paris Observatory. Still, notwithstanding all the minute and careful study of this planet, the advances in real knowledge of it are little more than matters of detail, and do not radically change any of our ideas about it. If an exception were sought for, the most notable would perhaps be Professor Darwin's cosmological investigations, and their application to the question of the original formation of the moon and the earth as separate bodies. In all other points the questions at issue are in much the same state as in the last generation.

From the time that the "Tuscan artist" supposed that he descried "rivers and mountains on her spotty globe," an interesting question has been whether water or air exists on the moon. Careful telescopic observation shows that what Galileo supposed might be seas were not seas at all, but only darker portions of a solid surface. Astronomers of every generation have carefully scanned the entire visible surface without finding a trace of water. The question whether the moon has an atmosphere has been investigated with the aid of the spectroscope; but all this instrument has done has been to confirm the traditional view that no atmosphere exists of sufficient density to produce any effect that can be made evident by the most delicate tests at the command of the astronomer. The question whether any changes ever take place on the moon's surface, whether a volcano ever emits lava, an earthquake ever changes its surface, or a landslide its outline, has to be answered as much in the negative as ever. It is quite true that, from time to time, evidences of activity have been suspected, but the general trend of science has been in the other direction. Herschel's supposed volcano is now well known to be simply a bright spot seen by the light reflected by our earth shortly after the time of the new moon. The supposed changes in the spot Linné have not been proved to be more than different aspects of the same spot under different directions of illumination by the sun. If, now and then, an astronomer like Prof. W. H. Pickering is more or less confident of having found evidence of change, it must be conceded that those who share this view are in a decided minority, and that the weight of opinion is against them, at least to the extent that no such evidence is as yet in any way conclusive. Indeed, it is difficult to see how, under the circumstances, any cause can be in action on the moon that could produce a change visible in our telescopes. There are no inhabitants to erect cities, no vegetation to grow and decay, no moisture to disintegrate rocks—none of the agencies, in fact, which change the surface of the earth.

It thus happens that, if the work in question were rewritten at the present time on the same general plan, there are but few chapters that would need any modification on account of the advance of knowledge since it first appeared. The feature which gave it its original popularity was the excellence of its pictures of lunar scenery. There is, perhaps, in the heavens no more interesting or impressive object than our satellite when seen about, or a little before, its first quarter through a medium-sized telescope with magnifying power so small that the whole globe may be taken in at one view. The sheen is quite unlike that of any other object with which we are familiar. It is reproduced in Mr. Nasmyth's engravings with a fidelity which the photographs can scarcely attain. Although the latter are necessarily far superior in accuracy and completeness of detail, they are so voluminous and expensive as to be out of the reach of the ordinary reader.

Of the text of the book it may be said that it is popular rather than scientific, setting forth the more interesting aspects of the subject with great particularity, but not aiming to develop features that would interest only the professional scientific investigator. Among the chapters which might have been modified in the light of modern criticism are the first, which relates to cosmography, a subject which must be doubtful at present, and the concluding one, in which the bearing of eclipses on chronology is discussed. The notion, long current, that there must be some particular eclipse of the sun which was predicted by Thales and stopped the battle between the Medes and Persians, has been nearly refuted by the discovery that no total eclipse of the sun fulfils all the required conditions. But it would be too much to expect the authors of a popular treatise to be in advance of the age. On the whole, the general reader and the amateur astron-

omer will still find here a pleasing and instructive presentation of existing knowledge of the subject discussed.

A Treatise on Zoölogy. Edited by E. Ray Lankester. Part I., Second Fascicle. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. 1903. 8vo, pp. viii, 451, with many text illustrations.

This is the fourth volume of Professor Lankester's monumental undertaking, but, owing to irregularities resulting from the coöperation of many different authors, it has been impossible to bring the parts out in serial order, and the present is practically volume ii. of the series; volume i. being intended to contain the editor's introduction and summary, together with the first seven sections of the Protozoa. What we now have contains a study of the structure of animal and vegetable cells, and the three remaining sections of the Protozoa, the two volumes thus ultimately forming a complete manual of the group.

The work, being intended for the use of serious students of the specialties to which it relates, is in the main extremely technical; but in the portion under consideration the chapter on the structure of cells, by Professor Farmer, contains an account, historical and otherwise, which includes much that is of interest to every cultivated mind. It is also expressed in clear and comprehensible English. The second chapter, by Dr. J. J. Lister, discusses the Foraminifera, amœba-like animals which enclose themselves in a calcareous or sandy test, often elegant in form and complex in structure. These animals, or their fossil shells, make up enormous masses of limestone in many parts of the world, and have an important use in assisting the palæontologist to identify the age of his strata, while some of the forms still living have existed with little change since remote ages of geological time. This chapter contains much that is new and original.

The next group, treated by Prof. E. A. Minchin of University College, London, is that of the Sporozoa. These minute, chiefly microscopic animals, believed to be modified organisms derived from a Rhizopod stock, are of extreme importance to mankind. To their agency is due much of the disease and suffering which afflict higher organisms. Epidemics which destroy the humble crawfish and the more important silkworm; almost exterminate certain fishes in European rivers; ravage the herds of our own country under the name of "Texas fever"; and decimate the human population under the various forms of ordinary and pernicious malaria, yellow fever, and, possibly, even cancer—are known or suspected to be the work of these minute creatures. The inclusion between two covers of all that is zoölogically known of them, largely the product of the studies of the last decade, has a more than purely technical interest, and will be welcomed by both the zoölogist and the medical man.

The book concludes with a review of the Infusoria by Prof. S. J. Hickson, and an excellent index. More than three hundred text figures illustrate the letterpress, and the paper and typography are of the excellent quality which has marked the previous volumes of the series. We believe, however, that ninety-nine out of every hundred students who use these volumes would be grateful if the edges of the leaves were smoothly trimmed and the binding of a permanent character.

Legal Masterpieces: Specimens of Argumentation and Exposition by Eminent Lawyers. Edited by Van Vechten Veeder. 2 volumes. St. Paul, Minn.: Keefe-Davidson Co. 1903.

This collection contains, as the editor tells us in his preface, "specimens of the best models of the various forms of discourse and composition in which the lawyer's work is embodied." But it is more than a mere collection, for the specimens, which begin with Lord Mansfield's judgment on penalties, and end with an opinion of J. C. Carter on the constitutionality of the New York World's Fair bill, are prefaced in every case by a brief account, both biographical and critical, of the author. Thus we have in all about twenty essays, some of them marked by a good deal of critical ability, on great lawyers, with specimens of what they have done. The whole makes a convenient and entertaining book for professional reading—for legal masterpieces are not for the general public in the long run, however much the general public may be interested in them at the time of their delivery or composition. Even Erskine's brilliant defence of free speech or Curran's most impassioned appeal leaves us cold for the most part—it is difficult, for one thing, to summon up in imagination the situations which made them once so moving.

But this is not primarily an oratorical collection. Such an argument as Hamilton's opinion on the constitutionality of the Bank of the United States is addressed to the intellect solely, and must be put in a class by itself, with Webster's argument in the Dartmouth College case and Marshall's constitutional judgments. These are, indeed, masterpieces, by which it is dangerous to test most of the work of our later bar or bench. Unless we are mistaken, one or two of Mr. Joseph H. Choate's arguments should have been included. Neither he nor Rufus Choate is on Mr. Veeder's list.

Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers. Second series. Edited, with the Latin Originals, Index of Biblical Passages, and Index of Principal Words, by Albert S. Cook. London: Arnold; New York: Scribners. 1903.

Professor Cook published his first series of 'Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers' in 1898 (Macmillan), and the volume at once took its place among the standard works on Anglo-Saxon. The second series follows the same plan and renders the material practically complete. The first series included Alfred's 'Laws,' the 'Pastoral Care,' Bede, Orosius, and Ælfric's 'Homilies.' The second series takes in Augustine's 'Soliloquies,' Boethius, several works of Ælfric, Gregory's 'Dialogues,' Wulfstan, the Blickling Homilies, and a number of other important texts. There are also extensive appendices. One of these deserves particular notice. It consists of parallel passages from the Corpus Gospels, arranged in the manner of a harmony. The "Index of Principal Words" will be welcome to every student and of great value to the future Anglo-Saxon lexicographer.

Detailed examination of a work like this belongs in the technical journals. For our present purpose it is sufficient to say that Professor Cook has executed his laborious task with the care and skill that were to be expected from a scholar of his reputation. The volume is in every way a credit to the Yale Bicentennial Publications.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Max (Charles Heber Clark). In Happy Hollow. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Ponkapog Papers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Barnard, Charles. The Door in the Book. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Bilbery Wood. Pictures by Elsa Beskow; Verses by T. E. M. Peck. New York: Brentano's.
Bonner, Geraldine. To-morrow's Tangle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Bowden, Joseph. Elements of the Theory of Integers. The Macmillan Co.
Boyce, Neith. The Forerunner. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.
Bridge, James Howard. The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company: A Romance of Millions. New York: The Book-Lover Press. $2 net.
Brigham, Albert Perry. Geographic Influences in American History. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Brooks, Phillips. Christmas Songs and Easter Carols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. Sonnets from the Portuguese. Portland (Maine): Thomas B. Mosher. $1 net.
Browning, Robert. Pompilia. Introduction by Arthur Symons. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.
Canon of Reason and Virtue (Lao-Tze's Tao Teh King). Translated from the Chinese by Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.; London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 25c. net.
Carpenter, George Rice. John Greenleaf Whittier. (American Men of Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10.
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Deeping, Warwick. Uther and Igraine. New York: The Outlook Co. $1.50.
Desmond, Harry N., and Croly, Herbert. Stately Homes in America from Colonial Times to the Present Day. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. $7.50 net.
Dick, James C. The Songs of Robert Burns: A Study in Tone-Poetry. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 14s. net.
Dickson, Harris. She That Hesitates. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Dubois, Patterson. Fireside Child-Study: The Art of being Fair and Kind. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 60c. net.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Vol. I., English Traits; Vol. II., Representative Men. Centenary edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 each.
Fiske, John. The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. Two vols. Illustrated. Holiday edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $8.
Foord, John. The Life and Public Services of Simon Sterne. The Macmillan Co. $2.
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Gibson, C. D. Eighty Drawings Including the Weaker Sex: The Story of a Susceptible Bachelor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Harraden, Beatrice. Katharine Frensham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Harrison, Edith Ogden. The Star Fairies, and Other Fairy Tales. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25 net.
Henley, W. E. In Hospital. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.
Herrick, Robert. Their Child. (Little Novels by Favorite Authors.) The Macmillan Co. 50c.
Hocking, Joseph. A Flame of Fire. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
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Meyer's Historisch-Geographischer Kalendar. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
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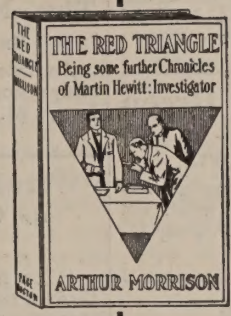

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1903.

The Week.

President Roosevelt has now ordered acts of war against Colombia. No other interpretation can be put upon his instructions to our naval commanders to prevent Colombian troops from embarking at Buenaventura, or any other national port. This goes far beyond the preliminary affront to Colombia in recognizing the twenty-minute republic of Panama, as Senator Teller aptly calls it. That was bad enough. It was an act which Professor Woolsey of the chair of international law in Yale University declares to be without justification in correct principles. To notify a Government that a seceding State has "accomplished" its independence, almost before the central authorities had heard that there was even a revolution, was a step which would, of course, have led to an instant declaration of war if the offended nation had not been as an infant to a prize-fighter. But now the President has outdone even that act of aggression, and has put us technically in a state of war with Colombia. Almost more amazing is the reason which he assigns for it. "The Washington Government," says the official dispatch, "holds that this policy is in the interest of the general good." But the President of the United States is a creature of law. Warrant for his public acts he must seek, not in his own magnanimous though possibly fallible impulses, but in the law of the land—in treaties, in the Constitution, in the statutes of the United States. It is safe to say, however, that in none of these can Mr. Roosevelt find the shred of a sanction for his hostile course towards Colombia. He sends his vessels of war to Colombian waters and asserts jurisdiction there. He threatens to sink any transport which may put to sea with troops of a country with which we are at peace. And when we ask *quo warranto?* the answer is "the general good"—that is, Mr. Roosevelt's own notion of what the general good requires. It is the stereotyped plea of irresponsible tyrants in all ages.

Financial critics have observed the irony that, after giving Mr. Morgan international renown for squeezing the water out of other people's companies, brought him as widespread condemnation for putting water into his own companies. In some such fashion Secretary Hay seems ready to be the demolisher of the edifice he has laboriously constructed. The Chinese negotiations, broadly speaking, are his best title to diplomatic fame. In meeting the tortuous policy of Russia, he has shown an imperturbable patience and an indefatigable resourcefulness. His strength in all these matters has been less that of our fleet and army than the moral advantage of speaking for a disinterested nation and against oppression of a weak people. To say that the United States did not desire a foot of Chinese territory was worth a squadron. And now Secretary Hay has treated Colombia far more outrageously than Russia ever treated China. For Russia has at least had the advantage of tolerated possession in Mantchuria, she has formally at least respected Chinese suzerainty, she has always alleged colorable excuses for not withdrawing on the promised dates, she has used the delays and decencies of diplomacy to the utmost, and generally has done everything to disguise the show of force. Compare this with Secretary Hay's treatment of Colombia: he has recognized a rebellion overnight, and forbidden the regular Government to exercise the inalienable right of every nation to protect its own sovereignty; he has reversed in a day the diplomatic precedents of a half century towards Colombia; he has punished an independent nation refusing a treaty by filching the territory under negotiation; where the Russians have had a colorable show of maintaining their own vested rights, he has trampled upon rights assured by many treaties and precedents. With what face can he now conduct any humane or disinterested negotiation for another nation? One may imagine the open scorn with which St. Petersburg will wave aside virtuous pretensions emanating from Washington.

Secretary Hay, in defence of the "justice and equity" of the rash act of the President in ordering Colombia out of Panama, makes citations from his predecessors in office. They prove conclusively that we are under solemn obligations to respect and defend the sovereignty of Colombia over the Isthmus. But what we are now about is the destruction of that sovereignty. As for our right to keep transit open, no one has questioned that. It has never been interfered with. Hence references to that part of the treaty are irrelevant. Is it not, in fact, adding insult to injury to assure Colombia that we are slapping her in the face solely in obedience to treaty stipulations? Mr. Hay makes much of the rejection of the canal treaty by the Colombian Congress. Has he never heard of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, contumeliously rejected by our Senate? That was never alleged by England as a grievance. Not even Mr. Hay broke out in revolution in consequence. His whole statement is singularly inconclusive. No one knows better than he that to find warrant in "the interests of civilization" is to do exactly what Napoleon did in overrunning Europe as a military conqueror.

What a pity that Sackville West was British Minister to Washington before the time of the latest diplomacy! He had been in the service many years when, in 1888, he received his passports from President Cleveland for having advised a naturalized Englishman to vote the Democratic ticket as most favorable to English interests. For this offence his public career came to an abrupt end. Nowadays your telegraphic diplomat of twenty-four hours' standing, representing a republic not yet out of its first week in the incubator, advises Senators with impunity, and lunches with the Secretary of State in all dignity thereafter. Poor Senator Morgan! For years he has resisted the arguments and appeals of the greater portion of the American press, and has bitterly opposed what he has considered the Panama iniquity, only to be told by a fledgling Franco-American-Panamanian diplomat that it is time for him to "call off" his opposition! Could there be a more bitter humiliation than this? The diplomat's brother turns out to have been a "heavy stockholder in the old canal company," a "plunger in the new company," who is "likely to win a fortune" if the present sordid transactions are concluded. We do not wonder that Senator Morgan exclaimed that he had received an offer to buy him from Minister Varilla. Our only wonder is that he escaped an apoplectic shock, particularly when he heard the good news that he was to be replaced as Chairman of the Senate Canal Committee by that eminent canal-builder, M. A. Hanna.

Many disappointed partisans of Mayor Low now say that if he had not been so strict in the enforcement of the laws, he could have been reëlected. We are told that he ought not to have insisted on licensing all the peddlers and push-cart wagons. This is thought to have cost him the East Side vote. Similarly, he lost the support of the Broad and Wall Street office boys who were accustomed to lunching from pushcarts in the streets and blocking the thoroughfares during the noon hour. Their feeling is similar to the view that the Mayor "failed to take care of those who supported him." It seems hardly necessary at this late day to say that a public official has no choice but to enforce the laws, and that when he did so Mr. Low won every one's respect. When, under the specious plea that the "extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice," the

Mayor winked at the non-enforcement of the excise law, his Administration steadily lost ground in the popular regard. It did not begin to show signs of strength until Gen. Greene came into office. What the disappointed ought to do now is to cease from grumbling, and join the movement to solve the excise question and "take it out of politics" by some just and satisfactory law. Then they can lend their influence to the repeal of less important statutes if it seems to them wise and proper to do so. This is the manly way. To criticise defeated candidates for having done their sworn duty is the last thing we should hear of.

In the collapse of Devery's farcical candidacy, there is at least a crumb of comfort. In his own district the Big Chief managed to poll 1,135 votes out of a total of more than 9,600; but it is safe to say that every member of the Independent People's Party was bought at an impracticably great price. Only in three other Assembly districts did Devery's vote pass 100. Evidently, his advice to take all that was offered and then vote as you chose, was not unheeded by the beneficiaries of "The Pump." The case is full of instruction for those who imagined that, in some mysterious fashion, Devery's candidacy was to promote the fortunes of the Fusion ticket. The result makes these augurs look very foolish. Apparently, nobody voted for Devery except a few who were hopelessly in his debt, and a handful of brainless folk who dearly love a bad joke. We cannot hope that there was any moral indignation in the repudiation of Devery by the plain people whom he so assiduously blarneyed; there was, however, a deal of common sense in refusing to take the mountebank for a politician. Undoubtedly, the plain people had their reasons, though bad, for voting for Tammany. There never were any reasons for voting for Devery except in the superheated minds of some of the flightier friends of good government.

The defeat of Mr. W. T. Emmet in the Twenty-second Senatorial District ends the Republican deadlock in the Senate, and carries to fruition the Roosevelt and Platt conspiracy to give back to the latter the complete control of the Legislature, of which he was temporarily deprived last winter by the bolting Republican Senators. Thanks to several up-State and local victories, the Easy Boss has also strengthened his grasp on the Assembly. In this respect Republican success is no more to the advantage of good government than is Tammany success. However much Senator Platt may assure the city of his devotion to civic decency, his flagrant indecency in State matters makes it ever necessary to watch him as a detective watches a confidence man. Gruber's obvious willingness to sacrifice Fusion for his pet judge—whom, however, he happily lost—shows the natural boss instinct of betrayal. The folly of Mr. Roosevelt's friendliness towards Platt and Quay and men of their stripe becomes more apparent every day. While ostensibly making for the advantage of the Republican party, it really menaces, and menaces seriously, its immediate future, for the simple reason that no party of moral ideas can hope to retain the respect of honest voters when it is represented by such men as its present State bosses. The evil results of the McClelland bargain the Republican party will feel more at the next election than this, after a cut-and-dried machine-made session of the Legislature. It will undoubtedly help the Democrats to carry the State for their Presidential electors next fall.

Gov. Garvin's reëlection has excited virtuous rage in Rhode Island. The Democrats and the independent Republicans who supported Dr. Garvin were very unfeeling in their treatment of the Republican machine. They actually ventured to hire detectives to stop bribery at the polls. As a committee headed by Bishop McVickar had already been circulating in pamphlet form the *Evening Post* articles on corruption in Rhode Island, and had been agitating for an honest election, the employment of detectives was obviously the culmination of a dastardly attack upon the right of a freeman to sell his vote to whom he pleases for whatever price he pleases. The Providence *Journal*, mouthpiece of the machine and the traction interests of Senator Aldrich, has flown to the defence of Rhode Island liberties. It does not hesitate to print the charge that the pamphlets were "published and distributed by a sect of Christians which aspires to call itself the only true and catholic church of America"; that the enemies of the machine, including the arch-villain, "the bishop of the diocese," are a "motley throng," and that the detectives were "Hessians hired to risk their lives for a stated cause." These banded hosts of evil, led by the clergymen, college professors, philanthropists, and other well-known rascals of the State, have won a temporary victory; but, it is gratifying to observe, the friends of the machine, though angry, are undismayed. They declare that, in spite of the malevolent activity of the "hireling and the zealot," "we are hopeful of the future, because we have faith to believe that those who honestly strive for better things eventually receive abundant reward for their earnest endeavors." This is, indeed, the stern stuff of which moral heroes are made.

For years past the educated and refined colored man or woman travelling in the South has had one way of escaping the hateful "Jim Crow" car. By paying the additional fare he or she could secure a chair or a berth in a Pullman car, without being set apart like an animal to be shunned or a contaminating leper. Now we must record with humiliation an effort to put all colored people out of the Pullman cars, hitherto deemed beyond the reach of race discrimination owing to the Federal Interstate Commerce laws. The movement began, it appears, with Gov. Frazier of Tennessee, who protested to the State Railway Commission, and induced that body to order the Pullman Company to keep the negroes out. Instructions to this effect are said to have been already issued by the Louisville and Nashville, and the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway; and W. L. Granbery, a counsel of the Pullman Company, announces that that company has actually agreed to the State Railway Commission's wishes. A meeting of the Southern Pullman agents to discuss this issue is also announced. It is to be held in Chicago. But why, asks the Charlotte *Observer* pertinently, is such a gathering necessary if the Pullman Company can be regulated by State boards? Against the proposed outrage the colored people may be expected to protest at once. They should take immediate steps to bring the issue before the courts in order to ascertain if the rights they have always had may be thus taken from them overnight, and they themselves made more than ever a "class apart."

Thursday's announcement that the Steel Corporation had cut the price of steel four dollars per ton, seemed to be received on Wall Street almost with consternation. There are other quarters, however, where we suspect the news was greeted with complacency. We refer particularly to the railways, whose recent reports have unanimously testified to the enormous increase in the year's expenditure, caused by the high cost of materials and supplies. The building trade has been handicapped by this burden almost as much as by its labor difficulties. It is true that steel rails and structural steel were not reduced in price by the cut; but the general tendency is plain enough. What caused the stock market's dismay was undoubtedly, in the first place, the old tradition that, as the price of steel and iron moves, so moves general trade, and, in the second, doubt as to how the cut in steel would affect the Steel Corporation's revenues.

The explanation given is, that the cut was to stimulate trade. Clearly, trade needed stimulating. The company's statement of October 6, when the common-stock dividend was reduced, showed that its earnings for September were nearly $2,000,000 under 1902, and that

orders for steel then in its hands for future manufacture were 1,100,000 tons below last autumn—a decrease of 22 per cent. In view of such conditions, lowering of prices seems a reasonable step; it is the Carnegie Company's historic policy on such occasions. So, we presume, the trade and Wall Street would regard it but for the fact that the reduction also confesses publicly the folly and hollowness of the theories which our great financiers set forth in 1901. Only make your companies big enough in stock and bonds, and we shall have no more fluctuations in prices of materials. Well, the experiment has been tried, though not yet to the end, and two points are already conclusively established. Even a billion-dollar company cannot maintain prices for its product if the consuming public cuts down its purchases. Furthermore, when such prices do decline, signs of alarm are witnessed, not from the small establishments which were to be abolished by the "new finance," but from the great combine itself which had to earn $60,000,000 annually to pay its dividends.

Mr. Chamberlain was, for him, on the defensive last week at Birmingham. He admitted that British trade was not perishing, conceded even that great prosperity had followed the adoption of free trade. But he insisted that the country had prospered only in the ratio of its natural increase of population. Protectionist countries, on the contrary, had seen trade overtake population. England, then, though flourishing, has enjoyed only a portion of the well-being that under a protective system would assuredly have been hers. At first blush this strikes one as a weak appeal, and as far less cogent than the old wail over declining trade. Yet for an audience of manufacturers the argument did not lack attractiveness. Mr. Chamberlain was not appealing to supposititious profits lost in the past; he was rather promising enhanced profits in the future. He was making the straightforward protectionist approach to the cupidity of the manufacturing interests. That argument is always formidable.

As usual, Mr. Chamberlain scored off Cobden, asserting that the great free trader had promised, should England adopt free trade, that the United States would abandon its premature manufacturing and send the mill hands back to the fields "to dig and delve and plough for us." Before condemning Cobden as a foolish prophet on the strength of a scrap torn from context, it may be well to recall what he actually thought of the industrial future of the United States. He visited America in 1835. As he passed the Alleghanies and for the first time looked upon the Mississippi basin, he wrote: "Here will one day be the headquarters of agricultural and manufacturing industry; here will one day centre the civilization, the wealth, the power of the entire world." Again, speculating on the people "which shall surpass and supersede the Yankees," he says: "They must be a race that will be able to dispense with food and sleep altogether." A little later he declared "that it is from the west rather than from the east that danger to the supremacy of Great Britain is to be apprehended; that is, from the silent and peaceful rivalry of American commerce, the growth of its manufactures, its rapid progress in internal improvements, the superior education of its people, and their economical and pacific government." These last advantages we have largely sacrificed since 1835, but the extracts effectually dispose of Mr. Chamberlain's imputation of a bucolic vision of America to Cobden, and they illustrate as well the folly of the comparative view of prosperity. In fact, the fundamental fallacy of the Chamberlain idea is that it neglects British wealth outside of the two kingdoms. No Little Englander could take a more myopic attitude toward Imperial bookkeeping. The prosperity of the British in colonies and dependencies would be no less real though the political status of the Britains beyond the seas should be changed. But Mr. Chamberlain prefers to put the wealth and the population of Great Britain under the glass, and to declare that the ratio of diameters is unsatisfactory.

Signor Giolitti has been the political manager of the Italian Ministry for two years past, so that his assumption of the Premier's title means little real change of policy. The only recruit of real strength in the new Cabinet is the veteran economist Luzzatti, who accepts the Treasury portfolio. Presumably, Giolitti will endeavor to continue the alliance with the Parliamentary Socialists, by virtue of which a coalition Ministry has shown surprising stability. Giolitti is heartily in favor of reduction of the food taxes and of radical reform in the impoverished South. With his accession the Ministry loses moral tone. The scandals of the Banca Romana passed near enough to him to leave him smirched, if not formally implicated. In general he bears the reputation of cultivating rather the arts of the politician than of the statesman. It is matter of surprise that he accepts the Prime Ministry, for it seems that the present Government can be only a stop-gap at best. Very likely Signor Giolitti has a very definite programme of fiscal and tax reform in mind—one that he may present to the constituencies with the reasonable hope of being returned to Montecitorio with a genuine majority.

The politics of the Dual Empire falls into deeper confusion through the announcement of a new Bohemian nationalist programme. In a sense the new demands merely raise more emphatically than before the old language question. But they have an added weight in view of the partial surrender of the Government to similar demands by the Hungarians. Obviously, if the Emperor is to found another Czech University, encourage the use of the langauge in schools, impose it upon certain parts of the army, he will be ministering directly to separation. If he refuses to do as much for the Bohemians as he has done for the Hungarians, the Bohemian Nationalists threaten to use "the sharpest parliamentary" opposition to the present Government. That means a renewal of obstructive tactics at Vienna by the Czechs, and probably also an increase of the chronic disaffection of the Magyars. Theoretically, separation ought to prevail very soon in the Empire. The situation of a Hapsburg Emperor caught between two alien and hostile races becomes daily more anomalous. But if living together is difficult for the races composing the Empire of Austria, separation seems impracticable. Bohemia certainly would stand aghast if by some sudden turn she were taken at her word, read out of the Empire, and made an independent State.

The Sultan, it is reported, stands on his dignity in respect to the new demands of Austria and Russia. He reminds those Powers that he has already promised various reforms which to the best of his ability he has executed. He resents, accordingly, the attempt to exact further pledges in an old matter. This is the attitude of one who knows that the insurrection is over for the winter, and is assured that his Christian mentors have no intention of coercing him. If the new plan were put into effect, however, it would greatly relieve the situation. A grave defect is the retention of Hilmi Pasha as the Governor-General of the four disturbed vilayets. An autonomous Governor directly responsible to the Powers is the indispensable minimum of reform. But there is at least a theoretical gain in the stipulation of Christian inspectors to supervise the administration, and in the provision for officering the Turkish gendarmerie from the armies of the Powers. Similar reforms have failed in practice, but the mere enlargement of the demands upon the Porte is an indication at least of the time when the Near Eastern question will be dealt with seriously. From these demands of Austria and Russia, as from any joint action of these Powers, indeed, rather little is to be hoped. Their immediate stake is too great, their eventual interests too opposed, for them to play a magnanimous part in the Levant. And it is a case for magnanimity.

THE PANAMA DISHONOR.

The sudden separation of the State of Panama from Colombia looks unpleasantly like a vulgar plot with "millions in it." Have our consuls, or any of our military officers, intrigued to bring about this artificial revolution? We cannot fail to note that this is positively asserted in a dispatch of the French consul at Panama to his Government. And we see the same thing hinted in the insinuation of a German newspaper that President Roosevelt has been "working behind the scenes." We can already see material for most unpleasant disclosures. That military "reconnoissance" of the Isthmus by our youthful army officers—what was that for? Were they not really reconnoitring a revolution? The concealed shipment of arms from this country, in aid of the revolutionists, may have been wholly legal, but was altogether suspicious. It is certain that the Navy and State Departments knew all about the revolution in advance. The "tip" was out in this city and in Washington that the affair was set up and would come off according to advertisement. Our naval officials disclaim any actual knowledge of what was to occur, but say with a smile that they made ready for it out of "intelligent anticipation." This it was that caused the orders to the cruiser *Dixie*, on October 24, to put to sea at once, despite her chief engineer's request for time to make repairs, and with four hundred marines in addition to her regular crew—many of them "picked men." As a blind, the report was that the *Dixie* was to go to Guantánamo, Cuba; but it is now admitted that the real destination was Colon. If our consuls warned the Government of what was coming, did they get their information from the chiefs among the revolutionists? Did the latter raise any question about being recognized by the United States? What we know is that they cabled a request for recognition the moment they had launched their pronunciamiento.

Certain stereotyped phrases are invoked. They always are to gloss over wrongful action. It is said that we were bound to recognize the *de facto* insurrectionary government in Panama and Colon—for there is no evidence that the revolution extended beyond those two cities. Of course, our consuls would need to find some local authority with which to transact business. In that sense, if the revolutionists remained in control, they would have to be recognized. So would a band of pirates in their place. But this is a very different thing from recognizing the "republic" of Panama. It yields no sign, as yet, of being even *de facto*. To deal with its officers is one thing; to admit the validity of their claims, as against the central Government which would put them down as rebels, is quite another. The latter would be, on the principles which we as a nation have laid down and contended for passionately, equivalent to declaring war on Colombia. No such break with our traditions and with decency should have been thought of for a moment. We should have continued to observe strict neutrality. If the alleged republic of Panama got on its legs by itself, and asserted its power against the Government at Bogotá, then, after weeks or months, the question of recognition would properly have come before us. At the outset our duty was to keep hands off and await developments. To attempt to force matters—above all, to attempt to smuggle through a canal treaty with this mushroom republic—was shocking.

Prudence and consideration in dealing with Colombia have been the rule of the State Department from Marcy to the present day. The dispatches of Seward and Fish and Evarts and Bayard are filled with expressions of the purpose of the United States to respect the sovereignty of Colombia in every way. It was once proposed by the Colombian Congress to repeal the treaty, or at least article 35, which gives us the right to keep transit open on the Isthmus. But our Minister at Bogotá urged that the American Government would never exercise its power in any unfair or unfriendly way. In fact, it was pointed out from the first that we were under peculiar obligations to uphold Colombian sovereignty. It was even thought that we were bound to help the central Government put down rebellion on the Isthmus; but the Attorney-General of the United States held that our obligation did not go beyond repelling attack from abroad. No meddling in Colombia's internal affairs has been our guide. There has been, it is true, a quiet but perilous extension of our right of landing troops, and of their power when on shore. Secretary Seward once practically apologized because Admiral Pearson landed marines without first asking permission of the local authorities. We have left all that far behind. Capt. Hubbard would not permit Colombian troops to go by rail from Colon to attack the revolutionists in Panama, but he apparently allowed the latter to cross over to Colon.

Secretary Hay is old enough, if the President is not, to recall the vehement protests against the recognition of our seceding States by European Governments. Their mere recognition as belligerents gave bitter and undying offence, though that was doubtless required by international law. But against recognizing them as a government we strenuously argued, throughout those years of fearful struggle. It was, we contended, only a rebellion which we were facing, and which we would put down in time if let alone. Yet the Southern Confederacy had many of the insignia of a nation. Gladstone was not so far wrong, as a mere matter of form, in saying so. Yet we threatened to go to war with any nation which recognized that secession movement, numbering millions of men and with formidable armies in the field. The dispatches of Seward and Adams are full of protests against recognizing the revolted States. At one stroke, however, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have thrown American principles to the winds and have committed the country to a policy which is ignoble beyond words. Our position is now the humiliating one of treating a pitifully feeble nation as we should never dream of dealing with even a third-class Power; of giving a friendly republic a blow in the face without waiting for either explanation or protest; of going far beyond the diplomatic requirements of the situation, and that with indecent haste—and all for what? To aid a struggling people? To take a stand for freedom or for republican institutions? To avert a danger? No; but just for a handful of silver, just for a commercial advantage which we ought all to spurn if not come by honorably. For this we have hurried into relations with the seceded State of Panama without giving Colombia a day's notice! It is the most ignominious thing we know of in the annals of American diplomacy.

Imagine Lord Palmerston or Napoleon III. paraphrasing our specious reasoning about the "unanimous movement of the people of Panama to resume their independence," and to set up a government "republican in form"! They could have made out a case ten thousand times stronger for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. And we should hope that they would have omitted the hypocritical touch in our notification to Columbia about the "ties of friendship" which move us to bring about her dismemberment! And note how the President moves on to arrogate power as keeper of the peace on the Isthmus. He now discovers that he is "bound by treaty obligations" to put an end to "unnecessary and wasteful civil wars" in Panama. No predecessor of his ever drew that juggler's conclusion out of the treaty. Of course, it is not there. The President has invented his obligation, and gives the world to understand that his hasty and unwarranted action in affronting a friendly nation, and entangling us with a band of conspirators, is only his way of establishing a *Pax Rooseveltiana*.

In all the Administration accounts of our treaty with Colombia, it is taken for granted that it was a grievous and now intolerable burden which we took upon ourselves in connection with Isthmian transit. But in the treaty itself this was described as an "advantage" and a "favor" to the United States; and it was expressly set down that "as an *especial compensation* for the said *advantages*," this country was to guarantee both the neutrality of the Isthmus and the sover-

eignty of Colombia over it. This was obviously the view taken by Seward, who, on April 30, 1866, wrote to our Minister at Bogotá:

"The United States desire nothing else, nothing better, and nothing more in regard to the State of Colombia than the enjoyment on their part of complete and absolute sovereignty and independence. If those great interests shall ever be assailed by any power *at home or abroad*, the United States will be ready, coöperating with the Government and their *ally*, to maintain and defend them."

Mr. Seward wrote again, on October 9, 1866: "The United States have always abstained from any connection with questions of internal revolution in the State of Panama, . . . and will continue to maintain a *perfect neutrality in such domestic controversies.*" That was certainly the very lowest measure of our duty. But what has the President done? He has placed the Administration under grave suspicion of actually promoting rebellion in a friendly nation, and of agreeing with the conspirators in advance to give them recognition and military aid. It is certain that he indecently rushed to the support of this most questionable republic *à trois*, and actually has had the audacity to notify Colombia that she will not be permitted even to attempt to reduce her rebellious subjects to obedience. There is a clean disregard of both law and morals in all this. Even the buccaneers who sailed the Spanish Main would have found it too much for them.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE SENATE.

In organizing a government of checks and balances, the framers of our Constitution made two notable exceptions to that mutual independence of the three coördinate branches of the Government which is the most distinctive feature of their work. They provided that the joint conclusions of the two Houses of Congress, as embodied in legislation, should be submitted to the President for his approval. They also provided that nominations to important offices by the President should be submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent. Although the practical wisdom of both these provisions has always been conceded, the very cogent reasons for them are so near the bottom of the whole question now at issue that they must be brought to mind.

The widest human experience in legislation shows that, however minutely and carefully a single body of men may consider a proposed measure, they are generally, such are the complexities of civilized society, unable to take a complete and undistorted view of all the circumstances which should influence their conclusion. We therefore adopted that feature of the English Constitution which provided that the independent assent of two bodies of men shall be necessary to any legislative measure. The two exceptional provisions of our Constitution are based upon the same general policy as that of legislation by two independent houses. After the latter have separately considered a measure, it is still possible that circumstances clear to the executive engaged in the practical work of executing the law may have been overlooked by them. The benefit of his experience is therefore secured before a proposed law takes effect. The provision that nominations to office shall be submitted to the Senate is based on the idea of extending the two-house system to executive appointments. It is therefore provided that, after the President has decided upon an appointment to office, a body of responsible men, occupying a position which enables them to form an independent judgment as to the qualifications of the appointee, shall pass judgment upon his fitness. It follows that the relation of the Senate to the President in the matter of appointments is in no way different from that of the Senate to the House in matters of legislation, or from that of the President to both Houses when an act is submitted for his approval.

Mr. Lodge's charming and specious argument in the current *Scribner's* applies equally to all three cases. He shows very clearly how much trouble is saved the overworked Executive when, by consulting only one or two Senators beforehand, he can make sure that an appointment will receive the advice and consent of the Senate, and thus insure himself against the danger of having to do his work over again through the Senate failing to confirm the nomination. He even goes so far as to recall a case which cannot but suggest that the House has it within its power to enjoy a similar advantage. He reminds us that the Senate re-made the Wilson Tariff Bill, and adhered to its conclusions with such tenacity that, "without the alteration of a single line, they became law against the bitter opposition of both House and the Executive." The corollary is plain. If the House committee which framed the measure had conferred with prominent Senators in advance, in order to learn what sort of bill the latter would permit to become law, a very bitter contest would have been avoided, and legislation would have gone on with that smoothness which marks the confirmation of nominees to office by the Senate. No one who observes the growing power of the Senate in recent times in this and other directions can be surprised if, before another generation passes away, this custom shall be found slowly and quietly making its way. If the corresponding arrangement with the President has led to no abuse, why should objection be raised to this? A tendency is seen every now and then, among immature members of Congress, to consider the question whether the President is likely to approve a given measure as a very strong factor in determining the amount of attention to be bestowed upon it.

Instead of wasting argument upon this tendency, we shall invite attention to two growing evils of the present practice which are quite independent of any theory as to its propriety. For half a century past it has been evident to all thinking men that the custom of regarding public offices as rewards for political service, generally of a personal character, is a crying evil. In the case of the classified civil service this evil has been remedied so far as it is in the power of law and regulation to do so; but in the case of offices to be filled by Presidential appointment the evil is still in full force. At Washington, communications in regard to appointments to office, especially those between the President and Senators, are regarded as confidential, so that no general statement can be made on the subject which will admit of legal proof. But it is universally supposed and never authoritatively denied that Senators do not merely suggest appointments to the President, but practically determine them. Active promoters of the political fortunes of a candidate for the United States Senate, in most of the States of the Union, look forward to public office as a reward for their work. The promise of such offices is regarded almost as a matter of course. When the supporters of a candidate for a Presidential office are named, a Senator will generally be found heading the list. In a word, the universal opinion is that, while it is quite proper that the President should satisfy himself that the candidate recommended by a Senator is fit for the position he seeks, he has no business to inquire into the Senator's motives in desiring the appointment. Subject to the limitation we have mentioned, it rests entirely with the Senator to apportion the appointments according to the zeal shown by the various candidates in promoting his political fortunes.

It would be a great error to judge the effect of this policy solely by the character of the appointments to which it leads. The demoralizing influence of the feeling that appointment to high positions in the public service depends upon loyalty to an individual, is a fruitful source of misgovernment. In the government of the people for the good of the people, no such consideration should be allowed to have play. Another evil, less serious as a matter of principle, yet more serious in its immediate effect upon the interests of good government, is the absorption of the energies of the large majority of our Senators in managing the politics of their respective States. The public questions of national importance which come before the legislative branch of the government are such as require for their proper consideration the undivided time,

attention, and study of the ninety men who now constitute the Senate. The interoceanic canal question, the tariff question, the currency question, the conduct of our foreign affairs, the feelings, views, and policy of foreign governments, and the administration of the great executive departments of our own, are subjects of which the complexity increases year by year, and which more and more demand the undivided attention of men as well fitted to bestow it as we find in our Senate. To compare their importance with that of the management of State politics by local leaders would be simply ridiculous. Every consideration of good policy demands that those who are officially charged with so important responsibility should be required to devote all their time and attention to the duties of their position. This is impossible so long as they are expected to take charge of political organizations in their several States, and decide who shall be appointed to public office. No thinking person who has watched the development of our national administration since the civil war, can fail to be struck with the gradual reduction of our whole governmental system to a blindly operating machine, worked by forces which have little or no regard to the ultimate effects of their action upon the public welfare. To a certain extent this tendency towards routine is unavoidable. But it is impossible to administer the Government properly by any system of mere routine. As the complexity of the situation increases, it becomes more and more necessary that members of the legislative branch of the Government shall be masters of the details of governmental administration, and thus be able to exert their powerful influence in the promotion of its efficiency and purity.

There is only one way in which this can be brought about. As the reform of the civil service became possible only through the complete elimination of political influence from the requirements for office, so is the complete elimination of Senatorial influence from Presidential appointments a prerequisite to a reform which the efficiency of our public administration most urgently demands. If the principle is once accepted that the recommendation of a Senator shall receive no greater weight or consideration than that of any other equally well-informed citizen; that it must be impartial as between various candidates; and that personal service rendered to the political fortunes of a Senator disqualifies that Senator from directly recommending the giver of the service—it will be the longest step toward good administration that our generation has taken.

THE TIN BOX AND THE TIN PAIL.

The recent drop in Steel securities is only one of a number of indications of the widespread losses that have befallen the capitalist class. It is said that there are seventy-five thousand shareholders in the United States Steel Corporation. At one time the preferred stock sold as high as 101⅞, and the common touched 55. In fact, the wide diffusion of the two issues may safely be said to have been accomplished in the nineties in the one case, and in the forties in the second. Yet on Tuesday the tape registered less than 50 for the preferred and 10 for the common. The former has, therefore fallen below the high point of the latter, and the common, for which at least 60 was predicted as the minimum price, has reached a figure which plainly indicates that in general estimation its days as a dividend earner are numbered. Even a tin box might be expected to perspire under such influences, and there are seventy-five thousand such boxes. Think, too, of the Amalgamated tin boxes. What comfortable pieces of property they were in the summer of 1901, when "Copper" was quoted at 130. To-day it is worth in the market about one hundred points less.

These are merely notable illustrations of how the tin boxes have suffered. Time would fail to enumerate what has happened to the receptacles of other Trust securities. Then there are the "gilt-edged" investments — Pennsylvania, which has declined from 170 in 1902 to about 116; and Chicago and Northwestern, with its drop from 271 to 153. This list could also be extended indefinitely. But the stock-market decline is only one of the ways by which the tin boxes have been flattened out. There is the general reduction in manufacturing profits, due to the higher cost of materials and labor, and to diminished consumption. The shrinkage in this quarter has been clearly enough perceived for months past, but it is commanding increased attention just now because of the cutting of export prices in order to keep our mills in operation, and of such annual reports as have been issued lately by certain railroad companies, showing that operating expenses have increased faster than gross earnings, and also because of reductions in dividends.

But the tin box cannot suffer for any length of time without the tin pail being affected. Labor is fond of breathing out threatenings and slaughter against capital, and usually selects the most inopportune season for doing so. Capital and labor stand and fall together. The one may derive a temporary advantage from afflicting the other, but by so doing it works its permanent discomfiture. Now, capital has lately received a very hard blow. It may not yet have experienced the whole setback; but the first impact is over, and the time has come for labor to feel the effect of the same blow. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that it will meet the situation with calmness and good sense. Some people have a way of calling capital the brains and labor the hands of industry. But this is rather a senseless generalization. The one is as apt to pursue flighty methods as the other. And if capital was capable of being betrayed into its irrational policy of the last few years, it is reasonably certain that labor will not avoid commensurate blunders during its critical period.

Every day brings to light some contemplated step by labor which, if taken, will accentuate a situation otherwise unfortunate enough. The man with the tin pail should take heed to his way; otherwise he will evolve a state of affairs as extreme as that in which the man with the tin box now finds himself. To strike or not to strike is a question which is at present agitating labor unions in many parts of the country. A general strike movement at this time would be as senseless a proceeding as the general buying movement of securities was just prior to the panic of May 9, 1901. That was not the time to buy stocks, and this is not the time to quit work. The man who did the first is now suffering for it. The man who does the second will suffer by and by. The success of the labor unions in advancing wages and in obtaining other concessions in the last few years has given them a false confidence in themselves. One of the vulgarisms of Wall Street is that "any old thing will sell in a bull market." And it is equally true that the extreme demands of labor are comparatively easy of attainment in periods of rapidly increasing industrial prosperity. But even the best of securities have hard sledding in times of financial depression. The lack of buyers frequently sends them below their normal values, and keeps them there for a long interval; and labor cannot hope to escape a similar fate in periods of industrial reaction.

The sooner the man with the tin pail recognizes this fact, the more hopeful will be his outlook for the future. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, strikes are as ineffectual in times of industrial depression as was Mrs. Partington's attempt to broom back the Atlantic. When three men are seeking employment for every two places offering, somebody must be disappointed. There is no labor union in existence that can alter this immutable law. To attempt it is only to make the situation worse. So far, 1903 has not been a favorable year for strikes. Nobody knows this better than the labor organizations, and it is to be hoped that, notwithstanding their present threatening talk, the knowledge has made them conservative. It is obvious where the trouble lies with the man with the tin pail. His wage did not go up until there had been an all-around advance in his cost of living, and experience has taught him that, as a rule, it

will come down in advance of commodity prices. But that is due to an economic law which neither he nor any one else can control. The fear that he may attempt this impossible feat is one of the things which are forcing the man with the tin box into an ultra-conservative position. Capital has been rendered timid not only by what it has suffered as a result of its own folly, but also by the threatening attitude of labor.

THE REAL CANADIAN FEELING.

Brushing aside minor grievances aired in press or in Parliament, the real sentiment of Canada on the Alaska decision is, first, one of resentment that the Dominion was tricked into a packed court; next, of sorrow that the British Government connived at the trick for the sake of friendship with the United States. This feeling is expressed by newspapers of every political tone. It is a sincere sentiment, and not a Jingo outcry. From Nova Scotia to Winnipeg it is expressed with surprising moderation and dignity. No one can afford to minimize this deliberate sense of injustice or ascribe it to mere irritation at an adverse award.

What the Canadians resent is, not that they have lost, but that by no possibility could they have won. The United States, having rejected various proposals for arbitration, finally agreed upon a mixed commission, three "jurists of repute" to be appointed on either hand. Both parties agreed to abide by the decision of the tribunal, and the arrangement was fair, and objectionable only because of the possibility of a deadlocked court. Unfairness, in the Canadian view, crept in when President Roosevelt appointed as our three "jurists of repute" Secretary Root and Senators Lodge and Turner—all politicians, and all committed absolutely by their public utterances to the American contention. At the time, the candid press maintained that the selection was unfortunate and unfair, and urged the President, who was presumably pledged to these appointments by the Senate, to change the composition of the Commission. Three days after the appointment of the American Commissioners, February 21 last, the Governor-General of Canada protested to the Colonial Office against the personnel of the Commission, and suggested the reconsideration of the treaty. Lord Onslow, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, replied that Great Britain could not criticise or object to the American Commissioners, remarked that the only alternative was to break off the negotiations entirely, and urged the undesirability of such a course. The advice prevailed with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who accepted the disadvantageous conditions of the judgment in preference to postponing to the Greek Kalends the settlement of a vexatious and dangerous dispute.

Of the fact that the court was virtually packed against the Canadians, there is not the slightest doubt. The tribunal sat in London, two commissioners bound to the Canadian contention, three to that of the United States, with but a sinble member, Lord Alverstone, really in the position of an impartial judge. By gaining Lord Alverstone the Canadians would merely not lose; by persuading the Lord Chief Justice the American must win. No wonder, then, that the moderate Toronto *Globe* declares: "Everything has been make-believe. . . . The worst the Americans had to fear was a disagreement." Or, as the Toronto *World* puts it: "A deadlock was the best we could expect, and an adverse decision, through the casting vote of Lord Alverstone, was what we had to fear." In Canadian eyes the whole proceedings of the tribunal were hocus-pocus. Practically, the matter reduced itself to a hearing before Lord Alverstone, with power to grant a verdict only for the United States. But the controversy now lies between the Canadians and their own Government, or between the Dominion and the Empire. It is the British Colonial office and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, between them, that have invented in Canada's behoof this variant of an old game—"Heads I don't win, tails you win."

We speak without cynicism in this matter, appreciating the force of Canadian discontent. It was possibly to avert personal criticism that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared in Parliament that Canada must appeal for the treaty-making power. The Winnipeg *Telegram* probably expresses a universal sentiment when it says:

> "The plain truth is, that Canada has no confidence in British diplomacy, except as regards its general complacency. It is too aristocratic in its attitude and not sufficiently businesslike. Details are passed over or yielded up with the pride of magnanimity. And there is not sufficient imagination about it to realize values and possibilities. While we may have a certain respect for this attitude, we believe it to be unsuited to business transactions. Moreover, we cannot be satisfied to have our interests determined by it."

As yet it would be premature to speculate on the future effects of this sentiment. Evidently enough, it makes strongly for Canadian independence and nationality.

It must be said that the grievance of Canada is more sentimental than real. The machinery of the award was doubtful, perhaps unfair; the award itself was, we think, indisputably just. The arguments were conducted before the world—an advantage in any case—and the judgment of disinterested Continental critics bears out Lord Alverstone in all his findings. That their cause was slighted the Canadians may properly contend; that due weight was not given to their plea, very few Canadians have asserted. The unequal balance of the tribunal bound Lord Alverstone to a double loyalty to the British contention. One must believe that he could have been won only by overwhelming evidence. This will surely be the final conviction of the Dominion. And while a stranger may hardly pass upon the family quarrel with England, the moral of the Alaska decision is clearly that Canada does well to do her negotiating with the United States directly. The tortuousness of the Alaska dealings is a very potent argument for the submission of future disputes to the Joint High Commission.

MOMMSEN.

In this age of specialists the really great scholars, those who have made the most important contributions to knowledge, have usually been specialists in more than one department. They may have tilled a limited field, but they have used the implements of more than one science. To his lifework, the reconstruction of the ancient Roman world, Mommsen brought a twofold training. He was at once a philologist and a jurist; and he made himself a recognized authority in each of these departments. His early studies in the ancient Italian dialects were purely philological. His earliest writings, on the Roman *collegia* and the Roman *tribus*, like his later works on Roman constitutional law and Roman criminal law, were juristic. His unequalled eminence as an epigraphist was gained by his mastery of both sciences; for his ability to divine the formula concealed behind a series of initial letters, and to supply the words that must have stood on a lost fragment of a memorial stone, sprang in many cases from his familiarity with Roman public and private law. His success as an editor of legal texts—his production, for example, of an edition of Justinian's Digest which has displaced all preceding editions—was due to the fact that he was not only a Roman lawyer, but also a great Latinist.

His greatest contribution to our knowledge of the ancient world is doubtless his monumental 'Römisches Staatsrecht.' In the sixteenth century the union, in Cujacius, of humanistic with legal learning had developed a new school of jurisprudence; and what Cujacius and his nineteenth-century successors, from Savigny to Jhering, have done for Roman private law, that Mommsen has done for Roman private law. The work was undertaken as a revision of the second volume of Becker's 'Roman Antiquities'—a title which carries us back to the purely humanistic origin of this branch of learning; but the lawyer in Mommsen discarded the customary chronological arrangement (monarchy, republic, empire), and he treated each of the fundamental institutions of Roman constitutional law by itself, tracing its development from beginning to end, and emphasizing its essential identity through all variations. At the same time, Mommsen, the philologist and epigraphist, controlled sources of knowledge which the ordinary lawyer can use only at second hand.

This happy combination of different specialities gives, of course, only a partial explanation of Mommsen's success, and no explanation of his unique eminence in his

chosen field. This was due to purely personal qualities—to the restless energy which displayed itself in every line of his thin, tense, almost fierce face; to an unusual capacity for rapid and sustained labor, without which the enormous bulk of his literary output would be inexplicable; and to a still more unusual combination of breadth of view with minute and almost microscopic mastery of details. He commanded his facts, not they him; and, vast as was his learning, it was digested into knowledge.

But for one book Mommsen would be, to the world at large, and even to the educated world, one of those great men whose greatness is taken on faith, on the testimony of experts. In the three volumes in which he sketched the history of Rome to the death of Julius Cæsar, he spoke directly to the general reader, and with extraordinary brilliancy and power. The attractiveness of this book is in part due to the absence, not merely of notes, but of all citation of authorities and discussion of evidence. All the scaffolding which usually remains standing about learned works and obscures their architecture, has been cleared away. In greater measure, the success of the work was due to its clear and telling style; but most of all to the feeling—it is hardly saying too much to say passion—with which it was written. The Revolution of 1848 had drawn Mommsen out of his study into the struggle of his fellows for political liberty. The part he took in the revolutionary movement cost him, in 1850, the chair he held in the Leipzig law faculty, and it was two years before he obtained another academic appointment. In 1854 and 1855 he published his 'Roman History.' In a period of political reaction he showed his discouraged fellow-Liberals, who had failed to establish either popular government or German unity, how the Romans had won political liberty, and how, as a free people, they had established the most powerful State in the ancient world. Without underrating in any way the intrinsic value of the work, its extraordinary power may fairly be ascribed to the heat in which it was written.

It has often been asked why a radical Liberal like Mommsen was so warm an admirer of Julius Cæsar, and why so warm an admirer of Julius Cæsar was so uncompromising an enemy of Bismarck. The answer seems to be that Mommsen's politics, as revealed in the Revolution of 1848, in his 'Roman History,' and in his later political career in Berlin, were really class politics; they were primarily anti-aristocratic. In the German Revolutionary movement in 1848, several distinct tendencies were fused in a temporary alliance for the attainment of common ends. The tendency which Mommsen and his fellow-Radicals represented was democratic. Their attack upon princely absolutism was like that of the third estate in France in 1789, largely a revolt against the dominant aristocracy behind the throne. The struggle of the Roman plebians for a voice in the conduct of affairs, and the democratic revolt, in the last century of the Republic, against the supremacy of the Senatorial clique, were, to Mommsen, movements analogous to that in which he had been engaged. In the Roman senatorial order, to whose members commerce seemed ignoble, and the supervision of agriculture or of cattle-raising the only occupation — outside of war and politics — that was worthy of a gentleman, Mommsen recognized the Junkerthum of the ancient world. It is in the third volume of his history, in describing the struggle between the senatorial clique and the democratic party, that Mommsen's partisanship becomes most evident and his narrative most dramatic and absorbing. He could not be decently fair to Cicero, for Cicero started as a representative of the Roman merchant class and as a democrat, and ended as a supporter of the senatorial party. Mommsen was drawn to Cæsar because Cæsar led the democratic party and destroyed the senatorial oligarchy. The military empire which Augustus reared on the ruins of the Republic could have had little attraction for Mommsen—all the less because, as he was writing his history, Louis Napoleon was establishing a similar government in France; and it is not without significance that the fourth volume of the 'Roman History,' which was to describe the founding of the Empire, was never written. To the provincials, of course, the Empire was a blessing, and Mommsen published a fifth volume, on the provinces, in 1885; but this displays none of the fire of the earlier volumes—it is a serious, learned work like his 'Staatsrecht.'

In 1867 the great Liberal party, to which Mommsen belonged, was divided. Those who cared more for national unity than for parliamentary supremacy became supporters of Bismarck. The democrats remained in opposition, and with them Mommsen. Bismarck, who was always an aristocrat, and who had kept his promise, made in 1848, that the name of Junker should be clothed with new honor, was disliked and distrusted by them *et dona ferens*—even when he had given the Germans unity. To Mommsen, as to his fellow-Radicals, the new Empire was not the democratic Germany of which they had dreamed and for which they had striven.

ART AND HUMOR IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, October, 1903.

An exhibition of Phil May's drawings in a London gallery has followed fast upon his death, as was to be expected, for he was one of the rare few whose work not only was appreciated by artists, but was popular with the general public. The collection is made up chiefly of his more recent drawings for *Punch* and for the last number of his own *Annual*. His work, to the end, retained many of its distinctive qualities—its expressive line, its amazing economy of means, its feeling for character. But it must be confessed that something had gone from it since the days when the "Parson and the Painter" took all the world that cares for good drawing by storm. He never did anything finer; perhaps he never did anything again quite so fine. There are not many illustrators who have been able to withstand the benumbing influence of *Punch;* and Phil May was not, like Charles Keene, the exception. Certainly, whatever the cause, after he went on the staff of that paper his drawings seemed to lose their old spontaneity and freshness, their old irrepressible gayety—even, in a measure, their old mastery of the decorative value of well-balanced spaces of black and white. But, for all that, there is no one in England now who can compare with him as a humorous draughtsman, no one who could show such an accomplished series of designs.

Sketches also are included—studies of figures and costumes, mostly in pencil, and less characteristic of his work as it is known to the public. Some are excellent, preserving all the old directness and adding the tone and color which, of course, he never strove for in his pen drawings. Others had just as well not have been exhibited. It has become the fashion to parade as masterpieces the studies of one little group of students here before they have produced or exhibited finished work, but Phil May was too great an artist for such devices to be resorted to in his behalf. He might have waited, as Charles Keene waited. Keene's sketches were long to be had, even after his death, for a few shillings each, and are beginning only now to be valued by collectors, prized though they have ever been by artists. There is also in the May exhibition a series of portraits of prominent politicians, Balfour, Chamberlain, and the rest, drawn as a rule in pen-and-ink with flat washes of color; almost Phil May's very last work, I believe. Their chief merit is negative. It is as if he had hesitated between a good portrait and an effective caricature, and obtained neither. Such color as he gets is, at least, never crude or offensive. Beyond this there is little to be said, and, suggestive as it always is to see the first attempts in color of the distinguished artist who has hitherto confined himself to monochrome, in Phil May's case they only make one wish he had lived to carry his experiments further, or else that such tentative performances had not been exhibited.

The great interest of this show at the present moment, however, lies, above all, in the fact that, in an adjoining room at the same (the Leicester) gallery, a collection of Rowlandson's has been hung, while an exhibition of Charles Keene's has been opened by another dealer at the Dutch Gallery, within convenient distance, so that an excellent opportunity is presented for a comparative study of the worth of the three greatest artist-humorists of England since the days of Hogarth.

In one respect there is no question that the gain has been great, the development immensely for the better. Rowlandson was an artist, no less than Keene and Phil May. I may not go as far as M. Huysmans, who, according to a quotation now making the rounds of the press—which I do not remember, and have not yet been able to trace—was ready to put aside Gavarni and the Devérias, and I hardly know whom else, in favor of Rowlandson. But neither can I deny that Rowlandson was an admirable artist when he left humor severely alone. I have seen drawings of women by him as graceful as any study by Reynolds or Gainsborough could be, and some of his little landscapes are full of charm. He understood economy of means as well as Phil May, though, naturally, his methods for the reproduction of his day were entirely different. But his line was as direct and expressive, and his color was obtained as simply by flat washes, and yet none of his contemporaries, not even Gainsborough, could express the character and beauty of a landscape with more intense truth and sympathy. When it came to

humor, however, it was another thing. To be sure, he is remembered now as the great humorist, but I would cheerfully sacrifice all his caricatures and satires for one of his little landscapes or studies of figures. Some of his most famous designs are in the collection at the Leicester Gallery—designs like the "Dressing for the Masquerade" and the "Fencing at Angelo's," but they only confirm me in my estimate of him as humorist. Hogarth could see and express humor without stooping to exaggeration and gross caricature, but Rowlandson did not know how to be funny without exaggerating; his one idea of character was caricature, his one idea of fun was farce. When he would ridicule the vices and manners of his time, he fell into a corresponding grossness. His drawings abound in as vulgar and revolting passages as the writings of Smollett. This is the more irritating because he was, in his way, a greater genius than Smollett, and his genius should have saved him from follies and excesses that have not even the redeeming virtue of being strong and deadly as satire. His laughter was indulgent—he laughed not to kill, but to amuse.

With Keene the grossness disappears wholly. He was as refined in his attitude toward the types he drew—not always refined in themselves—as in his technical methods. He had a far keener eye for character than Rowlandson, and it saved him from seeing only caricature. Character, for him, had always beauty. He found it in what are usually called vulgar types, the coster and the cabby, the policeman and the waiter, the slavey, and, above all, the drunken man—just as Rembrandt found it in the Jews of Amsterdam, Velasquez in the dwarfs in the Spanish court, Hals in the jester and the fishwife. He had, too, a respect for character or beauty. He rendered it with a truth, a realism, that is beautiful in itself, not with the silly absurdity of the designer of comic valentines. And because these types were humorous as they lived, so they were humorous in his drawings. At one time it was the fashion to deny all humor to Keene because he did not invent his jokes. It was the sort of criticism to be expected in a country where, in an illustration as in a picture, nothing counts but the story. I have seen people go through an exhibition of Keenes, reading scrupulously every jest entered in the catalogue, roaring at each in turn with never a glance at the drawings on the wall, and enjoying it all enormously. But, really, it made no difference who invented Keene's jokes. His drawings would be as amusing had no legend ever been printed beneath. People used to say he chose them because he was incapable of seeing beauty in graceful form or refined features—he could not draw a beautiful woman, "a lady," they said. There are drawings of women in the collection at the Dutch Gallery that give the lie to this criticism. It was only that strong character interested him more. And not only was he a greater humorist, he was a greater draughtsman, than Rowlandson, even a greater master of line and simple means. The present exhibition is especially interesting, sharing, as it does, many of his preliminary sketches and studies with the finished designs and the engravings.

He belonged to a school of illustrators who believed that as much care and thought and study should go to the making of the smallest drawing as to the painting of the biggest picture. To him an illustration was not something to be knocked off in an odd moment—a useful pot-boiler—but a work of art, great or not according to the seriousness with which the artist devoted his talent or genius to it. There are numerous instances of this seriousness; not one, perhaps, demonstrating better what I mean than the elaborate study for one of his drunken men (the sort of subject the public probably thought he dashed off anyhow), where not only is the composition carefully sketched in, but a detailed note of the hands of the principal figure is still more carefully made on the margin. These sketches are always freer in handling than the drawings; Keene not having worked year after year for the wood-engraver in vain. He learned quickly what was best not to do if he did not wish the veriest travesty of the original design to appear on the printed page; and he was artist enough to retain, despite those restrictions, an effect of freedom that was the distinction of his work in the midst of the drawings of Du Maurier, Tenniel, Sambourne, and the others, who each had worked out a formula more or less mechanical to lighten his own and the wood-engraver's task. Still, when Keene's studies are seen with the finished designs and these with the engravings, it is realized how much was lost before his work reached the public.

Here, certainly, Phil May had the advantage. It was easier to work for "process," once its possibilities were grasped, and May recognized from the start what it could do, and what it could not. His friends now are beginning to say that too much has been made of the influence which the new mechanical processes and rapid printing had in forming his style. This is absurd; for it is really altogether to his credit that he should have been artist enough to know how to adapt his methods to the technical requirements of his art. His work loses far less in the reproduction than Keene's. As for the actual drawing, I do not think it ever quite equalled the refinement of Keene's. Besides, Keene had a sense of design, an appreciation for the essential part every detail played in the composition, that May did not even endeavor to rival. You can always see that his backgrounds, when there are any, were carefully studied, but he expressed them by shorthand; and, in most cases, the figures would be as effective and eloquent without them. Keene also used shorthand, but within broader limits. The effect of his figures often depends upon their relation to the landscape—the marvellous stretches of moorland or the simple cabbage patch—to the London or village street, to the room as full of character as the people. In his humor, too, May is less refined; his fun, like Rowlandson's, verging upon farce, his character lost in caricature, when seen side by side with Keene's—though he is never vulgar, never gross, never childish as Rowlandson was only too often.

However, the great merit of both Charles Keene and Phil May is that each, after his own fashion, could combine fine drawing with genuine humor. That is where they differ so utterly from almost all other would-be humorous draughtsmen in their own country since Hogarth. Some may have been artists—Rowlandson for one, as I have said—but then their sense of humor was primitive and naïve to the last degree, Unfortunately, the very primitiveness, the very naïveté, has always appealed to the great British public with its sneaking fancy for the amateur in art. Let a man but try to do what it is not his business to do, and, even if he fail in the endeavor, your honest Briton will applaud to the echo. For example, when the County Council band plays in the garden below my windows on summer evenings, the musicians have only to stop blowing their horns, which is their special business there, and begin singing without voices, or crowing like cocks, to drive their audience wild with delight—until I often think if they would drop their instruments altogether, and walk round the garden on their hands, their success might well make even Sarasate or Kubelik wonder. So it is with art. I do not suppose any artist of note was, for awhile, more paragraphed than the policeman of Leeds (or Bradford) who had the landscapes he painted in his leisure moments rejected at the Academy. A picture that presents any optical delusion—for instance, a Christ with eyes that open and close—will draw the town.

A certain *Punch* drawing at the time of the Fashoda excitement came more perilously near breaking the peace of Europe than all the offensive cartoons of the French draughtsmen during the Boer war. Keene and Phil May seldom touched upon politics, but in political cartoons, as in all else, their artistic reticence (half the secret of their greatness) would most likely have kept them from the extreme, on the one hand, of feeble fatuity, on the other of clumsy insult. It is no use, however, regretting the might-have-been when there is the too evident fact to face—as it is faced eve y week in *Punch*—that illustrators distinguished both as artists and as humorists are not made every day in England, and that no one has yet appeared who can quite take the place of either Keene or Phil May.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE TRIUMPH OF TAMMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present situation in New York, as a result of the recent election, was well summed up, many yea-s ago, on general principles, not by a statesman or politician, but by the poet Wordsworth, as follows:

> "Tho' I bewail
> This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
> Prevents me not from owning that the law
> By which mankind now suffers is most just.
> For by superior energies; more strict
> Affiance in each other; faith more firm
> In their unhallowed principles; the bad
> Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
> The vacillating, inconsistent good.
> Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait, in hope
> To see the moment when the righteous cause
> Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
> As they who have opposed her."

Spectator.

THE ALASKA ADJUDICATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Alaska award, as reported by cable, in the main supports the contentions of the United States. But still, in some of the less important points, the adjudication found is in favor of Canada. Consequently, the decision of the Adjudication Board—for the Joint Commission as consti-

tuted was not a real Court of Arbitration —was a diplomatic compromise.

The chief point of contention was whether Canada should obtain an outlet upon tidewater on the Lynn Canal in the northern part of the *lisière* or thirty-mile strip. The main question is now settled against her by the opinion of Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice of England, for the award of the Adjudication Board confirms the United States in the possession of an unbroken *lisière* above the Portland Channel, which opens into the ocean at fifty-four forty, showing that the Lord Chief Justice was convinced by the overwhelming force of the evidence in favor of the United States.

Canada, considering that her pretensions were not based on sound facts, made very favorable gains by the Adjudication award. At one or two points, as on the Stikine River, for instance, the eastern frontier of the *lisière* is brought probably a little too near the sea water, all of which redounds to the advantage of Canada. At the mouth of Portland Channel, at the south end of the *lisière*, Canada obtains Pearse and Wales Islands. At first sight the possession of these islands seems of small importance. But their geographical position, immediately opposite the Canadian harbor of Port Simpson, gives them, in spite of the retention by the United States of the two small outward islands of Kannaghunut and Sitklan, an important strategic value. Port Simpson is destined to be the western terminus of the new Canadian Transcontinental Railroad. Canada, with Pearse and Wales Islands in her possession, will control the Portland Channel, and can build at Fort Simpson another naval stronghold like Halifax on the Atlantic and Esquimault on the Pacific, and from it menace our developing trade across the Pacific Ocean with Alaska and Asia.

The management of the Alaska boundary contention, its submission to the Adjudication Board, and the resulting award cannot be called a real triumph for the cause of international arbitration. But, now that this dangerous frontier question is in a large measure out of the way, it is to be hoped sincerely that efforts will be made by both the United States and the Canadian Governments to bring about a commercial rapprochement between the two nations. And the sooner negotiations are carried on directly between Washington and Ottawa instead of by the roundabout and cumbersome way of Downing Street, the better —as M. Henri Bourassa, a grandson of Papineau, pointed out in a notable speech on October 23 in the Dominion Parliament —for the maintenance of cordial relations between the United States and Canada. We Americans—and by Americans are meant all those who live in the New World, from the Arctic to the Antarctic—should try to live as far as possible on friendly terms with one another, and let the nations of the Old World fight among themselves if they wish, while we sell them the implements of war, whether of food, or garments, or weapons. Estimated in dollars and cents, such a policy will pay much better than for Canada to help fight the wars of Great Britain in the Old World, or for the United States to try to draw the chestnuts out of the fire in the Orient for the benefit of European nations. Certainly, up to now, the Philippines have not been a paying investment for us; and to urge this country to invest in transoceanic wars in the name of commercial advantage is very much like advising individuals to place their money in one of the numerous South Sea Bubbles that are floating around in the industrial market. T. W. BALCH.

PHILADELPHIA, November 7, 1903.

MORTALITY STATISTICS AND THE AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent publication of Mayor Low's figures as to the lowering of the death-rate in New York last year gave rise to a discussion which leads me to ask the question, What relation is there between average mortality and average longevity? On the face of it the answer seems easy enough. Given a death-rate of twenty per thousand, year in, year out, and the average duration of life is fifty years. Thus reasons the average man, and he would be right if population were stationary. But, excepting a few countries and cities, it is not. The average age of all the dead in any one year proves nothing conclusive as to the longevity of the people in the particular locality, for the average age at death may be widely at variance both with the average longevity as based, by the process mentioned, on the death-rate per thousand, and with the average duration of life as ascertained by local medical experience. Thus, the physician's estimate of the probable duration of life of the average newborn child in New York will very likely be not far from thirty-five years, while Mayor Low's figures would seem to show an average of about fifty years. What, then, does the lowering of the death-rate of New York by, say, 2 per cent. indicate as to the average lengthening of life with which it undoubtedly is, in some ascertainable way, connected?

The subject is a puzzling one, as was admitted by an eminent physician who took part in the discussion concerning it. We know that, in estimating the average duration of life in New York and a few other American cities, due weight must be given to the constant influx of immigrants (mostly in the prime of life); but an equally important part of the problem is the question of the excess of births over deaths. Without full knowledge on these points, we can draw no conclusions from a decreasing mortality. In no department of statistics do figures so often lie while telling the truth. As an amusing illustration of this fact, I may perhaps recall the statement of the United States Census Bureau for 1870 as to the death-rate of Iowa—nine per thousand, if my memory serves me right. The figures were no doubt correct on their face, but the deduction that the average duration of life in Iowa was 111 years would have been preposterous. The simple explanation, of course, was that the sturdy young farmers (mostly newcomers from other parts of the country) who then formed the bulk of the population of the State had not yet had a chance to die; nevertheless, a sage commentator ventured on the assertion, in print, that "these figures prove Iowa to be the healthiest country in the world."

Similar, though possibly not equally glaring, mistakes will be made by the statistician who, without full consideration of the points mentioned, and perhaps of other data that may be readily supplied by your mathematical readers, draws inferences as to average longevity from recent death statistics. Without such data, the widely varying mortality figures (taken from the article "Vital Statistics" in the 'International Year-Book' for 1902) of cities like Chicago, 14.68, Montreal, 25.46, London, 18.8, and Moscow, approximately 31 per 1,000, prove practically nothing as to absolute or relative duration of life. GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1903.

SIGNOR RICCI'S SUCCESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The appointment of Sig. Corrado Ricci as director of the galleries of Florence, as well as of the National Museum (Bargello), has been officially announced. Sig. Ricci is called away from his work at Brera while it is still unfinished, at least as far as the illustrated catalogue which he had in hand is concerned; but so much has been accomplished of unusual excellence that it is earnestly to be hoped he may have a successor capable of continuing what has been begun. There is, however, reason to fear that he will be followed by a man who, so far as he has done anything at all, has heretofore given only proofs of utter incompetence for such an office. And this not in the lack of men of ability and training. The Government already has, in similar posts, men like Cantalamessa in the gallery of Venice, Supino in the Bargello, Bariola at Modena, Modigliani in the Villa Borghese, or Valeri, now inspector at Brera and author of a valuable work on Lombard art recently published; or, going outside of its employees, there is Sig. Frizzoni, whose competence in matters of art is everywhere recognized, or Diego Sant' Ambrogio, or Sig. Carrotti of the *Officio Regionale*, all in Milan, or Filangeri di Candida, who declined the directorship of the museum at Naples, from motives for which we can have only sympathy. There seems no reason which can be avowed why the choice should fall upon one incapable of continuing the work of Sig. Ricci, and who, in fact, can avoid doing harm only by doing nothing at all.—I am, sir, very sincerely yours, S. K.

P. S. The *Corriere della Sera* just received contains a note to the effect that Dr. Ricci, in leaving Milan, had put the provisional direction of the gallery of Brera in the competent hands of Sig. Valeri; and adds, on the authority of a Roman paper, that the Minister Nasi will name Prof. Sinigaglia, the person alluded to above, not as director but as "comandato," which is a military term applied to persons not in the public service and commissioned for special tasks. It remains to be seen if the word can be made to cover a more important office.

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me a fatal objection to Signor Palmarini's interpretation of Titian's so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" as a representation of the same person in two different moods of mind, set forth by Miss Teresina Peck in your issue of October 15,

that, though neither of the personages is actually speaking at the moment, the picture is evidently a conversation piece. The nude woman is making a mute appeal to the other, to whom she is beckoning with the uplifted censer, and whom she regards with intense earnestness. The draped woman is no less clearly revolving a deep thought, anxious and irresolute. Her apparent repose is but "the tempest's central calm." She is neither "cold and shy" nor "fired with love," but is passing from the former mood to the latter under the influence of her companion. It is conceivable that Titian might depict Laura Dianti in two different states of feeling in distinct compartments of the same picture, but it is inconceivable that he should bisect her. The draped woman is parleying with her soul, undoubtedly, but the colloquy passes within her own breast.

This would not prove that Laura Dianti was not Titian's model (and the conjecture would derive some countenance from the evidence that he painted her "nuda e vestita") but for Signor Gnoli's discovery, announced in your impression of July 2, that the arms depicted upon the fountain are those of a Venetian family. Had she been the subject of the picture, they would have been hers, or those of her ducal lover. In any case, the identification of the model would afford no clue to the purport of the picture. I should for my part be disposed to entitle this "Chastity and Desire." I see no necessity for regarding the undraped female as Venus, although the physical objections stated by some of your correspondents, which would be conclusive in the case of a mortal, would not apply to a goddess. It nevertheless appears to me more natural to consider the figure as simply a personification of Desire. Granting, however, that she is Venus, she appears in no connection with any episode of mythology. The identification of the draped figure with Medea is quite untenable. It is founded upon a passage in the 'Argonautica' of Valerius Flaccus, the first three lines of which sufficiently refute it:

> "Ecce toro Venus improvisa resedit,
> Sicut erat, mutata deam mentitaque pictis
> Vestibus et magica Circen Titanida virga."

Flaccus evidently contemplates Venus's visit to Medea as paid in her chamber, but the scene of the picture is in the open air. Medea's *torus* cannot have been out of doors, and there is no *torus* in the picture. Flaccus's Venus assumes the character of Circe, and wears *pictæ vestes*. The vested figure in the picture is not the temptress, but the tempted; and where is the *magica virga?* The unclad person is younger than the clothed one, but Venus appears to Medea in the character of her aunt. It seems manifest, therefore, that Titian did not intend to illustrate the passage in Valerius Flaccus; and as the existence of this passage is the only reason for identifying the figure in the Medea, this theory falls to the ground. If Medea had been in Titian's mind, he would have intimated this by the introduction of some appropriate symbol.

There is no Paris edition of Valerius Flaccus with the date 1550 and "Sacred and Profane Love" as a frontispiece in the British Museum, nor do I find one mentioned by any bibliographer.

Mr. Andrews and I are agreed that the undraped figure represents Love in some one of its phases. His exposition is exceedingly beautiful, but I cannot reconcile it with the expression of the countenance, which he allows to be one of intense earnestness, and which appears to me to denote not wistfulness, but urgent solicitation "alluring to brighter worlds." The hesitation and conflict are in the countenance of the other woman. At the same time I must acknowledge that Mr. Andrews is at a great advantage from having continual access to the original picture.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

R. GARNETT.

27 TANZA ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON,
October 27, 1903.

Notes.

Mr. William Roscoe Thayer has undertaken, at the request of Mr. Fiske's family, to edit the Letters, Journals and Memorials of the late John Fiske; and he will be greatly obliged to any of Mr. Fiske's correspondents who will send his letters for inspection. Address No. 8 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The family of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton are preparing for the press a collection of her letters. Persons having any would confer a favor by sending them, in America, to Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, 612 East Buffalo Street, Ithaca, N. Y., and in Europe to Theodore Stanton, 9 Avenue du Trocadéro, Paris. The letters will be copied and carefully returned to their owners.

George D. Smith, 50 New Street, New York, has in hand 'American Bookbindings in the Library of Henry William Poor,' described by Henri Pène du Bois, and illustrated in gold-leaf and colors by Edward Bierstadt. The book will be manufactured in a limited edition at the Marion Press, Jamaica, N. Y.

Fresh announcements from the Macmillan Co. are 'The Opening of the Mississippi,' by Frederic Austin Ogg, and 'My Devon Year,' by Eden Philpotts.

'Under the Hill, and Other Essays in Prose and Verse,' including his table-talk, by Aubrey Beardsley, with numerous illustrations, is promised by John Lane.

An independent essay, entitled 'Optimism,' by Helen Keller, and 'Travels in Europe and America,' by Charles E. Bolton, are in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Nearly ready are 'The Engineer in South Africa,' by Stafford Ransome; 'Liquid Fuel and its Combustion,' by W. H. Booth; 'The Motor Pocket-book,' by Mervyn O'Gorman and Cozens-Hardy, and 'Canada in the 20th Century,' by A. G. Bradley, which E. P. Dutton & Co. are preparing.

'Literary New York: Its Landmarks and Associations,' by Charles Hemstreet, and 'Infection and Immunity,' by Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, are to be looked for from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

James Pott & Co. are about to bring out 'Budapest, the City of the Magyars,' by F. Berkeley Smith.

Of the late John Fiske's 'Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America' we spoke at length some three years ago. The work has, after the manner of its predecessors, been beautifully reissued in two volumes by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with illustrations that seldom even approach being trivial, and are for the most part examples for imitation by all publishers. There is a wealth of authentic portraiture, with facsimiles of autographs and other MSS., of charters, early title-pages, early maps, early views (of New York in especial), adding immensely to the understanding of the period and the narrative. Much of this pictorial apparatus is new. Peter Stuyvesant's face greets one who opens the first volume, William Penn's the second. The binding is in wine-colored cloth; the print leaves nothing to be desired, and the inserted cuts have imposed no gloss on the paper.

The Century Co. brings out fresh, holiday editions of John Luther Long's 'Madame Butterfly' and of Alice Hegan Rice's humorous little tales, 'Lovey Mary' and 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.' The Japanese illustrations for Mr. Long's novel are by C. Yarnall Abbott, and are happily conceived and skilfully drawn in tint, though the faces of the women are somewhat Europeanized in expression. All the plates are full-page, and harmonize well with a generous typography. The illustrations for the companion stories just named are somewhat in the vein of Phiz, inclusive of coloring, and are well in keeping with the text. The type is bold, but not equally to our taste with that employed in 'Madame Butterfly.'

A new edition of that pictorial guidebook, 'The Shakespeare Country Illustrated,' by John Leyland (Charles Scribner's Sons), contains two new chapters on the Washington and the Franklin "countries." It thus appeals to Americans, and, so far as photography can give it interest, little but praise is due. The genealogical matter is not entirely correct, and even Franklin's own researches into his family history are overlooked. Proper credit is given to Mr. Henry F. Waters for his discoveries in the Washington family record. The connection between reading-matter and illustrations is necessarily slight. The maps are excellent, and, in a more convenient form, the book would make an admirable companion for a visit to these places.

For a reprint of the Boston edition of John Dickinson's 'Letters from a Farmer' Mr. R. T. H. Halsey furnishes a judicious preface, in which the great popularity the letters attained is outlined, and a formidable gastronomic tribute eaten in his honor described, with toasts beyond the endurance of ordinary mortals. Mr. Halsey has also reproduced a very rare contemporary portrait of Dickinson, of which nothing is known; and the charming Duesbury statuette in porcelain of Mrs. Macauley, whose democratic leanings led her to sympathize warmly with the American colonies. The volume is very beautifully printed, and is published by the Outlook Company.

Henry Ospovat's pen-and-ink drawings for Browning's 'Men and Women,' one of the Dent-Dutton "Miranda Series," are very inefficient in conveying the suggestions of beauty of the poems. They have neither the directness which comes from grace of line, nor the mastery of light and shade which makes decoration, nor have they the redeeming merits of invention or poetic feeling or beauty. The defective drawing is everywhere noticeable in the figures; the rough pen-and-ink cross-hatchings fail to express the modelling of faces and hands, while the human form is not to be found beneath the loose, ill-fitting gar-

ments more like coal sacks than men's coats. "Old Pictures in Florence" and "Mesmerism" are striking examples of slovenly execution and of the abuse of intense black. The headpieces are of far better quality than the full-page illustrations; the little head in "Women and Roses" shows that Mr. Ospovat can draw a pleasing face when not preoccupied with the intention of being forcible. The type and general presentment of the volume are good, but, to make satisfactory pen-and-ink illustrations, more mastery of the material and a greater knowledge of drawing are necessary than Mr. Ospovat possesses at present.

The short essays on 'Some Arts and Crafts' written by women specialists for Dutton's "Woman's Library" will be found of use to the uninitiated desiring to choose a craft. They vary very much in interest, as also in literary quality. Miss Elinor Hallé's article on the art of enamelling is by far the best in the volume; it shows none of the feminine aptitude for digression, but gives a short history of enamelling and its uses in the past, and what is necessary to equip a would-be follower of the art. Miss Hallé insists on the necessity of long artistic training in drawing and design before anything worth while can be accomplished in ornamentation of any kind. May Crommelin's history of French and English Furniture from Henri II. of France to the Victorian epoch in England is the most important contribution, and very instructive in its account of the gradual development of each prevailing style of decoration. She also offers suggestions for modern house-furnishing, and advice to those who wish to devote themselves professionally to that work. All she says is so much to the point that one can only regret the florid, ejaculatory style in which it is given. Spinning, weaving, bookbinding, wood carving, and photographic portraiture are the subjects under consideration. The illustrations are fairly good.

Volume three of 'Critical Essays of Charles Lamb,' edited by William Macdonald (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), forms part of a twelve-volume edition of Lamb's complete works, and contains about half the non-Elian essays, handsomely printed, sufficiently annotated, and illustrated with numerous but indifferent plates. The statement in the preface that the editor had divined from certain cryptic passages in the essays that Lamb had made a proposal of marriage to Miss Kelly and been rejected, and that while his note to that effect was in the printer's hands Lamb's original letter containing the proposal was found by another person, affords a curious instance of literary penetration.

The moral drawn by Mr. Cleveland Moffett himself from his vivid descriptions of 'Careers of Danger and Daring' (The Century Co.) is that the average man could cultivate, by exercise, the habit of courage to such an extent as to be able to keep his head in a lion's cage or on the steeple of Trinity Church or on the girders of the East River Bridge. Most readers will scarcely be convinced. They will rather —and perhaps this result is quite as wholesome—regard with a new admiration and sympathy those who risk their lives in their daily task, especially when some public end is to be served. One of the chapters, on "The River Pilot," mentions incidentally a fact not generally known respecting the attempted relief of Gordon. The Canadian *voyageurs* employed by Lord Wolseley declare, it seems, that Khartum might have been saved if they had been trusted to bring the army up the Nile cataracts without being delayed for a test of their skill.

The counsels given to young men by Dr. William Mathews in 'Conquering Success' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) remind one of Samuel Smiles rather than of P. G. Hamerton (whose name the author misspells). But although most of them are obvious, the abundance of illustration by which they are relieved saves them from dulness. Nor is Dr. Mathews open to the charge, which might perhaps be suspected from the title of the book, of preaching a mere vulgar gospel of "getting on." To become a great captain of industry is not exalted here as the ideal of a successful life. There is not, however, an altogether satisfactory sense of proportion in the writer's grouping of famous persons. It is something of a shock to find R. L. Stevenson and Andrew D. Mellick, jr., bracketed as instances of perseverance under ill health, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox immediately following G. H. Lewes to show that a literary career may begin with rejected manuscripts. The transition from the energy of A. T. Stewart in building up his Broadway store to that of Sir T. F. Buxton as anti-slavery leader in Parliament is also somewhat abrupt. A few repetitions should have been corrected. It becomes tiring when one is assured for the third time within a hundred pages that *vivida vis animi* is one of the secrets of success.

'Ferns,' an illustrated manual for the Northeastern States, by Campbell E. Waters, Ph.D. (Henry Holt & Co.), is for amateurs, and is a substantial addition to the pretty copious fern library prepared for general readers. It possesses, besides, a good deal of interest for the professional botanist on account of an analytical key of novel character. The key itself is ingenious, but it has been found in some cases a little hard to work. An artificial analytical key has been called a pick-lock, and, like all pick-locks, requires a fair degree of familiarity with the wards in order to open the bolt. The text is well written and chatty, and, as a whole, interesting. It is, however, for the house, and not for the field, since it is printed in a volume of about four pounds' weight. The paper and typography are of a degree of excellence which makes the heavy book too fine for excursions and almost too handsome for the study table. But Dr. Waters doubtless desired to have a good setting for his exquisite photographic reproductions. A few of these plates are among the best of their kind, while all of them are, perhaps, as good as the subjects permitted. The chapter on Fern-photography, which closes the work, indicates that the author has devoted much loving care to this part of his task.

What with Mr. J. W. Davidson's recent encyclopædic work, 'The Island of Formosa,' and the three volumes that have issued from the pen of the scholarly Scottish missionary, the Rev. William Campbell of the English Presbyterian Mission at Tainan city, in Formosa, this island is now an easy subject of study, for the accessible literature concerning it is exact and voluminous. 'Formosa under the Dutch, Described from Contemporary Records,' is a portly octavo of 629 pages, printed at the Edinburgh University Press (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.). On the cover is stamped the golden sixteen-petalled imperial chrysanthemum, showing that this island, land of the morning-glory and blue bamboo, is now an integral part of the Japanese Empire. Mr. Campbell, besides being a delver in the Dutch mine, has made himself familiar also with the stores of Chinese and Japanese books relating to Formosa. Recent visits to Holland have enabled him to complete his work, for the Dutch of late years have been putting in order their archives of missions in the Far East. His book is divided into three parts, the first of which treats of topography, anthropology, and history of the Dutch trade. The story of the Dutch missions and of religion is very full. No fewer than 270 pages are given to the Holland correspondence and documents. Part III. treats of the conquest of the island under Koxinga. In an appendix pretty much all the learning in the old books relating to the island, as found in European authors, is gathered up in orderly arrangement. The explanatory notes represent many years of patient labor. In our age it seems strange that, amid so much effort for the "salvation" of the Formosan people, such things as torture and slavery existed, while it is a hopeful sign that under the Japanese, despite popular report to the contrary, the really responsible officials in the island have no sympathy with a course of procedure that in any way countenances judicial torture. Altogether this volume is highly creditable to the scholarship and patient research of the compiler. An excellent index opens the treasures contained between its covers, making it worthy of an honored place in the historical library.

W. E. Curtis's 'Denmark, Norway and Sweden' (Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co.) is a heavy volume of 505 pages, with 77 illustrations, containing the letters written by the author during the summer of 1901 to the Chicago *Record-Herald*. The title is slightly misleading, as only 65 pages are devoted to an account of Copenhagen and its immediate surroundings, while the bulk of the volume includes descriptions of all the principal towns and many of the country districts of the other two Scandinavian lands. Mr. Curtis has shown his accustomed skill in selecting interesting topics about the men and institutions of the North, and he relates them in a chatty, frankly non-literary manner. Many of the statements are marred by the inaccuracy of the traveller at the mercy of interpreters, and the frequently quoted foreign words and names are not always correct. In general, however, the proof-reading is remarkably good, and the proportion of mistakes is hardly larger than may be found in many more serious works. The reference in the frontispiece to the "late Queen Sophie" is probably due to confusion with the Queen of Denmark, and the title "Queen Ingeborg" under another portrait is evidently a slip, as is also the reference on the first page to the same princess as Charlotte. Most of the author's mistakes result from his overfondness for statistical and biographical details. Mr. Curtis evidently understands the taste of his democratic readers, for a generous space is devoted to the dif-

ferent members of the two royal families. Some of the stories about the Royal Danes tax severely the credulity of the patient reader. Here, however, as elsewhere, the treatment is markedly sympathetic. The details of contemporary Scandinavian politics are wisely avoided, and the author disarms criticism by the modest manner in which he refers to his own opinions upon the literature. The illustrations deserve special mention for their interest and beauty. The index of three pages is fairly adequate and accurate.

The tenth Bulletin issued by the Department of State at Washington is based upon certain Jefferson MSS. obtained from the Library of Congress in 1897, and hence not included in the calendars of the Jefferson papers printed in 1894. The material is very miscellaneous, and ranges from an interleaved diary to notes on scraps of paper, undated and unsigned; from anonymous letters of advice to printed price-lists of household wares. The series of Dumas, Dearborn, Madison, and Robert Smith letters contain much of public interest, while that of Page is strong on the personal side. An index of the three Jefferson calendars is added.

The cosmopolitan character of the German universities appears from the fact that, out of the 37,813 matriculated students, there are, according to the computation of the *Strassburger-Post*, no fewer than 2,731 foreign, or 7.2 per cent. of the total contingent. Comparison shows a slight proportional increase in the past decade (four-tenths of one per cent.). Distribution among the universities is very uneven; Berlin, Leipzig, and Heidelberg, where as many as 15 per cent. of the student body are non-Germans, being the favorites. Berlin reports 876 foreigners, Heidelberg 197, Leipzig 406. Bonn, which formerly was much frequented by outlanders, now has only 2.6 per cent. of them, and Rostock and Münster have only a dozen. Russia leads with 860 students, followed by Austria-Hungary with 536, America with 276, Switzerland with 253, England with 149, Asia with 133 (mostly Japanese), Bulgaria with 67, Rumania with 63, Greece with 56, Italy, the Netherlands, and Servia each with 45, Turkey with 36, Sweden and Norway with 32, Luxemburg with 27. The total number of Europeans is 2,299, of non-Europeans 432. The foreign element in the universities is considerably smaller than it is in the technical institutes.

We welcome anew 'Meyers Historisch-Geographischer Kalender,' for 1904, from Leipzig and Vienna by way of Lemcke & Buechner, New York. The original scheme of this instructive calendar is preserved, and old prints jostle with new (mostly photographic) as before. A novel feature is a table showing the latitude of the chief towns of Germany, and the difference between the local time and middle-European time.

—President Eliot's paper on "The School" easily takes the lead in importance among the various contributions to the November *Atlantic*. It is not the unbalanced theorizing of the doctrinaire that one finds here, but the application of sound common sense to the problems of elementary education, as those problems have presented themselves to the writer in the course of a long and ever alert career as an educator. The possibility of harmonizing the utilitarian and the humane, within certain limits; the advantages which may be gained by bringing the child into contact with other children and adults outside its home environment; the power of the school, by reflex action, to improve the home surroundings of its pupils; the development in children of the power of complete mental absorption in the work in hand; the cultivation in unison of the somewhat antagonistic habits of reading and observation; the training of the reasoning faculty, and the strengthening of the will-force, are the leading points discussed. For either parent or teacher it is an extremely suggestive discussion, and should by no means be missed. Sir Leslie Stephen's third chapter deals with his journalistic career. Apart from the first-hand information as to the review-writing of the time, the paper will be appreciated for the delightful vein (or, rather, flood) of humor which runs through it. One thinks of Lowell as he reads. In discussing the relative standing of the magazine and the book form of publication, Sir Leslie says that we seem to be reversing the order of the past: "The presumption is coming to be that an author publishes in book shape because he cannot get admission to a magazine." Brooks Adams reminds us again that we must kill somebody and do it quickly if we are to have any future. "Dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing." Our present duty, as seen through his gory glasses, is to seize upon the ore deposits of China, lest Russia and Germany form a coalition, absorb Northern China and South America respectively, and suffocate us in the fumes of Russo-Germanic blast-furnaces.

—The workers in science are spurred on so strongly by their fascinating task of finding out new things, that they seldom snatch a moment to set forth afresh a consecutive view of the course of development of a given line of thought. That has been done, however, by way of exception, by Mr. Frank Allen in the *Physical Review*, for the subject of theories of color; and a curious procession of kaleidoscopic vagaries of the human intellect it makes—probably it would be hard to find another better exemplification of the weakness of the human mind. By holding fast to a sound building-stone contributed here and there, a few not too tottering structures have at last been built; of these each stands a menace to the others. The "grand confusion" on which all thinkers shipwrecked for many years was the failure to make any distinction between subjective sensation and objective cause of sensation. Newton not only made to the subject the important contribution involved in his separating objective ether-rays into a continuous band of gradually changing refrangibility, but also laid down this great principle—a foundation-stone for all psychology—on the subjective side: "The rays of light, to speak properly, are not colored; in them is nothing else than a certain power and disposition to stir up a sensation of this or that color." These words will appear in letters of gold when the final history of science is written.

—The current number of the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains the last report of the excavations of Mr. Macalister at Gezer. Primitive rock-cut caves, representing, perhaps, an aboriginal pre-Semitic sanctuary, together with a large, rock-cut pool of unusual character, are reported and described. There have been no other striking "finds" and no important inscriptions. A note on the lamp and bowl deposits found under walls of the early Canaanite and Israelite periods is interesting. Mr. Macalister thinks that he can trace the following evolution in the "foundation rite" represented by these curious deposits. Originally, at the erection of a building, an infant was built into the wall alive, as a sacrifice. Of this there is no evidence from Gezer, but only the argument of analogy from the customs of other countries and races. In the next stage the child victim was killed and the body placed in a jar, which was set under or built into the wall. Of this there are evident traces. In the third stage pottery vessels, perhaps containing food for the victim, were placed with the jar. In the fourth stage, while the act of sacrifice continues, it is also symbolized by the use of a lamp and a bowl or bowls, the latter probably containing blood or grape juice. In the last stage, the one the evidences of which have been most frequently discovered, the human victim is omitted, but the symbols retained. Egyptian objects continue to be found in large numbers in all strata of the excavations, so that it is clear that Egypt was "dominant over Gezer throughout its history, as no other foreign nation seems to have been." Incidentally Mr. Macalister points out that this tends to refute the theory, now supported by Cheyne and others, which would make the Mizraim mentioned in the Old Testament (for instance, Solomon married the daughter of the King of Mizraim, who captured Gezer from the Philistines and gave it to her as her marriage portion), and the Musri, of the Assyrian inscriptions, generally, if not always, not Egypt, but a country in northern Arabia. Professor Porter of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut gives the text and translation of another short Phœnician inscription from the Temple of Eshmun, at Sidon, slightly different, he thinks, from those hitherto reported, containing the name of the new king, Sadukyaton or Zedekyaton. This new name rather increases the difficulty of finding a proper space for the Eshmunazar dynasty at "any time subsequent to the days of Nebuchadrezzar so as to accord with the known facts in the history of Phœnicia."

—In the last number of *Mittheilungen und Nachrichten des Deutschen Palaestina Vereins*, Dr. Dalman, head of the new German Evangelical Archæological Institute in Jerusalem, reports, under the title "Epigraphisches und Pseudepigraphisches," some curious forgeries, the more important of which seem to be left over from the activities of Shapira and his school. One is a sarcophagus, now in a cellar-like vault under a house on the Mount of Olives. On the cover is sculptured a mailed head with close-cropped, full beard, a crown on the forehead, apparently a representation of a king or prince of the crusading period. Accompanying this is an inscription, in old Hebrew characters, borrowed for the most part from the Siloah inscription. Evidently an original, plain sarcophagus of a common type had been recut and then inscribed by antiquity forgers. This particular work suggests the Shapira frauds in the labor and expense involved in its preparation. A gran-

ite fragment of a column, said to have been brought from the east of the Jordan, contains a twelve-line inscription resembling in its details one of the fraudulent inscriptions of the same school. Fraudulent antiquities of another description illustrate the present activity of antiquity forgers in Palestine, who find a market for their wares among the ignorant and gullible pilgrims and travellers from this and other countries.

—The bilingual report for 1902-03, in Japanese and English, of the Imperial Library of Japan, formerly the Tokio Library, just issued, shows that the growth of the library since its formation in 1878 was steady and continuous until 1884. After a sinking spell for two years, there was a steady increase of books accumulated, issued, and read. Mr. Tanaka, the librarian, was trained at Cornell University, and had experience in other American libraries. The report shows a total of 211,283 volumes, classed under eight heads, of which 168,098 are Chinese and Japanese, and 43,285 are European and American. The majority of readers select literature and language, history, biography, geography, and travels, under two heads, but the greatest number in a single field are those in mathematics, science, and medicine. Theology comes last, and philosophy and education are penultimate. Fiction does not seem to be included in this library. An addendum in a still later publication shows that there was in March, 1903, a total of 401,419 volumes, and that, accommodations in the premises of the museum controlled by the Department of Education being judged inadequate, work on a new library building has been started. In other parts of the empire, after the oldest in Kioto, followed by the two in Osaka (one of which is very handsomely housed), there are, in addition to libraries of a private, corporate, circulating, or itinerant nature, 42 of a public nature, containing 217,813 volumes, making a grand total of 619,232 volumes, one-tenth of which are in European languages. Though free libraries are as yet few, there is a constant increase of use and interest in loaned books as shown by the statistics set forth this year. The number of books published in 1901 was 18,998, of which 18,963 were original works and only 35 translations. In the previous decade the annual number of publications averaged over 20,000, but translations were then much more numerous. Now translation, reduced almost to the vanishing-point in quantity, has vastly improved in quality. In a word, the era of making collections of books for free public use in Japan has begun, and the day of purely private ownership, Government or monastery seclusion, is over.

—The interest in 'Adventures of an Army Nurse' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) lies in its being a transcript of experience; and its value consists in the comparison of hospital work in our Civil and the Franco-German wars made at the time by a participant in both. The diary and letters reveal Mrs. von Olnhausen, of Massachusetts birth and ancestry notwithstanding her name by marriage, as a vigorous, narrow-minded, assertive woman with a great heart and supreme energy, who gradually developed some breadth of view, and, after considerable stress, generally had her own way, which seems to have been for the patients' good. The record confirms what many remember, that "Miss Dix's nurses" were assigned and detached quite independently of the medical authorities; that most of the women who went into the hospitals had had no other than domestic experience with sickness and none with wounds; that many of the detailed attendants had little interest in the duty and less in the patients; that the overworked and newly created staff was often handicapped by lack of organization; and that the hospitals nearest the field frequently were overcrowded. Abroad, Mrs. von Olnhausen had for the French as individuals only contempt, and for the German military hospitals disapprobation. "The most demoralized soldiers (not even excepting the Southerners after the war was over) that I have ever seen are these Frenchmen —dirty, ragged, haggard, miserable-looking fellows. . . . Such women and men as one sees in the fields cannot bear heroes" (p. 275). "I went to visit two [German] hospitals she has under her care, and no words can tell about them. In our most disorganized days in our worst field hospitals I saw nothing like it. The beds were abominable, the patients dirty, and, it seemed to me, in every way uncomfortable. The rooms were not even *ill*-ventilated" (p. 224). The volume is the outspoken record of a rural Yankee with no respect for authority, for precedent, or for other usages than her own, but with an overwhelming desire to *do* things, and a great sympathy for those in physical and other distress.

—Mr. Jack London has discovered a mysterious and unknown country, has penetrated it, and has come out alive. The problem of reaching it baffled even Thos. Cook & Son, of whom he inquired before starting, but there was no "impossible" in his dictionary, so here we have, in 'The People of the Abyss' (Macmillan), the story of his explorations in that hitherto unreported region. With an air that might become a Stanley or a Landor he now tells us all, and more than all, about—the East End of London! Sir Walter Besant, from the knowledge of a lifetime, was most impressed by the monotony of the East End; Mr. Jack London, having investigated it "in the summer of 1902," describes it as Dante might have described his Inferno if he had been a yellow journalist. And from his sojourn east of Aldgate he has also learnt that "whatever is true of London in the way of poverty and degradation is true of all England." So terrible is the condition of things that "there are forty millions of the English folk, and 939 out of every 1,000 of them die in poverty, while a constant army of eight millions struggles on the ragged edge of starvation." Mr. London's statistics must have been obtained by the same process as some of his photographs. In spite of such figures, he sees for the English "a broad and smiling future" so far as "manhood and womanhood and health and happiness" go. This reform is to be won by throwing upon the scrap heap "a great deal of the political machinery which at present mismanages for them." But if any penitent Briton should ask what he must do to be saved, the writer has no suggestion to offer except that the 400,000 English gentlemen recorded in the census as of no occupation should be set to work ploughing game preserves and planting potatoes. Mr. London would have shown himself more practical by drafting a bill for that purpose and publishing it as an appendix. It is earnestly to be hoped that he may never come to hear of the bread line on Broadway, or the sweatshops of Chicago, or the child labor of the South. Heaven only knows what article of the Constitution would then be safe from amendment.

—At last, apparently, we have that heretofore 'Unpublished Essay of Edwards on the Trinity,' about which we have had so many hints and so much discussion along the course of half a century. Bushnell had heard of it in 1851 and demanded its publication. In 1880 Dr. Holmes charged the custodians of the Edwards MS. with the suppression of an essay that was heretical "in the direction of Arianism or Sabellianism." In 1885 Professor Stowe wrote as having examined an unpublished essay of remarkable interest. We thought we had it when, also in 1885, Prof. E. C. Smyth published Edwards's 'Observations concerning the Scripture Economy of the Trinity and the Covenant of Redemption.' It was very disappointing, and it wasn't the real thing. Of this we had had actual intimation in two articles by Professor Park in 1881. He had had the lost book of Edwards, and it had vanished in a manner over which Professor Fisher of Yale University hangs a tolerably transparent veil. Later it was recovered and deciphered, and it is now handsomely published (Charles Scribner's Sons), "with Remarks on Edwards and his Theology," by Professor Fisher. Instead of being heretical, it is more orthodox than New England orthodoxy has been generally since Edwards's time. It is certainly more Athanasian. It is Professor Fisher's opinion that the essay was withheld because of its prophetic accusation of the later New England theologians as tri-theists. They meant to be orthodox, but they did not know what orthodoxy was, and suspected Edwards of heresy when he was more orthodox than they, holding a doctrine of tri-personality which was not tri-theistic. It is interesting that Bushnell, could he have unearthed the essay, would have found it departing from the current orthodoxy on the same side with his own opinions. Orthodox or heterodox, it is a singularly juiceless, dry, and gritty piece of work. It is not even faintly representative of Edwards's better mind as exhibited in his 'Nature of True Virtue.' It is a great relief to pass from it to Professor Fisher's excellent "Remarks," which abound in nice discriminations and are particularly admirable for their account of Edwards's influence on later theologians. To have Edwards commended by such late fruit as that which grew on Channing's trees, is a less singular performance now than it would have been some fifty years since.

MORLEY'S GLADSTONE.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By John Morley. In three volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Mr. Morley's biography is an effective eulogy as well as a vivid portrait, and of this the reader will not in the least complain. As recent lives have occasionally reminded us, a biography by a friend and follower not frankly colored by friendship

and loyalty is sure to be bad. Nor has Mr. Morley made the preponderance of politics excessive, though he speaks of the "gap" made in these pages by the absence of any detailed account of Mr. Gladstone as theologian and churchman. For the world at large, the interest of the subject is purely political. On the other hand, Mr. Morley gives full weight to the fact that Mr. Gladstone's temperament was essentially religious. He was not merely a great parliamentary, and later a great popular leader, but, as Lord Salisbury said, "a great Christian." His career must be studied as that of a Christian statesman. "He not only accepted the doctrines of that faith as he believed them to be held by his own communion: he sedulously strove to apply the noblest moralities of it to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations." This devout son of the Church was filled from the first with a genuinely evangelical if not Puritan zeal. "May God use me as a vessel for his own purposes," he cries out at the age of twenty-two. He desired ardently to take orders that he might help to redeem his fellows from the pit of sin. His prayers remind Mr. Morley of Milton. At Oxford he was imbuing himself with the principles of Toryism and ecclesiasticism, but he was neither a Tory nor a Churchman at heart. The contrast between the early Gladstone who entered Parliament in 1832 as the protégé of the Duke of Newcastle, the apologist for slavery and the enemy of the ballot and electoral reform—he says himself that he saw "a certain element of Antichrist in the Reform Act" (I., 182)—and the Gladstone of the later nineteenth century has been often dwelt upon; Mr. Morley makes it clear that his early political opinions were accidental. Oxford had tended, he said in his old age, to "hide from him the great fact that liberty is a great and precious gift of God"; but he was even then laying the foundations of a liberal career, for Oxford had given him "a single-minded and passionate love of truth"; truth, however, rather moral than intellectual, the self-devotion to an ever-living and ever-present God, leading to what used to be called "vital religion," and consecrating the young Tory to a work of which he and his early admirers little dreamed. On his pilgrimage he was as sure to gain the adhesion of men like Bright as he was to earn the derision of cynics like Disraeli, and fail to secure the fidelity of demagogues like Chamberlain.

Mr. Morley's chapter on Mr. Gladstone's characteristics as a young man is full of illustrations of the fundamental simplicity of his character. Two or three points are of unusual interest. In the first place, nothing has been so urged against his sincerity as his wonderful feats in reconciling his own changes of opinion or attitude with one another. Mr. Morley admits the weakness, but points out that it was connected with his profound belief in the necessity of consistency. Even a verbal or logical consistency was better than none at all. This was extremely irritating, but deceived neither friend nor foe. It was Mr. Gladstone's one absurdity, the absurdity of a very serious-minded man. Again, though he had extraordinary force and activity of mind, he had no intellectual or scientific curiosity, no desire to explore new fields of thought. His four "doctors" were Aristotle, Augustine, Dante, and Butler; his source of inspiration was the Bible; on occasions of "sharp pressure or trial," "some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels' wings," and he gives in perfect good faith several of these verses, though it is impossible to detect any significance in connection between the verse and the occasion.

Nearly half the first volume is occupied with the period from the time when Mr. Gladstone, at the age of twenty-three (1832), entered Parliament, to the repeal of the corn laws, in 1846. As a member of the House of Commons and of Sir Robert Peel's Government, he served his apprenticeship at the business which he called that of "working the institutions of his country." The Duke of Newcastle gave him his seat for Newark, but exacted no pledges. The tone of the House was then, far more than it is now, that of "the best club in London." The press was quiet and decent, public opinion was that of the intellectual and governing classes; family connections and social standing counted for everything, and bad manners were the unpardonable sin. So far from members of Parliament keeping their "ears to the ground," as we say, or asking for what is now called in English political life a "mandate," attempts to influence Parliament by monster meetings and public clamor were discountenanced. A member was to be a true representative, but never a delegate; in so far as he yielded to noise and pressure, he showed himself unequal to his task. Mr. Gladstone evidently resented the existence of the Anti-Corn Law League as an ungentlemanly organization. Cobden's great offence in the House was that he imputed bad motives to his opponents, that his tone was "harsh."

There is plenty of evidence, during this period, of Mr. Gladstone's conscientiousness. The opium war with China he denounced in the House; on the tariff he gradually became, like Peel himself, an enlightened reformer; he retired from the ministry on account of the Maynooth grant; in the proceedings at Oxford against Ward he voted against the condemnation of the book, and when Pusey was condemned for preaching heresy, he signed a protest; in the Lady Hewley case he voted for a measure confirming Unitarian titles, against which Anglican influence was arrayed. At the same time he characteristically supported the very grant which led to his retirement from the Ministry, and wholly failed to make his attitude intelligible.

At the outset the reader perceives that he is dealing with an intellectual giant. The best proof of it is not the number of hours he was able to devote to work (though what we hear of this is startling enough), but the fact that, without the least preparation in the way of a business or legal education, he was suddenly able to make himself recognized, not only by the country at large, but by the interests affected, as a master of economic legislation, knowing more about manufactures than the manufacturer, and more about imports than the importer. What is at least equally remarkable is that while he showed at once this extraordinary mastery of public business, it was combined with an equal capacity in private affairs. In 1839, at the age of thirty, he married, and, through his marriage, became involved in the affairs of the Hawarden property, which he converted by years of labor from what threatened to be a wreck into a prosperous estate.

Between the time of the repeal of the corn laws and the Crimean war, Peel died, the old Tory party dwindled to a remnant, and Palmerston became the most important man in the government. In 1851 Mr. Gladstone aroused Europe to the horrors of Italy's enslavement by the publication of his letters to Lord Aberdeen, but his impulse was humanity, not politics. His prepossessions were still in favor of the European system established at the end of the Napoleonic wars, and the cry of "nationality" did not appeal to him. It was the cry of suffering prisoners tortured for opinion's sake that he heard. In the Crimean war, on the other hand, there were no Poerios or Panizzis to be liberated, and the consideration which seems to have affected his mind most decisively was that Russia was an offender against "the public law of Europe." It was only very far-sighted liberals like Bright and Cobden who perceived that the war was a reactionary struggle, destined to retard progress, futile so far as English interests were concerned, and effective only in bolstering up the doomed throne of Louis Napoleon and the decaying fabric of the Turkish Empire. At this time Mr. Gladstone was no Liberal, as we understand the word, but a Peelite statesman, engaged, in a Coalition ministry, in "working the institutions of his country." It is as a financier and economist chiefly that, during these years, he shines. His brilliant entry into and occupation of this field is now familiar history, but it was not at all anticipated either by his colleagues or by himself. His first budget he has himself described as "the most complicated scheme ever submitted to Parliament." It was opened to the Cabinet (on the question of legacy-duties that body was entirely against him) in a speech of three hours; that is, it was a question at first whether it could ever come before the House at all. At its close, to quote Lord Aberdeen, "we were all convinced." Its author had made the Chancellorship of the Exchequer the second post in the Government, and laid down the principles which were to guide English finance and taxation to the present day, and which bid fair to remain his great permanent monument for all time.

Of Mr. Gladstone's political career from the date of the Crimean war to his acceptance of office under Lord Palmerston, it is difficult to speak summarily. Step by step, in Mr. Morley's voluminous record, it marks the path of a conscientious Conservative driven by the pressure of conscience and his own leadership into a new and strange position. Those who are inclined to doubt his sincerity will find it difficult to account for the fact that, whenever an abuse was to be attacked, he attacked it, and that he never gave a sign of allowing his interest to determine his opinions. Sitting for Oxford, he reformed the Universities, although he at first denounced the proposal for an inquiry, and afterwards made his usual vain attempt to reconcile one position with the other. He was one of the earliest public men to insist on an open civil service, and carried what we now call in the United States the "merit system" through the Cabinet in 1854, against the opposition of Lord John Russell, who objected to it that it would make

the institutions of England "as nearly republican as possible," and that "the new spirit of the public offices would not be loyalty, but republicanism." The great Whig families like the Russells regarded patronage exactly as the great Tories did, indeed possibly with greater jealousy. An open civil service threatened their power just as an open civil service in the United States to-day threatens the "organization" and the "bosses" who control it. In finance Gladstone insisted from the first that war loans could be justified only by necessity, and were economically an abuse. When the question of the Suez Canal came up, and Lord Palmerston denounced it as a bubble, and as tending to dismember the empire by opening a passage between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean which would be at the command of other nations, Mr. Gladstone defended the project, as in the interest both of England and of mankind, with as much enlightenment as any disciple of the Manchester School could have done.

Mr. Morley devotes a separate book of sixteen chapters to the period between the Italian Revolution and 1868, when Mr. Gladstone became, at the end of his sixtieth year, Prime Minister. While it is impossible to fix an exact date at which the old European order, established after Waterloo, came to an end, after the rise of a united Italy it was seen to have disappeared. In the next forty years the forces of modern society, so long held in check, were to change completely the face of the world. The demands of nationality and democracy were to prevail; Italy, Germany, and France were to be recreated; slavery was to perish in its last strongholds; the "Balance of Power" was to disappear into the limbo of dead political devices. That Mr. Gladstone was destined to play a leading part in this great drama was not clear till much later. According to Mr. Morley, it was not till after 1863 that any extraordinary change began to be visible in him; and if the change in Europe be dated from the Italian Revolution, we should be inclined, on the evidence of these volumes, to connect the change in Mr. Gladstone with the discovery of his mistake about the American war. Mr. Morley shows conclusively that Mr. Gladstone was neither a sympathizer with the South as a slave power, nor hostile to the Union on the Tory theory that the success of the South would benefit England. But the language in which, in 1896, he recorded his opinion of his blunder in proclaiming, in 1862, that Jefferson Davis and the other Southern leaders had "made a nation" (coming from a Cabinet Minister this was supposed at the time to mean that England was about to recognize the independence of the Confederacy, and led Mr. Adams to talk of packing up), shows the deep impression made on his mind by the whole affair. His defeat at Oxford in 1865 had also a most important effect on his later career. His connection with Oxford, according to Lord Palmerston, had had the effect of keeping him "partially muzzled" down to that time. Let him go elsewhere, he added, and "he will run wild"; he did go elsewhere, and no doubt Lord Palmerston would have considered his subsequent political life as very "wild." When he was sent for by the Queen to form his first Government, he exclaimed, "My mission is to pacify Ireland." Mr. Gladstone's sole great rival was now Disraeli; but Disraeli was impotent to do anything but alternately oppose and help on the work in which Mr. Gladstone was engaged.

Mr. Gladstone remained in power till 1874 This is the period of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the first Irish Land Act, the abolition of Purchase, the Franco-German war, the downfall of the Third Empire, the Black Sea negotiations, and the Geneva arbitration of the *Alabama* Claims. Mr. Morley is so anxious to shield Mr. Gladstone's memory from the charge of indifference to the interests of the Crown that he represents him as standing "sentry over the interests, whether profound and enduring or trivial and fleeting, of the ancient monarchy of this kingdom." This is stretching a constitutional fiction to its extremest limits. He brought to its ripest perfection the system of Cabinet government; the ministers, nominally selected by the Crown, becoming really agents of Parliament. This modern régime—government by a changing committee of the House of Commons—bid fair, in the hands of a powerful minister like Gladstone, to reduce the Crown to a nullity, especially as it was reinforced by the theory, pretty nearly established in practice, that the House of Lords was not to block legislation once resolved upon by the lower House. The old ministers had been courtiers, who had had the skill to make the Queen seem to herself a great ruler. Mr. Gladstone was a poor courtier, and an enthusiast for a new order in which she seemed to play a more and more insignificant part. The pacification of Ireland meant more agrarian legislation; his foreign policy of neutrality, peace, avoidance of entangling alliances (not unlike that established a century before for the United States by Washington), would reduce to a minimum the power of the Crown in European affairs. Nor was it only with the Queen that Mr. Gladstone was sowing the seeds of unpopularity. It is difficult for us who have no established Church to estimate the bitterness engendered by his Irish Church measures; the abolition of Purchase alienated the classes from which the services were recruited; the *Alabama* arbitration was regarded as a "surrender"; a peaceful foreign policy brought no glory, and it was impossible to sympathize with a man who preferred morality to colonies and conquests. Disraeli, always keen to see the defects in his opponent's armor, and already perceiving the value of Imperialism as a cry, denounced his rival as an apostle of "disintegration."

Mr. Gladstone's abdication of the leadership when the Conservatives came in in 1874, produced a kind of party anarchy. Lord Hartington succeeded him in the House, but he could not fill his place, for the Liberal party had come to mean Mr. Gladstone himself and his vast popular following. It was he who forced the liberation of Bulgaria into the settlement of the Berlin Congress; it was he who, in the Midlothian campaign, showed that a wide popular suffrage had begun to undermine even the power and prestige of Parliament itself. When, in 1880, the Conservatives were beaten, and the Queen sent for Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, those leaders were forced to tell her that the only man in England who could form and carry on a Liberal government was Mr. Gladstone. At the time of this recall he was seventy-one years of age, and felt his strength to be declining. But his ascendency was at its height, and, surprising as it may now seem, he thought, in assuming the reins again, that he could look forward to a period of quiet and orderly constitutional change.

Throughout his whole ministry he was involved in storms and threatened with shipwreck on every side. His new measures —a new Irish land law and a wide extension of the suffrage—had not, like the earlier repeal of the corn laws and electoral reform, the effect of solidifying his power. They seemed to bring him rather enemies than friends. The disruption of the Liberal party, of which this ministry was the opening chapter, was not retarded by any late change in Mr. Gladstone himself. His traits deepened and hardened, his habits of mind and action were confirmed by long success. Liberalism had been above all things a régime of measures. For fifty years he had solved all questions by a plan of legislation settled in advance. His task had been to strike off one by one the shackles imposed by privilege on trade and commerce, on political rights, freedom of religion; in foreign affairs, legislation being out of the question, his policy had been one of non-intervention and good will—that is, of a very simple principle or rule of national action, corresponding abroad with the system which underlay Liberalism at home. During all this time he had neglected another side of politics. In 1885 we find him saying, "I have never looked much, in Irish matters, at negotiation or the conciliation of leaders." Not only in Irish matters, but in all others, it was foreign to his temper to look at anything but "the measure in itself" (III., 198). But politics is only half measures and principles. The other half is just that negotiation and conciliation of leaders, to say nothing of actual intrigue, which to Mr. Gladstone was distasteful and impossible. In his old age, at every turn, we find that while he still sticks to measures and principles, they have ceased to play the same part in the public eye. The work of securing them has been done, a new generation is thinking of other things; the temper of the time has become such as to make the road to power one for a man endowed with opposite qualities to tread. Mr. Gladstone was a great orator, a great legislator, and a great finance minister, but he was not a great negotiator or administrator of imperial business. In foreign affairs, always so theatrical as they strike the attention of the domestic audience, this great master of the rhetorical arts—this great actor, as his enemies would have called him—did not know how to "take the stage." It is easy to imagine Disraeli or Palmerston making a great deal of capital out of Odo Russell's threat of war against Russia, or the Sultan's offer of Egypt to England; neither caused Mr. Gladstone anything but embarrassment. He got all the blame for Majuba and for Gordon's death. At home he angered the Queen, he had to part company with Bright, found his match in Parnell, frightened the House of Lords and the Church, and began to be looked upon in many quarters as a leader of assassins and dynamiters. Some of this odium a man of the world would have managed to escape. To make matters worse, he had an explanation for everything.

Mr. Morley, in dealing with the last twelve years of Mr. Gladstone's life, goes into great detail. This is the period of the author's Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, and the bitter warfare which, first ending in Mr. Parnell's destruction and the Irish disruption, finally terminated in the defeat of Home Rule and the consolidation of the power of the new Conservative party formed by the union of the Liberal-Unionists with the Tories. This part of the book is necessarily more partisan in tone than the earlier portions; it can hardly be said that the biographer gives us both sides. We perceive Mr. Gladstone more and more a target of obloquy, and more and more deserted by old and tried friends—men poles asunder on subjects other than this one fatal difference, like the Marquis of Hartington and John Bright; but we are not sufficiently let into their confidences. This was a revolutionary period—a time of crime and violence, wholesale arrests and imprisonment, conspiracies and assassinations, and it is too much to ask of one of the actors in it absolute historical impartiality. But, on the whole, this part of the narrative is rather negatively than positively defective. Biographically it is a complete picture of the consistent end of an extraordinary career. It was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to retrace his steps or to stop. He had become the leader of a great democratizing movement, and, had he lived longer after failing to carry Home Rule, he would certainly have next attacked the House of Lords, or any other line of defence which blocked his path. As long as his strength lasted, he was as nearly irresistible as any man has ever become under free institutions, and time has yet to show whether even in the settlement of the Irish question he was not merely in advance of his time.

To attempt a parallel between him and other public men of the Victorian age is not easy, for at one or more points he surpassed them all. As a parliamentarian and party leader, his only rival was Disraeli; but Disraeli in finance, business, or constructive legislation counted for nothing. Palmerston was his superior in knowledge of the world and of men, and in what has been called a kind of inspired consciousness; but at every other point his inferior. Lord John Russell and Lord Derby were not men of his stature; Cobden had not upon his shoulders the government of an empire. Peel's career in a certain sense foreshadowed his own, but Peel had not his range. Gladstone had a literal mind, and at bottom a simple character, but his power as legislator to devise and as orator to persuade, his courage and ardor, his range of emotion and enthusiasm, his variety, his industry, his mastery, are such as to fill us with continual surprise. A sustained eulogy, such as Mr. Morley's, is apt to suggest a doubt whether the picture is not merely the glorified portrait of a friend and worshipper; but, before we close the book, the doubt has been dissipated by the marvellous facts of the career itself. We have read the life of a man too great to be completely measured and understood by his own age.

RECENT POETRY.

We observe that the London correspondents of American literary journals take pains to vindicate the British public from having grown indifferent to Kipling. It does not seem to occur to these correspondents that the very fact of their offering defence shows clearly some need of it. Ten years ago no such correspondence was needed; ten years ago the publication of a Kipling volume was an unquestioned literary event. Can any one look through the newspapers or watch the booksellers' counters and say that it is now such an event? At that time, moreover, of all charges that could be brought against Kipling the most impossible would be that of dulness, but it is hard to turn the leaves of 'The Five Nations' (Doubleday, Page & Co.) without an ominous foreshadowing of that calamity. We find him, for instance, employing tiresome repetends, as where, in "Buddha at Kamakura," there are twelve successive four-line verses each ending with "Kamakura." He has mere mouthing and big words, as in "The Old Men" (p. 50). Where the lurid or wordy qualities disappear, we have songs with choruses which strike the ear as tediously as in "South Africa." So marked are these qualities throughout the book that when the calm and noble lines of the "Recessional" are found at the end, it seems as if they must be the work of some other author pasted into the volume. Two or three of the poems at most retain the old, vigorous touch, as seen in the "The Bell Buoy" (p. 4). In this, in "The Destroyers" and the "White Horses," we seem to recognize the former Kipling.

That the race of meek and reverential Kiplingites has not passed by, is evident from the 'Ventures into Verse' by Henry Louis Mencken (Baltimore: Marshall, Beek & Gordon). The author inscribes his book on the first page "To R. K." as "Prophet of brawn and bravery!" and becomes sufficiently Anglicized himself to imitate his hero with such verses as this (p. 14):

THE ORF'CER BOY.

"He was a gran' bhoy!"—*Mulvaney.*

Now 'e aren't got no whiskers
An' 'e's only five foot 'igh,
(All the same 'e is a' orf'cer hof the Queen!)
Oh, 'is voice is like a loidy's
An' 'e's so polite an' shy!
(All the same 'e serves 'Er Majesty the Queen!)

To show, however, that the sway of Kipling over our younger poets is clearly waning, we note the following in a volume from one of our latest California bards, 'Of Both Worlds,' by Herman Scheffauer (San Francisco: Robertson) (p. 110):

RUDYARD KIPLING.

False to the poet's purpose high, in vain
Craves he admittance to their golden fane,—
Juggler and jongleur, whose vulgarian muse
Roars from her narrow heart her rank abuse!
Who never Beauty knew and never Wit,
Who beats the drums for Truth—while beating it.
Renown shall with a sponge erase his name
Where on her walls he chalked it—to their shame.

Mr. Yeats, in the volume called 'In the Seven Woods' (Macmillan), also reaches the reader a little less, we fancy, than in its predecessors. It is curious how, as even writers of genius multiply their works, they are apt to turn us back more and more to some single note which touches the heart more than all its ambitious predecessors, as if, for instance, Kipling were to live to be mainly associated with Mandalay and Yeats with Inisfree.

If we suggest some apparent decline in power to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Yeats, we cannot attribute the same decay to Joaquin Miller's 'As It Was in the Beginning' (San Francisco: Robertson), for there was not in him so much material for decaying. This oddly shaped book presents in brief his version into poetry of President Roosevelt's sentiments on the subject of large families. Passing by the cheap voluptuousness of his tale, we confine ourselves to a brief sample of one of his more purely descriptive passages (p. 33):

"Again the swirling pool was gone,
Again the boat swept on, swept on,
That moon was as a thousand moons!
Two dead men swirled, one swept, one sank—
Two wolves, two owls, two yelling loons,
Three lank, black wolves along the bank
That watched the drowned men swirl or sink,
Three screeching loons along the brink—
That moon disputing with the dawn
That dared the yellow, mad Yukon!"

The gifts and the melancholy life of Mr. Henley are recalled by his 'Song of Speed' (London: David Nutt). It has been called by Mr. William Archer "an imperishable utterance," and at any rate it puts into existence and, we might say, into motion the most wonderful invention of the times. Alas, that this poet's passage through life was as swift and powerful and almost as wayward and uncertain as the vast engine he describes (pp. 24-27):

"Hence the *Mercèdes!*
Look at her. Shapeless?
Unhandsome? Unpaintable?
Yes; but the strength
Of some seventy-five horses,
Seventy-five puissant
Superb fellow-creatures
Is summed and contained
In her pipes and cylinders.
Mind after mind,
On fire with discovery,
Filled full with the fruits
Of an hundred fat years,
And mad with the dreams
And desires of To-day,
Have toiled themselves dull
To achieve her components.
She can stop in a foot's length;
She steers, as it were,
With a hair you might pluck
From your Mistress's nape;

. . . . . .

And she runs down the birds
(You can catch them like flies
As, poor wretches, they race from you!);
Ay, and becomes,
As the Spirit and Mind
Of God's nearest approach
To Himself hath so willed it,
The Angel of Speed—
Speed in the Laugh of the Lord."

Those who remember John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish-American poet, and the absolutely loyal way in which he flung himself into American life, will be glad to receive a volume, 'My Candles, and Other Poems,' by Eliza Boyle O'Reilly, his eldest daughter (Boston: Lee & Shepard). It is rarely that a young poet, printing a first volume, concentrates so much strength into six lines as does Miss O'Reilly into the close of her title poem, which opens the book:

"Once in a seaport on the coast of France
I found a tranquil church, time-scarred and gray,
High on a hill, a beacon to the bay;
I saw a rough lad reverently advance,
Drop his small coin, and, with an upward glance
At the dim altar, light his candle. Yea,
Amid the wild storm of the ocean spray
This token had been vowed against mischance.

" 'O Faith!' I cried, 'Thou art a wondrous thing!'
Forthwith I lighted candles that were mine—
Tapers of trust in purpose, kindness, youth;
Now, when the beating waves or still calms bring
Discouragement, I bend before the shrine
Of the dead mighty ones who strove for Truth."

Many pages of the volume are given to delightful passages of foreign travel, of which this is one of the most graceful (p. 33):

THE PRIVILEGED HOUR.

Up Lustleigh Cleave I went one summer eve,
And as I climbed I met a child at play,
Of whom I asked, "What is a cleave?"
Then through that pleasant Devon way,
Through uplands strewn with giant stone,
With granite boulders rent and overthrown,
She guided me.
"Some one up there," she said,
And heavenward went her eyes in childhood's vague surmise,
"I think he scattered something here,"
I answered, "Mere rough rocks, I fear."
Perplexed, but confident, she shook her head:
"Oh—not rocks then!" she chided me.
Thou never failing mystery
In which a child can wrap this earth

From doubt, from chill of unbelief, this earth
Of grievous death, of ever-hopeful birth!

'Visions, and Other Verse,' by Edward Robeson Taylor (San Francisco: Robertson), is the work of a man well known for his varied labors, being at the same time dean of a law college and vice-president of a medical college, and finding time to translate a most difficult poet, Heredia. Besides all this, he has printed his translation in three different editions, each showing much labor in the way of correction and remoulding. The constant labor over these sonnets has perhaps given him too much tendency to sonnet writing, in this following the perilous example of Lloyd Mifflin, to whom he dedicates this volume. We like better some of his shortest poems condensed into a single profound thought; for example (p. 11):

IMAGINATION.

How insignificantly small we seem;
Yet marvellous times there are
When every sense in sublimated dream
Wings on from star to star;
Ah, then all principalities are ours,
And we, immortals with Herculean powers.

No poet, whether large or small, has more reason to complain of his publishers than Robert Loveman, author of 'The Gates of Silence, with Interludes of Song' (Lippincott). His poems are, as usual, almost wholly in eight lines, with little homœopathic pellets of modest truth visible in each poem. To take a page at random (p. 16):

"Poor rambling, shambling soul of mine,
Beyond the night, beyond the day,
When thou dost unto death resign
This happy habitat of clay,

"In high conclave, at feasts divine,
Will legions leap to heed thy nod?
Or, doomed to darkness, wilt thou whine,
A beggar at the gates of God?"

To these the publishers add a page of circulars in which the author is successively compared by different and amiable critics to Wordsworth, Tennyson, Poe, Aldrich, and Henley; and his poems collectively to roses in midsummer, and to wandering stars in the deeps of heaven. Mr. Loveman may, for all this, be a modest and simple-hearted man, and we wish him a less flattering environment when he next publishes.

Prof. Charlton M. Lewis, in 'Gawayne and the Green Knight' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), reverts to the old practice of telling a tale of chivalry in cheery couplets like those on which Keats would sometimes unbend himself. Barring the rhyming of "unequal" with "sequel," "want" with "menthe," "laurel" with "moral," "of" with "love," and the like, his poem is a pleasant contribution to academic literature. 'Idle Hour Flights,' by Robert D. Burnie (London: Gay & Bird), aims at preserving Welsh romances, and has a few attractive Welsh landscapes by way of illustration, along with some bold innovations in grammar. He calls attention to poems by the late Mrs. Key-Blunt, stated to be the widow of an American officer, and daughter of the composer of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The two recent poetic volumes which appear to have most of that quality of "Concealed Mystery" which our visitor, Mr. Yeats, regards as the highest, are both women, and both hitherto unknown to us—the one English, the other American. From Ethel Clifford's 'Songs of Dreams' (Lane) we take "Cain's Song" (p. 125):

Lo, I am matched with Jehovah. Life of his giving
Have I destroyed and made vain. Cold and apart,
Abel lies dead in his grave while I, Cain, am living,
Warm, with the blood in my veins and desire in my heart.

Outcast am I: but the earth, fertile and kindly,
Stretches beneath me. The sun sets in the West,
Golden and red, and I see it, while Abel sleeps blindly,
Deaf to the rain, and I hear it. Lord, which is best?

Branded am I: but the deer, russet and sable,
Still are for quarry. And I hunt not in vain.
Mine is the triumph of storm and the gladness of rain, but Abel,
Nothing he knows though his face is upturned to the rain.

Cursèd am I: but the night has mysterious giving
Of dreams, and day lights fires that burn in the east and west.
Thy favored one lies in his grave and I, thine accursèd, am living,
Quick in the wonder of earth and the sunlight:
Lord, which is best?

The other volume is 'The Eastward Road' (James Pott & Co.), by Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, from which we quote the title poem (p. 35):

"Let us go on along the eastern way.
Behind us flares the sunset's gold and rose,
Before us, in the dusk that no man knows,
The level high-road stretches straight and gray.
Let us go on to meet the moon's first ray
Above the eastward path that twilight shows;
Let us go on apast the moon, till glows
Across the eastern hills another day.

Though, through the dark, mad shapes go scurrying by—
Reason and Rapine, Power and Unrest,
Kingdoms unburied, empires yet unborn—
While the night wind blows cool across the sky,
While man's ambition struggles toward the west,
Let us ride on through moonlight into morn.

'Poems,' by Marie Van Vorst (Dodd, Mead & Co.), apparently the first volume of a young authoress, also shows more genuine power than most books of its class. "The Song of the Wheat," the leading poem, has a good deal of originality, and strength of passion is well exemplified in the sonnet called "Excommunicate" (p. 115):

I do not find an altar, or a priest,
Nor any sacred, still confessional;
Masses and vespers, I must shun them all,
Tho' every belfry bid me to the feast!
I may not wear the cross upon my breast,
Nor make its sign; or in repentance fall
Before the niched saint. In canticle
I must not chant one frail blurred note, or least.

For my religion is my joy and shame;
My priest, my altar, canticle, and mass
Art thou! and lest thou hear my creed, and know—
Shouldst hear me sing my love, or pray thy name—
Unshriven with my burden I must go;
Proud, excommunicate, I pagan pass!

'The Round Rabbit, and Other Child Verse,' by Agnes Lee (Boston: Small), is a really charming little book, which quite suggests Stevenson's 'Child's Garden' in its pretty and graceful trifles for children's recitations. It has also a few good illustrations. Such, for instance, is that of a cheerful old man and his daughter, interviewing a little girl of the Kate Greenaway description, who thus performs her services as guide (p. 80):

THE CITY GUIDE.

What garden's that? With pleasure, sir!
The very garden where
The mad dog ran, that grocer's cur,
That gave us such a scare.

This street? The prettiest street in town.
Aunt Mary lives on this,
And Baby Prue walks up and down,
And never goes amiss.

The name? I don't remember; but
Why need a small girl know?
I'm sure it's where I found the nut
And lost my bonnet's bow.

I'm glad I've helped you, traveller!
No matter what they say,
A city's very simple, sir,
When once you know the way!

'Between the Lights,' by Alice Herbert (John Lane), is a tragic little book, of which the "Joyous Suicide" is one of the less saddening and crushing poems, and it may be well to quote the only verses written, apparently, in a sunshiny moment (p. 19):

"FEW PASSIONS CAN OUTLIVE A LITTLE SONG."

When Memory comes teasing you,
Trying to break your heart,
Telling of things that used to be,
And how you bore a part,
The safest Lethe you can drink
(You'll never find it wrong)
Is just the little drop of ink
That makes a little song.

When waking nights are heavy things
And Spring nights hard to bear;
When every bird that sees you sings
A melancholy air:
Then never dream and stray about
And shut your eyes and long,
But take a pen and work it out,
And make a little song.

Though every smile, however sweet,
Should make you sigh "If only . . .!"
And all the throng of passing feet
Should leave you more than lonely:
Though all your cry be "Come again!
The empty days are long,"
Perhaps you'll hardly find the pain
Outlive a little song!

'Lyrics and Sonnets, Second Series,' by Thomas McKie (Edinburgh: David Douglas), has the same qualities which marked the first series, a sympathetic sweetness, with a tinge of commonplace, and also the charm always given to even mediocre Scotch poetry by the proper names, which lend such attraction to the lines by their association. In 'The Ministry of Love,' by Irene Abbott (Crane: Topeka), the author speaks of having consecrated her life to the rescue work; and poetry written with this intent must no doubt be cheering to the author herself, if to no others.

If Mr. Frederic Crowninshield's 'Tales in Metre, and Other Poems' (Cooke) impresses us a little less than his previous volumes, it may be because they are printed in a little less atractive form and take their names less from the painter's art, but they are certainly above the average in execution. 'The Overture,' by Joseph Russell Taylor (Houghton), is made pleasing by the names of those who furnish this overture, and becomes attractive by the preponderance of birds and butterflies. There is little that is of human interest in it.

The author of 'Some Rejected Verse,' William D. Washburn, jr., (Knickerbocker Press), shows good reason in his pages for the rejection, but none whatever for the word "verse." None of the pieces are in any recognized metre, not even blank verse, and one of them, "Wherefore," is at best in Whitmanesque. Some of them are dated at Minneapolis, some at Chicago, others in Eastern cities, and they belong to the large class of so-called poems which are no poems. 'Sonnets and Lyrics,' by Katrina Trask (Boston: Badger), are perhaps strongest in neither of these departments, but in a series of striking short verses labelled "Contrasts," *e. g.* (p. 95):

A man and woman, steeped in ecstacy,
Murmur, 'mid kisses, "Merciful is fate!"'

Far off, one—who has set that woman free—
Dies lonely; and a maid waits, desolate.

'Songs from the Hearts of Women,' by Nicholas Smith (Chicago: McClurg), suggests the English origin of its compiler, not so much in the larger space given to the work of English women as in his apparent ignorance of the two most gifted women poets in this country, Emily Dickinson and Helen Jackson, both of whom wrote poems of profounder religious feeling and more inspiration than three-quarters of those authors whom he quotes. Their poems, if not always intended for hymns, needed much

less modification for that purpose than was administered to many in this collection by those competent editors to whose "changes" Mr. Smith refers in his preface.

Of recent dramatic poems, 'El Dorado; A Tragedy,' by Ridgely Torrence (Lane), must be pronounced a little too prolix, and the anonymous, attractive and graceful 'Mors et Victoria' (Longmans) not quite prolix enough. Alfred Austin's 'Flodden Field: A Tragedy' (Harpers) is a shade stronger than the average quality of his numerous works, but seems to leave the poet laureate's seat still unoccupied. 'Hephæstus, Persephone at Enna, and Sappho in Leucadia,' by Arthur Stringer (Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House), is well and thoughtfully executed, but rather meditative than dramatic in its tone.

Valentine Brown, author of 'The Chieftain and Satires,' (Portland, Oregon), apologizes for the abrupt termination of his satire called "The Pilgrims," on the reasonable ground that "the author at this time was taken with the grippe, and, under the influence of quinine, Alastor and Azrael refused to answer any more interrogatories"—a fact which is to be placed to the credit of those imaginary powers. 'The City of Is, and Other Poems,' by Frederic Milton Willis (San Francisco: Mercury Press) is a little book which, although inscribed to "California the beautiful, California the potentially, surpassingly intellectual and spiritual," might rather be inscribed farther back to the potent and sometimes very mischievous spirit of Poe. This inheritance shows itself in the very title, and still farther in poems like "Through the Valley of Nil" (p. 23):

Life smiled on the lovely Child
And led him with delicate finger-tips
Into the Valley of Nil;
And, kissing his voluted linger-lips,
Quickened his inchoate will.

He shrank from the peopling blank—
Turned back toward the glittering spangles
Of love-living light on the Hill
Just out of the tortuous tangles
Of the solaric Valley of Nil.

But the gradient, paved with irradiant,
Vacuous violet light,
Had shrunk to a slender rill
Of fluctuant spirit, to the sight
Of the Child in the Valley of Nil.

Somewhat remote from Poe, and inspired, perhaps, by the ambition to offer to younger poets a perilous example, is the following, in which both the rhythm, the structure, and the doctrine, whatever it may be, may fairly claim to be the author's own (pp. 74, 75):

What through the fiercely surging tidal impulse
of the underlying, turbid source
of incarnating and evolving soul,
a sea of germic frenzy,
Aspire vandalically—leap like fiend
of direst evil on the quiet soul—
lash it in a devilish rage—and then,
insatiate, lick with rabid passion-tongues
the lambent empyrean spirit-fire;—
Cannot the gentle flame insinuate,
with soft persistence, its fine, dividing and
disintegrating angles—nullify
by essence-comminution all the fury
of the limbic and matricial sea—
and, timeless, spaceless, pulse with purest light,
in primal legislative glory?

With this rather hopeless specimen of crossbreeding between poetry and prose, we may leave for the present the subject of Recent Poetry.

RECENT FICTION.

The Ultimate Moment. By William R. Lighton. Harper & Brothers. 1903.

The Daughter of a Magnate. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Pa Gladden: The Story of a Common Man. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. The Century Co. 1903.

The Law of Life. By Anna McClure Sholl. D. Appleton & Co.

The Beaten Path. By Richard Lawrence Makin. The Macmillan Co.

A Master Hand. By Richard Dallas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Pine Grove House. By Ruth Hall. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. By John Fox, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Heart of Rome: A Tale of the "Lost Water." By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

'The Ultimate Moment' is a study of the social and political life of Omaha, Nebraska. It is written with some bitterness and much energy of denunciation, as though the writer, having been compelled to live in this enterprising town, had determined to save others from the experience:

"At its best, Omaha is not a beautiful city. It is only a big, sprawling, swaggering example of what the Middle West has done along the line of crass 'enterprise'—overgrown, arrogant, extravagantly boastful over matters not worth boasting about, while forgetful of most of those things in which a city should take a reasoning pride; vain of its show of wealth, . . . vain of its miles of streets, without stopping to reflect upon the deeper meanings of a street; vain of its hundred thousand people, without greatly caring what their character and power of service may be. It is a town that, from the day of its birth, has never set for itself any worthy civic ideal. . . . Could anything be more artificial or more abjectly silly than to set about building a metropolitan city in the middle of these farms? A marketplace—that's all the farmers need here right now. They're supporting seventy thousand useless people just for the sake of being in the fashion and having a metropolis."

The politicians of Omaha to whom we are introduced are much like other corrupt politicians, East and West, but there seems to be some hope for the Omaha mob which is held back from a lynching by the hero of the tale, unarmed and single-handed, and presently melts away before an appeal to order and decency. David Boughton (the hero) leaves his farm for the tense life and ambitions of Omaha, and begins to read law in the office of one of the city's lawyers; there are three hundred of these, but no justice to be had in Omaha, according to Mr. Lighton. It must be a wearing life, to judge from the atmosphere of uncontrolable emotion which the hero encounters. This is how the sub-heroine receives her father's announcement of his political ambitions:

"She was trembling; her face had taken on an ashen pallor, save for two burning flecks of red in her cheeks; her eyes were feverishly brilliant. 'Good-night,' she said; and with that she was gone."

This is how her father receives a rather timid request for his daughter's hand:

"Watson sat dumfounded, his lips parted, his eyes staring. For many seconds not a nerve moved. The blood fled from his face, leaving it overcast with a gray pallor, then came surging back in a full red flood, swelling the veins into cords and bringing big drops of sweat to his forehead."

No wonder the hero is easily reconciled to returning to his farm and abandoning his ambitions for a brilliant career in Omaha. If the farm life of Nebraska is half as charming as Mr. Lighton's description of it, it is a sort of Western Arcadia, which, after all, owes much of its prosperity to the existence of the market town that he condemns.

'The Daughter of a Magnate' is a great improvement on Mr. Spearman's last novel, 'Dr. Bryson,' because, though it is fully as technical, there is nothing morbid or pathological about it. The author has Mr. Kipling's gift for getting up a subject and making the lay reader feel the romance of machinery for the expert. As usual, in novels of this type the love story is a mere thread, a concession to the conventions of fiction. It is typical of the New Romance that the heart of the heiress is won, not by feats of arms, but by triumphs of engineering on the mountain division of a Western railroad. From her father's private car she sees with her own eyes the disastrous chances, not of encounters with the insolent foe, but of washouts and blizzards, experiences fully as moving as those the tale of which enchanted Desdemona. The hero is a rising young engineer who, in the discharge of his dangerous duties, breaks both arms and two ribs and blows himself up with a dynamite blast, all in quick succession; one must use one's expert knowledge of surgery, so abused in 'Dr. Bryson.' Nothing east of Pittsburg is even hinted at in 'The Daughter of a Magnate.' It is a romance of the West, of flooded roadbeds and delayed fruit trains, and the awful responsibilities of the train-dispatcher who has forgotten the "special" that contains the heroine. But it is true romance, a romance of stern adventures from which one might cut out the love story and sacrifice nothing; the hero's adventures with an engine in a blizzard being far more thrilling, especially when he encounters a flock of frozen sheep, than any incident of his wooing. Mr. Kipling is the acknowledged master of this style of writing, but Mr. Spearman has the advantage of a simpler and less crowded vocabulary, and leaves the impression of out-of-doors rather than of the engine room. The novel of action without a hint of psychology is not to be despised in the day of modern fiction that neither entertains nor lets one into the secrets of a great craft.

The late Mrs. Waltz's 'Pa Gladden' is a series of short stories, or rather sketches, of country life which derive a sort of unity from the personality of Asahel Gladden, a childless farmer whose shrewdness and large heart make him the friend and benefactor of the whole countryside. The country described seems to be that of the Ohio Valley, but the people and their ways would be as much at home in New England as in the Southwest. In spite of the dialect, there is something attractive about these sketches of a homely life and its tragedies; the latter are numerous and varied enough to give full scope to Pa Gladden's philanthropy.

'The Law of Life' is a story of a co-educational university not a thousand miles from New York in a city called Sparta. A ravine, waterfalls, bridges crossing the gorge, pine forests, and a stream creeping through the valley to join a lake are prominent factors, even actors, in the scenery. Thus he who reads, though running, may infer from this foot the identity of the Hercules. First to notice in the story is the homage laid at the feet of Alma Mater from the point of worship of one who smiles

at undergraduate crudities of enthusiasm, only to dwell the more intensely on the deep, adoring affection of professors and graduate students. The college is the real heroine of the story, fought, bled, and sighed for by her lovers, male and female. The masculine lovers have been better differentiated than the women. The President, courteous and steely, composed of soft and hard qualities, together with "the something that makes him Dr. Hunt"; the mathematical professor, emerging from his calculations only long enough to marry; the boyish professor of chemistry with his genius for friendship; Waring, the hero, ex-war correspondent and journalist, chivalrous knight to Alma Mater and all ladies, are drawn with entire definiteness. Far less so the women, in spite of their much too much described gowns and their varying teacups and house furnishings. The reader has to stop to think whether it is Allaire, Perdita, Helena, or Mrs. Maturin who is speaking, even though to one has been assigned the part of inconsolable widow and to another that of invincible maiden. There is one unusual trait about them, however: the traditional cat is conspicuously absent. There is only one woman who thinks or says feline amenities, and even hers are hardly more than those of a kitten with an assertive sense of its birthright. Co-education is seen to have made all men and women kindly. Every interest and every standard is intensely modern. Petty jealousies have yielded to the higher education; great ones, in their clashing, use no mediæval weapons. Barbara does not even think of eloping from her husband (guilty of nothing but old age and mathematical absorption) with the man to whom she really "belongs," but is strongly tempted to "take the clean, straight course—to be divorced from him and marry his friend." That this clean, straight course is relinquished will be a matter of gratification to the reader, who will further wish that something less vague than "instinct" had made Barbara decide upon her conduct. That, too, is modern, and partakes of the modern novel's trend, whereof the motto is, "Please omit ideals of conduct." Opportunity or habit determines everything. It remains to be glad when opportunities are innocuous and habits good. In the present book every moral issue is met with indeterminateness—the great present-day novel's personal equation. Even the professor who is martyrized because he opposes the gift of wrongly acquired money, slips into his martyrdom by a sort of fluke at the last. Kind hearts in fiction have grown to be more not only than coronets, but than simple faith.

The mixed motive, however, as we all know, is one of Nature's ironies, and in this book is compounded with much high thinking into an interesting story. In the main it is well told. There is an excess of detail, and there are some annoying uses of pet words which are degraded by such treatment into mere slang. One is "challenging," which appears at every turn, achieved by eyes, ears, tongues, in tragedy and comedy, for better and (still oftener) for worse. A young man's desire to cheer a season of gloom with a Platonic flirtation is called "a sudden longing for iridescence." At the same time coeducation does not deter even the President from the misuse of his wills and shalls, nor the widow from "fixing" a cup of tea. As for the use and abuse of the dash, the pages look like the old-fashioned telegraph language, and read like asthma. On the other hand, there occur such epigrams as this: "To the provincialism of the higher culture she opposed the cosmopolitan feminine."

The heroine of 'The Beaten Path' has far more reason than Barbara for wishing to leave her husband, but looks higher and farther than to instinct for a guide, and may therefore be considered a more valuable witness in the case of "Divorce versus Fidelity." The story deals with conditions of the Labor Movement as modern as those of Coeducational Universities, while its manner is in respiting contrast to the impressionistic style on one side and the overelaborated on the other. Its leisurely air, as removed from rush as from stagnation, is almost old-fashioned, bringing up memories of the English school of novels which produced Mrs. Gaskell and culminated in George Eliot. 'The Beaten Path' has not the captivating interest of the one, certainly not the sustained philosophy of the other, but it deals with labor agitations and with humanity's complex frailties in a spirit worthy of both, although on a more modest level and under the more dingy light of a later industrial development. "Sweet commentary on the times we live in," says the hero; "questions of right, questions of decent fairness, of simplest justice, put on the shelf, while we fight for the fundamental principle of civilization." The actors in the play, even those who work for good, are of widely differing creeds and ideals. Here is a rector to whom the church is a living force and the only one that avails to save; here a workman preacher with "the enraptured devotional loyalty of a servant to a beloved Master"; here a man of intellect and means giving his service to what he finds "within his soul and tests in the crucible of his own brain." The powers of darkness have their varying shades and shapes as well, embracing the political trimmer, the conscienceless promoter, the shady attorney, the domestic deceiver. There is small allowance of poetic justice. The reader must rest content with seeing the ravelled ends left dangling as in real life, while the characters cling desperately to their standards. While this cannot be quarrelled with on the ground of improbability, it serves, with the attendant quality of diffuseness, to make the book fail by a narrow margin of being a rarely good novel. Even as it stands, with every drawback noted, it is a story of unusual sincerity and clarity, told in unusually sincere and clear English.

Mr. Dallas's way of telling a story is very good. If an undue reverence for the blessed word "whom" has led him here and there to murder grammar, his treatment of murder is gentlemanly and tactful. His story is of assassination and mystery in New York twenty years ago, with disagreeables reduced to the lowest terms. The object-lesson is the ever-captivating one of the untrustworthiness of circumstantial evidence except, as the author judicially remarks, "when such evidence is conclusive." It would be crime to reveal the secrets of the case, but 'The Master Hand' is sure to please lovers of a detective story that shall not unduly harrow while it will strongly interest, being founded in possibilities and built up with ingenuity.

'The Pine Grove House' has the merit of an original background. This is a vulgar boarding-house in the country near New York, with its winter patrons and its summer ones, and a third estate added in the all-the-year-round aristocracy of the neighboring villages. Miss Hall's opening sketch of this dreary resort and all her picturings of its manners and practices are excellently dismal. The story, however, is fidgety in both construction and expression. The characters are better planned than executed. The patrician girl is too nice to be so unduly prostrated by her surroundings; the patrician hero too debonair to be so melodramatically demonstrative of his entire indifference to sordidness, so patronizing of the sordidly imprisoned fair, whether he is telling her he deeply respects her, or snubbing the rich village aristocrats who snub her, as in a duke-and-governess novel. The movement fusses with exits and entrances like the stage directions for a farce, and the language catches the infection. We offer a specimen: "To Amy came, as grievous in a measure, the realization that this she felt at sight of Helen was akin to the stir of that midsummer dream from which (there was the point) she had awakened." It is not all as bad as this. Some things are well put, as in the case of the old lady who "did like to be muched," and in the characterization of "the slightly contentious and rather disquieted type of much American aristocracy." The story is harmless, quite harmless, and every girl who reads it will want to know how it comes out.

'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come' is not an undersized clergyman, in spite of the anticipations raised by the title. He is a boy with a sheep dog: one who lived on the river Kingdom Come; one who was descended from the earliest settlers of Kentucky, and whose destiny was to fight for freedom as his ancestors had done before him. No one writes of Kentucky better than Mr. Fox. He forces one to take to heart the lineage of that pioneer race who, after the Revolution, found their way into the mountains from Virginia. He invests the Blue Grass Country with a charm which makes for the time a Kentuckian of every reader. As local history and geography, nothing could be better. His story dallies by the way, but is full of a touching interest. When it comes to the civil war, there is a splendidly effective showing of the unique position held by Kentucky, with its divided opinion, its varying occupancy, its Home Guards and State Guards, its guerrillas and provost marshals. The very phrase, "Blue Grass Yankees," is a volume of war history. Those who remember the war, those who forget and those who never knew it should read this book, and will cherish it, being forewarned that the story occasionally gets in the way, that several of the characters are entirely conventional, and the hero himself only too highly endowed. He alone, when a mite of a boy, observes the schoolmaster's love affair; he alone with his little dog can round up the old farmer's sheep; he it is who proves the dog's innocence, on an occasion of sheep murder, by knowledge transcending that of judge and jury; he can give the major points on shooting, and is to the Bluegrass boys an example of horsemanship. Girls refuse officers for him, colonels smile on him, Gen. Grant wants him.

It is a tribute to the essential charm of the portrait that with all his perfections he is easily lovable even to the reader. We must expect the familiar girl type of Southern story. Here she is, beautiful and brave, insulting and cajoling, with no variation from any of her sisters. The stern general and bluff major may be recognized at sight. Why do majors always "roar"? Mr. Fox pays Mr. Hopkinson Smith the homage of imitation in associating in his story a "Major" and a "Chad." We commend and recommend this as a high and gentle tale; a valuable mirror, too, of a thrilling time.

Mr. Marion Crawford's latest romance has no pretensions to be founded on fact, nor does it owe its interest to any possible identifications with living persons; it is merely a love story, interwoven with the finding of an archæological treasure and the mysterious course of the "lost waters" about which so little is known. These waters, we are told, often rise in different places in Rome, sometimes abundantly enough to impede the laying of foundations of modern buildings; they appear at different levels, coming from some unknown source, and finding their way to the Tiber, rushing through deep hidden passages. They have never been scientifically accounted for, but here and there some Roman mason, whose forefathers have practised the same trade, pretends, and is therefore believed, to possess secret knowledge of the course of the "lost waters," and in this tale the Roman mason Toto uses his knowledge for purposes of revenge. The dramatis personæ of Mr. Crawford's romance have nothing in common with the complicated creations of modern fiction, in which there are many wearisome problems to solve and very little happens; his story runs on with unflagging interest, and his characters behave under the impulse of quite comprehensible motives, exactly as the least imaginative reader might expect them to do.

The story opens with the ruin of the Conti family, and their hasty departure from Rome, leaving the youngest daughter, Donna Sabina, under the care of the Baroness Volterra, who has offered her a home, on the snobbish supposition that her own position in Roman society will be thereby on a firmer footing. The ancestral palace of the Contis falls into the hands of Baron Volterra, her husband, a successful financier of great smartness and lax conscience, who, wishing to realize the utmost profit on this investment, commissions an intelligent engineer to examine the substructure of the palace carefully in search of a hidden treasure supposed to have been buried there in past centuries, but which was not believed in by the family. Malipieri, the chivalrous young Venetian engineer chosen for this work, makes the acquaintance of Donna Sabina, and, touched by her dependent position, resolves to find the treasure, and to frustrate the Baron's plans by first confiding the secret of its discovery to the young girl and helping her to put in a claim for her part of her patrimony, of which her family had in their extravagance and selfishness defrauded her. He therefore sets about the work with secrecy, aided only by his servant. The rushing of the "lost water" is constantly heard, and there are indications of its having flooded the vaults in past times. Malipieri discovers a colossal statue of gilt bronze walled up in a separate vault, but meanwhile the mason belonging to the palace, Toto, hears from outside the knocking down of the wall and creeps in through a disused drain to see what is going on. He is found in the niche with the treasure by the disconcerted archæologist, who locks up Toto in his own rooms in the palace. The man escapes out of the window while Malipieri is showing Donna Sabina, who has eluded her chaperone, the Baroness, for an hour or so, the statue in the vaults of her ancestral home. This is the culminating moment of the story; for while Sabina and Malipieri are examining the treasure, the revengeful Toto, who possesses from his father the secret, turns on the lost water and floods the vaults, so that the young people are cut off from the upper world and in danger of death from starvation or drowning. We leave Mr. Crawford's readers to find out how all came right in the end. His fidelity to nature in showing the working of the Roman mind, from the prince to the workman, is admirable throughout this story, which is written in his usual style.

The Horsewoman. By Alice M. Hayes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

This volume is edited by the husband of the authoress, Capt. M. H. Hayes, who himself is a book-maker of a quite modern type. It is one thing to write in an original manner an interesting and clever book, but a very different thing to multiply volumes under various titles. However, the public at large continues to be deeply interested in everything regarding horses and riding, notwithstanding the pretended superiority of the "Red Devil" and other forms of horseless vehicles. The bicycle has come, and, after a brief period of wonderful popularity during which dire predictions were made as to the decadence and disappearance of the horse, has itself nearly passed away, except for commercial transportation of messenger boys and the like. The horse is coming back to his own, and we can forgive a well-padded book, neatly printed and with clear illustrations, because it tends to revive interest in honest horsemanship.

Mrs. Hayes is quite right in advising that girls be taught to ride early in life, for women past thirty years of age, having lost the pluck and dash of youth, find much difficulty in mastering the subtleties of balance and grip, and are afflicted with a nervous anxiety which tends to give them an appearance of stiffness and general discomfort in the saddle. To ride well and safely, any woman needs a good, well-trained horse; young and untrained animals should at all times be avoided. The requirements of a good saddle-horse are aptly described by Mrs. Hayes. She does not propose to do away with the side-saddle. Not all women are physically constructed so that they can ride comfortably astride; on the other hand, a considerable number of men have such conformation that they would be more comfortable in side-saddles than they are in men's saddles. All depends upon the shape of the hips and roundness of the inner thighs. A round inner thigh is devoid of gripping qualities which are absolutely essential to secure comfort of seat in a man's saddle. Mrs. Hayes has introduced in this volume what she designates as a safety skirt; but women are prone to follow the fashion of the hour in their riding skirts as well as in other tailor-made garments.

It requires considerable instruction and attention for the average woman to maintain her seat upon a horse so as to produce an equal distribution of weight. Mrs. Hayes advises that this can be obtained by avoiding the use of too long a stirrup, and by sitting a little over on the off side, so as to place the weight as much as possible over the line of the backbone of the horse. The woman rider, like the man, must mainly depend upon keeping her position in the saddle by balance and grip, though, of course, the man has more opportunity for the use of both than the woman rider on the side-saddle. Advice is given on the use of the hands, voice, whip and spur in connection with the seat. Lessons in riding prescribed for the walk, trot, canter and gallop and cross-country are all very well in an advisory way or for finishing off a practical education, but it would be wise for the beginner not to depend too much upon book instruction in learning to ride. A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the hunting field, its pleasures and dangers for the woman.

Mrs. Hayes devotes a chapter to riding difficult horses, which is all very well for her and her horseman husband, but women should be careful to avoid any animal known to be a difficult horse. There are too many ways of showing courage in life, and too many duties of a high order expected of the modern highly educated and refined woman, to justify her in risking life and limb on bucking, shying, and bolting horses.

The Alien Immigrant. By Major W. Evans-Gordon, M. P. London: W. Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Sir Walter Besant's book on East London reminded us incidentally that we are not the only country confronted with the problem of alien immigration. Major Evans-Gordon now shows us in detail how serious the situation is becoming in England. His introductory section concerning the conditions in London would need only a few changes in names and figures to describe those with which we are familiar in New York. We hear of the "Ghetto habit," which prevents the dispersion of Hebrew aliens in the country; of the gradual driving out of the old population; of the transformation of dwellings and gardens into workshops; of the raising of rents 50 to 100 per cent. through the pressure of the newcomers; of the lowering of wages and of the standard of living; of the use of the local schools to make more effective the competition of alien with native labor; and even of an occasional racial riot, indicating a strained feeling between Jew and Gentile. "East of Aldgate," remarks the author, "one walks into a foreign town," and he further tells us that, when visiting the towns of western Russia within the Jewish pale, he was surprised to find himself in the familiar surroundings of the East End. "The life, the language, the people, the shops, and their contents were the same." A grievance on which special stress is laid is the effect of this invasion upon workingmen compelled by their employment to live within a certain area—the porters at Spitalfields Market, the dock laborers, etc., who are practically ruined

by the high rents resulting from alien overcrowding. There is no true analogy, it is contended, between the difficulty in East London and that in Russia and Rumania, where industrial openings could be found for tens of thousands of Jews without detriment of any kind to the rest of the population.

Major Evans-Gordon's conviction of the urgency of the question impelled him in the summer of last year to make personal inquiry into the immigration movement in general. He therefore spent several months in investigations at such centres as Dvinsk, Riga, Libau, Vilna, Pinsk and the neighboring villages, Warsaw, Lodz, Cracow, and Bucharest, and afterwards inspected the machinery for the forwarding of emigrants at Hamburg. He has thus produced a very instructive picture of the life and status of the Continental Jew, especially on the industrial side. In view of the intellectual ambition of the children of aliens in America, it is particularly interesting to read the author's testimony to the desire for education as one of the chief incentives to immigration. Obviously this section of the book is worth as much to American as to English readers, and the chapter on "Persecution" will be of special value, as bearing on the representations which our Government has made, and may make, respecting the treatment of the races and classes from whom our immigrants are largely drawn.

Major Evans-Gordon's inquiries, though of historical and scientific value in themselves, have also a distinct political purpose. The whole book is a plea for legislation fulfilling the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration, of which the author himself was a member. One may reasonably doubt, however, whether the adoption of American methods of restriction is quite feasible in England, where the smuggling of undesirables would be a much easier matter than it is here. But there certainly seems no valid argument against the establishment of a Department of Immigration, or against the proposed exclusion of newly arrived aliens from residence in any area which is officially pronounced to be already overcrowded. The startling information given by the writer respecting the large number of criminal and vicious aliens—in London, he says, from one-half to two-thirds of the traffic in vice is conducted by foreigners—strongly supports his advocacy of the further provision for the deportation of such aliens as within two years of arrival are found to be criminals or of notoriously bad character.

History of Concord, New Hampshire, from the original grant in Seventeen Hundred and Twenty-five to the opening of the Twentieth Century. Prepared under the supervision of the City History Commission, James O. Lyford, Editor. [Concord, 1903.] Two volumes, pp. 1477.

This work, handsomely printed and illustrated in good taste, is a model of its kind. Certain citizens of the capital city of New Hampshire, interested in the object of preserving a correct history of the town and city, came together and formed a commission. This body was legalized by vote of the city authorities, who appropriated $2,500 as a loan of the city's credit. The amount later was more than met by voluntary subscription, so that the city has been put to no expense. This historical commission had at least two hundred and fifty meetings. As a result, a composite work of a most creditable character is added to the list of New England town histories. A general narrative of more than 500 pages is contributed by Amos Hadley. Other writers have furnished papers upon special topics, altogether well written and readable. Combined with a unity of purpose, one finds here sufficient diversity of style to invest the pages with a literary as well as historic value. The book is a monument of labor performed by most willing and competent hands and in a spirit of complete harmony. It is a pleasure to note the good will thus existing among the people of a community. Concord has reason to be proud of this memorial, which is, by the way, wholly free from individual or business puffery.

There is a full index of subjects and of names. The proof-reader has done his work thoroughly; and if there are blemishes, they do not readily meet the eye. We note, however, on page 713, that the name of the venerable minister at Newington, N. H., who served the people there for sixty-eight years, is given as "John" Adams. It should be "Joseph." He was an uncle of President John Adams.

An entertaining chapter is "Canals, Stage Lines, and Taverns," by Henry McFarland, and we cannot do better than confine our extracts to it:

"Along the countryside, the stageman was regarded as holding a good place among worthies of the time. He could tell to loitering villagers news and gossip from tavern firesides in the larger lower towns. Perhaps Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, Ichabod Bartlett, or George Sullivan had sometime been passengers in his coach, and he had spoken with some familiarity with those great men, or he had exchanged polite salutations with Dudley Leavitt, Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, or the Governor of the State. Judges going up to hold court sat beside him, and held the reins while baggage was landed at wayside inns. Perchance he had clinked the social glass with Philip Carrigain, Esquire, and wished him success in his errand at Hanover. On the sightly highest seat of his yellow coach, rustic beauties, going home from service or from school, with handsomer faces than those depicted by the skilful hand of the Concord painter on the panels of the coach, perched where the long whiplash made its surprising whirl past their sunbonnets before it shot forward to make its still more surprising crack behind the ears of the leaders on the six-horse team. Schoolboys by the roadside swung their caps to the driver, and echoed his cheery whistle to the horses. The village blacksmith and saddler came to the fore wheel to take his orders when he drew rein. All the countrymen deemed it worth while to be on good terms with him, because he knew about their horses, and from his opinion as to what a likely animal would bring at Concord or Portsmouth there was no appeal" (p. 851).

Laura Bridgman: Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and What He Taught Her. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Elliott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The rapid progress of instruction among the deaf, dumb, and blind, and especially the remarkable gifts and qualities developed in Helen Keller, have naturally turned public attention back upon the earlier stages of this great philanthropy, and incidentally upon the pupil to whom it was first applied, Laura Bridgman. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, during the forty years that passed between this great triumph and his death, never found leisure to put his most conspicuous achievement in writing, and it is a very fitting thing that two of his daughters should now do the work for him. The details of the process which rescued this class of human beings from life-long darkness and almost despair, are here clearly presented from their father's written memoranda and in an admirable way.

The vast difference between the results obtained from Laura Bridgman and from Helen Keller are partly due to the progress of the age, which had, for instance, developed Radcliffe College for the latter's higher training. They are, however, due partly, of course, to that touch of individual genius which is personal in Helen Keller. To this are added some further individual differences, now for the first time made public, between the two careers. Thus, we now first learn that Laura Bridgman's life was shadowed for ten years by one of the old-fashioned and rather formal religious conversions, when her very soul was darkened by the fear of an angry God, and when Dr. Howe himself said that "he had difficulty in recognizing the girl whose clearness and simplicity of mind had so fascinated him, in this conventional and professing sectarian" (p. 286). From all this shadow Helen Keller fortunately escaped under the benign influence of Phillips Brooks and men of kindred spirit; and this fact, combined with singularly happy influences from her immediate companion, Miss Sullivan, have made her life, as it has made her face, far more joyous to contemplate than was that of her predecessor.

The simple fact undoubtedly is, that among the deaf, dumb, and blind there will be found as great a variety of temperaments as anywhere else. Even in Laura Bridgman's day Dr. Howe encountered in England a girl to whom he gave some half-dozen lessons beginning with the manual alphabet, and of whom he records that "she made more progress in two hours than Laura Bridgman did in two weeks" (p. 380). In reading Helen Keller's autobiography, one ceases to think of her as a blind deaf-mute, but rather thinks of her as one who, if she had possessed all the ordinary faculties, and so labored under no picturesque disadvantages, would still have written an autobiography eminently worth reading. That fact only makes this memoir of Laura Bridgman more valuable, as explaining those steps in education from which both these exceptional careers began. Intellectually speaking, both were the offspring of Dr. Howe, of whom this book will always remain one of the very best memorials.

Caliban's Guide to Letters. By Hilaire Belloc. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Satire, personal or general, is a feeble sort of expression unless the satirist is morally and intellectually superior to the person or thing satirized. If Mr. Hilaire Belloc possesses such advantages over the persons engaged in his own trade—the trade of producing reading matter for the daily press, for weeklies, and monthlies—he shows no sign of them in his collection of satirical papers on these persons and the rest of the machinery of production. Sometimes he is faintly funny, as in the article

on reviewing, but more often he is just foolish, as in the article on special prose. When he attempts to satirize Mr. Kipling, Mr. Chamberlain, and the British empire, the subjects are so far beyond him that his words are but the squawks of an infuriated parrot. His last chapter describes the ultimate destiny of many books, of most novels, hurried away by tons to the pulper's vat, there to be crushed and boiled and cleansed until they are reduced to a white paste, which, passing through several processes, again becomes paper. This chapter is instructive, and may be accepted as a literal statement of fact. There is appended an index of books that Mr. Belloc predestines to the pulpers within a year of publication. 'Caliban's Guide to Letters' is not included; but Mr. Belloc doubtless knows that its doom is written.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, Julia de Wolf. The Art of the Pitti Palace. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2 net.
Ade, George. Circus Day. Akron (O.): The Saalfield Publishing Co. 50c.
Allan, Elizabeth Preston. The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 net.
Art Album of the International Studio. New York: John Lane.
Bachelor, A. Wanted, a Wife. New York: Daniel V. Wien & Co.
Baum, L. Frank. Vol. I. The Enchanted Island of Yew; Vol. II. The Magical Monarch of Mo; Vol. III. The New Wizard of Oz. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Bédier, Joseph. Etudes Critiques. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
Beebe, Katharine. Roger and Rose, and Other Stories. Akron (Ohio): The Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.
Benson, E. F. The Book of Months. Harper & Brothers. $2.50 net.
Biederwolf, William Edward. The Growing Christian: or, The Development of the Spiritual Life. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Co. 50c.
Big Book of Nursery Rhymes. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Black, Hugh. Work. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Blanchard, Amy E. A Gentle Pioneer: Being the Story of the Early Days in the New West. Boston and Chicago: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.20 net.
Bölsche, Wilhelm. Friedrich von Hardenberg, genannt Novalis. Leipzig: Max Hesse.
Boole, M. E. Lectures on the Logic of Arithmetic. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 50c.
Brown, Abbie Farwell. The Curious Book of Birds. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Browne, James Crichton, and Carlyle, Alexander. The Nemesis of Froude: A Rejoinder to James Anthony Froude's 'My Relations with Carlyle.' New York: John Lane. $1 net.
Burrell, David James. Christ and Progress: A Discussion of Problems of Our Times. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.
Champion, Edme. La Séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat en 1794: Introduction à l'Histoire religieuse de la Révolution Française. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50c.
Chesterton, G. K. Varied Types. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Clouston, J. Storer. Our Lady's Inn. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Collins, Edward Day. A History of Vermont. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75c.
Crimson Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Fairy Book Series.) Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net.
Crothers, Samuel M. The Understanding Heart. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Curtis, William Eleroy. To-day in Syria and Palestine. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $2 net.
Daskam, Josephine. Poems. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Davis, M. E. M. The Little Chevalier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dawson, W. J. The Reproach of Christ. Introduction by Newell Dwight Hillis. (The International Pulpit.) New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Deland, Ellen Douglas. Three Girls of Hazelmere. Boston and Chicago: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.20 net.
Dix, Beulah Marie, and Sutherland, Evelyn Greenleaf. A Rose o' Plymouth-Town: A Romantic Comedy in Four Acts. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Draper, Andrew Sloan. Origin and Development of the Common School System of the State of New York. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50c.
Du Bois, Patterson. The Natural Way in Moral Training: Four Modes of Nurture. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net
Elson, Arthur. Woman's Work in Music. (Music Lovers' Series.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Ferdinand-Dreyfus. La Rouchefoucauld-Liancourt —1747-1827. Paris: Plon-Nourrit & Co. 8 fr.
Fitzgerald, A. L. The Thirty Years' War on Silver: Money Scientifically Treated and Logically Presented. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co. $1.50.
Foote, Mry Hallock. A Touch of Sun, and Other Stories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Frothingham, Paul Revere. William Ellery Channing: His Messages from the Spirit. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50c. net.
Gilson, Roy Rolfe. Mother and Father. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.
Goldstein, David. Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children. Edited by Martha Moore Avery. Boston: The Union News League. 50c.
Greenidge, A. H. J., and Clay, A. M. Sources for Roman History B. C. 133-70. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $1.90 net.
Hart, Jerome. Two Argonauts in Spain. San Francisco: Payot, Upham & Co.
Hartmann, Sadakichi. Japanese Art. (Art Lovers' Series.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Hundert Meister der Gegenwart in Farbiger Wiedergabe. Parts XI.-XIV. Leipzig: E. A. Seemann.
International Encyclopædia. Vol. XII.—Maximilian I. to New Jerusalem Church; Vol. XIII.—New Kensington to Phigalian Marbles; Vol. XIV.—Philadelphia to Rice-Bird. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
James, Henry. The Ambassadors. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.
Jenks, Edward. Parliamentary England: The Evolution of the Cabinet System. (The Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin. $1.35.
Jim Cummins' Book. Written by Himself. Denver (Col.): The Reed Publishing Co. $1.
Jones, A. Clement. Notes on Analytical Geometry: An Appendix. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $2 net.
Jordan, David Starr. The Call of the Twentieth Century: An Address to Young Men. Boston: American Unitarian Association.
Josselyn, Charles. My Favorite Book-Shelf: A Collection of Interesting and Instructive Reading from Famous Authors. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.
Kempster, Aquila. The Mark. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
King, Irving. The Psychology of Child Development. Introduction by John Dewey. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.
Kiser, Samuel Ellsworth. Ballads of the Busy Days. Boston and Chicago: Forbes & Co.
Kuhns, Oscar. The Great Poets of Italy: Together with a Brief Connecting Sketch of Italian Literature. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Laughlin, Clara E. "Miladi": Being Sundry Little Chapters Devoted to Your Day-dreams. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.
Langlois, Ch.-V. La Société Française au XIII. Siècle: D'après dix Romans d'Adventure. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.
Leonard, Mary F. The Pleasant Street Partnership. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. 85c. net.
Literary Guillotine. New York: John Lane. $1 net.
Long, William J. A Little Brother to the Bear, and Other Animal Studies. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50 net.
MacGregor, Hector. The Souter's Lamp. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Madden, Eva. The Little Queen. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. 85c.
Manley, Frederick, and Hallman, W. N. The English Language: An Introduction to the Principles which Govern its Right Use. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.
McAfee, Sleland Boyd. The Growing Church: A Study for the Times. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Co. 50c.
Merwin, Samuel. The Whip Hand: A Tale of the Pine Country. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Miltoun, Francis, and McManus, Blanche. The Cathedrals of Northern France. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Monroe, Harriet. The Passing Show: Five Modern Plays in Verse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Morison, George R. The New Epoch as Developed by the Manufacture of Power. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75c. net.
Moses, Montrose J. Everyman: A Morality Play. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co.
Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Myers, Philip Van Ness. The Modern Age. Part II. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Nicholas, Francis C. Around the Carribbean and Across Panama. Illustrated. New York and Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $2.
Otis, James. With Rodgers on the *President*. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.20 net.
Patterson, Alexander. The Other Side of Evolution: An Examination of its Evidences. Introduction by George Frederick Wright. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Co. 60c.
Peabody, Francis G. The Religion of an Educated Man. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Poems You Ought to Know. Selected by Elia W. Peattie. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Pryor, Mrs. Roger A. The Mother of Washington and her Times. The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Ralph, Julian. The Making of a Journalist. Harper & Brothers.
Robinson, Mary Y. The Songs of the Trees. Music by Josephine Robinson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Rosegger, Peter. Das Sünderglöckel. Leipzig: L. Staackmann.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. Poems. 2 vols. Edited by Elizabeth Luther Cary. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.
Russell, J. The Judgment of God. New York: The Book Publishing House.
Savage, Minot J. Out of Nazareth. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.20 net.
Seawell, Molly Elliot. The Fortunes of Fifi. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Seton, Ernest Thompson. Two Little Savages: Being the Adventures of Two Boys Who Lived as Indians and What They Learned. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75 net.
Sherwood, Margaret. Daphne: An Autumn Pastoral. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Ship of State. By Those at the Helm. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Shurter, Edwin Dubois. Public Speaking: A Treatise on Delivery, with Selections for Declaiming. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
Sievers, Eduard. An Old English Grammar. Translated by Albert S. Cook. 3d ed. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Stein, Evaleen. Troubadour Tales. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Stellmann, Louis J. Said the Observer. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. 75c.
Sternberg, George M. Infection and Immunity. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.
Stoddard, Richard Henry. Recollections, Personal and Literary. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock. Introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50 net.
Tarde, Gabriel. The Laws of Imitation. Translated by Elsie Clews Parsons. Introduction by Franklin H. Giddings. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.
Taylor, Ida A. The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—1763-1798. New York: Brentano's; London: Hutchinson & Co.
Tennyson, Alfred, The Shorter Poems of. Edited by Charles Read Nutter. The Macmillan Co.
The Traill of Rauf Coilyear: A Scottish Metrical Romance of the Fifteenth Century. Edited by William Hand Browne. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Theuriet, André. Le Mariage de Gérard. Notes by Ralph Emerson Bassett. New York: William R. Jenkins. 60c.
Thomson, James. The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Poems. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.
Thurston, Mabel Nelson. On the Road to Arcady: A Romance of an Outdoor Girl. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Vial, Francisque. Pages Choisies des Grands Ecrivains—Voltaire. Paris: Armand Colin. 3fr. 50c.
Watson, John B. Animal Education. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.25.
Wetmore, Claude H. In a Brazilian Jungle: Being a Story of Adventure, with an Insight into Brazilian Life and Industries. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.20 net.
Whibley, Charles. William Makepeace Thackeray. (Modern English Writers.) New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Witkonski, Georg. Ludwig Tieck's Leben und Werke. Leipzig: Max Hesse.
Works of John S. Sargent. Introduction by Mrs. Meynell. London: William Heinemann: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $30 net.
Writings of James Madison: Comprising his Public Papers and his Private Correspondence, including numerous Letters and Documents now for the first time printed. Vol. IV. Edited by Gaillard Hunt, A.M. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Evening Post says:

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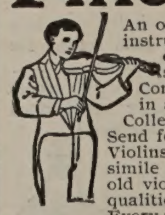

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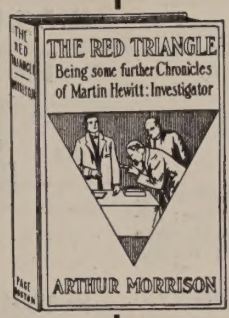

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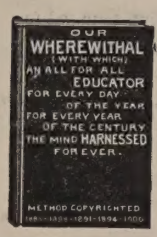

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1903.

The Week.

From Washington, "on high authority" comes the intimation that the Panama muddle is to be settled this way: the United States will pay to the Republic of Panama the $10,000,000 fixed as the price of the canal strip by the Hay-Herran treaty; the bantling republic will then turn over the millions to Colombia as the price of undisturbed independence. As a corollary to the scheme, it appears that we are to take from the Republic of Panama whatever we choose. Against the beautiful simplicity of the plan it might be urged, first, that since $10,000,000 seemed an insufficient consideration for ceding control of that canal strip, it is an insultingly low figure for the loss of the entire Isthmus; next, that the pains of receiving the bonus and conveying it as a solatium to Colombia would be more cruel than any the Panamanians ever suffered under the tyranny of Bogotá; finally, that we really need not pay anything for the canal. The French company has rights that we must respect, but why should we pay Colombia for letting Panama go? Why give Little Americans a chance to say that we are paying "conscience money"? So our full-blooded expansionists will reason. It would be better to employ the typographical device so engagingly advocated by the *Sun*, and read the $10,000,000 entirely out of the treaty. Thus—for $10,000,000 read $00,000,000.

We are glad to see the *Tribune* pitching into President Marroquin for his ignorance. You cannot be too severe upon a man you have robbed, when he shows that he does not even know how to demand his money back. The idea of such an international *faux pas* as a direct appeal to the American Senate by the President of a foreign country! It is enough to make the blood of a trained diplomat run cold—or, at any rate, colder. Really, it is difficult to be patient with Marroquin. Has he never been cheated before, that he should display such ignorance of his remedy? He ought to have known that no American could pardon so gross a breach of international etiquette. We might have given back his property to a President who betrayed some knowledge of good usage, but to a blundering boor like Marroquin —never! Foreigners must be made to understand that this polite nation will make no restitution to violators of good form. A charitable plea might, however, be made for the irregularity of Colombia's appeal to our Senate direct. President Marroquin had probably been reading Senator Lodge's article on the Senate. He there learned that all the wisdom and goodness of the United States were massed in the Senate; that Senators really ran this Government; that they made the President do their will in every respect, and, particularly, allowed him to have nothing to do with treaties. What wonder, then, that the untutored Colombian Executive went straight to headquarters?

To show how scrupulously correct was our own conduct throughout, we need to read only the telegrams laid before Congress. Why, we did not recognize the revolution a minute before it occurred! In our supreme desire to follow the right course in stealing a canal, we telegraphed our consul at Panama on November 3 to find out if there was a revolution for us to recognize. He promptly replied that there was none yet, but hoped there would be in the course of the night. So, with great forbearance, our Government waited—with some impatience, it is true, but still it waited. Then note also how absolutely proper we were in paying no attention to Colombia's protest against our shearing off her best province. That protest did not arrive in Washington, Secretary Hay carefully observes, until two hours and fifteen minutes after we had recognized the independence of Panama. Of course, it was then too late to do anything. Justice might have required us to act, but think of the bad form! Seriously, the official dispatches sent in to Congress, meagre as they are, and far from telling the whole story as they are, make it certain that our Government knew all about the Panama revolution in advance, and had arranged to give aid and comfort to the insurrectionists. How else can we interpret the orders sent to Admiral Glass on November 2, *two days before the revolution*, "Prevent landing of any armed force, either Government or insurgent, with hostile intent, at *any point within fifty miles of Panama*"? There could not be a plainer guarantee to the rebels of immunity from attack by Colombian troops.

Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, is one of the closest personal friends of Theodore Roosevelt, and a frequent visitor both at the White House and at Oyster Bay. Hence peculiar interest attaches to his utterances in the current number of the *Review*, upon the Panama situation. The article was obviously written long before the recent developments in the Isthmus. Its comments are very striking for their accurate forecast of what was likely to happen at Panama. The shadows of the coming events are here cast before so clearly as to entitle Dr. Shaw to front rank among astrologists—provided, always, that the future had not already been revealed to him either at Washington or elsewhere. Thus, in most positive language, Dr. Shaw stated that, in the event of an uprising at Panama, "our Government will no longer follow the plan of holding the situation for the benefit of the Colombian Government." It was also quite plain to Dr. Shaw that if Panama, in revolt, should "appeal to the United States for friendship and protection," she would "not be treated with disdain." Dr. Shaw further averred that Secretary Hay would not pay less to the new republic than to Colombia for a canal, and that he would not permit such a new republic "to assert over our canal strip any absurd pretensions of sovereignty." Along the canal itself "the United States Government would be at liberty in its own way to administer justice, protect the public health, and do *whatever it might find necessary* in its capacity as a Government."

Senator Hoar intimates that the *Evening Post* should be ashamed of itself for attacking the Government "in foreign affairs." It ought to wait, the Senator insists, until it had the "facts" and "information" before it, to show what was the real "purpose of the Administration." But, really, it is only following the example of Senator Hoar himself. On December 6, 1893, he rose in the Senate to ask for information about Hawaii. That was an admission that he had not the "facts" before him, but did it deter him from attacking the Government? Not at all. He went on roundly to assert that the President was about to "commit an act of war against a friendly Power." So horrible a thing did that seem to him that he called for "a swift and indignant remonstrance of the American people," of a kind to make itself "heard by Executive ears, however dull they may seem to be." Surely, in that there is warrant enough for the *Evening Post*, from the very master of precedents and the flower of courtesy. The fact that President Cleveland was proposing to do an act of simple justice could not have so angered Senator Hoar as to make him forget the proprieties. At any rate, it does not lie in *his* mouth to rebuke those who speak out when the President is guilty, in the Senator's own words, of "an act of war against a friendly Power."

M. Bunau-Varilla had already, in his letter to Senator Morgan, shown himself such a charming example of the diplomat of the new school that his venture into newspaper correspondence is

like painting the lily. His cable dispatch to the Paris *Matin* is, so far as reported back to America, one of those inimitable combinations of sentiment and stock-jobbing which makes us regret the loss of a single word. He feels that the French recognition of Panama is proof that France appreciates the "elevated and noble scruples which have always governed America" in regard to French interests. Generous Americans, he says, gladly recall the services of France in the war of Independence, and also her magnanimity in offering us "for a nominal price the empire of Louisiana." This fresh view of the cordiality and liberality of France and of the delicate consideration of the United States is ample proof of M. Bunau-Varilla's skill in his new field of activity. But his burst of compliment rises to a climax when he assures the readers of the *Matin* that if "only a part of the capital invested" in the Panama Canal is saved, there would be "compensation for the balance in the closer friendship between the United States and France." Here we have a toast that beats the old one hollow. It is: 'Money is thicker than water."

The usual fatuous citation of foreign approval, when the United States undertakes a course questionable in morals and perilous in policy, is now made in connection with the movement to annex Panama. France likes it, Germany has no quarrel with it, England gives silent consent—therefore it must be wise and good. We know how swiftly that argument is reversed on occasion. The fact that other nations desire us not to do a given thing has been many times a powerful reason for doing it. But in the present case the motive is unconcealed. Europe has long wanted the United States to take direct charge of the unruly peoples of Central and South America. We have warned foreigners to keep their hands off, yet have refused to keep the turbulent and revolution-ridden republics in order. The result has been no end of vexation for European nations. Their debts have been refused payment; their trade embarrassed. If we would only hold ourselves responsible for the foreign obligations of the South Americans, and make smooth the way of European trade with them, our commercial rivals would be delighted. No wonder, then, that they hail every step which promises to embarrass us and aid them. As for the break-up of Columbia and her consequent inability to pay the interest on her foreign loans, it is obvious that we are, in that regard, laying ourselves open to troublesome reclamations.

If the Republican party were not possessed of a mind conscious of its own rectitude, Monday would have been a trying day for it in the House. The beginning of the debate on the Cuban Reciprocity bill was marked by an attempt on the part of the Democrats to make a virtuous action wear an unattractive appearance. The latter played their cards very well, and the honors of the first day's discussion rest easily with them. The determination of the Republicans to railroad the bill through the House by shutting off all amendments gave their opponents a chance to impugn their motives. Although the bill was defended by the Republicans on the ground that "the national honor required it," the new Democratic leader was quick to intimate that possibly the national honor had got mixed up with the necessities of the Sugar Trust. The refusal of the Republicans to entertain an amendment abolishing the differential on the refined, brought into play against the party that most deadly of all weapons, humor. The change of heart of those sixty-one Republicans who in the last Congress joined with the "solid Democratic phalanx in defiance of the Sugar Trust," was most effectively used. While questioning the sincerity of the Republicans, the Opposition hastened to support the pending bill because, as Representative Williams said, they recognize in it "a thoroughly Democratic proposition." The Republicans were thus represented as parading in borrowed clothes.

According to the *Tribune's* Washington dispatches, familiar but very weak arguments are to be advanced in favor of Gen. Leonard Wood's confirmation as major-general. Thus, we are told that the President had to promote him because he was the senior brigadier-general, and also because not to have done so would have been a discourtesy to the memory of President McKinley, who originally appointed Wood a brigadier-general. Now, if appointments to major-generalcies are to be made not for merit, but out of respect to dead statesmen, this is a valid argument. The common belief at the time was, that President McKinley gave Gen. Wood the brigadier-generalcy in order to keep him from accepting the presidency of the District of Columbia street railways at a salary of $25,000. As far as the argument of seniority is concerned, it is ridiculous enough when one considers that Gen. Wood had just been jumped over 456 other officers, all senior to him. Moreover, it was not Gen. Wood's only chance to become a major-general, since vacancies in that grade will occur in 1904, 1906, 1907, and also in 1909, by which time Gen. Wood will undoubtedly be better fitted for the rank than today. Most important of all, promotions from brigadier to major-general have not been governed by seniority under either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Roosevelt. The latter, for instance, in July, 1902, jumped Brigadier-Generals George W. Davis and John C. Bates over the head of the senior brigadier, James F. Wade, who had been five years in that rank. President McKinley had previously passed over Gen. Wade's head to the rank of major-general Colonels S. B. M. Young, A. R. Chaffee, Arthur MacArthur, Robert P. Hughes, and Loyd Wheaton. It was considered perfectly proper for Gen. Wade to take rank under these officers and to wait until this year for his double stars. If the Senate committee really wishes to ascertain professional opinion about Wood, it should cite army officers before it and promise them immunity for any statements they may make.

The ten per cent. cut in wages at Fall River is symptomatic. The abnormally high price of cotton does not really differentiate the textile situation from that of industry in general. The excessive amounts paid by the Steel Trust for its ore lands, its coke ovens, and other properties contributing to its finished product have put it in a similar dilemma. And it was only last week that the president of the American Cotton Oil Company explained a heavy drop in the earnings for the last year on the ground of the extremely high price of cottonseed. The railroads have also been exemplifying this tendency, the increase in their gross earnings being in a number of cases more than offset by the higher cost of all their supplies. The cut at Fall River is no surprise to any one acquainted with the industry, for it has been a well understood fact for months past that there could be little profit in manufacturing without an advance in the price of finished products.

Granting that the excessive quotations on cotton are due as much to natural conditions as to manipulation, there is still the question of the purchasing power of the community to be considered. A favorite argument with both cotton and wool manufacturers in recent years has been that the public would be forced to buy at any price. This has been shown to be a fallacy this year in the wool manufacturing industry; and evidently fears are entertained that the doctrine will prove equally ineffective in cotton. The slump in the Chinese demand, occasioned by the high quotations made by our manufacturers, has greatly enlarged the offerings in the home market, where increased economy on the part of final consumers has already begun to be witnessed. Hence it is the inevitable which has occurred. The cost of production must be reduced, and wages, as is usually the case, must suffer first. There can be little doubt that the movement will not be confined to Fall River, but will extend to the other southern New England manufacturing centres, and eventually to the northern New England textile communities—that

is, to the fine-goods mills. The question, of course, is, How will the operatives take the new situation? The presumption is that they will recognize its inevitable character and refrain from strikes.

The latest phase of the Montana copper-mining situation is most menacing. When a judge handed down a decision adverse to the Amalgamated Copper Company, that concern immediately announced the closing down of all its mines, smelters, and other plants in the State, throwing upwards of 12,000 men out of employment. We asked at the time if this action was for the purpose of coercing the higher court. It looks now as if the end in view was the coercion of the Governor and the Legislature, and eventually of the judiciary. The labor situation thus created threatened to demoralize the State. The burden of solving the problem was thrown upon the Governor, who received assurances from the Amalgamated people that if he would call an extra session of the Legislature to discuss the desirability of preventing judges with a bias from trying cases which might come before them, work at the mines and smelters would be resumed at once. The Governor has assented to this and issued the call. The position in which he finds himself, even as the executive of so notorious a pocket borough as Montana, is extraordinary. He says that, bad as is the present condition of the State, he believes it should continue indefinitely rather than that such a precedent as this should be established. The fact is, he has found himself confronted with what the Roman poet calls the severe necessity of nature, and has been unable to stand up under the shower of petitions which have come to him from taxpayers, labor organizations, and others.

The "open shop" is a dangerous subject, as the American Federation of Labor discovered on Thursday. The members saved themselves from disaster by recommitting some wild resolutions which, apropos of President Roosevelt's decision in the Miller case, declared that "this open-shop policy is but a subterfuge and a means of strengthening the non-union and scab-shop position of the union-hating capitalist corporations"; and that "this applies to the open shop under private management as well as to the open shop under Government or public management." The President can only be strengthened, not weakened, by such denunciation. He has take his stand squarely on the impregnable law which can recognize in public service no distinctions of color, creed, or social class. Should the Federation be rash enough to set up its dictum as superior to the fundamental principles of this republic, it would be exactly in the position of a bull fighting an express train.

One of the absurd pretensions of labor unions has been rebuked by a Canadian court. The city of Toronto called for bids for firemen's clothing; and the lowest competitor was the Crown Tailoring Company. The contract, however, was awarded at a higher price to a concern using the union label. Thereupon the Crown Tailoring Company obtained an injunction. In rendering a judgment, Chancellor Boyd declared that in issuing its specifications the city could not demand the use of any particular union label, and thus discriminate against certain classes of laborers who might be as capable as those entitled to use the label. The true test of ability, he held, is not membership in a union. This decision simply applies to public contract work the same principle that President Roosevelt laid down in the Miller case in the Government Printing-Office. A private individual may have on his clothing any label he chooses, and he may pay any price he can afford; his whims and tastes are matters with him to settle with his conscience and his pocketbook. But the Government, whether Federal, State, or municipal, is bound to treat its citizens without fear or favor. The man who will do the work properly, and at the lowest price, with or without union labor, is entitled to the contract. Else the public is robbed to fatten an industrial monopoly.

Premier Combes has announced to the French Senate the Government's intention of pushing the war against the teaching orders. The famous Associations Act of 1901 has already driven many of the religious orders out of primary instruction; now the Ministerial programme contemplates the permanent suppression of all secondary and superior schools managed by them. Authorized monks or nuns will be permitted to keep primary schools only. That would involve the closing of many historic colleges, and presumably the sequestration of their properties to the State. M. Combes further declared that the rights of the regular clergy in school matters would be separately considered as a part of the general readjustment of the relations of Church and State. That is a pretty clear intimation that the Government will seriously weigh the abrogation of the Concordat. Having deprived the orders of the liberties usual in all republican countries except France, and having withheld the stipends given by treaty to the regular clergy, the anti-clerical campaign would be complete. It will not be achieved without opposition, for there is an alternate project, with respectable backing, which provides simply for more stringent supervision of secondary and higher education.

"I have come to the melancholy conclusion that at present the country does not want a fleet nor an army nor public instruction"—thus Señor Silvela, the retiring Conservative chief, in his farewell address to the Spanish Cortes. Chamberlain may devote all the strength of his sixty-eight years to a demand for tariffs; Von Bülow may give his days and nights to the Agrarians and to the canal advocates. But not Silvela! It is not for this grandee to stoop to things of a fiscal nature. "The country," he declared, "is interested only in material reforms, in agriculture, in industry, trade, and public works. It is perhaps right. But I, for my part, in order to remain in office, required that the country should want an army, a fleet, and such a foreign policy as it ought to desire." Lest any one should be in doubt as to that policy, Señor Silvela added: "I mean a foreign policy frankly accepted without fear of the risk. To be on equally good terms with every one is not a policy." No wonder that the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* spoke of the dramatic interest of this scene. To think that a nation could fall so low as really to want to recoup itself after long years of war and oversea losses! On good terms with the world? Free from the burdens of army and navy? Devoted to the arts of peace? Engaged in industry? How sordid, how material, how small! No wonder Señor Silvela, broken-hearted, quits politics.

The acceptance of the Austro-Russian demands by Turkey and the reappearance of Boris Sarafoff, the Macedonian leader, who had been reported dead, indicate the renewal of the Balkan rising in the spring. For the Turks will do nothing, and Sarafoff is one of the three great revolutionary chieftains. At the moment of formal acceptance, the Porte is making every effort to render the reforms of no effect. That will be done in a way long traditional at Constantinople. The most distasteful feature of the reforms is the provision for Christian "assessors" (inspectors) and officers of the gendarmery. But there is a class of subsidized Christians kept for precisely such exigencies. So long as the Sultan may have their nomination, he need not fear excessive zeal from that quarter. No scheme of reform, the working of which depends on the Sultan, is worth the paper it is written on. Austria and Russia, or, better, the European Concert, must set up an autonomous administration in Macedonia or face the prospect of the insurrection renewing itself with increased bitterness in the spring. The immediate need of the 25,000 refugees is food and clothing. With rifles enough, says that practised observer, Mr. A. G. Hales, of the London *Daily News*, the Macedonians could win their own independence. Hence the need of intervention during the armistice.

HASTE AND REPENTANCE.

Was it Roosevelt the historian, or Roosevelt the embarrassed party leader, who said, on receiving Panama's Minister, that his lightning recognition of Panama was but doing now "as we did nearly a century ago, when the Latin peoples of America proclaimed the right to popular government"? As he must be perfectly aware, what we "did" in 1822 was to recognize republics which had declared their independence from six to ten years before that date. In message after message, President Monroe referred to the revolutions in South America, but steadily refused to allow his hand to be forced, until the Spanish colonies had shown that they were able not merely to assert but to maintain their independence. In his special message of March 8, 1822, announcing recognition, Monroe gave a review of the long struggle, saying that "*the great length of time*" during which it had extended and the "utter inability" of Spain to reduce her revolted provinces, compelled him to conclude that the new nations ought to be recognized. Compare this deliberation with President Roosevelt's recognition of a seceding State before its own Government even knew that it was in revolution! Of course, President Monroe was a fearfully slow coach, who would have made a sad fist of it in these strenuous times; but if he waited six years, it does seem as if Mr. Roosevelt might have waited six days.

Clearly, it was not the Monroe Doctrine of recognition which Secretary Hay had in mind when he said that "the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule" were the sufficient bases of our foreign policy. Colombians, who are sadly ignorant of the Scriptures, will be tempted to think that what he really said was, "the good old rule"—that they should take who have the power. We know that the king's business requireth haste, and so, apparently, does a certain sort of President's. The first intimations we had from the State Department breathed of all deliberation. A guarded recognition of the de-facto government at Panama would probably be found necessary, so one of Mr. Hay's assistants informed the reporters, but nothing would be done precipitately. That was before the Cabinet meeting of the 6th. Immediately upon its close, the startling news came that the President not only had recognized the de-facto insurrectionist government, but had entered into relations with it, and had notified Colombia that she must not attempt to restore her revolted territory. This was the indecent haste which filled all conservative men with amaze; and the President's maladroit reference to the example of Monroe only serves to make his own course appear the more unprecedented and indefensible.

Are we now bound to go to war with England—and also Cuba—for declining to recognize the independence of Panama? No one can tell, in these wild and whirling times. The British Foreign Office, it is true, alleges that it is simply following "international precedent" in waiting to see if Panama is really able to maintain her independence; but this is either an insult or a stupidity. Does not Lord Lansdowne know that we have abolished all precedents, including our own? These doddering diplomats of the old school are really "not in the game." The hustling youth who are now playing football with international law are rapidly making Monroe and Seward and Lincoln a perfect laughing-stock. When British ships chartered by Colombia appeared on the horizon, the Cabinet told the President that it would never do to prepare another piece of *Trent* humble pie for himself to eat; and so the orders to stop British ships on the high seas were graciously rescinded. With lawyer-like patience, Secretary Root is said to have explained to the Executive, who had been reading his duty in his wishes, that, really, there were certain laws that it would be just as well to respect; that what had been ordered done in Colombian waters was an act of war. "Why, is it?" was the surprised question of that just man armed; "then, of course, I'll take the back track." But the real magnanimity of the Administration did not appear until it was a question of imminent collision with Great Britain. Any old law was good enough for the Colombians; but when the Union Jack hove in sight, the President suddenly awoke to the need of looking into the books to discover what the rule was.

Another retreat by a rashly vigorous Administration is announced in the matter of the new canal treaty. The first ingenious plan, it will be remembered, was to take the act of Congress and write into it the word "Panama" wherever the word "Colombia" stood. But it is now regretfully admitted that the question whether this can be done is "one for a lawyer to decide." Well, the lawyers have already decided it adversely, and the pretty scheme is abandoned. The thing will have to be done all over again. A new and perhaps tainted treaty will have to be submitted to the Senate. This will have to be done on the eve of a Presidential election, and the strenuous short-cut to a canal which would have come to us all in good time, if we had been patient and decent, is likely to delay the project still further. The earliest and most consistent advocates of the Panama route—at a time when Secretary Hay was scouting it as beneath the notice of a serious Government—are free to oppose to the best of their ability any treaty that bears on its face the marks of collusion and bad faith, undeterred by the virtuous attitude of the Administration in rejecting the proposal to go back and complete an arrangement with Colombia, on the ground that it would look as if we were actuated by mercenary motives. (Besides, we can get the canal so much cheaper from Panama!) The Democratic Senators are of course preparing to oppose the hasty-pudding treaty with the overnight "republic" of Panama. They will do so on various grounds, some sincere, some partisan; but it is obvious that, if they are determined, they can prevent ratification. The Republicans are three votes short of a two-thirds majority in the Senate. The great project now bids fair to be made a matter of fierce party contests; to be thrown into the next Presidential campaign; and so to be imperilled anew. So much for digging a canal before it was caught.

It is easy, of course, to hold up hands of horror at the nefarious course of the Democrats. Republicans ask in pained amazement if it is possible that an Opposition party can place itself before the country in so "ridiculous a light." Yes, dear friends, it is all too possible. The Republicans, when in Opposition, showed just how possible. They remorselessly killed the Bayard-Chamberlain treaty during President Cleveland's first Administration, and their motives were of precisely the partisan character which they now attribute to the Democrats. To score a point against the President of the opposite party; to embarrass the Administration; to keep unsettled questions still in a condition to vex statesmen and inflame the country—that has been the way of political parties ever since they were born. We are not defending it. We simply say that it is inevitable (political human nature being what it is) with a Presidential election imminent, and that it should have been foreseen. Above all should it have been foreseen by a President who prides himself on never pursuing barren ideals, but resolutely grasping the attainable.

THE CANCELLED MESSAGE.

"We must forthwith take the matter into our own hands!" Those astounding words from the message that he would have sent to Congress but for the Panama revolution, President Roosevelt now makes public as a supposed justification. They are, rather, his deepened condemnation. They will revive the acute fears that many had when President McKinley was assassinated, lest a firebrand type of man succeed him. Mr. Roosevelt apparently strove to dissipate that alarm of sober citizens. They began to think that responsibility had steadied him, but now we find him taking a position which has in it the possibility of a thousand international quarrels and a constant threat of war. In an affair exclusively within the sovereign control of a friendly nation, he is ready to declare that "we can no long-

er submit to trifling" and "must forthwith take the matter into our own hands"—the matter being, it will be observed, the property of another country. Under such a robber contention, we should be entitled to seize any land on earth which we happened to want, and which we thought ourselves possessed of sufficient brute force to take. It is a declaration of stark and lawless absolutism, tempered only by land-hunger, which we have lived to see made by an American President.

That Mr. Roosevelt's hasty falling into the arms of the Jonah's-gourd Republic of Panama was a diplomatic blunder of the first magnitude, is a proposition by itself. Several of our first authorities on international law have assented to it; but it may be admitted that the public in general does not take a keen interest in such nice questions. What everybody can see, however, is that the overbearing and brutal tone of President Roosevelt's message, as he had it blocked out, is a most serious matter. That portends trouble. It could not come from an Executive who was as scrupulous about right as he was about might. To say to a friendly but weak nation that its protests in regard to its own property were "trifling," and that we should "forthwith take the matter into our own hands," is openly to advocate a policy of aggression. The man in the street can see that. Here is no matter for experts. The wayfaring man knows bullying when he sees it, and, unless he is a fool, also knows that, as a national policy, it means the launching of a thousand ships. Hence it would seem that Mr. Roosevelt, in order to prove that he was not secretly fomenting revolution on the Isthmus, is willing to appear as a permanent disturber of the national peace. He may be sure that no utterance of his, since his accession to the Presidency, has given such a shock to conservative men, in his party and in the country generally, as this bellicose fragment of his message. We knew that he was blundering; we did not know that he would publicly indulge in threats and braggadocio.

Why should the President take it as such a mortal offence that the Colombian Senate declined to ratify the canal treaty as it stood? He speaks of this lawful action as "insincere dealing." How does he know that it was not sincere? How does the *Outlook*, which is so pained at any one's accepting rumor regarding American public men, know that it was "the robber politicians of Colombia" who defeated the treaty? It says they did, and repeats the phrase "robber politicians" with an air of conviction which ought to be based on some knowledge. Has it any? As for the President, he should be the last man to say that opposition to a canal treaty may not spring from the highest and most patriotic motives. He himself did all in his power to kill the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty, so vitally related to the Isthmian canal. That treaty had been agreed to, even ardently sought, by the Administration at Washington. It was approved by the best newspapers and the leaders of thought throughout the country. Yet at that juncture, Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, burst out in a public interview with the hope that the treaty would be defeated. Was that "insincere dealing"? Did the *Outlook* call that the act of a "robber politician"? The treaty was defeated, but that led to none of the present howling. Mr. Hay went quietly to work to negotiate a new treaty, covering all the points of the old one in a way deftly to muzzle Mr. Roosevelt and the other Jingoes, and in due time it was ratified.

Nothing is commoner than to have treaties temporarily defeated. Our Senate has been a very graveyard of treaties. It ought to make the most solemn Senator smile to be informed by the President that the rejection of a treaty is a ground of international offence. If it were, we should have been at war by this time with half the nations of the earth. What diplomats, up till now, have done in such circumstances is to leave off making wry faces as soon as possible, and set about getting another treaty in the place of the one not satisfactory. There is no reason to think this might not have been done with Colombia. But no, says the President, "the time has come to declare that the beginning of the canal cannot be much longer delayed." Gladstone used to be called "an old man in a hurry," but why should the young man in the White House have been in such a consuming hurry? Could not a project which has been on our hands for sixty years wait till after his renomination? In his haste he has simply passed from one blunder to another, diplomatic and political, until now he stands face to face with the practical certainty of having, with all his hurry, only delayed matters.

THE TARIFF IN 1904.

The new Democratic leader of the House displays signs of generalship which must occasion great uneasiness among Republicans. To line his party up in favor of Cuban reciprocity was an act of constructive statesmanship. This is only the first step in a broad campaign for a revision of the tariff. Hence, while the Administration will be glad to receive Democratic support on this particular measure, it must accept it with the knowledge that it is possibly paving the way for a good deal of trouble later. Representative Williams's announcement that "we shall fight for a revision of the tariff," gains force from the fact that Republican leaders have lately been talking about the possibility of injecting more protection into the schedules after next November. The existing tariff obviously furnishes the Republican party no issue for 1904. The party is in the position of a banker whose credit is questioned, and who sees the need of paying out cash regardless of everything but the pinch of the moment. Mr. Williams, harping on the growing disappointment of the country over the Dingley law, says we must reduce our schedules. But the Republican party can never consent to that doctrine. Its contention will be that the tariff must be lifted higher.

Possibly Mr. Chamberlain's retaliatory scheme may furnish the "stand-patters" in this country the opportunity they need. If he will only keep up his discussion until next November, they may find an issue in him. It looks as if the "prosperity" cry would be out of the question in 1904. On the score of industrial conditions the country may not take alarm at all over the prospect of a Democratic administration. When one stops and reflects, it is really quite dreadful to think what will be the position of the Republican party in case the strenuous life should, after all, not turn out a winning issue. The tariff might then prove the last ditch. Just at present the tariff is somewhat under a cloud. More than two years ago President McKinley injected the poison of reciprocity rather liberally into the popular mind. Then, too, certain heartless political economists and newspaper editors have insisted on holding the tariff responsible for the industrial Trusts, with their efforts to advance artificially the price of commodities and their waterlogged capitalizations. Considering that a great many hundreds of millions of dollars have been lost in the stock market, and that wages are now being cut and mills shut up, under the latest Republican tariff, that does not seem on its face a very encouraging issue.

But it is right at this point that Mr. Chamberlain may prove a godsend to the "friends of protection." The tariff is capable of becoming a magnificent issue if rightly handled. A man must be blind who does not see why capital is now in mourning and labor in tears. What we needed was a great deal more tariff than we have had. But there is nothing harder than to make people see the obvious. Though we require a much higher tariff than the present, it would be risky to tell the voters that next year in plain terms. They might not see the point, and their base suspicions might lead them to raise the cry of plunder. But if we can announce in thundering tones that Mr. Chamberlain is preparing to ruin this country by his policy of "retaliation," they may be startled into a realization that the higher your tariff the higher your prosperity. The Republican managers have chosen the right way to work the thing. They have outlined a scheme which will effectually kill Mr.

Chamberlain's preferential goose. It is said that while they propose to be "loyal to protection," they are not unwilling to do something for the revisionists, and that a strong effort will therefore be made to bring into the Republican platform next year a recommendation of a law providing maximum and minimum tariff schedules. If power is given to the President "to proclaim an exchange of favors with nations which are ready for such negotiation," he will possess a card which will trump anything in Mr. Chamberlain's hand.

Mr. Chamberlain will have to rise at a very early hour if he expects to get the better of our "friends of protection." He is only a tyro at the business, whereas they are past masters. He cannot learn too quickly that his policy would do Great Britain not a particle of good as against this country, but that it would play into the hands of our tariff gamblers. He wants Parliament to give him the right to impose retaliatory duties, and then we shall see if the United States does not come down from its high horse right away. But if the "friends of protection" have their way next year, we shall simply mount a higher one. There is no knowing how high we might run up our schedules in case of a tariff squabble with Great Britain or any other country. Possibly we could do as much in that line as we did two or three years ago with stock-market quotations. Could anything please our "stand-patters" better than Mr. Chamberlain's threat to clap on duties to keep our products out of Great Britain? The loss to American industry from a curtailment of exports to that market would be only incidental. The thing to consider is the magnificent opportunity to raise our own tariff duties. To be sure, the benefit from this would accrue to only a handful of people; but that is a mere matter of detail. Let Mr. Chamberlain play his present cards, and we shall show him very quickly that we can trump his ace. The fact that his policy is not likely to be put into effect for several years, if ever, is of course no drawback to its use as a bugbear by our "stand-patters."

COLORED STATISTICS.

The *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore again illustrates how impossible it seems to be for many Southern writers to discuss in good temper any question in which the relation of the negro to the rest of the community is in any wise involved. We had occasion, some short while since, to point out how magnificently endowed by nature the six heavy negro States of the South were. We said that, up to this time, those States had not attained in material things anything like the degree of prosperity of the country as a whole. We found the explanation in the fact that their population was made up not of one race, but of two, in approximately equal numbers. We did not discuss the question whether the negro was or was not in any sense the equal of the white man. We suggested, however, that, among negroes as among other races, progress upward was possible. We did not consider whether that progress ever would or could raise the negro to the level of the white man, but we did ask whether it was not of supreme importance to the South that the conditions surrounding the negro should be made such as to encourage him to progress to the utmost of his inherent possibilities; and we asked whether the South, with so many millions of black men living in it, could afford to say to them, "Strive as you choose, succeed as you can; but, whatever you do, so long as there is a discernible drop of African blood in your veins you shall never be allowed to obtain many of those things which men of all races and of all ages have most keenly longed for." In criticising our article, the *Record* uses such phrases as "fools, fanatics, or fiends," "idiocy or malignancy," etc. We carry on no discussion with any one who sees fit so to express himself, because no possible good can result from it.

One thing is said by the *Manufacturers' Record* in the article in question, and one thing only, on which it is worth while to comment: "In 1860, these six States [South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana], containing only 9 6-10 per cent. of the land area of the country and 13 8-10 per cent. of the population, possessed 18 3-10 per cent. of the wealth of the country." The proportion they contained of the land area of the country in 1860 was for practical purposes immaterial. More than one-half of the land area of the country was then virtually unpeopled. If it be true, however, that those States, with less than 14 per cent. of the population, had more than 18 per cent. of the wealth of the country, it is very important, because it shows that almost everybody for the last half-century has been wrong. Every historian who has dealt with the civil war has assumed that the preponderance of the North, great in numbers, was even greater in wealth. If President Davis and his various Secretaries of the Treasury were now alive, would not they rub their eyes on being told by a Southern writer that, man for man, counting negroes as well as whites, the South was in 1860 nearly 40 per cent. richer than the rest of the country? Would they not have some reason to feel that an attack was being made upon their management of the finances of the Southern Confederacy? For there can be no question that, if the South was so much richer than the North, there was no excuse whatever for the condition into which its treasury and its currency came long before the war was ended. How a section with few railroads, with practically no manufactures, with one-half of its population chattel slaves owning nothing, and a very considerable proportion in numbers of the whites then very poor, could really, in some mysterious way, man for man, head for head, have been richer than the rest of the country, we must leave for the economists of the *Manufacturers' Record* to explain.

Now, of course, everybody knows, and in his cool moments the editor of the *Manufacturers' Record* as well as anybody else, that in 1860 the North was very much richer, relatively to population, than the South. He has fallen into the same snare which has enmeshed many an amateur statistician before him. He saw certain figures in the census table, and straightway sought to make comparison of them without stopping to ask whether the way in which the table had been compiled made such comparison possible or not. According to the census of 1860, the true wealth of those six States named was, as the writer in the *Manufacturers' Record* says, 18 3-10 per cent. of the wealth of the country, although those States had only 13 8-10 per cent. of the population. But how was the wealth of these States calculated? Slaves were property. One-half their population was owned by some part of the other half, and a value of some hundreds of dollars a head was put upon this enslaved half of the population; and in that way, and in that way alone, did it come about that the wealth of the South in 1860 appeared from the census figures to be relatively greater than that of the North. A skilled artisan in Ohio was of vastly more value to the community in which he lived as a wealth producer than was a field hand on a plantation in the Alabama Black Belt, but the field hand figures in the return of the wealth of Alabama in 1860 as worth somewhere from $1,000 to $1,500, while the Ohio mechanic was, fortunately for him, not appraised as anybody's property.

If the deputy marshals who took the census of 1860 assumed each slave to be worth on an average $500, slave property would have added about $250 to the apparent per-capita wealth of the entire population of the six States under consideration. According to the census of 1860, the total property in the country, real and personal, including slaves, averaged only $514 per head of the population.

It is not possible to say with precision for how much slaves in these six States figure in the total valuation of the census of 1860. Some facts of great significance in this direction are, however, accessible. Manufactures of any considerable importance being almost unknown in these States (cities and large towns being very few), their wealth must have been largely agricultural; that is to say, their land constituted a larger

proportion of their total property than was the case in other sections of the country where the diversification of industries promoted and required the accumulation of personal property; yet the census returns point to the directly opposite conclusion. Outside of these six States, the assessed value of real property was nearly twice as great as that of personal property. In these six States the assessed value of personal property was almost twice as great as that of real. Slaves were, of course, considered personalty. In South Carolina and Mississippi, where the slaves were most numerous, the assessed valuation of personalty was about two and a half times as great as that of realty. According to the census figures, the true per-capita valuation of all property in 1860 was, in Mississippi $767 and in South Carolina $779, while in New York it was $475 and in Pennsylvania $487. No one could give a moment's intelligent consideration to such figures and not perceive their utter worthlessness for all comparative purposes. Indeed, outside of the vitiating element of the slave valuations, the table is useless for any purpose of comparison. It is scarcely possible that in 1860 the average inhabitant of Connecticut was nearly 46 per cent. better off than was the resident of Massachusetts; and yet the census of 1860 so states.

THE RIGHT TO NEW TRIALS.

Prof. J. H. Wigmore has an article in the November number of the *Columbia Law Review* in which he discusses the question of granting new trials because of the erroneous admission or exclusion of evidence. He pronounces the existing practice of our courts absurd and dangerous, and insists that it ought to be altered.

The present theory of the courts is that a party is entitled, as of right, to a new trial, whenever it appears by proper exceptions that evidence has been improperly admitted or excluded, the admission or exclusion of which may, *by possibility*, have affected the result as against him. If it is, humanly speaking, impossible to conceive that it did so affect the result, the admission or exclusion is treated as "harmless error," and a new trial is refused. But the limits of harmless error are very narrow. In nine cases out of ten error by the trial judge will vitiate the trial even though the record shows that, with the error disregarded, the result reached by the jury *ought to have been the same*. Mr. Wigmore gives some striking instances. In a case in Alabama, there being a dozen exceptions to rulings on evidence, one of these was found wrong and a new trial was granted, though no substantial prejudice through the rulings was asserted. In a case in California a new trial was granted for error in allowing the prosecution to contradict the defendant on a matter having "no reference whatever to the guilt or innocence of the defendant"; in a case in Nebraska for allowing the contradiction of a witness on an immaterial point; in a case in North Carolina where the whole evidence "warranted conviction"; in Vermont, because counsel in his address said that he knew his clients to be of good reputation, and that this was the best kind of evidence for them. In a late case in the United States Supreme Court, a new trial was granted in a homicide case because, after a "dying declaration" had been properly received in evidence, the error had been committed of admitting a subsequent statement by the deceased that her first declaration was true "in every particular."

The practice is productive of an enormous mulitplication of trials and constant miscarriage of justice. It has produced a notorious abuse in unscrupulous trials of cases "for exceptions"—counsel being employed not to get a verdict, but to trap his opponent into a slip on evidence which will enable him to upset the verdict, however just. In criminal trials it has been carried to such length as to sap public confidence in the administration of justice; in many parts of the country the constant rescue of convicted murderers by appellate courts for trivial error is thought to be ample justification for lynching by mobs without any trial at all.

The abuse can be defended only on one or two theories: either that the party has a legal right to a judicial observance of the rules of evidence *per se*, or that the reverse of the practice would involve a *usurpation* of the function of the jury. The first theory makes the observance of the rules of evidence, instead of a fair verdict, the end of the appeal; but this is the abuse itself, not a justification of it. The second is supported by neither reason nor analogy; the functions of the jury are at every turned exercised subject to the correction and revision of the court. It is everyday practice for an appellate court to confirm a judgment setting aside a verdict as against the weight of evidence, though, if the jury have any function at all, it is the weighing of evidence. In the ordinary case of a non-suit, or verdict for defendant directed by the judge and confirmed on appeal, the party defeated is cut off from the jury altogether, and the case is at an end. Why should the trial be vitiated for erroneous admission or exclusion of evidence if the appellate court is able to say that, even with the error corrected, the jury should rationally have been still bound to render the same verdict?

The practice is among the causes which have long been tending to enfeeble the bench and impair the confidence of the public in the administration of justice. The great democratic wave which swept through the courts and legislatures two generations ago has had effects of which those who swam with it little dreamed. To say nothing of the elective system, which, combined with short terms of office, inevitably tends to make judges timid and subservient, the temper of the time was jealous of judicial power and authority, and every effort was made to limit it. Statutes were passed, for instance, for the express purpose of diminishing the control of judges over verdicts and hedging them about on every side in their relations with juries. Their control over the proceedings in their own courts was taken away from them, and, in the name of simplicity of procedure, the most elaborate codes ever seen were constructed by the Legislature for their government. Under such influences a new ideal of judgeship gradually grew up, which makes the American judge today a figure radically different from that of which we have inherited the idea from the past. To succeed, his aim must be, not to develop the administration of justice and uphold the majesty of the law, as the great judges of the past did, but to be, as Mr. Wigmore puts it, merely an umpire of the game of legislation. This tendency was perceived by judges of the older breed fifty years ago. We find Judge Nisbet of Georgia saying in 1852:

> "It is to be feared, in these days of reform, that the judges will be so strictly laced as to lose all power of vigorous and healthful action. I have but little fear of judicial power in Georgia so aggrandizing itself as to endanger any of the powers of other departments of the government; or to endanger the life and liberty of the citizen; or to deprive the jury of their appropriate functions. The danger rather to be dreaded is making the judges men of straw, and thus stripping the courts of popular reverence, and annihilating the popular estimate of the power and sanctity of the law."

The fetish which has been made of the right to new trials is connected with this new phase of judicial development. As the judge's independence and courage are weakened, he inevitably grows fonder of rules which save him from responsibility.

The abuse seems now so imbedded in our jurisprudence that it will prove very difficult to eradicate. Some statutory efforts have been made in this direction, but thus far without much effect. Mr. Wigmore does not cite any cases to show that the right to a new trial on the score of trivial error is a constitutional right, and we know that in England, from which country we have derived all our legal theory on the subject, the abuse seems to have been swept away. Law reform in England has been directed to strengthening the courts, not weakening them, and "in England, to-day, the whole odious practice of misusing the rules of evidence as petty stratagems in litigious tactics has passed away. In the reports

of decisions there now occur annually not more than five rulings upon points of evidence, as against more than five hundred in the reports of the United States." It seems absurd to suppose that we have gone so far in this country on the wrong road that there is no help for us.

THE DEDICATION OF THE GERMANIC MUSEUM AT HARVARD.

CAMBRIDGE, November 11, 1903.

The opening of the Germanic Museum, which was dedicated yesterday, may well mark an epoch in American university education, for the Museum has come into existence as a recognition of the fact that not in books alone can the American student of a national civilization find the material he needs for an all-round view of his subject. Much that is most precious a nation or a race does express in words, and the written word remains; but much that is most characteristic it embodies through arts and crafts and customs, in stone or wood, in brick or metal, on canvas or on plaster. The mediæval epics 'Parsifal' and the 'Nibelungenlied' do not surpass the mediæval German cathedrals in either racial or epochal significance; indeed, one may fairly maintain that the higher achievements in poetry, be they epic, lyric, or dramatic, measure the genius of the individual poet rather than that of his race. A people, on the other hand, chose just such a monument of collective effort and taste as a cathedral to embody its ideals.

To bring together under one roof typical specimens of the most important non-literary expressions of the Germanic peoples is accordingly the purpose of this new Harvard museum. Through the eye, it will supplement the usual instruction by books. Eventually it will exhibit not only examples of architecture and sculpture and of the various lesser fine arts, but of tools, vessels, and weapons, together with models of all sorts of dwellings, vehicles, boats, and tombs; so that the visitor may get from it such a clear idea of the beginnings, growth, and range of the Germanic genius as a naturalist can get now of the evolution of animal types by visiting the Synoptic Room at the University Museum.

A museum of this kind is new in America, nor does Germany possess its like; for there the great Nuremberg collection is limited to German objects, whereas the Germanic Museum at Harvard will include all the Teutonic peoples and their descendants, namely, Germans—including those in Austria and in Switzerland—Danes, Dutch, Scandinavians, and Anglo-Saxons. It differs also from the Semitic Museum at Harvard, dedicated less than a year ago, in the important respect that the chief concern of the latter is with ancient peoples and a dead and gone civilization, while the Germanic collections will show the successive stages by which the dominant races of to-day—the German, the English, and the American—have come up out of the past, bringing with them their common Germanic inheritances, which, by mixture of blood, by the intangible moulding of land and climate, and by unlikeness in circumstance and fate, have been widely diversified.

The exercises yesterday were unusually interesting. Rarely can one listen to half a dozen addresses, all focussed on a given point, in which there is so little repetition; more rarely still do so many eminent speakers take part in a single celebration. Prof. H. C. G. von Jagemann, chairman of the German Department, presided, and in his opening remarks told briefly the story of the origin of the Museum. Nearly ten years ago instructors in the department began to discuss the project, which they first set before the public in an appeal printed in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* in March, 1897. Three years later an association, composed of prominent German-Americans and others, was founded, an active propaganda was begun, and subscriptions were solicited. The project received a cordial endorsement in Germany, where such leaders as Herman Grimm, Mommsen, Virchow, and Harnack took it up; and when the German Emperor, quick to perceive its rich possibilities, announced that he would present to the Museum casts of many of the most striking examples of architecture and sculpture, success was assured. As a handsel of his munificence, Kaiser Wilhelm sent photographs of his intended gifts, which were formally delivered by Prince Henry of Prussia, in March, 1902. The Harvard Corporation had already assigned the Old Gymnasium as a habitation, which has been so skilfully readapted that it serves admirably for the present collection.

The formal presentation of the Kaiser's benefaction was made yesterday by Baron von dem Bussche Haddenhausen, chargé d'affaires of the German embassy, in the absence of Ambassador Speck. He spoke gracefully and tastefully, and concluded by referring to the gift by German scholars of fifty-five galvano-plastik reproductions of the works of German silversmiths from the Middle Age to the eighteenth century, and to the gift by Prof. Archibald C. Coolidge of the history department at Harvard of 10,000 volumes on German history and civilization.

President Eliot responded in behalf of the Corporation, praising the unique act of the Kaiser, which had given a great impulse to the project, and pointing out how welcome to "this society of scholars" are the gift of the scholars of Germany and that of Professor Coolidge. Mr. Eliot gave a rapid history of the growth of museums at Harvard, from which one could perceive how anthropology, in the broadest sense, has claimed more and more attention.

The next speaker, Prof. Kuno Francke, to whose unceasing zeal the Germanic Museum is really due, described enthusiastically several of the purposes which such an institution must serve. He laid particular stress on its being a bond of union among the various studies relating to different phases of national life. It will, in uniting many scholarly interests, counteract the tendency to narrow specialization, since the same specimen may serve to illustrate the investigations of students in different fields. Coming to the concrete, Professor Francke showed, by an analysis of the figures from Naumburg Cathedral, and by a criticism of the equestrian statue of the Great Elector, the sort of use to which the treasures of the Museum can be put.

The Hon. Carl Schurz, President of the Germanic Museum Association, who was now introduced, emphasized the benefits which may be hoped for from this institution by the strengthening of international friendships. Sentiment alone, he said, does not determine political relations, but it counts for much; and at a critical moment even a little friendly sentiment may tip the scales in favor of peace. He denounced in noble language the efforts of "a sensational and unscrupulous press" to stir up an artificial excitement so as to make war appear inevitable between Germany and the United States. Blood is thicker than water; if that truth were kept constantly foremost, the senselessness of such a turmoil as we witnessed last year over the Venezuela affair would have been apparent from the start.

"To my mind," Mr. Schurz said, with memorable solemnity, "there is nothing more abominable, nothing more hideous, nothing more criminal, than the reckless goading of nation against nation for the purpose of disturbing their friendship and peaceful intercourse. It is a crime so infamous that it should put any one guilty of it outside of the social pale of civilized mankind. On the other hand, nothing can be more honorable and blessed than any effort to create and nourish a public spirit abhorring the resort to war, except in case of the most absolute and extreme necessity—a sentiment inspiring a statesmanship bent upon devoting in international policy the keenness of its eye to the discovery, not of the things that irritate and divide, but of the things that conciliate and unite."

Mr. Edward Robinson, Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, spoke next on the cordial relations that should always exist between the two museums, whose collections should be mutually complementary; and then the exercises closed with a valedictory from Prof. William James, who had been requested, he said, to act as spokesman for the general body of teachers in the University. After the listening to much that was weighty or properly formal and didactic, his epilogue, abounding in irony and humor, was especially delightful. He began by referring to the background which a university with so many diverse interests as flourish at Harvard furnishes for each dweller in the academic circle; and went on, in half-playful vein, to specify the virtues and vices of German scholarship, in characteristic sentences, which considerations of space forbid me to quote. The effect of his address was electric. Thanks to its wit, the audience broke up still fresh after listening to nearly two hours of speaking.

The audience itself might justify a separate letter. It filled the New Lecture Hall, and comprised not only nearly all the notabilities of the University and distinguished persons from Greater Boston, but also representatives of other colleges and guests from many parts of the country. They had ample opportunity to inspect the Germanic Museum, which is already so well stocked that it is worth a day's journey to see; and in the evening at Sanders Theatre they attended the performance by Herr Heinrich Conried's New York company of three German plays—Hans Sachs's "Der Fahrende Schuler im Paradies," Goethe's "Die Geschwister," and Fulda's "Unter Vier Augen."

The celebration and the Museum itself are a tribute to the persuasive enthusiasm of Prof. Kuno Francke, who has labored for the project both here and in Germany and in Switzerland, and has had the good fortune to see it so soon realized. As President Eliot remarked, the establishment of this Germanic Museum will doubtless lead

to the founding at Harvard of similar institutions for the study of Italic and Gallic civilizations. WILLIAM R. THAYER.

Correspondence.

THE GREATEST COUNTRY ON EARTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thoughtful citizens East, West, North, and South must acknowledge with bowed heads the truth of your statement in last week's issue, relative to the Panama affair, that "President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have thrown American principles to the winds, and have committed the country to a policy which is ignoble beyond words." This out-Philippines the Philippine iniquity. One is compelled to fear with Hosea Biglow that

"Th' ain't no futur' for the man nor state
Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great."

C. H. PRESTON.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, November 14, 1903.

THE MORAL OF TAMMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent success of Tammany in New York city presents once more an ever-recurring problem to the political idealist. The voters of the metropolis of the United States, it would seem, either deliberately prefer a rotten government, or they are unable to distinguish good from bad. The history of the race belies the former supposition; but to a man who has not entirely lost faith in human nature, a candid survey of municipal government in America would seem to prove the latter. By superhuman effort and united action, and under stress of shame, the intelligent and self-respecting element in the community can persuade enough lax and ignorant voters to throw their potent influence in favor of good government once in a while. But poor, weak human nature cannot be counted on to fight a Lexington or a Concord too often. A political system under which decent municipal government is only occasionally possible would seem to the detached mind at least signally defective. In the meanwhile, it is interesting for the student of political science to observe and note how many blows in the head with a cold chisel and sledge hammer our political idealists must have before they can get it into their skulls that universal suffrage under existing conditions in America is a lamentable failure. E. L. C. M.

CHICAGO, November 9, 1903.

FRANKLIN'S OXFORD DEGREE—A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret that your correspondent "D.," who furnished, in your issue of June 25, a record of the convocation of April 30, 1762, at which Dr. Franklin was admitted a D.C.L., was, from ignorance of Oxford procedure, moved to draw erroneous inferences as to what took place on that occasion. As these inferences, though of so absurd a nature as to move any one who knows Oxford to laugh outright, might possibly mislead some Americans, and even disfigure future biographies, may I crave space to make the necessary corrections?

"D." would seem to have persuaded himself that the proceedings of that convocation were purposely arranged with "malice prepense," so as not "to do any more honor to Franklin than they were obliged to," and that, in particular, "the natural and proper claims of father and son" were maliciously reversed by providing for Dr. Franklin's son an "escort" of greater honor than for the father! As Franklin was at the time a distinguished, loyal British subject of whom Britain was proud, and of whom the University of Oxford was, of its own accord, showing its appreciation by conferring upon him its highest and much-coveted honor, it is extraordinary that any one could imagine the University stultifying itself by such silly behavior, or could describe the voluntary act of the University as something "they were obliged to"! By whom obliged, forsooth? But the whole hypothetical fabric tumbles to the ground in presence of the simple fact that the procedure on the occasion was precisely the same as on every occasion when honorary degrees are conferred by decree of convocation. "D." is entirely in error in supposing that any special "escort" is appointed on such occasions, and that the selection of this imaginary "escort" has reference to the estimation in which the University holds the recipient of the honorary degree. There is for each faculty an official, whose standing duty it is, in person or by deputy, to introduce the recipient, be he king or kaiser, general or ambassador, poet, philosopher, or South African empire-builder. At the time in question the University gave (besides D.D.) only two honorary degrees, those of D.C.L. and M.A. The recipient of the higher or D.C.L. degree was, as he still is, introduced in a Latin oration by the head of that faculty, the Regius Professor of Civil Law, or (in his absence or illness) by his deputy, while the recipient of the inferior distinction of an honorary M.A. degree was, as he still is, introduced in a Latin speech by the Public Orator (in his capacity of M.A.), or his deputy.

These proceedings were, of course, carried out in the case of the Franklins just as in the case of every one else, before or after. Benjamin Franklin was duly introduced, in the indisposition or absence of the Regius Professor of Civil Law, Thomas Jenner, D.C.L., by his deputy, William Seward, D.C.L., whose Latin oration appears to have been altogether worthy of the occasion; while the younger Franklin (whose honorary M.A. was, of course, intended as an additional compliment to his distinguished father) was presented by the Public Orator, as every honorary M.A. is to this day. Indeed, but for the notable and interesting fact of father and son receiving the higher and lower degrees together—a circumstance, I should think, almost without parallel in the history of Oxford—there was nothing to distinguish the conferment of these degrees from any other conferment of honorary degrees for which a special convocation is held. The personal rank, scholarship, or distinction of the officer of the University whose official duty it is to introduce the graduands, has nothing whatever to do with the matter. At the present moment the Public Orator who presents M.A.'s happens to be the rector of Lincoln College, who in a short time will himself be vice-chancellor, while the Regius Professor of Civil Law, who presents men for the D.C.L. degree, is Dr. Goudy, fellow of All Souls, the successor of the Right Hon. James Bryce. The recipient of an honorary D.Litt. degree is presented by the Professor of Greek (or his deputy) as senior professor of the faculty of arts, while an honorary D.Sc. is presented by the senior Professor of Physical Science. But Oxford would laugh consumedly to be told that the comparative honor of a D.C.L., a D.Litt., a D.Sc., or an M.A. degree is measured by the consideration whether Dr. Merry or Professor Goudy, Professor Bywater or Professor Love, is the more distinguished member of the University!

May I point out that the extract communicated by "D." is not the original, but an imperfect rendering of the Latin record by some one of uncertain scholarship in academic Latin? I subjoin the Latin original from a certified copy kindly furnished by the keeper of the Archives, a comparison of which with "D.'s" version will be found instructive. There is, of course, no such personage as the "Lord Vice-Chancellor"—*Dominus Vice-Cancellarius* is in plain English "Mr. Vice-Chancellor." The labelling of the Rev. William Seward as *Dominus*, on which "D." remarks, does not mean anything more. There is no such Oxford degree as M.C.L. with which "D." credits Thomas Bever, fellow of All Souls. "The most distinguished of young men" would hardly pass with a second-form boy for a translation of *ornatissimum juvenem*, and he would hardly render the plural *bedellis* by "the beadle," if he had once seen the stately procession of esquire and yeomen bedells, or mace-bearers, who carry the gold and silver "pokers" in front of the doctors elect! And surely everybody from China to Peru, who has heard of Oxford, knows that the *Procuratores*, the Executive of the University, are not "heads of colleges" (save the mark!). The giving of degrees is a function of the University, not of the colleges or their heads.

I should be sorry to impute to "D." the *malice prepense* which, in his concluding paragraph, he has so mistakenly attributed to Oxford; but I may be allowed to express the regret that one whose knowledge of the matter is so inadequate should have taken upon himself to draw inferences *in malam partem* from his own disordered notions of the facts, and have tried to give so ignoble an aspect to a proceeding of which Oxford and America may alike be proud.

JAMES A. H. MURRAY.

OXFORD, October 31, 1903.

Term
Paschatis Dño Dre Browne Vice Cancellario
1762

Die Ven. viz Tricesimo Die Mensis Aprilis Anno Dom. 1762 Causa Convocationis erat ut Ornatissimus Vir Benjaminus Franklin Armiger, Provinciæ Pensylvaniæ Deputatus, ad Curiam Serenissimi Regis Legatus, Tabellariorum per Americam Septentrionalem Præfectus Generalis, necnon Regiæ Societatis Socius (si ita Venerabili Cœtui placeret) ad Gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili, et Gulielmus Franklin Armiger Juris Municipalis Consultus ad Gradum Magistri in Artibus admitterentur, necnon, &c. &c. [the usual clause to admit of any other business]. Causa Convocationis sic indicta, proponente singillatim Domino Vice-Cancellario, placuit Venerabili Cœtui ut prædictus Ornatissimus Vir Benjaminus Franklin Armiger ad Gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili, et

Gulielmus Franklin Armiger ad Gradum Magistri in Artibus, Honoris Causa admitterentur.

Spectatissimum Virum Benjaminum Franklin Armigerum præeuntibus Bedellis in Domum Convocationis ingressum Dextraque prehensum Dñus Dr Seward Collegii Divi Joannis Baptistæ Socius sub eleganti Orationis Formula Dño Vice-Cancellario et Procuratoribus præsentabat ut ad Gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili Honoris Causa admitteretur. Quemque hoc modo præsentatum Dñus Vice-Cancellarius sua et totius Universitatis authoritate ad dictum Gradum Honoris Causa solemniter admisit.

Ornatissimum Juvenem Gulielmum Franklin Armigerum a Thóma Nowel A.M. Collegii Orielensis Socio et Publico Oratore similiter præsentatum Dñus Vice-Cancellarius ad Gradum Magistri in Artibus similiter admisit.

Notes.

'The Rogerines: Some Hitherto Unpublished Annals belonging to the Colonial History of Connecticut,' is a work inviting subscriptions; the first part, "A Vindication," in seven chapters, being by John R. Bolles, and the second, the History of this nonconformist society of the seventeenth century, being by Anna B. Williams, who should be addressed by would-be subscribers at No. 82 Walnut Street, Springfield, Mass.

Miss A. E. White, No. 18 West Sixty-ninth Street, New York, invites subscriptions to 'A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses,' to be published about New Year's.

Fournier's 'Life of Napoleon,' translated under the editorship of Prof. E. G. Bourne of Yale, is in the press of Henry Holt & Co.

The Outlook Co. announce 'A Preacher's Story of his Work,' by Dr. W. S. Rainsford, and 'The Story of a Labor Agitator,' by Joseph R. Buchanan.

The Imperial Press, Cleveland, will publish directly Prof. John B. McMaster's lectures delivered last spring at the Western Reserve University on 'The Acquisition of Political, Social and Industrial Rights of Man in America.'

The Robert Clarke Company of Cincinnati will soon bring out a book on 'The Graal Problem: From Walter Map to Richard Wagner,' by J. S. Tunison, the author of 'Master Virgil.'

We learn that Mr. J. E. Spingarn's 'History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance' is being translated into Italian by Dr. Antonio Fusco of Naples. Benedetto Croce will supply an introduction.

The feature of novelty in the new issue of the 'American Jewish Year Book' (for A. M. 5664 = A. D. 1903-4) is a biographical list (68 pp.) of rabbis and cantors officiating in the United States. Incomplete as it evidently, almost necessarily, is, it should prove most useful.

The activity of Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, in reproducing with a taste somewhat *recherché* the literary classics of the mother country, in whole or fragmentarily, but always in dainty and handy form, is well known. A little troop of these companionable booklets has joined the swarm of greater on our table. There is an "Old World Series," exemplified by James Thomson's 'City of Dreadful Night,' Browning's "Pompilia,' and Fiona Macleod's 'Deirdré.' A parallel series, not specially designated, contains this last author's 'The Divine Adventure,' W. B. Yeats's 'The Land of Heart's Desire,' Arthur Symons's 'Lyrics,' and W. E. Henley's 'In Hospital.' A smaller set embraces Andrew Lang's 'Aucassin and Nicolete,' Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' Swinburne's 'Laus Veneris,' Stevenson's 'Aes Triplex,' and Richard Jefferies's 'A Little Book of Nature Thoughts.' These illustrate very well the cast of Mr. Mosher's net.

Only the eyes of youth could attack undaunted the 'Complete Works of Edmund Spenser' condensed within 900 pages and published in a showy binding by T. Y. Crowell & Co. For adults moved by the need of glasses or by the fear of them, the bait is a brief introduction by Prof. W. P. Trent. Here the type is bolder, but none too bold.

We were scarcely prepared for the Scott-Thaw limited reissue of the tiny Bell-Macmillan 1898 edition of Holbein's 'Dance of Death,' with Austin Dobson's introductory note. The text has been reset verbatim in this country, the form has been elongated about two inches, and Japanese vellum has been exchanged for paper, ensuring a clear but less sympathetic impression. The cuts are identical. Rubricated titles assist the general pleasing effect. Mr. Dobson's note, however, is sadly antiquated. He argues that the designs are Holbein's because in his manner; but meanwhile and very recently the original drawings have come upon the market, and examination shows that they are by more than one hand. Further, it is seen that the copies on the wood were not line for line, some of the drawings being in wash, others in wash and line, and others still in pure line. And again, it is demonstrable that the designer was not always, and hence possibly not at all, the draughtsman for the wood-engraver. In short, hereafter, nobody ought to discuss the woodcuts of the Lyons edition of 1538 except in comparison with the drawings, as has never happened for the whole series. Both sets ought to be reproduced in collotype. The Douce cuts here given for the third time are valuable chiefly as memoranda, not being minute facsimiles of the Lyons originals.

In 'My Favorite Book-Shelf' (San Francisco: P. Elder & Co.), Mr. Charles Josselyn has reprinted passages that he particularly admires from authors of wide repute, from Montaigne to "Ouida." Those who also admire these passages can read them here in elegant typography and binding.

In two handsomely printed and attractive volumes Mr. Sherwin Cody has given the public 'The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe' and 'The Best Poems and Essays' of the same author (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), accompanied by a sketch of the poet's life, and brief but intelligent critical introductions.

We have for some time noted with satisfaction a growing disposition on the part of publishers to bring out new and handsome editions at moderate prices of old and approved books, and we should be glad to believe that this is a sign of a reaction in the public taste against the crude stuff that has been pouring in such a torrent from the presses. No better book could have been chosen for reproduction than the delightful 'Autobiography of Leigh Hunt' (edited by Roger Ingpen, in two volumes—E. P. Dutton & Co.). Other autobiographies may bring before us more important persons, or place us in the midst of more stirring events; but few, if any, are so candid, so free from all self-absorption, so innocent of posing, so charming in style, or which so endear the subject to the reader. But a book so well known—which drew from even the splenetic Carlyle the comment, "I call this an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and, indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of a human life as is in these volumes"—can well dispense with eulogy from us. The work is enriched with portraits of unusually delicate finish, is printed in attractive type, and clothed in a very tasteful binding, so as to be an ornament as well as a treasure to any library.

The Rev. Paul R. Frothingham's 'William Ellery Channing' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a sermon-study of the great liberal preacher and philanthropist, and is substantially the sermon preached by Mr. Frothingham at the unveiling of the statue of Dr. Channing in Boston, June 1, 1903, the hundredth anniversary of Channing's installation as minister of the Federal Street Society. It is of much higher character than the ordinary commemoration discourse, indulging in no fulsome eulogy, but distinguished by sincere appreciation. Here is the quintessential Channing, the various energies and aspirations of the man exhibited in their just proportion; a nice acquaintance being shown with the whole range of Channing's works, and with the biographical material that has accumulated in the course of Channing's posthumous career.

'The Young Pretender,' by Mr. C. S. Terry (Dutton), is an unassuming but satisfactory life of Charles Edward, which is well printed, and is published at a very reasonable price. Little more need be said about it than that the main sources used are already familiar to readers of Stuart literature—with the possible exception of the Egerton letters of James III., which were published by Mr. Terry in the *English Historical Review* (July, 1901). Mr. Lang's life of Charles Edward in the Goupil series has been placed under heavy contribution, but all indebtedness is frankly acknowledged. Though popular in form, this sketch is based on original authorities, and possesses a great deal of the vivacity which the subject demands.

Mr. I. A. Taylor's 'Sir Walter Raleigh' (Dutton) wears precisely the same garb as Mr. Terry's 'Young Pretender,' and is marked by the same general characteristics. Less indebted to any one book than Mr. Terry is to Lang's 'Charles Edward,' Mr. Taylor draws his material from a wide area, and has done more than coördinate the numerous lives of Raleigh which already exist. As every one knows, this paragon of cleverness and grace had some unpleasant qualities in common with the average greedy Englishman of the Tudor period. Mr. Taylor inclines to pass over the shortcomings and to accentuate the brilliance; but the sketch is so short that it cannot be expected to sift evidence minutely. According to Stevenson, "God has made nobler heroes, but he never made a finer gentleman than Walter Raleigh." Mr. Taylor is not an iconoclast, and apparently rests content with the popular verdict.

'The Regency of Marie de Médicis,' by Dr. A. P. Lord (Holt), is a short monograph which centres round the persons of Sully, Concini, and Condé. The author says, in his preface: "The withdrawal of

the Duc de Sully from affairs some months after the death of Henry IV. has always seemed to me a subject inviting more attention and research than has been given it in these days. It was a momentous step for him to take, and fraught with the most far-reaching results for France." But this is only one of Dr. Lord's subjects. The struggle between the Queen and Condé receives quite as much attention as is devoted to Sully's disgrace, and the circumstances of Concini's death are also examined with considerable care. Any study of French history which deals with the six years between Henry IV.'s assassination and the assassination of Concini is bound to find its main interest in the court intrigues of that shameful time. Dr. Lord has made himself sufficiently familiar with the memoirs of the period, and his narrative, while not going very far below the surface, gives a clear account of personal rivalries. The two most striking features of the volume are its insistence upon the diplomatic cleverness of the Queen Regent, and its delineation of the plot which was hatched by the Comte de Soissons and Concini for Sully's dismissal from office.

'A History of French Versification,' by L. E. Kastner of Owens College, Manchester (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), is a valuable contribution to the literature on this subject as it presents in a clear and systematic form all that it is really important for the average student of French prosody to know. Within the moderate limits of his volume of 300 pages, the author has managed to compress so much useful and accurate information, and to present it in so clear and interesting a form, that he deserves both thanks and praise. After stating very simply the principles of French versification, he proceeds to study the component parts, the syllabism, the rhyme, the cæsura, the overflow, supporting his statements by numerous and remarkably well-chosen examples and selections from the poets. The metrical line is very fully treated, and particularly interesting and illuminating are the chapters on "The Strophe" and "Certain Fixed Forms." A full bibliography adds considerably to the value of this excellent book.

There are still singers in Israel, and among the French Canadians of Lowell, Mass., one is making himself heard. A disciple of the Symbolists, but yet more of the Parnassians, Mr. J. H. Roy, in his 'Voix Étranges' (Lowell: L'Étoile, Lepine & Co.), offers some poems of undoubted worth, together with many mediocre ones. His originality is not very great nor very striking, yet he gives fair proof of poetic talent, and, with a restricted output and more patience in the fashioning of his verse, he ought to turn out pieces not unworthy of the appreciation of critics. "Le Gueux," "Aux Temps bibliques," and "L'Inconnu"—all save the last line of the latter—are good work, with a breadth and a color that recall his great masters Hugo and Leconte de Lisle.

M. Maurice Souriau of the University of Caen has published a very full account of 'The Literary Movement in Normandy from 1898 to 1902' (Caen: L. Jouan). The perusal of the booklet brings before the reader the names, among others, of Mme. Octave Feuillet, René Bazin, Léopold Mabilleau, well known in the United States as a lecturer and a thinker, and of M. Souriau himself. Assuredly, the Normans have no reason to be ashamed of the literary production to which their province has given birth.

In an article descriptive of the Wrangell Mountains in Alaska, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November, Mr. W. C. Mendenhall commends this region to the attention of our mountaineering clubs. Containing the only active volcano in the interior of the continent north of Mexico, it offers many attractive problems to those interested in physical geography or geology and the allied sciences—especially, unique problems of vulcanism and glaciation. The paper is illustrated by some striking photographs, as are also the brief accounts of the rubber plantations of Mexico and Central America and the Ziegler Polar Expedition. Mr. C. H. Burritt describes the work of the Mining Bureau of the Philippine Islands, of which he is chief, and urgently recommends its reorganization, so that it may "take up the work of (a) geological and mineralogical surveys and studies, and (b) the promotion and encouragement of the mining industries." A notice of this season's explorations in the northwest Himalayas, by Dr. W. H. Workman and his wife, states that they have surpassed their previous ascents. The lady reached the summit of a peak 22,568 feet in height and made the highest record for women, while her husband climbed to an elevation of 23,394 feet, which gives him the world's record for men.

The principal contents of *Petermanns Mitteilungen*, number nine, are accounts of an exploration of that part of the Great Rift valley lying between Abyssinia and Lake Stefanie, and of the International Association for the study of earthquakes founded at the recent congress of seismologists held at Strassburg. The constitution is given, and the proposed methods of observation explained. Delegates were present from twenty countries, including two from Japan. Prof. H. F. Reid of Johns Hopkins represented this country. The stability of the population of Europe is strikingly shown by a study of the census returns of the German Empire, the centre of gravity of whose population (*Bevölkerungsschwerpunkt*) has moved only some six miles north by eight miles east since 1816. It is in the Province of Saxony, about twenty miles southwest of Halle. "Westward the course of empire" does not hold true for the German.

In our notice of Mommsen last week, we trust most of our readers corrected, in the middle of the second paragraph, "Mommsen has done for Roman *private* law" into "public;" an oversight of the press.

—Volume VI. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898,' as its title now reads (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clarke Co.), covers the period 1538-1588, and includes documents having a very wide range of interest. Jealousy between ecclesiastics and laymen again appears in numerous instances; as does jealousy between the soldiers still remaining from the conquests under Legaspi and the new officials sent over from Spain or Mexico. The decree founding the Audiencia (Supreme Court) in 1583 is concluded, and under 1586 fall a string of documents containing protests to Philip II.'s Council of the Indies against the new Audiencia, as too burdensome for the struggling young colony, still properly in its conquest period (as shown by many references in these documents to the relatively few converts yet made, the small number of missionaries, the few Spanish settlements, etc., for which thus far, it appears, Philip II. had spent 3,000,000 pesos, through Mexico). This protest against the Audiencia is only one part of a long memorial to the Council of the Indies from all the estates in Manila, ecclesiastical, political, and military (signed even by the members of the Audiencia themselves), reciting in great detail the status of affairs in the islands in 1586 and suggesting reforms. Various private letters support it in part, and reveal that the document was a sort of compromise between the various struggling factions, who could yet unite on the main points and could also present to the king a dazzling project for conquering all China. It appears, from a decree issued at the request of merchants in Spain, that China was getting altogether the best of the annual trade, taking 300,000 pesos of Spain's hard money annually and destroying, with her lighter silks, etc., Spain's market in Mexico and Peru. Seventy-five pages of this volume are also given up to selections from Father Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza's history of China as approached through the Philippines from 1576 to 1584 by Spanish friars, and there are two plates representing the title-pages of two books of this history, from the Madrigal (second) edition of 1586 in the Library of Congress. The other illustration of this volume is the facsimile reproduction of the end of an old manuscript in the Seville archives, with the signature of Father Sanchez, the Jesuit sent as delegate to the Council of the Indies to present the memorial above mentioned.

—'Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, from the French of F. de Bourrienne' (Stokes), is not in any exact sense a translation of Bourrienne's 'Memoirs.' The ten volumes of the original have been compressed into one, with the help of very small type and very courageous abridgment. The title-page informs us that the text is "newly edited, with notes," but the notes (such as they are) cannot have cost the editor much trouble. Except for the interpolation of a few passages from other works, he seems to have taken his duties light-heartedly; nor can we find that the interpolations themselves are of great value. A brief and unsigned preface tells us that "no one can read these Memoirs without being convinced of the truth of the narrative, or fail afterwards in forming a perfect estimate of the personal character of Napoleon. The only work in our language which bears any comparison with the present in its graphic delineation of character is Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'" Such a statement requires little comment from the reviewer. If the editor thinks that internal evidence substantiates the truthfulness of Bourrienne's narrative, what light does he think is thrown on the problem by external evidence? Bourrienne was not a man to write an accurate life of any one with whom he had ever had personal dealings. Nothing is said by the present editor of his character and career. His peculations and his disgrace are passed over without a word. Before stating that the truth of the narrative is obvious, the editor should have investigated the part that was taken in its preparation by Villemarest. He should also have consulted 'Bourrienne et ses Erreurs,'

to which Boulay de la Meurthe contributed as far back as 1830. In fine, it is impossible to praise this book as a piece either of editing or of abridgment.

—Mr. Arthur Hassall's 'Mazarin' in the "Foreign Statesmen" series (Macmillan) is marked by a strong note of admiration. It is easy to disparage this Italian adventurer who became the real ruler of France during Louis XIV.'s minority, but the fact remains that he left his adopted country more powerful than it had been on the death of Richelieu. Rejecting Michelet's estimate altogether, Mr. Hassall will not admit that Mazarin deserves to be styled "an unprincipled actor, libertine, and gambler, who subordinated every question of state to the meanest regard for his personal interests." Neither is he willing to accept the contemporary testimony of the *Mazarinades*, vitiated as they are by the animosities of the Fronde. The best modern authority in France for the career of Mazarin is M. Chéruel, whose seven volumes contain all the essential materials and tend to justify Richelieu's choice of his successor. Mr. Hassall accepts M. Chéruel's appreciation of Mazarin with little modification, and the Cardinal is here made to appear "an indefatigable and patriotic minister, whose fame principally rests upon his success in making France illustrious by her victories and diplomatic triumphs, and in leaving her on his death the leading power in Europe." Mazarin's preëminent talents were those of diplomacy, and Mr. Hassall is mainly concerned with his career as foreign minister. Like Richelieu, he had little talent for finance, and his accumulation of a vast fortune does not represent business ability in the ordinary sense of the term. The opinion that he was ready to sell France if the payment found its way to him, must be discarded in the light of M. Chéruel's researches. He was avaricious, but he possessed more patriotism than many of the French nobles—more, for instance, than the hero of Rocroi. Mr. Hassall endeavors to define Mazarin's position by comparing him with Disraeli, whose patriotism was undoubted, and who succeeded in overcoming the personal unpopularity of his early years. This book would have been more generally interesting if the author had not been forced to keep so closely to the details of diplomacy; but it is not Mr. Hassall's fault that Mazarin was a negotiator rather than a man of action.

—The third volume of papers read before the Massachusetts Military Historical Society (Boston, 1903) contains seventeen discussions of the operations of the Army of the Potomac and two or three of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, from the autumn of 1862 to the winter of 1863, when both opponents went into winter quarters. All of the papers are by active participants in some portion of these campaigns, and all illuminate many dark problems of the activities of the two years. Of the seventeen, three, by the late Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, Lieut.-Colonel (now General) George B. Davis, and the late Col. William Allan of the C. S. A., treat of Antietam; General Palfrey's paper being a sort of supplement to and corrective of his volume upon 'The Antietam and Fredericksburg' in the Scribner series of "Campaigns of the Civil War." Fredericksburg and its preliminaries are discussed by the late Gen. William F. Smith and Colonel Allan; Chancellorsville has four presentations from varied points of view, by Maj. James F. Huntington, Col. Theodore A. Dodge, Gen. Alexander S. Webb, and Capt. John Bigelow. The larger number of the papers are upon the Gettysburg campaign, consisting of three by Colonel Davis, two by Gen. Greely S. Curtis (all of these upon the general strategy of the battle); an account of Ewell's attack upon Culp's and East Cemetery Hill, by Captain Edward N. Whittier; the story of Pickett's charge, by Col. William R. Driver; and Colonel Allan's view of the battle and its results from the Southern aspect. There is a good map of Eastern Virginia and an ample index.

—General Webb's contribution is devoted to a vindication of the conduct of Meade, with his Fifth Corps, at Chancellorsville, against certain (largely anonymous) charges of refusal to send his command into critical parts of the fight—charges which were apparently meant to reflect upon his ability or courage in his more conspicuous duty at Gettysburg. General Webb makes clear that Meade was recognized by the majority of his associate corps commanders upon the Chancellorsville field as the most competent officer on the ground to bring order and victory out of the irresolution and lack of purpose into which affairs had drifted under Hooker; and that, far from being slow to push his men into fight, he was positively restrained from action by Hooker, although he chafed intensely under this refusal of his superior officer to take any steps to redeem the campaign from shameful disaster. As to whether Meade should have attacked Lee at Williamsport after Gettysburg, there is the same difference of judgment expressed by the critics in this book as has hitherto been shown in histories of the campaign. Colonel Allan, from the Confederate standpoint, is persuaded that Lee would have been pleased to receive a trial of his entrenched lines by his adversary; while Colonel Davis expresses the opinion which impartial military judges will, in our opinion, be likely to hold, that a possible great opportunity to crush the Confederate cause was refused under excessive apprehension of the consequences of defeat by the assailants. In war there must be hazardous ventures in which loss of life is secondary to the gaining of invaluable time and the chances of a vital success. At other times the lack of resolution "to make or break" snatched victory from our arms, as General Palfrey's paper shows was the case upon both flanks at Antietam, where the Confederates were several times upon the point of rout when the Union attack was suspended.

—Mr. C. A. Dinsmore's 'Aids to the Study of Dante' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a book of an entirely different character from his 'Teachings of Dante,' which appeared two years ago. The earlier work may be described as the reflections of a clergyman on his first perusal of the 'Divine Comedy'; the present volume, the fruit of extensive study, is a text-book, a compilation, the result of an attempt to include within handy compass all the extraneous information that an ordinary reader of Dante will need. This project has been carried out intelligently and successfully, and the book ought to render substantial service to students who have not ready access to a large library. The early biographies of Dante are reprinted from already existing English versions (and not in the original text, as they are in Zenatti's recent 'Dante e Firenze'); the poet's times, life, personal appearance, character, and purpose are discussed in well-chosen extracts from Church, Lowell, Norton, and Moore; an analysis of his works and the essentials of an exegesis of the 'Vita Nuova' and the 'Commedia' are furnished by passages from the same authors and from Witte, Gaspary, Comparetti, Scartazzini, Gardner, Wicksteed, Federn, Bryce and Saintsbury. It will be seen that Mr. Dinsmore has in the main used good authorities, although the absence of Italian commentators can hardly fail to arouse some misgivings. He himself deals briefly with "Lyrical Poetry before the Time of Dante" and "The Paradiso"; in the former treatise he follows Gaspary, in the latter he draws upon his own 'Teachings of Dante.' The minor works scarcely receive their due, and the unattached lyrics are omitted altogether. Otherwise the book is well proportioned and systematically arranged. Several portraits and diagrams add to its attractiveness and utility. The least satisfactory part is that called "The Moral Teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas," which consists of a few pages of Rickaby's translations from the 'Summa.'

—An important study of Lactantius and his times is that by R. Pichon ('Lactance'; Paris: Hachette). The work is dedicated, significantly, to Gaston Boissier and Ferdinand Brunetière. To the one the author acknowledges immediate inspiration for his theme; to the other, the reader feels, are partly due the freshness, penetration, and literary horizon conspicuous in the book from first to last. M. Pichon gleans a corner of the field which M. Boissier, in his admirable work, 'La Fin du Paganisme,' was forced to pass by. Lactantius, indeed, belongs with the period immediately preceding the death throes of paganism; he is a halfway mark, standing between the apologetes of the third century and the theologians of the fourth. Lactantius's great aim is to interpret Christianity to the cultured classes; he seasons his apologetics with philosophy, and clothes it in a Ciceronian style; he seeks, above all, to prove that Christianity is not subversive of that temporal order which was symbolized for ever, as then it seemed, by the Roman Empire. These several aspects of Lactantius's programme—his philosophy, his theology, his regard for classic style, his political views—M. Pichon examines in turn. He finds that his author, not a striking personality in himself, is for this reason a more trustworthy index of his times; without the depth of St. Augustine or the versatility of St. Jerome, Lactantius is a better model of that sane and inclusive Christian humanism which was the peculiar product of the age. Of the many interesting matters treated in this work, the most important is the discussion of the 'De Mortibus Persecutorum.' M. Pichon settles beyond cavil that the treatise is genuine; he also regards it not only as an indispensable historical source, but also as the first attempt in Latin literature at a philosophy of history.

—At the first meeting in this academic year of the Oxford Philological Society, Dr.

Grenfell read a paper on recent literary discoveries at Oxyrhynchus, with especial reference to a new epitome of Livy, XLVII.—LV., written by one palpably more interested in chronology and also in domestic Roman politics than was the author of the epitome of these books already in the possession of scholars. Hence several new events are revealed, throwing much needed light, for instance, on the war in Spain against Viriathus and on the circumstances of his death. To archæologists the statement is new that Mummius distributed some of the statues he had plundered among cities in Achæa and in various Italian cities. Apart from this epitome of Livy, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have in readiness for the forthcoming volume of the Egypt Exploration Fund (Græco-Roman branch) a whole treasury of remarkable finds. They have secured a very long fragment of the 'Logia' of Jesus, which includes the beginning of the collection, and answers several questions raised apropos of the first fragment of 'Sayings.' A portion of the argument of a play of Cratinus, the "Dionysalexandros," proves the Alexander involved to have certainly been Paris, and the play by Cratinus the elder. Besides fragments of Homer, Demosthenes, and Xenophon ('Cyropædia'), there is a specimen of the Pindaric Parthenia. Altogether, Dr. Grenfell's paper was pronounced one of the most important communications ever made in our time to any learned society. It is remarkable, nevertheless, that nothing really of the first rank has yet been discovered. This is emphatically true of the new 'Sayings' of Jesus. They are curious rather than genuinely important. It is easy to see why they were excluded from the Gospels.

A BRITISH COLONIAL ADMINISTRATOR.

My Colonial Service. By Sir George William Des Voeux, G.C.M.G. 2 vols. London: Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

This is the work of an educated English gentleman who, wherever he went, at home and abroad (and he was a much travelled man), had the entrée into the best society. His two volumes abound in good stories, and there are many notices that will be interesting to the student of natural history, resulting from the observations of Sir William Des Voeux when, in early life, he made journeys into the interior parts of British Guiana. The general reader will be likely to skip the extracts from diaries and private letters which are plentifully strewn over the volumes; but, to the student of the government of colonies, these living records will be of high value, as they show the Colonial Administrator at his daily work; under the microscope, as it were.

One of the youngest sons of a younger son of a family in the baronetage, Sir William Des Voeux was educated at Charterhouse School, and at Balliol College, Oxford, when Jowett was "The Master." For the energies of younger sons who have to make their own way in the world, Great Britain is provided with a safety-valve in India and the colonies. To Canada young Des Voeux went, in 1856. Giving up his first intention of farming, he turned to the law, and was duly called to the Canadian bar in 1861. He started the practice of his profession in partnership with Mr. Strong, who since 1892 has been Chief Justice of Canada, and is now the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Henry Strong, Privy Councillor of Great Britain. To Des Voeux the solicitor's part of the business, which principally fell to his share, was always repulsive, and it now became more objectionable than ever. He was glad to get out of professional practice by accepting an appointment as a magistrate in British Guiana. During his stay in Canada Sir William received much kindness and made many friends. He had, moreover, at intervals visited the United States—both North and South—and he records with pleasure the kindness he received, from President Buchanan at the White House downwards.

Assuming his duties as a stipendiary magistrate in British Guiana at Christmas-time in 1863, Sir William did much travelling into the back lands of that country, whose territory covers an area of over 100,000 square miles. This he thoroughly enjoyed. But he was not always stationed in a district which gave him such pleasant opportunities of wandering in the wilds. He did duty in districts within the civilized portions of the colony. It was while so employed that he formed the opinion that the East Indian immigrants, imported under the indenture system to labor on sugar plantations, were not fairly treated. His convictions in this regard were put into a memorial to the Secretary of State, then Lord Granville, with such fervor that the London *Times* described the document as the severest indictment of public officers "since Hastings was impeached for tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude." The British Government sent out a commission of inquiry to the colony, which pursued its investigations for some months in 1870 and 1871. Much improvement in the system dates from that time, and the East Indian immigration system of British Guiana is now so conducted as to afford no occasion for question as to its beneficial results, both to the immigrant and to his employer. The only cause for wonder is that the Indian Government itself does not use the system to a greater extent to get rid of some of the surplus of its teeming population.

When taking a holiday in Europe in 1866, Sir William spent some time at Cannes, where he had a very interesting interview with Lord Brougham (then in his eighty-eighth year), who had many years before shaken the British Parliament by his eloquent denunciation of the treatment of the missionary Smith (sometimes called the Demerara Martyr), who had been condemned to death on a charge of encouraging the insurrection of slaves in Demerara in 1823, and had died in prison before his reprieve was received from England. Though the old man had lost his memory for present affairs, the name of Demerara lit up the unquenched spirit that still survived within him. His familiarity with minute details of the Demerara insurrection struck Sir William as extraordinary: "During his relation he became much excited by a revived indignation. With one hand he took repeated pinches of snuff, which before the end of the interview was abundantly sprinkled over his shirt front, while his other hand made quick gestures as though he were addressing a large audience." Only once again did our author see this famous old man eloquent. It was at a party given by the family at the Villa Lénore; then, "during the evening he walked through the room, taking, as far as I saw, no notice of any one, and apparently unconscious of what was going on—a truly pathetic spectacle."

In 1869, Sir William was appointed administrator of the Island of St. Lucia, one of the Caribbean group, lying between the British colony of St. Vincent and the French colony of Martinique. His position was much like that of a Lieutenant-Governor, and he had above him the Governor-in-Chief of the Windward Islands, whose headquarters were then at Barbados. One of those chiefs under whom he served was the redoubtable Sir John Pope Hennessey, whom he describes as a very agreeable man socially—an opinion that will be shared by all who had any acquaintance with that lively Irishman, however much one may differ upon the line of policy he pursued in colonies where the treatment of subject races is an ever burning question. St. Lucia is governed under the crown-colony system; that is to say, the laws are made by a council consisting partly of officials and partly of private persons nominated by the Administrator, approved by the Governor-in-Chief, and appointed by the Sovereign, at the instance of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Over the deliberations of this Council the Administrator presides with a casting vote as well as a deliberative vote. In executive matters, the Administrator is controlled by the Governor-in-Chief, who, however, if a wise man, will not unduly interfere with a competent Administrator. To a man of intellectual vigor, at the age of thirty-five, as Sir William Des Voeux then was, there was plenty of scope for the exercise of governing power, which he did not fail to exercise. The first thing was to purge the civil service, which was a veritable Augean stable. The Chief Justice of the Colony was tried on charges of (1) corruption, (2) drunkenness, and (3) indebtedness to the practitioners of his court; was found guilty of each offence, and dismissed the public service. So sodden had this judge's brain become that, on the trial of a man for burglary, his honor had solemnly addressed him, on conviction, as though his offence had been rape; and there were several other cases of a similar kind. It may here be interjected that in tropical colonies, where one has always a thirst, and always something to drink, one of the most difficult things in administration is to get a conviction against an offending official charged with intemperance. You can prove a transgressor to be guilty of embezzlement, or any serious dereliction of duty, but "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind" when a man stands a chance of losing his office on account of hard drinking which lessens his usefulness for duty and brings scandal upon the public service. The St. Lucia judge had once before been formally accused of drunkenness, but, though the offence was committed in the sight of a great number of witnesses, the accused was acquitted, no doubt from the failure of the witnesses to appear against him. The records of the registry of the court were in a disgraceful state, for the Deputy Registrar had been imitating his legal chief in habits of inebriety; but before regular steps could be taken for his re-

moval from office, this "popular man" died from the effects of drink. Besides these black sheep, the Medical Officer, the Chief Revenue Officer, and a member of Council had been compelled to resign their appointments. The member of Council had been discovered to be defrauding the Excise in connection with his rum distillery.

St. Lucia had long been notorious for being infested with a most venomous kind of snake, the *fer-de-lance*, whose death-dealing bite had yearly added its quota to the mortality in the island. Sir William imported the mongoose, the mortal enemy of snakes, into the island, with such very successful results that, from 22 deaths in 1869, the number had fallen to one death in 1898. The roads of the island were soon taken in hand. Their care had been intrusted to commissioners, most of them planters, who were supplied with labor by the corvée system, a survival from the time when St. Lucia was under French rule. Too often was work done on the planters' private roads instead of on the public highways. Moreover, there was great laxity in supervision of such work as was done on the roads of the colony. For the corvée system a poll tax was substituted with success. There was no public hospital in the island, and such charitable institutions as existed were in wretched condition; and there was a sad want of medical aid for the great majority of the people. All these defects were gradually remedied by Sir William Des Voeux, who also established a central hospital and district hospitals. A new masters and servants law was passed, a Government savings bank was established, and various other useful measures were carried through, to the advantage of the colony. The principal piece of legislation, however, which Sir William Des Voeux was able to accomplish was the passing of a Code of Civil Law, which he managed to carry through the local Council only just before leaving St. Lucia in 1877. It was "the work of three weary years." Connected with it was a code of civil procedure.

When, nowadays, Mr. Chamberlain is anxious that central factories for the sugar industry should be established in the West Indies, it is worth noting that nearly thirty years ago such a factory was established at Cul de Sac in St. Lucia, through the efforts of Sir William Des Voeux, who had been impressed by the successful working of such factories in the neighboring French colony of Martinique. It was only by interesting some of his own personal friends in the venture that sufficient funds could be obtained to establish and work the factory, which did not, however, prove a financial success at that time. After varying fortunes, it is now fairly prosperous, and it has always set a standard of sugar manufacturing for the estates in St. Lucia. It remains to this day the only central factory in any of the smaller British West Indian Islands.

As regards the responsibilities of governing a small colony like St. Lucia, Sir William justly observes that "it is a common notion that the quantity of work required of a Governor increases in direct proportion to the importance of the colony governed." This error was shared by Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, who, meeting Sir William Gregory, then just returned from Ceylon, said: "Mr. Gregory, when are you going to publish your Aristophanes?" Sir William replied: "I have of late years been so occupied with public business that I have made very little progress." To this Mr. Gladstone: "How can you say that? You have only charge of a little island, whereas I in my present position always manage to give one or two hours a day to classical work." Upon this Sir William remarks: "This reflection I venture to think unjust, and I have a confident belief that had even Mr. Gladstone been Governor of Ceylon, he would not have been able to fulfil the duties creditably without more time than he gave to the work of governing Britain." In explanation of his statement, Sir William points out, with good reason, that "the higher the places in the official hierarchy, the more capable, as a rule, are the subordinate workers; the lower the place, the greater is the amount of drudgery to be undergone by the Administrator, who is obliged to do much which is ordinarily done by subordinate officers, and has also to exercise a much closer supervision over his assistants." The amount of work that falls to the Governor of a self-governing colony is but a trifle compared with that which has to be done by the Governor of a crown colony. The Marquess of Normanby, who governed many of the self-governing colonies, told Sir William Des Voeux that when he had spent two or three hours at his desk, he regarded it as a very exceptional day's work, and that there were many days when there was no obligatory duty to be performed. In such colonies, in fact, the Governor reigns but does not govern. In crown colonies, on the other hand, an able Governor may justly say, "I am the State."

For eleven months, in 1877, Sir William was Lieutenant-Governor of Trinidad, that highly prosperous British colony which lies at the mouth of the River Orinoco, awaiting the era of peace that shall develop the trade of the ever-revolutionary republics of Venezuela and Colombia, and make of Trinidad a Hong Kong of the Western world. In his position of *locum tenens* of the Governor of the colony, who was on leave of absence, it was not open to Sir William to be active in initiating a policy. His function was to "carry on" until the Governor should return. Just the same, he held the reins of government with a firm hand. Received with frigid unwelcome, he so lived down dislike of his appointment, by which a local official was ousted, that on his departure he was given a very warm demonstration of good will. During his short tenure of the government of Trinidad, Sir William and his Executive Council had to discuss measures to be taken in view of a threatened revolution in Venezuela, the movers in which were apparently making Trinidad their base of operations—"much to the vexation of the Venezuelan Consul, who kept writing indignant letters on the subject." It was found, however, that nothing could be done under the Foreign Enlistment act unless the revolution had actually broken out and the revolutionists had attained an established footing such as to bring them under the extended meaning of "a foreign state." Under a local law, the Governor could stop the exportation of arms, and that was done. In a journal written at the time, Sir William noted how difficult it was to prevent arms from being sent away, from want of prompt information.

Sir William Des Voeux was the second Governor of the Fiji Islands after they came under British rule, succeeding in that office Sir Arthur Gordon. Both these statesmen were well fitted to lay the foundations of government in a colony where the questions between natives and white settlers required the impartial handling of strong, able, and resolute governors. Sir William pays a well-merited tribute to Sir Arthur Gordon's sympathetic dealing with the Fijians, whose confidence he had secured by his wise and just measures. Order reigned throughout the group of islands, and it was maintained, not by European soldiers, but by a native constabulary. Quite a charming character is given by Sir William of the ex-King of these cannibal islands, Thakombau, who ceded his sovereignty to Great Britain and became a most loyal supporter of British rule; and yet this man had at six years of age been made to club another boy and partake of his flesh, and had, it was estimated, tasted of over one thousand men's bodies before he was converted to Christianity at fifty years of age.

It was an active life of work that the British Governor had in Fiji. Besides questions as to dealing with natives, there were interminable land disputes, some of which were of international interest, owing to the settlement of foreigners within the group. The Wesleyan missionaries, too, to whose great services to the Fijians Sir William bears warm testimony, seemed to feel the loss of their autocratic power over the islanders through the coming of British government, raised questions as to lands, and otherwise made things anything but agreeable for the Governor. The coffee-leaf disease made its appearance, and measures had to be taken for its suppression. The arrival of a ship with cholera and smallpox on board gave the Governor great anxiety to prevent the introduction of those plagues among the islanders, who had not long before been decimated by the introduction of measles. The want of money in the public treasury made it difficult to carry on the administration and to execute public works, and the British Government declined to continue the aid afforded in the early years of annexation. The Chief Justice of the Colony, Sir John Gorrie, had a weakness for engaging in a tussle with Governors, and he gave Sir William a rather anxious time.

With deep regret Sir William Des Voeux records the refusal of the United States Government to join in an international agreement for restricting the sale of arms and ammunition to the natives of the Pacific. He says: "If this question had been generally understood by the American people, I feel sure that they would not have permitted their country to be the only civilized Power holding out against the cause of humanity." It can only be noted here that, as Governor of Fiji, Sir William took part in the epoch-making Australian convention, held at Sydney in the latter part of 1883, as a result of which the Federal Council bill was passed and in time the Commonwealth of Australia evolved. Our readers will find the author's notes upon the statesmen of Australia to be highly appreciative.

When he assumed the Government of Newfoundland in 1886, Sir William found himself for the first time the constitutional

ruler of a self-governing colony. Political parties in the island were bitterly divided upon religious questions. It was not long, however, before the Governor, by the exercise of tact and straightforward dealing, changed this state of things, and some of the Opposition members joined the Ministerial Cabinet. The great question with which the Governor had to deal was that of the French claims to fishing off the shores of Newfoundland. He became converted to the colonists' view of the case, and warmly upheld it against the wishes of the Home Government. A very strong dispatch in support of the colonial interest in the fishery question was written by the Governor to the Colonial Office on the 14th of January, 1887, and is published as an appendix to his book. When the Governor left the colony for Hong Kong there were marked demonstrations of regret at his departure.

Next to the port of New York ranks Hong Kong as a resort for foreign-going shipping. Of the importance of this great commercial centre in the Far East a good idea will be obtained from Sir William's book. Here, as elsewhere, his activity in administration was exercised, and his modes of business and social matters afford entertaining reading. The "strong man" that Sir William had shown himself throughout his various governments was again visible at Hong Kong. But broken health compelled him to resign his Governorship in 1891. He left Hong Kong with marks of esteem from all classes. On his way to England he spent some time at Ringwood, N. J., as he had done oftentimes, with the family of Mr. Abram Hewitt. The author has dedicated his work to his wife, whose devoted care of him in illness and in health will be noted by those who read his book. Lady Des Voeux is a daughter of the late Sir John Pender, who was widely known as a promoter of international telegraph systems.

OLD ENGLISH SILVERWARE.

Old English Plate, Ecclesiastical, Decorative, and Domestic: Its Makers and Marks. By Wilfred Joseph Cripps, C.B., F.S.A., Eighth edition, with 127 illustrations and upwards of 2,600 facsimiles of Plate Marks. Scribners. 1903. 8vo, pp. xx., 521.

Old London Silverware: Its History, its Makers, and its Marks. By Montague Howard. With 200 illustrations and over 4,000 facsimiles of Makers' Marks and Hall Marks. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. 1903. 4to, pp. xviii., 405.

Of the two useful books named above, the first is the standard work on the subject. This can hardly be questioned when we consider the surprising fact that a book on a subject so peculiar, a subject so limited in interest, should now be in its eighth edition when the first was of 1878. The volume has always been of the same medium octavo size, except that, after the appearance of the sixth edition, there came out what was announced as a "Library Edition"—that is, the book as it then existed was reprinted on somewhat larger paper with a very few changes in the text. How many copies in all have been sold, nowhere appears. It is only certain that the demand for the book has been continuous, and that it is referred to on all sides as a "sufficient authority for all the matters most immediately requiring decision in the study of ancient plate." This circulation, however, has been mainly in England. It is only within a few years that the love of old silverware has become international, so to speak—has been carried from land to land—so that the comparatively simple pieces which remain to us of old English make are sought for in the United States by those alone who can afford to pay the enormous prices to which they mount in the struggles of the auction-room. When a not very showy piece of eighteenth-century silverware is found to have been sold at auction at the price per ounce of about two hundred pounds sterling—that is to say, that the twenty-ounce piece has brought twenty thousand dollars—it is evident that the millionaires of a foreign country have begun to compete, and that they will compete again, with those of England for the possession of the rarity.

Nor is it unfair to express in such terms as these the estimate which a student of fine art must make of the struggle for pieces of old English silverware. That silverware is not very beautiful in design except for the score of ancient (*i. e.*, pre-Reformation) chalices which alone remain, and the best dozen or two of eighteenth-century urns, such as the Ashburnham Cup by Lamerie, figured in a good photogravure in this volume. The two or three score of early communion cups and tankards have a certain simple charm; some of the ancient pieces of domestic plate, though not all of them, are really of artistic value. Tolerable woodcuts of these abound in the pages of Mr. Cripps's book. Thus, the pages from 301 to 310 contain sufficiently good reproductions of half-a-dozen specimens of the old "monumental" salt; and of these, two at least are really fine in design—worthy of any epoch and a credit to the nation which produced them. The pages which follow deal with flagons; and then come cocoa-nut cups, ostrich-egg cups, drinking horns, beakers, hanaps, "standing cups" (which are in most cases the same as hanaps), and cups of outlandish form and fantastical conception like the Peahen, or the Royal Oak, with silver acorns swinging from its body; or the Pepys cup which is preserved at Clothworkers' Hall in London. These pieces are not to be possessed by the private collector. They are the remains of the great possessions of mediæval England, the little that has come down to modern times from the epoch before the plunderings of the religious reformers and the sacrifices made by friends of King Charles the Martyr. They are held by public and semi-public bodies which will not relinquish them in our day.

With the eighteenth century more illustrations are to be had, and many more existing pieces are represented in a way by each given illustration. The present edition of Mr. Cripps's book contains several photogravures which were not in former editions, as well as the frontispiece, which represents a salver of 1595 and a ewer of 1617, both in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. The other four photographic illustrations give a splendid cup at Pembroke College, Cambridge, one in the British Museum, one in Clare College, Cambridge, and a tea-caddy which belongs to the author of this volume. The one cup which is at Clare College is one of the pieces made by the famous Lamerie, the most celebrated English goldsmith of the eighteenth century, and it is an exquisite piece, faultless in form and with less of the violence of detail than might be expected of a piece belonging to the mid-eighteenth century. Another covered cup by Lamerie is given in outline drawing on the page following the photograph; and eighteenth-century flagons, tea urns and chocolate pots are given elsewhere in sufficient numbers to remind the student that the ages follow one another without resembling one another, according to the old proverb. Eighteenth-century architecture (and more especially interior decoration) is not, as we find it in England, a bewitching thing for us to study. But the eighteenth-century silver was as charming on the whole as even the work of the years before Elizabeth.

The subject of the Reformation and the destruction of church silver under Henry VIII., and again under Edward VI., is treated by our author with singular discretion. Dr. Jessopp, writing from the point of view of the aggrieved, the saddened, the indignant Churchman, is right to become almost inarticulate with grief and rage at the wanton spoliation of Henry's reign; but Mr. Cripps, surveying the whole field and finding that only a part of the church plenishing confiscated under that King and his Protestant successors was misappropriated—that much and probably the largest share of it was turned over to the Crown, according to a movement so universal among the reforming clergy and their followers among the people that it may rightly be called national, or else was used under the authority of episcopal or royal ordinances for the repair and enlargement of the church buildings—can not do more than express such regrets as we all feel at thinking of the splendid art of the past which our less remote ancestors threw away, so wantonly, as it seems to us. Henry VIII. allowed his favorites to plunder—there can be no doubt about that; but when the ordinances of his successor are examined, and it appears that through a series of years it was a deliberately followed-up plan to deprive the parish churches of what they possessed in the way of Roman Catholic art as the cathedrals and the monasteries had been stripped under the reign of Henry; and when it appears again that, immediately after the brief Roman Catholic régime of Mary I., the prelates of Elizabeth's time renewed this puritanic, or, at least, anti-Romanist crusade until the churches were left impoverished as they are now, with only a pair of communion cups to represent the splendor of mediæval plate which they had held a half century earlier, then the regret that Mr. Cripps asks us to feel with him is of that sort which, as John La Farge has expressed it somewhere, is a part of the general evolution of fine art. Mr. Cripps makes it clear that, were it not for the opening of the coffins of bishops, we should have not one-third of the ancient chalices which we now know of. It seems a curious piece of poetic justice that the devout Catholic bishops of an earlier time should be denied the privilege of quiet rest in their graves in order that the spoliation of a hostile creed in later times might be made good. But indeed the whole record set forth in a general sort of way by Mr. Cripps, and to be found more fully worked up in books of a less special character, is such an extraordinary contribution to the his-

tory of religion that those who wish to see the weight of religious influence on politics diminished could not do better than to circulate a knowledge of it.

The earlier chapters of this volume deal very briefly with the making and the care of the plate, its alloys, its design, the tests of its value: and at greater length with the mediæval guilds and their works and ways. This fulness of treatment of what seems the secondary subject is to be accounted for by the extreme importance given to the marks put upon silver by stamping, or, as it is called, punching, upon the study of which all our knowledge of epochs and changing styles has been found to depend. The dedication, to that very remarkable amateur (a man whose study of a minor subject like this has made him famous), C. Octavius S. Morgan, F.R.S., F.S.A., remained unchanged until the sixth edition, though it is not to be found in the present volume. It was this student of the art who showed how to use in a truly scientific manner the "hall mark" and the other marks which are appended thereto. That was in what now seem early times, for he began his work in a serious fashion before the middle of the nineteenth century. The latest knowledge on the subject is certainly included in chapter ii. and the chapters following of Mr. Cripps's book; in fact, the larger part of it is more or less closely concerned with this very matter of the identification of every piece by means of its different marks—its identification in the sense of its certain association with a period and an individual goldsmith. The leopard's head—that is to say, a lion's head presented frontwise and crowned, "gardant," is the royal mark—the evidence that the tax has been paid; and the other marks which accompany it on every old piece tell the skilled reader of such things, or him who will look up the tables, just where the piece was made, by whom, and in what year

The second book on our list is a very different one in appearance, for it is a handsome quarto, containing very few leaves, of very heavy paper, and many illustrations from half-tone blocks. It resembles Mr. Cripps's, however, in its presentation of great tables of marks, and these are, though limited to London silversmiths, nearly all that is needed; for, as the author points out, there is no great amount of silver known to us in England outside of that made in London. Beside the half-tones mentioned, there are five full-page illustrations of silver-gilt pieces, the print in each case being of the closest imitative character; and this will carry with it to the thought of every student of such things a suggestion that they are not very attractive or very instructive. And, truly, one could wish them away if they could be replaced by good photogravures like those in Mr. Cripps's book. The attempt to give the metallic lustre and color has unmistakably destroyed the value of the reproduction. But the many half-tones are good, whether they are scattered through the text or printed as separate plates, and, in order that they may be good, the whole book, plates and all, is printed on the same heavy-coated paper. It is well-chosen paper, too, without the exaggerated gloss and loaded look of the ordinary "cut" paper, and in this way we secure that most desirable characteristic of the richly illustrated book—a uniform quality of paper throughout, with text and pictures on the same leaf or on precisely similar leaves.

The addition of eight portraits of eminent goldsmiths would be more to the purpose if the names of the engravers were given, for in each case the portrait is reproduced from an engraving generally contemporary and always worth tracing. On the other hand, the pseudo-portrait of St. Dunstan (page 3) is really an absurd thing to include in such a collection, for, of course, it has no possible authenticity, and it is treated in a way to be nearly ridiculous. One would like to know what is the authority for a portrait of Henry Fitz Alwyn, Lord Mayor of London, as well as goldsmith, and a dignitary of real importance in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but this authority also is held back from us.

Such omissions remind the reviewer that, in reading the book, he has noted a singular lack of literary practice. Literary skill is not so much in question—there is no pretence to that; but the way in which the statements themselves, even the simplest ones, are made and are associated with one another gives evidence of a much less complete knowledge of the conventions and the capacities of English writing than does the matter of the book of any shortcomings in the author's knowledge. In fact, it is evident that the author is a member of a great New York business house, goldsmiths in the modern sense, a firm known for their extensive and enlightened dealings with ancient and artistic wares.

Hawthorne and his Circle. By Julian Hawthorne. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. 1903.

In no respect is Mr. Julian Hawthorne's book more satisfactory than in its reflection of his own feeling for his father. We get this in many places; nowhere better than in the account of the elder Hawthorne's return from the Isles of Shoals, where he had been spending some weeks with Franklin Pierce in the fall of 1852, the year of Pierce's election to the Presidency and of Hawthorne's writing of his campaign biography.

"He came, and there was a moment of indescribable glory while he leaped from the carriage and faced the situation on the doorstep of his home. His countenance was glowing with health and the happiness of home-coming. I thought him, as I always did, the most beautiful of human beings, by which I do not mean beautiful in feature, . . . but beautiful in the feeling which he aroused in me beholding him. He was beautiful to be with, to hear, touch, and experience."

Hawthorne was this to all his children and preëminently to his wife. There was much in his writing to make it appear likely that he would be an uncomfortable household companion, and it is certain that he cursed the weather a great deal, and much beside, with persons here and there. But his home was for him "a garden of refreshment," and there was no measure to the devotion which he lavished there. His son's unaffected warmth of admiration in these pages renews the impression made by his 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife.'

"This is a story of people and events, not a study in literary criticism." It is written in a streaming style, so different from the father's that the son seems to have inherited from him the *habit* of writing, but not the art; certainly not *his* art. There is more of the mother's effusiveness than of the father's delicate restraint. There is a defect of taste in some of the personal allusions, as where we are assured that young Browning "was not such a mollycoddle and ass as he looked"; and this defect is gross in the choice of phrases from the text for running head-lines. Many of these are in the manner of the yellow journal: "Legs and Intentions"; "Half-witted girl who giggled all the time"; "She ripped the man open"; "Her skeleton, huddled, dry, and awful." The narrative begins with the days when Hawthorne was writing 'The Scarlet Letter,' and the son's shadowy and incoherent recollections of this period are pieced out at every turn by later knowledge—happily for us, for he knew nothing at the time of 'The Scarlet Letter,' not even that such a book existed until a dozen years after its publication. There was, however, an actual recollection of a big man with a brown beard and shining brown eyes, who came one day, bubbling over with enthusiasm, talked volubly, and went away, leaving Hawthorne and his wife smiling at each other. The man was James T. Fields, and he had 'The Scarlet Letter' in his pocket—not the book as we know it, but the original form, in which it was the longest of Hawthorne's short stories, not the shortest of his novels.

From Salem Hawthorne went to Lenox, and the life there is described well from the boy's point of view. Hawthorne's Berkshire acquaintances were Herman Melville and G. P. R. James, and about these is spun some mingled yarn of earlier and later recollections and impressions. Far more interesting is the description of Horace Mann, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Hawthorne, and Elizabeth Peabody, who furnishes some laughable particulars. It was to Mann's house in West Newton that the Hawthornes went after the Berkshire weather had proved intolerable. Mann's portrait by his nephew is undoubtedly sincere, but it is not flattering. Hawthorne's indifference to abolitionism colors the description of Mann's anti-slavery sentiments: "Horace Mann was ready to out-Garrison Garrison; he thought 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a somewhat milk-and-water tract." His discovery of Hawthorne's smoking habit was a tragical event; it obliged him to assure Hawthorne that he had in a measure forfeited his respect. His lack of humor and grim dogmatism are not, we fancy, exaggerated much, if any; but an impression derived solely from this depreciation would be miserably unjust to a man whom Theodore Parker ranked with Garrison and Emerson as one of the three greatest men that he had known.

We have some interesting details of Hawthorne's literary methods. The manuscript of 'The Scarlet Letter' was destroyed by the printers; Field's confidence in the greatness of the book assuring him no prevision of the manuscript's ultimate value. "All the extant manuscripts are singularly free from erasures and interlineations; page after page is as clear as a page of print." This is too sweeping. It does not hold true of the four trials with one subject: 'Septimius Felton,' 'The Bloody Footstep,' 'Doctor Grimshawe's Secret,' and 'The Dol-

liver Romance.' Here the long fumbling with his problem tortured the lines of Hawthorne's manuscript into corresponding twists and turns.

In the chapter on Hawthorne's second Concord residence, Emerson is described with much elaboration and equal sympathy, especially as related to his fellow-citizens. "An Emerson who can make common men feel more like Emerson than he himself did, is the kind of man we need to bring America up to her ideals." Hawthorne read Emerson with enjoyment, but Emerson could not return the compliment. He was too much a lover of the sunshine not to feel chilled by Hawthorne's realm of shadows. Thoreau, Ellery Channing, and Alcott are barely mentioned; Alcott only to be disparaged. It is good to have the too much forgotten work of E. P. Whipple praised so ardently. For Stoddard, too, there is a cordial word, written, we remark, as if without knowledge of his death some months since.

Less than a hundred pages bring us to Hawthorne's Liverpool consulship, and for the remainder of the way we have an English or Italian setting to his works and days. His 'Our Old Home' hardly prepares us for the assurance that he fell deep in love with England and was homesick for it in Italy, and in America when he returned here broken in health and with only a few years more to live. There was much to make those years unhappy—his country's misery, his failing invention, his daughter's wavering mind (a Roman fever's sad bequest). The English period was singularly barren of acquaintance with distinguished men of letters. Its story is resolved for the most part into a list of those Hawthorne did not meet—Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, and many others. Monckton Milnes and B. W. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) were exceptions to the rule. Mrs. Proctor is described as "a woman of intellect and charm," where for "charm" we should have a word of far more pungent signification. Hawthorne's friends Bright and Bennoch were as dear to him as Bridge and Pierce in America. He seems to have been shyer of the literary class than of any other, and to have got on better with the jolly rogues of the Salem Custom-house than with the Concord "intellectuals," whom he enjoyed to the degree that they abjured their specialties. Both James Martineau and his sister Harriet, "a respectable female atheist," are treated by Mr. Julian Hawthorne with much disrespect, James with supercilious ignorance as having remained in a Unitarian pulpit "long after what he was pleased to call his convictions had ceased to possess even a Unitarian degree of religious quality." For those who know something of Martineau's standing, it is not necessary to correct this gross impertinence. It is a minor matter that the Rev. William Henry Channing is described as "a nephew, I believe," of Dr. Channing, "and the brother, therefore, of Ellery Channing of Concord." But Dr. Channing had at least four brothers, and while William Henry Channing was the son of his oldest brother Francis, Ellery Channing of Concord was the son of his brother Walter.

Hawthorne appears to have come out more into the open in Italy than anywhere else, especially with men of letters, artists, and the like. But in Rome he passed through several distinct phases of feeling—first, disappointment with the abominable weather. With the improvement of that came a new sense of creative power. Next, a profound depression, caused by his daughter's critical condition, set in; recovering from which as she recovered, he fell into a new slough of despond when it became evident that her recovery was partial and could never be complete. To write 'The Marble Faun' under the stress of such vicissitudes must have been a difficult task. The Faun of Praxiteles was so exciting to his imagination that it is strange to find him describing the statue inaccurately both in his notes and in the novel. The left arm, he says, "hangs carelessly by his side." There are good bits about Story the sculptor and the Brownings, Miss Bremer, Mrs. Jameson (of whose demonstrative affection Hawthorne stood somewhat in dread), Hiram Powers, Harriet Hosmer, ex-President Pierce, and William Cullen Bryant, with "his white Merlin beard and tranquil but chilly eyes." The description of Mrs. Browning is in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's most daring manner. A great difference is remarked between the Robert Browning of that time (1859) and the same man, yet not the same, twenty years later. No one who remembers Pierce's extreme kindness to Hawthorne will regret the son's lavish tribute to his worth, however doubting that he was "a strong man," or that, if he "had come to Europe to get the scent of Washington out of his garments," he could so easily have been purified.

Around the Caribbean and Across Panama. By Francis C. Nicholas, M.Sc., Ph.D., etc. Boson and New York: H. M. Caldwell Co. 1903.

Dr. Nicholas justly remarks: "Of all the regions adjacent to the United States none are more attractive or present such varied conditions of development, scenic beauty, and commercial opportunity as the countries about the Caribbean Sea." His book, indifferently illustrated, is mainly an effort to illustrate this region by incidents of travel and by tales of (mostly very mild) adventures. A map, indicating the "localities where adventures occurred," accompanies the preface, and lends color to the suspicion that the author had scarcely any other object in his travels than to run after awkward situations and mishaps. Descriptions of the countries are few and far between, and devoid of local color. The author's individuality is the most salient feature, but noteworthy also is his description of what he calls the "death dance" of the Talamanca Indians of southern Costa Rica, and his two chapters on the Goajiros. These contain some ethnological information of value, although it is clear that Dr. Nicholas is by no means a trained ethnologist. Of the interesting regions on the Rio Strata, at Santa Marta and the high plateau at Bogotá, we obtain only a casual glimpse through the maze of rather unimportant personal happenings designed "to give a much clearer idea of the conditions and of the circumstances which one must expect to encounter."

It is regrettable that Dr. Nicholas did not improve the good opportunities afforded on his extensive journeyings in Central America and through northern Colombia, now that these countries have suddenly come to the fore in connection with the troubles on the Isthmus. He might have told us of the fundamental difference between the people of Panama and their hitherto rulers on the central plateau of Cundimarca or Bogotá. Whereas the indigenous population of Panama is largely mixed with the negro, the central Colombian is in a great measure of Indian blood mixed with whites. Whatever we may think of the negro, it is certain that he is eager to follow progress, if only from his imitative propensities. The Indian, on the other hand, is not merely conservative, but retrograde, wherever he is in the majority; and where he (or the mestizo) lives at great altitudes, it is natural that his character should become wary and crafty like that of mountaineers in general, but more so. Where such fundamental contrasts exist, political cohesion becomes impossible.

The Responsibilities of the Novelist. By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co.

This collection of short papers written by the late Frank Norris expresses great zeal for his profession, and an ingenuous conviction that, if practised in conformity with his theories, it is an indispensable agent in the progress of humanity towards perfection. Personal ardor for his work is the interesting quality of the book, compelling the attention and sympathy even of readers who permit themselves to smile at the author's self-sufficiency, and who may be bored by his clamorous manner of making the simplest statement.

After Mr. Norris's death the opinion was generally expressed that we had lost a good novelist who would surely have become a great one. Speculation on what might have been is never very profitable, but in this instance was perhaps justified by the imaginative force and eager spirit evident in Mr. Norris's published fiction. Assurance of his splendid possibilities can hardly survive the republication of these casual papers, which had better have been allowed to perish, for they show defects—defects of knowledge, of judgment, of taste—that militate against achievement of greatness in any direction. Such defects, it is true, might have been modified by time, but they seem to be rooted in an unconscious ignorance, showing itself in disparagement of things Mr. Norris did not know, of advantages and accomplishments that he did not possess, in a total absence of personal background and of attachment to a past that should stand for an older self, from which one's feelings and theories may derive strength and value.

It seems ungracious to dwell on the imperfections of a writer who in his short span of life went far, and it would be superfluous to do so, were it not that his work expresses in an extreme fashion some regrettable idiosyncrasies of young American writers, especially of those who come out of the West. Few of them have Mr. Norris's native force, but they have similar faiths, and can shout them as vociferously as he, even in self-contradiction. For them the Declaration of Independence marks the dawn of time; their country, besides being "God's own country," is his only one; at their birth, Truth (which they never define but always spell with a capital letter) came up from the bottom of her well to salute them; according to them "The People, The Plain People," are (as they delight to say,

"in the last analysis") the appointed infallible judges of all things, and, the judgment of literature being their special function, they have decided offhand, yet finally, that "mere literature" must go. The prose style of this happily confident band is an experimental (perhaps accidental) blend of many ostentatious styles (Carlyle, Dickens, Macaulay), and their vocabulary is largely their own.

Every one of Mr. Norris's articles illustrates some of these idiosyncrasies. About the Truth and the Plain People and the duty of the novelist to provide the one for the other, his concern is shrill:

"In the larger view, in the last analysis, the People pronounce the final judgment. The People, despised of the artist, hooted, caricatured, and vilified, are, after all, and in the main, the real seekers after Truth. . . . Is it not, in Heaven's name, essential that the people hear not a lie, but the Truth? If the novel were not one of the most important factors of life; if it were not the completest expression of our civilization; if its influence were not greater than all the pulpits, than all the newspapers between the oceans, it would not be so important that its message should be true. . . . Yet novelists are not found wanting who write for money. I do not think this is an unfounded accusation. I do not think it asking too much of credulity. This would not matter if they wrote the Truth."

The strain comes o'er the ear like the voice of the great Chadband, demanding to know: "What is the T-r-ewth? It is not a lie. No!"

Mr. Norris is very hard on his brethren who wilfully trick the Plain People, offering a lie in glittering armor; but, on the whole, he concludes that it is better for Americans to read them than not to read at all, because "books have never done harm." The only Americans who may not read are the modern novelists. They are peremptorily forbidden such recreation, lest they should not be able to address the Plain People simply and intelligibly. "Books have no place in his [the novelist's] equipment, have no right to be there —will only cumber and confuse him." The writer himself has indeed suffered no little confusion from the reading of books, either too much or too little. In a paper called "A Neglected Epic," he laments the failure of contemporary Americans to celebrate in epic form "the conquering of the West, the subduing of the wilderness beyond the Mississippi," and mentions the achievements in that way of other and earlier races. Why, he wonders angrily, has no great bard sung the Alamo, where Texans fought and died for several things enumerated, much more honorable than "loot and the possession of an adulteress"; and why, again, is "Achilles, murderer, egotist, ruffian, and liar," a hero, while the apparently immaculate name of Bowie "is perpetuated only in the designation of a knife"? Clearly, Mr. Norris did not read enough to be disturbed by a Homer question, or by any suggestion that national epics have not been written at the moment when the action celebrated was going on. He seems to think that Homer sat before the beleaguered city while the great fight waged, calmly inditing an immortal tale; that Tasso accompanied the crusaders to Jerusalem; and that *trouvères* were singing the song of Roland when he blew his horn for succor at Roncesvalles. Though epics seemed to him desirable productions, he may have thought that to know anything about their history savored of scholarship, a thing he despised and distrusted. "The United States," he writes, "in this year of grace nineteen hundred and two, does not want and does not need scholars, but Men—Men made in the mould of the Leonard Woods and the Theodore Roosevelts." And, pursuing the subject hotly, he quotes "so high an authority as Dr. Patton of Princeton, who has recently said that nowadays men do not go to college to become scholars, and that it was time and money wasted to try and make them such." This was an indiscreet speech for any professor of any university to make, and if Dr. Patton should read the works of Mr. Norris and many of his contemporaries, he might come to fear that the responsibilities of a professor may be almost as solemn as the responsibilities of a novelist.

Erasmus. By Ernest F. H. Capey. With thirteen illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

It is just four hundred years since Erasmus's 'Enchiridion' was first published, and three hundred and sixty since it was condemned by the Sorbonne and burnt by order of the Parlement of Paris. That particular work has now only a scholarly and historic interest, but some of its fellows continue to be reprinted at tolerably frequent intervals. The confessedly incomplete bibliography offered in the present small volume by Mr. Capey shows six editions of the 'Praise of Folly' in the last century (one in 1900); and the 'Colloquies' is still on the wing. Moreover, the past half-century has witnessed a marked revival of lives and studies of Erasmus in Europe at large; in England particularly during the past twenty years, from Meiklejohn in 1885 to Froude in 1894 and Nichols in 1901, besides Professor Emerton's American contribution (1899), not least in worth. To this series Mr. Capey adds a modest compendious view of the great humanist's career which can be heartily recommended as the beginning of knowledge. It is eminently candid in tone, keeps the chronology well in hand, epitomizes the 'Praise of Folly,' quotes freely from the 'Colloquies' and from other writings (including the correspondence), and fairly sets forth the claims of Erasmus to distinction and admiration. Luther's indebtedness to him and their difference as reformers are faithfully exhibited, and one may discern how Erasmus, falling far short of Luther in qualifications for effecting the emancipation from Rome, was still the more advanced liberal, treated the Scriptures with the freedom of the higher criticism, handled the corrupt clergy and orders without gloves, maintained that marriage was no sacrament, advocated the higher education of women—and still refrained from taking his place beside the struggling Luther, and even put obstacles in his path by his own equivocation and by censure and repudiation of his natural colleague. If we offset Luther's translation of the Bible with Erasmus's first edition of the Greek New Testament, in all other respects the Dutchman's primacy in world literature is most conspicuous.

Those who would glimpse all this can not do better than put themselves under Mr. Capey's guidance. His entertaining biography is tastefully printed, and is well and copiously illustrated.

Introduction to Classical Greek Literature. By William Cranston Lawton. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. 367.

The scholar who undertakes to write a history of Greek classical literature in one volume embarks on a peculiarly difficult enterprise. Not the least of his perplexities is the first question that confronts him—What class of readers shall he address, and address with consistency? Can he beguile the general reader with his honeyed accents, while the student, like the Lucretian schoolboy, insensibly imbibes the very latest prescription of modern philology? Nothing antagonizes your general reader like the disagreement of doctors. What he wants is a pleasant and picturesque statement without discussion. Yet he would feel defrauded by the omission of the "Homeric Question," which is a popular mystery, more real than the poems to the average man who may never read Homer, but wonders now and again how the "Question" is getting on, much as he speculates about the fourth dimension or the prospects for finding the Pole. In view of this delicate irritability of the reader who is not a student, what scholar is prepared to write, without faltering and without reserves, an account of the Homeric problem with which he can face both the student and the lay reader? If he attempt this conciliation of two really distinct interests, he will probably be considered too popular for the classroom; and how many general readers will he secure? This is a query "too sad to insist on."

Mr. Lawton addresses himself to the young student; but, after all, even the young student who is learning Greek need not be alarmed by the occasional appearance of a Greek word or letter. He might as well, for instance, acquire the habit of using the alphabetical references to the books of the Iliad and Odyssey, which all scholars have adopted. Mr. Lawton's careful exclusion of every trace of the Greek language in an introduction to its literature seems to imply an ambition to secure the very young student and the general reader at one blow. We believe this to be a fundamental mistake of policy in any work not designed for Chautauqua.

Mr. Lawton's statements are very clear, very elementary; he would not, of course, talk to the advanced student about "Princess Briseis" and "Prince Hector." Yet he constantly insists on "loving perusal" of the Greek masterpieces, a phrase incompatible with the idea of mere translations; he is, therefore, addressing a student who will go farther, who is even now reading a Greek text, a student in whom there may be the makings of a Wilamowitz or an Andrew Lang. That undeveloped taste for philology or for literature should be stimulated by a genuine introduction; the curiosity of the student should be roused, not satisfied. We do not believe that any student who reads Mr. Lawton's book will feel that he has been brought face to face with either the results of modern philology or the beauties of Greek poetry. For Mr. Lawton does not really introduce him to the Greek poets; the verse translations that crowd his pages, even though they were the best of their kind, would still fail to bring the student within sight of the original. These translations are chiefly Mr. Lawton's own work, and to say that they are not the best of their

kind is only to say that he is not one of the few—they can be reckoned on the fingers of one hand—who have succeeded in making a verse translation of a Greek poem that can claim to be poetry, and also, to some slight extent, Greek. The English hexameter is a terrible instrument. Mr. Lawton proves once more that the "accentual hexameter" cannot stand as the equivalent of the Homeric line.

"He and his children's children, who shall be hereafter begotten" (p. 18),

and

"Who like unto a god was adored in the town of the Trojans" (p. 81),

are not really verse at all. In each case, prose would have been more effective, more truthful. Sappho has always been as cruelly betrayed by her translators as Homer himself:

"Whom dost thou desire that Persuasion," saidst thou,
"Gently lead to passion for thee, or who, oh Psappha, has wronged thee?" (p. 118).

Lines like these would, we believe, completely quench any reader's, any student's, desire to know more of the poetry to which even Mr. Swinburne felt that he could not do justice in a direct translation. The prose version of this ode in Wharton's little book brings the English reader as near to Sappho as he can hope to be brought, except perhaps by Mr. Swinburne's paraphrases.

On the side of philology one must regret that, since Mr. Lawton devotes ten pages to "Homeric Problems," he has not given some sort of historical survey that should include at least the names of Wolf, Kirchhoff, and Fick, which are ignored in his pages.

A rather more detailed survey of the relation of modern archæology to the Homeric poems would have been of greater service to the student and of more general interest than the separate chapter which Mr. Lawton devotes to the dactylic hexameter. The book practically ends with the chapter on Plato; the twenty-six pages which give a bare summary of "The After-Time" might just as well have been omitted; Mr. Lawton evidently thinks so himself when he tells us that "the real end of the story is the death of Plato and Demosthenes" (p. 3). This is one of the few statements of fact in the book with which we emphatically disagree. The "story" of Greek literature hardly ended with Lucian; still less did it end before Theocritos. Mr. Lawton gives no account of the Greek MSS., and his bibliographies are far from satisfactory.

We regret that a piece of work so well meant, a work that so sincerely reflects a love of the Greek classics, should be marred by so many minor defects. The parallel on page 141 of Alfred Austin and Bacchylides is wholly misleading. When Mr. Lawton, on page 127, compares a poem of Alcman with one by "our youngest master," we see that by that phrase he must mean Mr. Kipling; but we cannot admire the comparison or the expression of it. To say of Sappho (p. 114) that "there is evidence that she was a happy and devoted mother," is to go too far; to compare her with Margaret Fuller is to take liberties with both; but when Mr. Lawton adds that our maidens and mothers and nature-lovers will do well to turn instead to Adelaide Procter, Helen Hunt, and Edith Thomas, he hurries to jump the abyss that divides Sappho from the monthly magazines; it is as though he felt them to be safer ground, as indeed they are.

Mr. Lawton translates two famous lines of Hipponax:

"Two days are sweetest in a woman's life—
When someone weds her, and her burial morn."

This does not really express the fierce original: "There are two days on which a woman gives a man most pleasure—the day he marries her and the day he buries her." We by no means agree with the statement on page 191 that Æschylus would have been shocked by the modern sympathy with Prometheus; one might as well assert that Milton had no sympathy with Satan. To tell the young student that Æschylus lived so long that he needed to write only "four or five lines a day" is to give him a curious idea of the conditions that produced the Æschylean drama. On page 207 Mr. Lawton describes that most cruel and cynical dialogue at the opening of the "Ajax" as "Athena . . . chatting with Odysseus." In the spelling of Greek names there is no attempt at consistency. If Alkibiades and Alkestis, why Alcman and Heracles? On page 289 is quoted a verse of Milton as

"Killed with *grief the* old man eloquent,"

which is neither a verse nor Milton. A modern writer should always keep in mind the strange and sweeping deductions that have been drawn by scholars from the misquotations of Homer in Attic writers. But perhaps it is even less misleading to misquote Milton on Isocrates than to compare the latter with Edward Everett (p. 286). "Concerning the face-slapping" is a poor translation of the title of a famous speech by Demosthenes. On pages 324 and 335, "responses grows" and "his data seems" must be due to careless proofreading.

Introductory Study of Ethics. By Prof. Warner Fite. Longmans.

Professor Fite's aim has apparently been to provide a standpoint for the practical decision of moral problems rather than a complete tabulation of the academic varieties of opinion, and he has consequently attempted to represent all that is really important in ethical controversy as a conflict between the "hedonist" and the "idealist" attitude towards life. For the ordinary college student that is very possibly a more profitable way of conducting his course in ethics, though many teachers hardly realize the dangers of anything like bias or unfairness towards the views they disapprove of. Unfortunately, however, the scientific facts are too complex to permit so radical a simplification, and so Mr. Fite's antithetical types of ethical theory do not cover the whole ground. They omit, *e. g.*, all notice of the moral sceptic and the pessimist, who, even from a strictly practical point of view, would seem common and insistent enough to demand consideration. Then, again, Mr. Fite's two types (especially the hedonist) are largely puppets of his own manufacture, made by carrying the views actually held to what he considers their logical completion. The result is, as he has to admit (p. 95), that no one, not even Bentham, has ever held the whole position assigned to "the hedonist," and that all hedonists would disavow more or less essential features in Mr. Fite's portraiture. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the whole antithesis is actually tenable in any but the roughest way. Hedonism, so far from being identifiable with "the point of view of the external observer," seems to proceed rather from a form of subjectivism, while it is only in a few modern forms that idealism can be specially connected with mental activity.

Still more fanciful would it seem to be to connect hedonism with Lamarckism, and idealism with Weismannism in biology; and it is no wonder that, in attempting this feat, Mr. Fite should have fallen into the logical fallacy of converting an *A* proposition "simply," when he says (p. 235) that "the hedonistic moralist is definitely committed to the Lamarckian standpoint, and by implication the Lamarckian in biology must be a hedonist in ethics." If instead of such hazardous deductions we look at the facts, we shall find plenty of evolutionists who are not hedonists, and of "idealists" who are; and it would require far more discussion than Mr. Fite can give to it to show that they were not entitled to be so. Indeed, the combination of idealism with hedonism is easily explained, even on Mr. Fite's principles, by the existence of intellectualist idealisms which have no special affinity for moral strenuousness: but, unfortunately, Mr. Fite fails to distinguish between the intellectualist and the voluntarist types of idealism.

Other defects in a textbook of morals are the absence of a systematic discussion of the problems of freedom, of consciously irrational action (the occurrence of which is, however, implicitly denied on p. 234), and of a conception of the ethical end clear enough to justify the "assumption" (p. 326) of moral progress. On the other hand, the constant emphasis on human activity and selection in the construction of the moral order is in accord with the most promising tendency in contemporary philosophy, and worthy of a word of praise.

The Adjustment of Wages: A Study in the Coal and Iron Industries of Great Britain and America. By W. J. Ashley. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

The text of this bulky volume consists of eight lectures delivered by Professor Ashley at Oxford. To this many documents are added, such as the rules of conciliation boards, joint agreements, sliding scales, etc. In the view of the author, coal-mining in Great Britain has reached a later stage of industrial development than in the United States. In Great Britain wages are determined by negotiation between organized bodies of employers and employed, whereas America seems to be just struggling on to the stage of corporate negotiation. The recent disturbance in the anthracite coal trade, although not precisely adjusted by negotiations between organized bodies, was practically settled in a manner to imply a recognition of their existence. More progress in this direction appears to have been made in the bituminous coal trade, where the miners' unions have in some States made their monopoly complete.

As to the course of events in the coal industry in this country, we have been abundantly informed; but what Professor

Ashley has to say about the conditions in Great Britain has a fresher interest. In this industry, as well as in some other large industries, the workman, as an individual, has no standing. Bargains for wages are made by representatives of labor unions with employers or representatives of employers. This condition has prevailed for many years, and, in the author's view, it is likely to be permanent:

"In the modern factory, works, yard, mine, where many men are employed, whether with much or little machinery, it is administratively impossible to treat every man as an individual. . . . For the mass of the men, when many are employed, there must be general 'rates' of wages; a separate bargain with every man and a separate scale of reckoning for each are administratively impossible. But what is necessary in a single business is natural in a whole industry. . . . A common policy on the part of all the employers, the observance of the same standards or rates of wage, greatly lightens the toil of conducting business operations."

No doubt, if all the employers in a certain trade combine and all the laborers unite, the process of bargaining is much simplified. From the point of view of the contracting parties such bargaining is probably advantageous; but the point of view of the consumer is different. Professor Ashley does not see eye to eye with him. "We have so long idolized the consumer," he says, "and with such unsatisfactory results, that society may do well to try the experiment of thinking first of the producers—of all the producers." This is, of course, the essence of protectionism, except that some of the producers practically get the advantage of others in framing legislation. Protectionism has no horrors for Professor Ashley, and indeed he is so enamoured with the guild system that he would welcome the return of the *Saturnia regna* of the Middle Ages. Yet he states at the outset that trade unions cannot well be maintained in the smaller industries, and it seems difficult for them to be established in the greatest of all, agriculture. Combinations between employers and employed in coal-mining and in the manufacture of iron may thus be disadvantageous to the mass of the community, however satisfactory to the participants in these particular industries.

We cannot help thinking that Professor Ashley fails to observe that wages should be measured by their general purchasing power rather than by their money value. He seems to agree with those coal-miners who prefer no bread rather than wages reduced below a pecuniary minimum. Indeed, he thinks that the existence of a "sliding scale" tends to depress wages. The coal-owners may enter into contracts for future delivery at lower prices, expecting to be to some extent reimbursed by a reduction of wages consequent upon the lowered price. But prices in general rise and fall together. If the price of coal advances, it is generally a sign of brisk trade, which means rising prices. If it falls, it is because trade has slackened and prices are falling. Miners may be as well off, therefore, with low as with high money wages; and they, as well as consumers in general, may be much better off with steady production than if they stop it in the hope of maintaining an arbitrary price for their labor while wages elsewhere are being adjusted to the prevailing conditions. Such struggles must often tend to aggravate the depression of trade. This point, however, is not dwelt on by the author, whose chief concern is to exhibit the actual process of bargaining for wages in certain industries. Whatever may be the merits of his theories, he is careful not to obtrude them unnecessarily, and his description of the course of events in the coal-mining industry especially is admirably succinct and lucid.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Lyman. Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 net.

Adams, Mary M. The Song at Midnight. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

Adamson, Stanley L. Old Nursery Rhymes Dug Up in the Pyramids. London: Dean & Son; Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.50.

Almirall, N. The Master-Feeling: The Story of Agatha Peynton. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Andrews, E. Benjamin. The United States in our Own Time: A History from Reconstruction to Expansion. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

Bad Child's Book of Beasts. Verses by H. Belloc; pictures by B. T. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 60c.

Bain, John. Tobacco Leaves. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 75c.

Barnard, Edward W. The Conceits of a General Lover. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

Book of Gnomes. Written by Fred. E. Weatherby; illustrated by E. Stuart Hardy. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Caldwell, Adelbert Farrington. The Barefoot Time. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Castiglione, Baldesar. The Book of the Courtier. Translated from the Italian by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke. New ed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Chamberlin, Henry Harmon. The Age of Ivory. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Children of the Arctic. By the Snow Baby and her Mother. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.20 net.

Coar, John Firman. Studies in German Literature. The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia. Compiled by George P. Huntington; introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.

Crane, Stephen, and Barr, Robert. The O'Ruddy. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Curtis, Edward. Months and Moods: A Fifteen-Year Calendar. New York: The Grafton Press.

Dance of Death. By Hans Holbein, with an Introductory Note by Austin Dobson. New York: Scott-Thaw Co.

Darwin, Leonard. Municipal Trade: The Advantages and Disadvantages Resulting from the Substitution of Representative Bodies for Private Proprietors in the Management of Industrial Undertakings. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Edey, Birdsall Otis. Six Giants and a Griffin, and Other Stories. New York: R. H. Russell. $1.25.

Egerton, Hugh Edward. The Origin and Growth of the English Colonies and of their System of Government: An Introduction to Mr. C. P. Lucas's Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 60c.

Fagnani, Charles Prospero. A Primer of Hebrew. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Fischer, William J. Songs by the Wayside. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Gottschalk, O. H. von. In Gnome Man's Land. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75c.

Gould, Thomas B. The Apex. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Harker, L. Allen. The Little People. New York: John Lane.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. Vol. I., A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys; Vol. II., Tanglewood Tales. Illustrations by H. Granville Fell. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Henson, H. Hensley. Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century. St. Margaret's Lectures. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Home Songs for Little Darlings. Illustrated by Amy Brooks. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 75c.

Hudson, William Henry. Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Irwin, Grace Luce. Drawing-Room Plays. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

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Lloyd, Henry Demarest. Newest England: Notes of a Democratic Traveller in New Zealand, with some Australian Comparisons. New ed. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Lloyd, John Uri. Red Head. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60.

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Shaler, Nathaniel S. Elizabeth of England: A Dramatic Romance. Vol. I. The Coronation; Vol. II. The Rival Queens; Vol. III. Armada Days; Vol. IV. Essex; Vol. V. The Passing of the Queen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $10 net.

Sichel, Gerald. The Grump: A Story in Pictures. Text by S. C. Woodhouse. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 50c.

Skinner, Charles M. American Myths and Legends. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

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Thackeray, W. M. Letters to a Young Man About Town. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 40c.

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Unknown, A. N. Poor? New York: Continental Publishing Co.

Utopia. Written by Sir Thomas More in Latin and Translated by Ralph Robynson; to which is added the Life of the Author by his son-in-law William Roper. New York: The Scott-Thaw Co.

Wagner, Charles Philip. The Sources of El Cavallero Cifrar. Extrait de la Revue Hispanique, Tome X. Paris.

Wallace, Lew (Mrs.). The City of the King: What the Child Jesus Saw and Heard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1 net.

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Williams, Samuel G. The History of Mediæval Education: An Account of the Course of Educational Opinion and Practice from the Sixth to the Fifteenth Centuries, Inclusive. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.12 net.

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Woodberry, George Edward. America in Literature. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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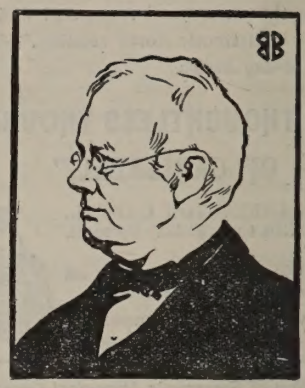

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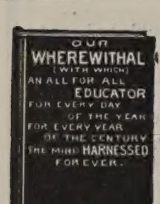

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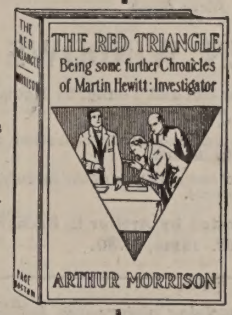

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The Week.

The time-worn question, "What constitutes a State?" is much in order in the case of the bantling Republic of Panama. It has a self-appointed triumvirate, and an incipient diplomatic service named by three consuls. It has no discoverable Constitution, no legislature; and what its judiciary is, let who knows answer. Clearly, some of the usual appurtenances of a State are lacking. Apparently there are more diplomats than soldiers or judges; and this suggests the thought that when M. Bunau-Varilla tells the Czar of "the end which the obvious intentions of Providence have assigned" to the State of Panama, he means the capacity to make treaties. Evidently, the Republic of Panama has no other reason for being; and if it be a sufficient entity for treaty-making purposes, it could only superfluously burden itself with the minor accessories of nationality. In any case, it seems in no haste to do so. To the pundits in international law we must refer the unique case of a nation which is a bare treaty-making power, and a Government that is merely a foreign-office.

Oh "republican form of government," what side-splitting jokes are committed in thy name! The Panama "commissioners to negotiate a treaty" are confronted, on their arrival in Washington, with a treaty already signed. The whole thing was done between luncheon and dinner. At one o'clock the Secretary of State had not got beyond the preliminary question whether there was need of a new treaty at all; by six, everything was signed, sealed, and delivered, amid "hearty congratulations." The commission to negotiate is now to be transformed into a commission to ratify. Why not? The only real credentials of the commissioners are, like those of Cardinal Ximenes, nothing but artillery—the guns, in this instance, being on our warships. There is surely no need of waiting for Panama to frame a Constitution and form a government. A Panama Senate might conceivably object to a treaty alienating the sovereignty of a strip of land ten to twenty miles wide right across the republic. So it was cleverer to have the treaty "ratified" before there was any Panama Senate. As for waiting for the Panama commissioners, it was obviously much easier to deal with one man than three, and he, being a Frenchman, would, plainly, have a facility greater than any native's in giving away their territory. Indeed, our State Department never displayed greater resources. There was an awkward hitch, for a moment, over the seal of the Republic of Panama, which it was necessary to affix to the treaty. There was no seal, any more than there was a republic. But a clerk came gravely forward with "an improvised seal" which he had thoughtfully provided. Improvised republic, improvised seal. What could be neater?

It is not surprising that Wall Street should have begun to discuss with a good deal of interest the manner in which the "Panama payment" will be made, and the effect of such payment on the markets. As matters stand, our Government is bound to pay, on the ratification of the treaty, $40,000,000 to the French shareholders in the Panama enterprise, and $10,000,000 more to the Isthmian State conceding the canal. On the face of things, this would appear to mean the "laying down," on a given date, of $50,000,000 at Paris and Colon. If shipment of such a sum were to be made in actual cash, a question of very great interest would arise, as to whether the cash sent out of the country would be obtained from the Treasury vaults or from the money market. It might be drawn from either, for, in addition to the $144,000,000 actual cash in the Treasury's own hands, the Government has $159,000,000 on deposit in banks and subject to demand. If only the idle cash in the Treasury vaults were used for the Panama remittance, no disturbance would occur in the money market. If, on the other hand, the banks were required to send $50,000,000 gold abroad, the money market would naturally be much upset.

But the situation is not as simple as this description might seem to indicate. The Treasury, it is true, has $144,000,000 actual cash on hand. But of that sum, upwards of $10,000,000 is in the form of uncoined silver and fractional coin, while the balance is held against $100,000,000 demand liabilities of the Government, in the nature of outstanding checks, disbursing officers' credits, national bank redemption fund, etc. It may be doubted whether the Treasury could with propriety draw as much as $50,000,000 out of this working fund. What it probably will do, is what it did when the $20,000,000 Philippine indemnity had to be paid to Spain in 1899. It drew almost equally on the Treasury's cash reserve and its bank deposits. The proceeds were invested in London drafts, to mature in sixty days. These drafts were remitted to the Spanish Government's agents, who could have held them until maturity, or turned them at once into cash at the European discount houses. If this country's accruing foreign credits, at the moment, had been large enough, the $20,000,000 charge might have been met, when the drafts fell due, by shipments of wheat or cotton or securities. As the matter actually fell out, however, the New York market, when the bills matured, sent to Europe almost exactly $20,000,000 gold.

A fine moral crescendo appears in the reasons which the State Department is reported to have given for being against the annexation of San Domingo. In the first place, annexation has not been offered; second, we should be unwilling to annex a country of which the majority of the inhabitants are against it (please don't utter the word Philippines—that has nothing to do with the case); third, San Domingo has nothing that we want. True, we used to want Samana Bay consumedly; but our war vessels draw so much more water than they did in the seventies that the harbor would now be of little use to us. Not really needing San Domingo, therefore, law and morals forbid our seizing it. If, however, it should in the future appear vitally necessary to give employment to some American dredging company with powerful political connections, we might discover that Samana Bay "commanded" or "frowned" upon something, and we should have to take it and let a contract.

An appropriation of money by Congress is to be asked for to prolong the existence of the Commission on International Exchange. The reasons for it ought to be found in the Commission's report of its recent labors in Europe. We there learn that our envoys gained the ready assent of the Powers to the proposition that it would be a wise thing for China to adopt a monetary system "based upon what is commonly called the gold-exchange standard." This phrase, being new to economic science, is defined in the report as "similar to the plan recently adopted by the Congress of the United States for the Philippines." If the plan referred to is carried out without mistake or peradventure, it is the gold standard pure and simple, since it provides that the Philippine Government shall redeem its silver pesos in gold on demand of the holder, at the rate of fifty cents gold for each peso. The approval of the European governments was easily gained for the extension of the gold standard to other silver-using countries on the same terms. So they bade our commissioners godspeed, who thereupon came home and reported that their work had been entirely successful. They were able to give China the joyful news that no Eu-

ropean country would put any obstacle in the way of her adoption of the gold standard.

Now the question arises whether this missionary enterprise ought to be prosecuted any farther at public expense. Other American missionaries in China are supported by private contributions, and it would be difficult to assign a reason why Congress should make an appropriation for the C. I. E. and not for the A. B. C. F. M. The Commission on International Exchange sets forth at great length the difficulties of accomplishing the monetary reform contemplated for China. Yet it thinks that the plan would work well "provided proper business judgment be employed"—*i. e.*, by the Empress Dowager and her subordinates in Peking. No compensating advantages to the United States are pointed out as likely to arise from this missionary expedition, except a probable increase of trade resulting from a better monetary system in China. As this would be shared by other countries, it would seem fitting that they should share also in the expenses of the expedition. If asked to do so, they would perhaps reply that they have their own diplomatic channels of communication, which enable them to make any suitable representations to the Chinese Government in a more regular way and without extra cost. So have we, and why should not our embassy be used to that end if it be a desirable one?

If any other man than Mr. McCall had said what he is reported as declaring on Thursday in the House, he would have to pay a severe penalty. His independent course as a Republican in the past has given him a prescriptive right to say and do about what he pleases; but there is a limit to everything. Certainly, from a party point of view, it was most improper for him to stand up in Congress and state that the effect of the Cuban treaty would not be materially to reduce the price of sugar in this country, and that consequently the Cuban planter would get the benefit. That may be his opinion, and it may be a very sound one, too. But it is not the one with which the Sugar Trust has favored the people of this country in the past. It told us that a reduction in the duty on raw sugar (the differential on the refined being retained, of course) would cheapen the price of the finished product to domestic consumers. It was pretty hard for some of us to believe that the Trust was going to share the profit from the decreased duty with its customers, and now Mr. McCall rises up and tells us that it will cost us as much to sweeten our coffee as before. His view is, of course, the common sense one. The Cuban planter will benefit by reciprocity, and so will the Sugar Trust, as long as it retains the differential of which we have advocated the removal. The House did vote to remove it last year, and then the Sugar Trust lost interest in the treaty. Now it is getting its own again.

Mr. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, the Democratic leader in the House, in the able speech in which he closed the debate on the Cuban bill argued convincingly that the prosperity of this country is not due to the Republican tariff policy. He showed that the country would in the long run be prosperous, no matter what tariff policy was adopted, although, as he believed, the fewer the restrictions upon trade the greater would be the prosperity. He pointed out what were the causes that insured prosperity here, saying, among other things, that the United States "will continue to be prosperous because we are the one people on the globe, except some of our British cousins in the colonies, where there is absolutely no caste, where a man knows that although he is working to-day pegging shoes, he may the next year be Governor, or something of that sort. Men work with hope and with incentive, and will continue to do it." Can Mississippi, from which the eloquent gentleman comes, be as prosperous as it might otherwise be if 900,000 of its people, constituting nearly 60 per cent. of its population, cannot "work with hope" in the sense in which Mr. Williams uses the phrase, simply because they are colored?

Speaker Cannon has had the unhappy experience of seeming more strenuous than the President. In the conference on the Cuban reciprocity bill, Mr. Cannon roundly characterized the postponement of the Senate vote as unfair treatment of the President; and, in fact, no better reason has been alleged for deferring the bill except that the Senate wishes to "put the President in a hole," by showing that the extra session was superfluous. The President, however, realizing the possibilities of obstruction in the Senate, took his "rebuke" lying down and assented to the delay. His surrender is unfortunate, for his case was a good and a clear one. Had the Senate proved obdurate, it would have been clearly in the wrong, and it would have added to that accumulating unpopularity from which alone reform of its antiquated procedure will come. In this case delay by the Senate is a kind of perfidy. That issue should have been fairly made. Having ratified the Cuban treaty, the Senate was, though not legally, yet in honor, bound to pass the enabling act promptly and as a noncontentious measure. To pass the treaty and then boggle over the legislation necessary to make it effective, is a bit of child's play. The case shows plainly how little public considerations weigh against the personal prejudices and small manœuvring of the Upper House. Speaker Cannon deserves everybody's thanks for being more zealous than the President in the President's fight.

Fear that New York State will go Democratic in the next election is written on the countenance of every Republican politician. The victory of McClellan in Manhattan and Brooklyn, in spite of many Democratic votes against him, indicates that when the full party strength is enlisted, New York city may easily roll up a majority of 100,000 for a conservative Democratic candidate. To overcome such odds, the Republican leaders will have the struggle of their lives, for Odell carried the State for Governor by less than 9,000. These facts alone are enough to account for the eager buzzings in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the anxious look on every face in the Amen Corner. But, to add to the excitement, the relations between Platt and Odell are apparently more strained than ever. The Senator wants to retain his old sway over the organization; and the Governor has long since discovered that a man cannot retain his self-respect in office and at the same time do the bidding of Platt. The Governor, then, has cut out for him the task of holding Platt in check and keeping the State in line. Walking the tightrope is, in comparison, an easy amusement. The performance will be watched with sympathetic interest by political equilibrists all over the country. The Platt organs have been expressing their sincere compassion for Mr. Odell, and their fear that such a mere tyro will speedily be put out of the game. It is possible that this is the interpretation to be put on the conciliation meeting at the White House, from which both emerged with smiling faces for the reporters.

Prof. John Spencer Bassett of Trinity College is said to have tendered his resignation because of the criticisms evoked by his recent article in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, of which he is editor, entitled "Stirring up the Fires of Race Antipathy." From the Northern point of view it was a fair and forcible appeal for justice for the negro. From the Southern standpoint it was revolutionary, not only because it leaned towards race equality (that is, equality of opportunity), but also because Professor Bassett declared that Booker T. Washington was the greatest man the South has produced in a hundred years, with the exception of Robert E. Lee. This opinion has aroused a perfect storm of indignation and resentment, particularly in the sanctums of such rabid anti-negro newspapers as the Raleigh *News and Observer*. Ministers have threatened to withhold their sup-

port from the college and parents to remove their sons. Hence Professor Bassett, doubtless out of consideration for the interests of Trinity College, has offered his resignation to the trustees. Two years ago, it will be remembered, the trustees of Emory College in Georgia turned away Mr. Andrew Sledd, their professor of English, for daring to express unconventional views (for a Southerner) upon the race problem, in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This action was universally condemned throughout the college world and by the best representatives of the American press. But Southern Bourbonism learns nothing and forgets nothing.

Some time ago we called attention to the Ohio statute that makes any county in which a lynching occurs liable for damages to the estate of the victim. It was thought by some that there would be few actions under this law, not only because lynchings in Ohio are rare, but also because the victims are generally outcasts. But the "heirs, administrators, and assigns" of one Charles W. Mitchell, who was lynched in Urbana in June, 1897, have just obtained a verdict of $5,000 against Champaign County, after a prolonged legal fight. Naturally, the taxpayers of the county are not all pleased by this judgment, and are paying for the misdeeds of the Urbana rioters with extremely wry faces. It is safe to say that they will look with very little leniency upon similar pleasures of the mob in the future. The *Illinois State Journal* thinks this Ohio idea a very good one, and hopes that it will widely spread. In view of the lynchings at Belleville and elsewhere in Illinois, that State ought to be one of the first to follow Ohio's lead. The *State Journal*, however, calls attention to the South's need of such legislation, with the flippant remark that "it would doubtless be opposed there on the ground that it would deprive the people of a source of innocent amusement."

Senator Hanna naturally had a sympathetic audience as he preached ship subsidy to the Marine Architects and Naval Engineers last Friday. His contribution to a well-worn theme was not strikingly original, but he dropped at least two hints of interest: first, the recent Ohio election was won largely on the ship-subsidy issue; second, any campaign of education for a subventioned auxiliary navy must "begin in the House." Senator Hanna went about during the campaign against Tom Johnson telling the farmers of Ohio that, should we be caught again in a war, without an auxiliary navy, their grain "would rot in their granaries." This was very literally talking rot to them. For the post-prandial hour, vague generalities about "the flag on every sea" and the "third line of defence" do very well. But if ever the campaign of education which Senator Hanna so ardently desires is to begin, it must be conducted on a basis of facts and figures. If the navy needs auxiliary ships and crews, let us have an estimate, not from a dealer in shipbuilding materials, but from a naval board. In that way we shall learn how many ships are wanted, and what it is worth to retain them. We may also hear some plain truth as to the relative value and expense of subsidized liners as compared with cruisers. Certainly, the recent revelations in consolidation of ocean lines and the financing of shipbuilding and iron-making plants are not calculated to win that measure of public enthusiasm which Senator Hanna predicts for a moribund project.

Senator Hanna continues to renounce his Presidential ambitions in the positive manner of the small boy who protested: "Mother told me I must not take a second piece of cake unless you urged me very hard." To an enthusiastic admirer in Fort Scott, Kan., Mr. Hanna writes that the result of the Ohio election is gratifying as a "personal vindication," but really it does not "justify the claims of my friends with reference to the suggestions of my nomination for the Presidency." He must therefore ask his friends not to place him in an "embarrassing position." The failure of these friends to consider his tender sensibilities is one of the marvels of recent politics. Only a fortnight or so ago, dispatches from Birmingham announced that quantities of Hanna boom "literature" were being received and distributed by the Lily White Republicans. Of course, Mr. Hanna declared that some Machiavellian enemy of his had been at work. We shudder to think of Mr. Hanna's wrath should a large number of Southern delegates come to the convention ready to do or die for him. He would be absolutely at the mercy of these devoted followers unless he could persuade President Roosevelt to toss them a few offices in order to still their clamor. Painful as such a step might be, Mr. Hanna has, we trust, the courage to face the emergency. In the meantime he might learn by heart the words which another man uttered when he was talked of for the Presidency. Gen. Sherman used no soft phrases about "embarrassment," but said flatly that he would not take the nomination if it were offered, and would not serve if he were elected.

The decline of 3,500,000 tons this year in the shipments of iron ore from the Lake Superior region will not create surprise. History has been made very fast in the iron and steel industry in the last month or two, and what was considered for practically the first three-quarters of 1903 as, on the whole, a desirable state of affairs, has suddenly taken on an opposite appearance. Down to a comparatively recent date the iron and steel brokers, and others to whom the public looks for authoritative views regarding the industry, represented conditions as in every way healthy. But when the Steel Trust dividend was cut early in October, and it was stated that the concern's orders were some 22 per cent. below those of a year previous, the fact could no longer be concealed that something more than a "moderate reaction" was in process. The real trend was known, of course, months before the public was let into the secret. Such facts as the great building strikes and the increasing difficulty of placing railroad loans were not lost on the iron and steel manufacturers. The fact that their deliveries on old contracts continued heavy, blinded the public pretty effectually, but not the trade. The point was not reached until recently, when the mills had so far caught up on their orders that, for want of new contracts, they were obliged to close down part of their plants. That is probably why even a larger decrease than 3,500,000 tons of ore has not been witnessed this year.

No very tangible results are likely to follow the exchange of cordialities between the Italian and the English Kings, but the bond between Italy and England is so real that it needs no expression in formal treaties. Italy is the only country in Europe where the English are not only tolerated, but liked. Their habit of villa residence has resulted in many friendships and intermarriages between the aristocracy of the two nations. Finally, England offered asylum to the refugees of the war of liberation, and gave counsel, encouragement, and the songs of her poets to that great uprising. An international understanding rarely has so solid a basis. Very naturally, then, the ceremonies and speeches, being matters of course, lack some of the enthusiasm and rhetoric that have characterized more flimsy demonstrations of international friendship. Looking to the future, the activity of King Victor Emmanuel in cultivating relations with France and England—and even his unlucky overtures to the Czar—show that Italy is gradually depending less on the Triple Alliance. So much may be gathered from an interview with the new Foreign Secretary. Commending, as in duty bound, the old alliance, he said that on the Balkan question Italy and England were in perfect accord. That means that Italy looks askance at the preponderancy of Russia and Austria in the Levant. But more important than such immediate possibilities is the public assertion of common interest between the two kingdoms. On occasion this sentiment could be converted into a treaty for joint action in the Mediterranean.

THE APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.

Colombia's appeal to the American people, issued on Saturday, is a document at once dignified and pathetic. It is the voice of a weak people asking considerate treatment by a nation of resistless power. Admitting that we have a giant's strength, Colombia implores us not to use it to her wrong and undoing. As if cherishing the belief that the events of the past few weeks have all been a hideous mistake, the rash and overbearing act of men for a little time in authority at Washington, the Colombians go straight to "the national conscience of the United States," in which there resides, as they fully recognize, a power more dread than army or navy, or the arrogance of temporary rulers.

Now, whatever success or failure may attend this appeal, it is a peculiarly awkward one for the Administration to deal with. Bluster or threats it could have smiled at—would have welcomed eagerly: virtuous indignation is easily aroused against those whom we have wronged. A war to prevent Colombia from recovering property which we had filched from her, might even have been popular. But for a moral and Christian Government to be approached with reasonings about right and justice; for an Administration which has loftily lectured Russia on the necessity of keeping faith, and has stood aghast at England's oppression of the weak, to have its own doctrines turned upon it with a *de te fabula*—that is the particularly hard thing for a churchgoing President to have to face. What shall it profit him to gain a canal and lose his self-respect?

Mr. Roosevelt ought not to be the man to be deluded or satisfied by the applause of the unthinking. Any President striking an heroic pose in the presence of a foreign nation can evoke the shouts of the vulgar. Mr. Cleveland did it in 1895. From being the best hated and most isolated President in Washington, he passed in an hour to floods of praise and congratulation—all because he had appealed to the baser instincts of the people. So to-day President Roosevelt is winning the approval of every dear old lady who says that we "ought to have taken the canal long ago"; of every muddle-headed man who argues, "Well, you see, under the Monroe Doctrine, we can't let those revolutions go on," or who reasons, "Under the treaty, you know, we just had to recognize Panama the moment she said she was independent." And, of course, every American who believes in bullying, or loves a row, or thinks that his country is never great unless cheating somebody, or has the mere "loveless lust of territory," is hurrahing for a President who was "too quick on the trigger for the d—d Dagoes." But what can all this mean to an educated man in the White House, who knows the difference between the groundlings of the purchased press and the judicious of—let us say—his own Harvard?

Some good people, still believing in the sanctions of the moral law, and mindful of what the prophets and poets have said of the sure punishment of national injustice, are looking about as for some supernatural intervention to prevent the completion of our outrage of a weak and friendly nation. They even say that a just God cannot permit the fruition of such a wrong. But history laughs—or weeps—that down. Not directly or immediately is the penalty for national aggression visited upon the aggressor. It comes in subtle ways, delayed often, but none the less sure. In our own case, it is probable, one form of punishment will be a deterioration in the Presidency. This may not come in Roosevelt's day. But his example will live and work mischief after him. Some weak and little scrupulous man, carried into the White House by political accident, may hereafter find himself in great difficulties at home, and, thinking of Roosevelt's success in firing the crowd by reckless conduct in foreign relations, may seek to imitate him, and plunge the nation into untold miseries. This is an aspect of the Presidential office often overlooked. Each President is bound to strive to maintain its traditions. Its reputation for deliberate and lawful action; its constant eye to the country's dignity, and not the passion of the hour; its willingness to err, if at all, on the side of justice rather than on that of oppression—all this is as an accumulated treasure which every President is under obligation to guard and swell. But Mr. Roosevelt, in the Panama proceeding, has done his best to squander it.

Whatever may be done with Colombia's moral arguments, two points in her legal statement demand the immediate attention of the Administration and of Congress. One is that she stands ready to "concede through pacific and equitable ways" all that the United States is attempting to obtain by force. That is to say, all the shrill outcry about the "robber politicians" of Colombia, and the rejected canal treaty being an end of friendship, falls to the ground. Colombia will give us a satisfactory treaty if we ask for it in the usual way. Furthermore, says the Colombian Foreign Minister, the first threats came from our side. Colombia, he states, was notified by the United States that, if the treaty were not ratified without change, we should "take painful measures." Where is that dispatch of Secretary Hay's? Who authorized him to assume such a minatory attitude? Why was not this critical dispatch sent to Congress, in answer to its request for the correspondence? These questions require instant answer by the State Department. Failing it, Congress should again make itself heard in a matter so nearly affecting the national honor.

THE ISTHMUS HOLDING COMPANY, LIMITED.

In seeking an apology for the recent Isthmian negotiations, we have found it in their striking similarity to certain established methods of finance. It has come to be axiomatic, for example, that when several warring companies cannot control each its own affairs, they may collectively be controlled and recognized by simply putting them all in the hands of a holding company. The operations of such holding company, naturally, must be underwritten by some responsible party. But, curiously enough, these holding companies have only a qualified existence. It has been questioned even whether they are entities in a strict legal sense. No one denies, however, that they exist so far as holding the disputed interests is concerned and for all purposes of voting the stock—a service usually rendered by self-appointed "voting directors."

The greatest of all these holding companies is beyond question the new Republic of Panama. Recall the circumstances of its organization. The conflicting interests were the national rights of Colombia, the French Panama franchise, the claims of the United States, and the unfinished canal itself—all hopelessly disjoined. The need of a holding company for these unmanageable concerns was urgent, and the Republic of Panama emerged. Holding the canal already, it assumed the rights of Colombia, and asked France and the United States to surrender their stock in exchange for certificates of benevolent intentions. To whom redounds the credit for transferring this familiar financial device to the sphere of world politics it would be premature to say. Clearly, Colombia had nothing to do with it; the scheme transcends the intelligence of the Panama consulate. Let history distribute the glory between the French Panama Company and our own State Department.

Whoever did it was quite as much an inventor as an adapter, for the Panama Holding Company differed from the financial sort in being absolutely self-constituted. There was no tedious demand for the deposit of stock or other authorization—or, if such there were, the thing was done covertly and without delay. A consolidation that requires neither persuasion nor the consent of the consolidated may well make Mr. Morgan look to his laurels. A further advantage lay in the Panama consolidation: whereas financial holding companies are made big and powerful so that they may be beyond the possibility of dangerous attack, the Panama Trust was made so small that its underwriter could hold it in the hollow of his hand.

If the French Company may have seemed to deserve credit so far, there is no slightest doubt that any further thanks are due to the swift executive ac-

tion of President Roosevelt. That transfer of a great steel plant to a bankrupt shipbuilding concern which was consummated between cocktails was not underwritten with greater celerity and certainty. The historic moment at which the infant republic found itself irrevocably underwritten by the United States may be pictured to the imagination as follows:

President Roosevelt, having happily learned in some mysterious way that the promoters of the holding company were lurking in the back alleys of Panama, telegraphs to Consul Ehrmann:

"Is there by any chance a holding company with you? If so, tell them they are underwritten by us."

From Consul Ehrmann ticks back the response:

"Not yet. You have forgotten the difference of time. The holding company will organize in two hours. Will underwrite it."

For two hours the instrument was silent, and then the dispatch flew from Panama: "There now happens to be a holding company"; and from Washington the emphatic reply: "Underwrite it immediately." So a new chapter of history opened.

At this point the fine Italian hand of Secretary Hay intervenes, applying the principle of limited responsibility to the newest planet to appear in the international heavens. Holding companies have hitherto voted through their trustees. That complicates matters even for the banking houses which have chosen the trustees. How much more available, thought Secretary Hay, a company which should merely hold, while we, the underwriters, do the voting! That principle—"vote first, then discuss"—was established, it will be recalled, at the stockholders' meeting of a local traction company. The astute combination of the two principles in a case in statecraft is Mr. Hay's most original contribution to international polity. Malicious critics may be inclined to cite the case of the dummy directors of the Shipbuilding Trust, but the analogy is superficial. The dummy directors held nothing whatever, but they did vote. The Isthmus Holding Company, Limited, has actually held the canal for a matter of a fortnight, but it will not be allowed to vote at all; unless, indeed, Minister Varilla's compliance in the presence of Secretary Hay's stern eye and a new pen may be interpreted as the casting of a single ballot in behalf of the Panama Republic.

We present this remarkable instance of the combination of all the approved Wall Street methods not by way of defence. The affair needs none. From passers of the "flimsy" to Trust organizers there is only one voice. "It is the slickest yet," is the universal comment. But we do wish to impress upon those who have organized previous holding companies a sense of their paltering and half-hearted methods. When Wall Street sees a holding company that does not require the assent of those whose property it takes in charge, and that cannot vote, then indeed it may proclaim the promised time when musty old precedents shall have been relegated to the junk heap. It will pay the Trusts to study President Roosevelt's recent flotation. When they kiss the hand that smote them, they will be recognizing not only their master, but their most resourceful exemplar.

FROM GROTIUS TO GROSVENOR.

Who can maintain that Grotius contributed more to the science of international law than our own Professor Grosvenor? The great Dutchman had an enormous command of facts, and certain dregs of conscience; but he represents an exploded theory. He made the mistake of confounding law and justice. He lived long before the days of that American community which, after profound meditation on the proper inscription to be placed over the portal of a new court house, decided on *lex* instead of *justitia*. Moreover, Grotius, with all his vast learning, was weak linguistically. It is fine to write elegant Latin, but far better to use the vernacular with subtlety. That is where our Amherst professor stands head and shoulders above Grotius. He knows how to fit the euphemistic word to the ugly act. Nearly three centuries have elapsed since Grotius wrote 'De Jure Belli et Pacis,' but Professor Grosvenor is quite right in saying, on his own principles, that "international law is still in its infancy."

The capstone will be put on the science of international law when means have been discovered for a "court of last resort." Then the ideal of the great statesmen—"the comity of nations"—will be attained. Heretofore, that end has seemed, like the Golden Rule, a dream. It has been in the domain of international politics what "competition" was in the economic field until our captains of industry and our barons of finance took the matter in hand. This is a revolutionary age, and nothing so much attests the greatness of Professor Grosvenor as the fact that he has kept abreast of it. Amherst surpasses Leyden at one definition—"the right of eminent domain among States." There you have the easy solution of the greatest problem that has vexed the minds of publicists since Aristotle. The "court of last resort" has finally become a possibility.

It took a powerful mind to think out the doctrine that competition could be eliminated by "capitalizing the future." But it was an even higher wisdom which discerned that the true "comity of nations" can be attained if every nation will constitute itself a court of last resort. To be sure, in the first instance the discovery really meant overcapitalization, just as in the second it truly means the arbitrament of arms. But that is where the euphemism comes in. In the case of our capitalizing the future, it made possible and dignified the distribution of some hundreds of millions of worthless securities among innocent and deluded investors. In the case of "the right of eminent domain among States," it makes the worse appear the better part in a flagrant and vulgar act of international bullying. Of course, it is not to be expected that the new law of "eminent domain" among States should be perfectly applied at the start. It takes time to reduce great discoveries to practice. But all that will come. The great thing is to maintain the unities. There should be no announcement of revolutions two hours before they actually occur; but a mere inadvertence of that sort cannot vitiate a great law. As well might you belittle the science of gunnery because your young artilleryman fails to make sufficient allowance for "windage," as to cast ridicule on "eminent domain" because our State Department forgot there is such a thing as longitude.

The virtue of a principle lies in its application; and it is safe to say that no principle admits of wider and more successful application than this new one. The universality of Gresham's law is bound to seem a very limited affair beside the universality of Grosvenor's law. Every foreign office will welcome its discovery, because of its labor-saving quality. From Xerxes's invasion of Greece to Roberts's invasion of the Transvaal, the rulers of mankind have racked their brains to frame pretexts for aggression. No more will this be necessary. Henceforth they will only have to plead "the right of eminent domain." What would not Louis XIV. have given for that term when he was striving to determine "the natural frontier" of France? Even Dr. Jameson could be rehabilitated if it could be proved beyond peradventure that he was consciously invading the Transvaal in behalf of the right of eminent domain.

And only think of the future when "Destiny" and "Eminent Domain" shall go hand in hand. One need not attend a school of the prophets to foresee what will happen. Some day the "interests of mankind" will demand the absorption of Holland by Germany. Can Holland object, any more than a man whose land has been condemned in the interest of a railroad corporation? What a tremendous use Russia can make of Professor Grosvenor's law! She is more in the clutch of "Destiny" than any nation on earth. Not only does she kill off her Jewish subjects in accordance with this great law, but she comes pretty near to treading on our own toes in Mantchuria. Think, too, what rights under "eminent domain" she is entitled to

in China proper. Shall that country of wonderful natural resources be allowed to withhold them much longer from the use of suffering mankind? Not if Amherst College can prevent it. Professor Grosvenor has provided the true salve for the lacerated feelings of Finn and Macedonian. But why multiply instances? There are gods many and lords many, but we have added one more to our Pantheon—the god Nomenclature. Great is Nomenclature, and Grosvenor is its prophet.

CHATTER ABOUT FOREIGN TRADE.

Secretary Shaw was as delightful as ever in his speech about foreign trade, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last week. No man excels him in taking for granted premises which are in dispute, and reasoning from them with brilliant inconsequence. It was said of Burke that he discussed national finance and trade with the zeal of a man talking all the while about his private affairs. Mr. Shaw brings to the men actually engaged in the great commerce advice as of a small banker in Iowa, announcing his firm belief that there is such a thing as foreign trade (since he has just discovered it), and asserting that we ought to have all there is going, but displaying no real conception of what exchange of goods with other nations really is, or how it is brought about. It was as if to characterize such talk as the Secretary's, leading nowhere, that Mr. J. J. Hill said on the same day, with expert authority: "We are not in the ocean trade, and we won't [shan't] be in that trade until we get people who realize what it means."

One good instance of Mr. Shaw's *insouciant* mixing up of things was his Jingo declaration that the Government was not going to "waste time in carrying out this canal project," coupled immediately with his statement: "We must have the trade with the countries to the south of us." Now, what has been the first and inevitable trade effect of our high-handed course on the Isthmus? Undoubtedly, to give us a considerable setback. Only week before last an ardent patriot was discoursing to a business man on the glorious Yankee smartness with which the Government had got the better of Colombia. "Well," said the other ruefully, "all I know is that it has killed my business." He was in the Colombian trade, and all orders had, of course, been cancelled. Nor is this by itself any joke to a country imperatively requiring, as Secretary Shaw says, an "outlet for our trade." Colombia has been, for example, our best customer in all South America in the matter of cotton manufactures. For the nine months ending in September, she took of us 15,376,677 yards—twice as much as Brazil, seven times as much, we may add, as the Philippines. It is, surely, a fine stroke of business to cut off a market like that, with the cotton manufacture depressed as it is to-day!

One might not think, from the all too fresh mind which Secretary Shaw brings to the problem of South American trade, that a great body of official and economic evidence on that subject had been laboriously gathered. Our consuls have for many years been dinning into the ears of the exporters of the United States the homely truths to which heed must be given if trade is to be won in South America. They have shown how, first of all, England and France and Germany held the advantage of position. First to cultivate the field, their representatives on excellent terms personally and socially with the South Americans, to whom the agents of the United States have been notoriously antipathetic; carefully studying the needs of the market and studiously catering to them—in other words, applying intelligence and persistency to the business—these countries had far outstripped the United States. Our protection policy not only had made us home-keeping, but had given us homely wits. The Consular Reports have been filled with the ineptitude, the stupidity, the casual and easily relaxed efforts of our exporters to get a foothold in South America. They had talked heroically and resolved enthusiastically about South American trade, but had gone about getting it in a dunderhead fashion. Naturally they had got but a little.

It is a fact, however—though one of the facts which does not swim into the ken of Secretary Shaw—that we have been steadily improving our position in recent years. Our merchants have been more enterprising. Our shippers have been more alert. Great manufacturing concerns have been more intelligently and continuously cultivating the South American market. The result has been a gain which, while not startling, is satisfactory, and shows what might be done by extension of the same methods. Thus, our exports to all South America, which in 1893 were $32,000,000, had increased by 1902 to $38,000,000. During the same period, imports from those countries to the United States had grown from $102,000,000 to $119,000,000. But this trade of over $150,000,000 a year does not seem to Secretary Shaw to be "respectable." What he really wants is the whole South American trade. He would not let Europe have a penny of it. "All for us," is his motto; and as long as ordinary business methods do not give us more than our present "paltry" share, he cries aloud for subsidies and more fighting vessels and more quarrels and interferences. But while he is thus talking about trade, business men have been quietly getting it.

Needless to say, Secretary Shaw's dreams are all of exports. Imports are, to so stout a "stand-patter" as he, very like the unclean thing. Yet if he would but lift up his eyes and look at the actual phenomena of foreign trade as it is carried on by the nations that make a serious business of it, he would see that give and take is its one great rule. In the case of Cuba, we are slowly recognizing this elementary truth. If we will not buy of her, she will not buy of us. But Argentina has been for years knocking at our doors for a similar reciprocity treaty. It was negotiated, in fact, and urged upon the Senate by President McKinley, only to go to the tomb of the Capulets. Until we are ready to do the obvious thing of making laws to remove the artificial fetters upon our South American trade, let us hear no more about subsidies and battleships to make the South Americans trade with us willy-nilly. Mr. Shaw would, of course, call all this mere "theory." But, the facts being what they are, we may say of that epithet, as Bentham said of the word "speculative" as applied to him, that it is a term "in use among official persons for the condemnation of whatsoever proposition is too adverse to private interests not to be hated, and at the same time too manifestly true to be denied."

EDITIONS DE LUXE.

A curious side current of the recent speculative debauch leads into the usually placid field of book publishing. Widely puffed *éditions de luxe* of no intrinsic merit have, by some gratifying law of compensation, been foisted on the gentlemen who were assiduously creating factitious stock-market values. At a recent sale in Philadelphia many thousands of dollars' worth of these books were knocked down at about 15 cents on the dollar—an instructive parallel to certain phenomena of forced liquidation in Wall Street. A Scott and a Dumas, for example, that had cost $100 a volume, sold for $10. The decline in prices was out of all proportion to the present, or the possible, fall in what one may call intrinsic book values. The wonder in both cases is not that certain classes of books and stocks are now so cheap, but that they were ever so high, for in both cases the prices were the product at best of manipulation, at worst of fraudulent representations.

And here comes in a curious principle of inversion. Stocks were unloaded readily because there were so many of them; *éditions de luxe* were floated because there were so few examples of each. Apparent rarity was the lure. It was tried in all the forms: say, five hundred of the regular edition, beside fifty on "large paper" and ten on Japanese vellum. Duplicate illustrations and the insertion of "hand-painted" water colors still further diversified the bait and confused the mind of the unwary purchaser. In most cases these

limited sets were of the slightest intrinsic merit—their contents a mere reprint of some standard work; manufacture showy rather than good, illustrations expensive rather than artistic, editorial features either absent or perfunctory. The appeal was frankly to those whose principle in assembling a library or a collection is "hang the expense." An edition of Dickens at $125,000 the set is the highwater mark of the movement. The challenge to virtually illiterate wealth could hardly be more flagrant.

The success with which many of these issues met was due to the snobbery of the expensive. The buyers actually thought they were getting the best simply because they paid three or four times the price of the standard editions. The delusion lay in the fond belief that any inherently worthless thing acquires value when found in only a few examples. Most of the pretentious reprints were not worth even the cost of manufacture, for editions superior in every way were on the market already. Thus the ready sale of the most expensive edition was a bit of jobbery between publishers and booksellers, on the strength of the buyer's ignorance or extravagance. It was bringing into the book trade the criterion of the newest and dearest thing. Most of these "sumptuous" editions were simply "gent's furnishings" for a library.

As always, there are exceptions to this rule. When a book is to be a masterpiece of the printer's art, there are good reasons for issuing it in a limited number; only a few hundred perfect impressions can be made from type, while the market for a fine piece of printing is necessarily restricted to a small class of connoisseurs. Nobody will quarrel with the Boston publishers who are offering a superb folio Montaigne in this fashion; nor yet with the New York house which gives to a new and original edition of Shakspere a distinctive typographical form, and limits the issue. But in such cases the value lies in every copy, and not in the extraneous fact that the editions are small. For beautiful printing one pays properly, whether it be Jenson's or William Morris's or Mr. De Vinne's, or Mr. Updike's. And the laborious editor, too, is worthy of his hire.

So far we have assumed that the application of the *de luxe* idea is conducted in good faith, that the purchaser at least gets the money's worth he has bargained for. A little inspection of the "cut-rate" book stores will prove that nothing is farther from the fact. Frequently the whole enterprise is fraudulent. The same plates often serve for a dozen "strictly limited issues," each one solemnly offering its small paper, large paper, Japanese vellum, etc. By changing the title-page, thus evading the law, and cheapening the illustrations, your five-dollar-a-volume treasure will turn up as a 37 cents a volume bargain—but still *de luxe*, and "strictly limited to one thousand copies." Furthermore, the levant morocco advertised in such cases will hardly bear inspection, while the audacity of a publisher who promises special binding by a famous French binder, dead a half century, needs no comment.

Bibliophiles and readers certainly have no reason to regret the depression in this industry. The victims of that peculiar form of inflation usually belonged to neither class. Bibliophiles know how to weigh the respective merits of, say, the Scott that his publishers put forth in the miniature form that the author loved, and with the Turner vignettes he admired; and the latest Waverly novels with special illustrations and an extra water-color. In short, unless a book has intrinsic value in printing or illustration, or sentimental value through some personal association, the bibliophile will none of it. Since the peculiar form of vanity to which these flimsy rarities appeal seem ineradicable, we propose that all whom it concerns should form a De Luxe Protective Association, Limited. Such a body could at least hold speculative publishers to their contracts, and could ensure that extra water-colors and the like were really "hand-painted."

PALERMO.

PALERMO, October, 1903.

Palermo is one of the most ancient cities in Europe, and has always been a place of political importance. It was a colony from Phœnicia, older than any of the Greek cities of Sicily, and may have been planted as far back as the days of Hiram, the Tyrian ally of King Solomon, long before the date to which tradition assigns the founding of Rome. Nor can any one who sees it wonder at its fortunes. It stands in the curve of a magnificent semicircular bay, guarded at both ends by bold and lofty mountains, with a plain behind it of unsurpassed fertility, enclosed by a ring of mountains whence streams available for irrigation descend. This plain—commonly called the Golden Shell—with the deep green of its orange and lemon groves, with vines and gray olives on the lower slopes of the hills behind, the white mass of the city in the centre, and the brilliant blue of the bay framed by the majestic capes which enclose it on either side, makes a landscape such as few great cities can show. Constantinople, Carthage, Lisbon, San Francisco, Mexico, Naples itself, are none of them set in a more beautiful nature. Needless to say that it was not natural beauty that led the early Phœnicians to fix themselves here. What attracted them was a small, well-sheltered harbor, branching into two arms, where their little vessels could ride in safety. Round its shores, and especially on the tongue between the arms, they built their houses and strengthened the settlement by walls, all traces of which have long since vanished. Of the ancient harbor only one arm now remains, the inlet which the people call the Cala or Old Port, now used by fishing-boats and small coasting-craft, while the steamers and large vessels line under the new mole nearly a mile away. Successive buildings and successive destructions during twenty-five centuries or more have changed the line of the shore; the upper end of the old haven has been filled up, and a Spanish fort occupies part of what was the north-western arm. But the importance of the harbor and the fertility of the plain behind had, long before vessels grew so much bigger that the old haven was useless for them, fully established Palermo as the capital of the island, superior not only to decayed Syracuse, but also to Messina and Catania, cities of great consequence in the Middle Ages, and both of them now again prosperous as busy centres of commerce.

Originally a practically autonomous colony of Sidon or Tyre, perhaps as old as Carthage herself, Palermo presently became dependent on Carthage, and was held by her great African sister until the Romans captured her in the course of the First Punic War. She was never Greek, though Pyrrhus once seized her, and though her name—Panormos, the All-Haven—is Greek, and perhaps translates the lost Phœnician name. She was a great town and a great stronghold under the Romans, and afterwards under the Arabian emirs of the ninth and tenth centuries. But her architectural interest begins with the Norman kings of Sicily, who loved to dwell here, and who transmitted their attachment to their descendant, the Emperor Frederick the Second (of the great Hohenstaufen line). That wonderful ruler spent here, in a palace whose scanty remains lie about two miles to the southeast of the city, most of the time he could spare from progresses through Italy and Germany, and directed from hence his unending contest with the Papacy. When the crown of Sicily had been grasped by Charles of Anjou, it was here that the insurrection of the Sicilian Vespers shook off French domination, and it was here that the Aragonese kings and long afterwards the viceroys of the kings of Spain held their court.

In large and flourishing cities, continuously inhabited through a long succession of centuries, the architectural records of earlier ages usually become obliterated by the reconstructions of later times. So it has been in Palermo. There are no traces of Carthaginian work, and very few of Roman work. Even from the Arab period only two or three buildings, one of them a mosque turned into a (now deserted) church, and none of them of artistic importance, still survive. The architectural history of the city practically begins with the days of the Norman kings, from which several noble churches remain. One of these, the Cathedral, in which Frederick the Second, his wife Constantia, and his father the Emperor Henry the Sixth, are buried, has been so wofully modernized within that one can form little idea of its original aspect; but the exterior, though deformed by an eighteenth-century cupola, is extremely rich and picturesque. The other three are specially remarkable for their mosaics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, apparently executed by artists brought from Constantinople, for they have a thoroughly Byzantine character, and the inscriptions on them are mostly in Greek. Those in the exquisite little chapel of the Norman palace-castle, the most beautiful

palace-chapel in the world, and those of the vast and splendid cathedral of Monreale, on a hill four miles from the city, are (together with the contemporaneous mosaics of Cefalù, forty miles to the eastward on the north coast of the island) the finest examples of mosaic work to be found anywhere. They are superior in grace and finish even to the mosaics of Ravenna and to those that have survived the hands of modern restorers in the ancient churches of Rome and St. Mark's at Venice. Many are nobly conceived; some show a kind of vigorous realism which one scarcely expects in Byzantine art. It need hardly be said that it is only in Sicily, and in a very few cities of Italy (chiefly in those which I have named), and, of course, also in Constantinople and in Salonika, that specimens may be studied of this art, practically the only form of pictorial art which remains to us from the centuries that lie between the destruction of Pompeii and the days of Çimabue and Giotto.

In these Palermitan churches, and in others belonging to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, one discovers a very curious and unique blending of Byzantino-Romanesque and Gothic with Arabian elements. The result is an Arabo-Gothic style which, though something like it may be found in Southern Spain and Portugal, is really a style peculiar to Sicily, and marked by a charm of its own. The pointed arches have that kind of form which we associate with Moorish work, such as one finds it in the courts of the Alhambra. The Arab pendentive decoration often occurs. The columns of granite or marble have Norman strength; the capitals are exquisitely carved. Sicily is, in fact, a meeting-point of Oriental, Italian, and Northern influences; and out of these varied elements there has grown what one cannot call a Sicilian style, because it is not an expression of native Sicilian genius, but is really a sort of resultant of various foreign forces and methods, meeting in this point of contact, which was only a point of contact, and not an independent centre of creation. As the interest of early Sicilian history lies in the strife of Phœnician, Hellenic, and Roman elements, so the interest of the mediæval architecture of the island lies in the blending of Christian and Mussulman styles and influences. Though there are no buildings of conspicuous merit later than the thirteenth century, such pieces of work belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as the stupid passion for restoration has allowed to survive, show a touch of Arab character in the form of the arch of door and window. No great church, no great palace, remains from these centuries, but there are in many churches little bits, fine in their design, sometimes, also, of delicate execution. Neither are the palaces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to be despised. Some which may be seen in the old parts of the city, now abandoned to the poor, are dignified in proportions and rich in ornament. Spanish influence is sometimes discernible; but when one remembers how long the connection with Spain lasted, one is surprised that this influence was not stronger, especially as there was no vigorous national feeling to resist it. For Sicily has always been receptive. Neither in architecture nor in painting nor in sculpture—nor, indeed, since ancient Greek days, in literature—has her people shown any marked originality.

In its external aspect, Palermo is among the most picturesque of South European cities. It has not, of course, the charm of Venice or Florence. None of its buildings, except the cathedral at Monreale, is comparable to several which those cities can show. Even Siena or Perugia has preserved more mediæval dignity and variety. The new or northern half of the town is handsome enough, because the straight streets are well built and some have trees planted along them, but it is entirely flat and tame. The lower part, which lies along the sea, is very dirty, and not very old or peculiar in its type. But the southern half of the town, great part of which belongs to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, while many houses must be of a date still more remote, is full of variety and beauty. The streets are mostly narrow and often winding, seldom crossing one another at a right angle. But where there is a long straight street—and a few such have been cut during the last two or three hundred years—its end is closed either by the gray crags of a mountain or by the sparkling blue of the sea, and the joy of this lucent nature without is brought into the town. There are few big squares, but a great many little piazzas or irregular open spaces (*largo*). Trees stand here and there in the streets; oranges rise above the garden walls; projecting houses break the line of the narrow street; there is endless diversity of form and color. Water is not plentiful, but the streets are kept fairly clean, and there is a movement of people and vehicles, not a few well-appointed private carriages, which gives animation, and makes the place feel itself after all a capital—quite as much a local capital as any Italian city other than Rome.

So one may say of Palermo that it is bright, interesting, cheerful, a place where even the extreme poverty of the meaner quarters and the profusion of deserted and dismally blank churches and convents (a phenomenon even more noticeable in the smaller cities of Sicily) do not depress the visitor. It has not, however, that strong individuality which a city derives from the association either of its natural features or of its buildings with great events and dramatic scenes, or from the expression of the historical life of the people through a striking and distinctive architecture. Augsburg and Nürnberg, Edinburgh and Stockholm, Prague and Moscow, not to speak of the cities of middle and northern Italy, have in a sense more character than Palermo has, though they are less beautiful. Palermo, as a community of men, has no history which could express itself through its buildings. Its annals are, with the sole exception of the popular rising of the Sicilian Vespers, a record of captures by successive foreign Powers. Even in the uprising of Italy against the tyrants of sixty years ago, Messina has a more striking record. What gives to Palermo its unfailing and enduring charm is the exquisite beauty of its situation, coupled with the countless memories wherewith the neighborhood is rich. On the hill of Herkte (now Monte San Pellegrino) Hamilcar fixed himself in his long effort to drive the Roman garrison out of Palermo. On that mountain top the Arabs defended themselves, in a fort whose ruins still remain, against the attacks of the Normans; and, on the slope of Monreale beneath, William the Good watched his Byzantine artists labor at the decoration of his majestic church. In yonder grove stood the palace where Frederick the Second planned his laws, and whence he issued those denunciations of the Popes which led to the extinction of his race. Outside that gate, at the tolling of a bell from that gray tower, began the slaughter of the Vespers.

MADAME D'HOUDETOT.

PARIS, November 4, 1903.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau has made the name of Madame d'Houdetot immortal. We know everything about her at the time of her youth and before the Revolution, but little of her latter days. She retired during the troubled times of the Revolution to her country house at Sannois. Many of her friends became victims of the Terror; she no longer maintained her once famous salon, where she entertained so many illustrious men. She was, at the time of the Consulate, more than seventy years old, and her faithful friend, the Marquis de Saint-Lambert, author of the 'Saisons' (a poem which had its day of celebrity and would now be well forgotten but for its illustrations, which are valued by collectors of eighteenth-century engravings), was more than eighty years old.

So much interest is felt in Madame d'Houdetot that M. Gilbert Stenger has taken the pains to reconstruct the incidents of her old age. She still had friends who gave her all the news of the capital. Politics were seldom discussed at Sannois, as was but natural after the terrible events which made many political incidents appear insignificant. "Her old age could not," says M. Stenger, "conform to the habits of the new century, where people were all anxious for glory and wealth, where time was wanting for the reposefulness of a dreamy life without an object. Her years separated her from the noisy men who were the companions of Bonaparte." She remained, however, an object of interest to many who knew that she had inspired Rousseau with the greatest passion of his life; and Rousseau was still a sort of demigod for the generations at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

We have a description of her at the time by M. de Norvins, the historian. He was a very young man when he met her at Madame de la Briche's; and, as La Fontaine says, "Cet âge est sans pitié." Norvins relates:

"She was born plain, of a repulsive plainness, with a cast in her eyes. She was so deformed that the autumn of old age seemed in her almost decrepitude. She saw nothing. The sound of her voice was harsh and tremulous. Her waist, more than indefinable, was surmounted by thin shoulders. Her hair was quite gray. Madame d'Houdetot was a real ruin which sustained another ruin [Saint-Lambert]."

Norvins, after this cruel portrait, adds, however, that you soon forgot her incomparable ugliness, for her mind, her feelings, her sociability, had lost nothing of the activity, the power, the charm, which had so justly distinguished her. Nothing was more unforeseen, more delicate, more piquant than her conversation.

Madame de Rémusat, who left such valuable Memoirs, tells us that her mother, Madame de Vergennes, often took her to visit Madame d'Houdetot.

"It is impossible," she says, "to carry further than did Madame d'Houdetot, I will not say goodness, but kindness. Goodness requires a certain discernment of evil; it sees and forgives it. Madame d'Houdetot never observed it in anybody. We saw her actually suffer when the smallest blame was expressed before her, and on such occasions she imposed silence in a manner which was not disobliging, but which simply manifested the pain that she felt."

Chateaubriand met Madame d'Houdetot several times. Without being as bitter as Monsieur de Norvins, he speaks with disapprobation of the liaisons so common in the eighteenth century, and of which Madame d'Houdetot was a living example, as she had under her roof at the same time her husband and Saint-Lambert. He speaks severely (more severely than he had a right to do himself) of liaisons which persist, he says, only "par respect humain," and he doubts not that the wife, the husband, and the lover end by hating each other cordially, "with all the bad humor of age."

Wherever she went, Madame d'Houdetot was always for many years accompanied by Saint-Lambert. She wrote little verses on "Old Age," in which her feelings are plainly described:

"Oh! le bon temps que la vieillesse!
Ce qui fut plaisir est tristesse,
Ce qui fut rond devient pointu;
L'esprit même est cogne-fétu.
On entend mal, on n'y voit guère;
On a cent moyens de déplaire.
Ce qui charma, nous semble laid;
On voit le monde tel qu'il est.
Qui vous cherchait vous abandonne;
On se plaint d'avoir trop vécu.
Le bon sens, la froide vertu
Chez vous n'attirent plus personne,
Mais, dans ma retraite profonde,
Qu'un seul ami me reste au monde,
Je croirai n'avoir rien perdu."

The two last verses are really pretty, and well explain the sort of charm which people felt in the society of a person who had such a notion of friendship. In the amusing memoirs which Marmontel wrote for his children, he says:

"You have heard your mother and her family speak a thousand times of the pleasure we found in the society of M. de Saint-Lambert and of his friend the Countess d'Houdetot, and the charm there was in a society where wit, taste, love of letters, all the most essential and desirable qualities of the heart, drew us, attached us to the sage of Eaubonne [Saint-Lambert] or to the agreeable retreat of the Sévigné of Sannois [the Countess d'Houdetot]. Never did two minds and two souls form a more perfect concert of feeling and thought; and they essentially resembled each other in their amiable way of receiving their friends; their politeness was at the same time free, easy, and attentive—the politeness that comes from the heart and is truly felt only by the heart."

It might have been said of Saint-Lambert at the time we speak of, "Quantum mutatus ab illo!" Who would have recognized in him the brilliant cavalier who arrived in Paris with the reputation of a Don Juan, under the patronage of the Beauveau and the Boufflers, the happy rival of Voltaire, the friend of Madame du Châtelet? He took a house at Eaubonne, a very short distance from Sannois, and often entertained his friends there. His talent as a poet was very ordinary; it was suited to the frivolous taste of the end of the eighteenth century. Gilbert, a more serious poet, wrote of him:

"Saint-Lambert, noble auteur, dont la muse pédante
Fait des vers fort vantés par Voltaire qu'il vante,
Qui, du nom de poëmes, ornant de plats sermons
En quatre points mortels, a rimé les Saisons."

Madame du Deffand wrote to her friend Walpole: "This Saint-Lambert is a cold, stale, and false wit. He thinks himself overflowing with ideas, but is sterility itself; and, *'sans les roseaux, les ruisseaux, les ormeaux, et les rameaux,'* he would have very little to say."

What shall we say of the Count d'Houdetot? He lived for many years with a mistress, but at the worst moment of the Terror he found an asylum near his wife, at Sannois. The Count soon became the second *garde-malade* of Saint-Lambert, to whom he became much attached. He realized the type which has been personified in an amusing little vaudeville of our times as "le plus heureux des trois." The old Count was, after so many years of separation, very attentive to his wife, and he once said: "Madame d'Houdetot and myself had both of us the vocation of fidelity; only there was a misunderstanding between us."

M. Gilbert Stenger shows us, after the salon of Madame d'Houdetot, that of Madame de la Briche, her sister-in-law, and that of Madame d'Épinay, the friend of the Philosophers, who received Jean-Jacques Rousseau into her house. The society of these three ladies was the same. Madame de la Briche had among her friends D'Holbach, Helvétius, Grimm, Diderot; after the Revolution she received the representatives of the old families which had been dispersed by the emigration—Molé (who was to become her son-in-law), Pastoret, Vintimille, Pasquier, Chateaubriand, Norvins.

The Marquis de Saint-Lambert died in 1803; the Count d'Houdetot in 1806. After their death, the Countess, old as she was, had a romantic passion for M. de Sommarive, who had been vice-president of the Subalpine Republic. He was only forty years old, and might have been her son; her feelings towards him were purely maternal, but it pleased her to call it love. Every night, before going to bed, she used to bid him "Good night, M. de Saint-Lambert." She died holding his hand in hers. Chateaubriand, a few years after her death, made a visit to Sannois, and wrote in his memoirs:

"I lately saw again the house where lived Madame d'Houdetot. It is now a mere shell, reduced to the four walls. An abandoned hearth is always interesting; but what is there to say of a hearth before which sat neither beauty nor the mother of a family, nor religion, and whose embers, if they were not dispersed, would recall to our mind only days which knew nothing but to destroy?"

Such was the severe judgment, not unjust in reality, passed by the first inspirer of the romantic movement on the society of the eighteenth century, which, with all its charm, had the defect of a great frivolity that paved the way for the great Revolution.

Correspondence.

TITIAN'S SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There seem to be several difficulties in accepting Signore Palmarini's apparently interesting interpretation of this picture, as reported by your correspondent of October 15:

I. If these figures are one, not two, women, why is one a head taller and a third larger than the other; and why has one yellow and the other red golden hair?

II. If the smaller, clothed woman is the virgin, why are the roses of love plucked by her and unculled on the side of the nude figure?

III. Why, then, is the first in an attitude characteristic of a matron, and the nude figure in a pose as notably virginal? And why does one cavalier ride away from the clothed figure, and the other toward the second in the virginal attitude?

IV. Why does Signore Palmarini call the purple glass bowl transparent and half full of water under the arm of the clothed figure a "brazier"; and the variegated Venetian glass shallow crystalline dish near the nude figure a "metal" vase?

V. How does he know that the hand of Cupid hidden deeply from sight under the water bears an "arrow"?

It is also noticeable that the carved figures which he calls Adam and Eve, and supposes to be "witnessing" the scene of the sleeper awaked by lashings, are really not looking at it, but in different directions, viz., the man at the girl; the girl with eyes upraised.

There are other objections to be made, but these seem to be sufficient to show that this ingenious suggestion is only another reading based on imperfect observation of the incidents of the picture, and, like all the others (except the most interesting version to which I called attention), failing to account for all these incidents, and palpably misstating many of them. Only a person color-blind, or judging the picture but from reproductions, could call the carefully drawn and beautifully colored Venetian glass vessels "braziers" and "metal" dishes; and this in itself is enough to show the quality of the writer's powers of observation.

William P. Andrews.

Rome, October 30, 1900.

Notes.

From Lecky's 'England in the 18th Century,' the Appletons purpose extracting 'The History of the French Revolution,' and making of it a separate volume

Macmillan & Co. are about to bring out 'The Hour-Glass, and Other Poems,' by W. B. Yeats, and 'The Art of Cross-Examination,' by Francis L. Wellman.

A campaign Life of Lincoln was composed by Joseph Hartwell Barrett, political editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in 1860; now, bearing the degree of LL.D., he will offer through the Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, a two-volume work on 'Abraham Lincoln and his Presidency,' with portraits and unpublished letters.

More than a year ago we spoke in praise of Mr. Leonard Eckstein Opdycke's translation of Castiglione's 'The Book of the Courtier.' We have, then, only to welcome and describe the cheaper edition which the Scribners send us. It is no longer sold under limitation; the seventy-one portraits have dwindled to fifteen plates; neat gray boards, leather backed, have replaced gold-stamped vellum. But Mr. De Vinne's press-work is quite as beautiful as before; indeed the impression, except for a few emendations introduced by Mr. Opdycke, is

apparently identical with that of the finer issue. In this popular form, it is still a noble book to the eye, as it is, in whatever guise, to the mind. The discerning will find it appropriate for gifts. Those who read it will not lack instruction in the duties and graces that in all times have befitted a gentleman.

Dr. Henry van Dyke's 'Poems of Alfred Tennyson' is issued by Ginn & Co. in their admirable "Athenæum Series," and also in a library edition. From a comparison between the two forms of publication, one may calculate the ratio between the college student and the gentle reader. The selection of poems and the introduction are identical. From the general reader is withheld "A Note on Metre" and about one hundred and fifty pages of bibliographical and explanatory notes. His compensation is a more attractive binding, better paper, and a more tasteful letterpress. The selection seems excellent. Restriction of "Selections from Epic Poems" to thirty pages is commendable, the devotion of forty pages to "In Memoriam" perhaps disproportionate. The dramas are represented only by incidental songs. Tennyson was so much a master of the purple patch that he lends himself readily to the anthologist's purpose. We believe that this Janus-faced anthology will smile at both its audiences.

No holiday output is complete without a new Shakspere. Misses Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, while still continuing, with "The Comedie of Errors," their laudable handy reprint of the First Folio in the original "wording, spelling, and punctuation," with "notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism," issue through T. Y. Crowell & Co. also a complete set in twelve volumes, the "Pembroke Edition," in which the text and the accompanying foot-notes are from the same plates and the other matter is omitted. New and briefer introductions have been provided, however. Either of these publications is a very desirable possession or acquisition.

Kingsley's 'Hypatia' (in two volumes), 'Yeast,' and 'Poems,' in the "Library Edition" edited for J. F. Taylor & Co. by Maurice Kingsley, have now appeared; the Poems for the first time correctly dated for composition and publication. "The Saint's Tragedy alone fills nearly 200 pages, the "Andromeda" hexameters fill 28; the shorter pieces 150. The last poem in order and in point of time and composition is a ballad written in Colorado in 1874, during a desperate illness. The Letters and Memories have yet to come.

In various more or less showy bindings, H. M. Caldwell & Co. are publishing a little series of "Remarque Literary Classics"—'Poems of Sentiment' from Lord Byron; Thackeray's 'Letters to a Young Man About Town'; Penn's 'Some Fruits of Solitude,' with an introduction by Edmund Gosse—all clearly and rather elegantly printed. A slightly larger volume, yet still pocketable, consists of 'Selections from the Works of Herbert Spencer,' edited by Arthur D. Hall.

The reprints known as "Unit Books," from the method of estimating the price (Howard Wilford Bell), are neat in appearance and of good typography. Two just to hand are Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun' and 'Lincoln's Letters and Addresses.'

Secretary Hay's readable 'Castilian Days' is well on towards a quarter-century of copyright. It was his first-fruits in belles-lettres, and obtained at once a favorable reception. It now reappears in a holiday edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), with some chapters omitted ("A Field-Night in the Cortes" among others, perhaps for diplomatic reasons), and with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. These drawings, either in wash or in crayon, are in marked contrast to the artist's line work, and are to our mind less effective, with few exceptions. One of these is surely the "Approach to Segovia."

The recent refreshing of interest in the elder Dumas has resulted in the enterprise of publishing an all but complete translation of his novels into English (London: Methuen & Co.), the omitted works being few and of slight importance. Besides 'Amaury,' 'Georges,' 'The Prince of Thieves,' 'Robin Hood,' and 'The Corsican Brothers,' we have now received 'The Three Musketeers,' with an introduction to the series by Mr. Andrew Lang. This is biographical rather than critical, and, being avowedly helped out by Mr. Davidson's admirable 'Life,' can hardly lay claim to originality; it is, however, rapid and light in touch as befits its subject, with a sensible vindication of Dumas's method of literary collaboration, but with the apparently inevitable obtrusion of a casual reference to spirit-rapping. Mr. Allinson's work as translator succeeds here and there in suggesting the extraordinary vitality of the simple French original.

Three handsome volumes of a translation of the 'Memoirs of Monsieur D'Artagnan' form a bulky addition to Dumas publications (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). For the translator's sake, it may be wished that his scholarship and skill had been turned on worthier matter, for the contents of these volumes go but to show to what admirable use Dumas was capable of putting a spiritless narrative of adventures that could be made lively. But Mr. Ralph Nevill has done his task with so much conscientiousness as not to tamper with the slightly archaic dulness of Courtilz de Sandras, whom Bayle (strangely enough) considered a vivacious writer. The real value of the work consists in its frank revelations of the blackguardism which public opinion in those days looked upon as not incompatible with the conduct of a man of honor. Several good illustrations are a credit to the publishers.

The first part of a series of facsimiles from ancient manuscripts published by the New Palæographical Society has just appeared. It includes two papyri from the British Museum. No. 655, dated 127 B.C., is the record of a loan from Thoteus to Totoës and his wife Tacmoïs, all the parties being Persians living in Egypt. The loan draws no interest for three months, after which time the rate runs at 24 per cent., with a provision for an increase in the principal of 50 per cent. in case of default. The other papyrus records a loan of wine, also among Egyptianized Persians. There are specimen pages from a Cambridge manuscript of the Septuagint, from a Menologium in the Vatican Library, from the Gospels in Greek at Lambeth Palace, and from the Anglo-Saxon MS. in the Bodleian of Saint Gregory's Pastoral Care. Manumissions of the early twelfth century are reproduced from the Chapter Library at Exeter, and most beautiful of all are the pages reproduced from a Latin Psalter in the public library at Douai. This marvellously beautiful work belongs to the early fourteenth century. One of the pages is a very beautiful crucifixion, another has the initial B of the first Psalm. Even without the glory of its color, the charm of this masterpiece is wonderfully great. The subscribers who have revived the Palæographical Society have good reason to rejoice in this first instalment of its publications.

The *Geographical Journal* for November contains an account, by Mr. C. W. Campbell, of a recent journey in Mongolia. His description of the sparsely inhabited tableland which he crossed makes it difficult to realize that here was once the seat of an empire so vast that, to use the words of Sir Henry Yule, "in Asia and Eastern Europe, scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave." Possibly the old conditions, still witnessed to by numerous ruins of ancient cities, are about to be restored, for the pressure of population in Shansi and Chi-li is driving the Chinese into Mongolia. Already they have colonized the land for sixty miles beyond the Great Wall, ousting the Mongols as they advance. Among the inscriptions seen was a Tibetan prayer, each letter being "fifteen feet square, and neatly formed of stones hammered into the hillside." It could be read, with glasses, at a distance of two miles. A continuation of the summary of the results obtained in the bathymetrical survey of the freshwater lochs of Scotland is devoted to fourteen lochs in the Tay basin. Maps and illustrations accompany both articles.

In a report upon the natural resources and products of Cuba, published in the Consular Reports for November, special attention is directed to the forests. A list of seventy-two different kinds of trees in them, with their uses in various industries, is given, to which should be added "about fifty different species of fruit trees, and a great number of trees used for fuel, fencing, carpentry, and cabinetwork." Among a variety of other subjects treated in the same number may be noted industrial education in Europe, and the New South Wales Railway and Tramway Ambulance Corps. This organization has about 1,800 members, who have passed examinations and are certified as capable of rendering first aid to the injured. They are to be found in every branch of the service, in the workshops, and at every station of importance throughout the system. Instruction is given by the railway medical officer, who regularly visits the various centres throughout the State. Their services are not confined to accidents on the railway or in the workshops, but many cases are reported annually of aid given to the general public. As a special acknowledgment of exceptional services, gold and silver medals are presented. Every passenger train running outside the suburban section, and mixed trains on branch lines, are fitted with a medical chest and all ambulance requirements.

In connection with the foundation at Balliol College in 1893 of a Lewis Nettleship scholarship, the first public performance of the first orchestral composition of Mr. Donald Tovey, who was the Nettleship scholar first elected, deserves attention. This took place in St. James's Hall,

London, before an enthusiastic public early in November. Mr. Tovey's concerto for piano and orchestra has given rise to divergences of opinion. This work is more clearly wrought than his previous and minor compositions, and some find it "dry" and antiquated in form, while others complain of it as too much in the style of Brahms, whose antiquity is more than problematical. A tone of controversy is perhaps pardonable on the part of Mr. Tovey's adverse critics, since he saw fit to substitute for the now customary analytical programme a learned essay of his own on 'The Classical Concerto, its Nature and Purpose.' In this he gave a most detailed account and original appreciation of Mozart's twenty-fifth pianoforte concerto (Köchel 503), which was on his programme, but made little or no allusion to his own work.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued the fourth and fifth volumes of their centenary Emerson, 'Representative Men' and 'English Traits.' A novel and interesting, but unsatisfactory portrait of Emerson appears in 'English Traits.' As one of the least transcendental of his presentments, it could not be better placed than in the least transcendental of his books. Mr. Edward Emerson's notes in these two volumes are even more delightful and important than in the three volumes preceding. This is what we should expect, the subjects treated here being such as specially invite annotation. Emerson's journal yields extremely good matter. As good, and less drawn upon heretofore, are the son's recollections of his father's attractions and repulsions, and his judgments of men and things. The 'English Traits' brings Emerson into his closest relations with Carlyle, and the notes add many incidents of their acquaintance to our previous store. It is interesting to find Emerson writing, after his first visit, "I never saw more amiableness than in his countenance." With each set of notes there is some introductory matter giving the circumstances under which the books were written. Several adverse contemporary criticisms of 'Representative Men' are mentioned, but not Froude's (1850), which was as ungracious as any. Already Emerson had recorded his opinion of Froude in a private letter as a noble youth to whom his heart warmed. Emerson's journal shows that in selecting his Representative Men he denied himself one. "Jesus should properly be one head; but it requires great power of intellect and sentiment to subdue the biases of the mind of the age and render historic judgment to the world's chief saint." In 'English Traits' it is interesting to find Garrison the bearer of the invitation that took Emerson to England in 1848. (They had previously been linked together, but unknowingly, at Wilberforce's funeral in 1833.) The time was one of great social and political upheaval, but Emerson's detachment, both in London and in Paris, was characteristic if not admirable. One is tempted to retort on his "Why so hot, my little man?" "Why so cold, dear friend and helper?" Many of the extracts from Emerson's journals and letters give a sharper edge to what he deliberately put into his books. We read of Carlyle: "He is a bacchanal in the strong waters of vituperation." We have this also: "I am to say what is strange, but it so happened that, the higher were the persons in the social scale whom I conversed with, the less marked was their national accent, and the more I found them like the most cultivated persons in America."

—Thomas Arthur Strange's 'Historical Guide to French Interiors, Furniture, Decoration Woodwork and the Allied Arts,' during the last half of the seventeenth century, the whole of the eighteenth century, and the earlier part of the nineteenth (Charles Scribner's Sons), is made up almost wholly of pictures, and its four hundred pages must contain 1,500 separate designs. To be so full of matter and still cost five dollars only, it has to be cheaply made; and certainly it has a strangely rough, slighted, uncared-for look, as if the scrapbook of a child. But the reproductions are from good and even admittedly standard models of design, and the brief text is judicious and trustworthy. There are some motives of design which can be sufficiently well set forth in very cheaply made cuts. Wrought-iron railings and gates are of that class; you gain very little by having a fine and delicate drawing—it is the exact curve you want and nothing else. There are carvings of which even a poorly made half-tone print gives as much as the student needs. Highly wrought tapestry cannot be represented in an adequate fashion except by very costly photogravures, and these rough cuts give all that any other copy could give—the general layout of the design. As for the drawings of decorative subjects left behind in scores of published volumes by the eighteenth-century men, the reproductions of their pages here are not wholly inadequate. In short, we have as useful a book of subjects as can be asked for at the price.

—Mrs. E. W. Champney's 'Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux' is the third member of a series, of which the 'Romance of the Feudal Châteaux' and 'Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux' have been reviewed by us (Putnams). Of the second we said: "The stories can be read by one who will have romance at any price; otherwise, the book can be disregarded except for the illustrations." The present volume might be qualified in almost identical terms. By the "Bourbon Châteaux" are meant Versailles, Vaux, St. Fargeau, Bussy-Rabutin, the larger and the smaller Trianons, the Luxembourg, Maisons-sur-Seine, Beaumesnil, Chantilly, Cheverny, St. Cloud, Le Lude, and O *(le château d'O)*. Now, it is evident that these are "Bourbon" not by creation but by appropriation. Everything in France became Bourbon in the reign of Louis XIV. Still, it is good to have the photographs, twenty-five of them, of purely architectural character, and some of little-known subjects. The legend, "from a photograph by James Wells Champney," is attached to the title of nearly all of them. But there are, as in the former volumes, copies of paintings of popular and romantic subjects — Vetter's "Cardinal Mazarin Choosing Pictures" and "Louis XIV. and Molière," the "Last Roll-Call of the Reign of Terror," by Louis Müller, and George Cain's "Pajon Modelling Du Barry's Bust"; and, more interesting than all, a photogravure of an important Watteau in the Wallace Collection. For these illustrations alone the book might well be bought and preserved; but the text of it, except for one chapter, is a mere hash of eighteenth-century stories of adventure and intrigue, which read much better in the original French.

—'Eighty Years of Union,' by James Schouler, is an attractive volume of some 400 pages, just issued from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co. It is not a new work. Neither is it an abridgment or condensation of Mr. Schouler's six-volume history of the United States. It consists of a selection of "suitable passages so that the reader may have before him a consecutive narrative, in the historian's own words and original expressions, so far as the present space permits." The sub-title, "A Short History of the United States," is thus strictly a misnomer. While the narrative may be "consecutive," it is obvious that the mode of constructing the book has made it quite impossible to achieve a proper relative emphasis. The excellent characterization of Washington fills ten pages. This is not an excessive amount for a six-volume history, but it is out of the question in a one-volume history. What we have here is, then, a very good selection of extracts from the larger history, but not in any sense a history of the United States. The rest of these extracts are, indeed, characterizations of the chief leaders—Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Lincoln. Of great measures we learn little, such as the measures of Hamilton, the policy of Jefferson, the Louisiana negotiations, etc. But the book is far more interesting reading than any mere summary of the period could be. One gets the best parts of Mr. Schouler's long history in brief space, yet avoids the dry brevity of the conventional manual. Mr. Schouler has supervised the publication, but apparently has changed nothing, even where recent investigations have made such change very desirable. It is, for example no longer possible, since the appearance of Mr. McCaleb's book, to say that Wilkinson, "by his energetic preparations at New Orleans, crushed the enterprise," etc. (p. 106). The book will be widely read, and it is a pleasure to recommend this last volume of one who has for so long given his best attention to the study of American history.

—Mr. Henry Bradley carries the letter L from Lock to its conclusion, in the October issue of the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde). Worthy of remark in the classical features of this vocabulary are the endings -loger (which began with Astrologer in the fourteenth century, but is no longer a living formative, having been superseded by -logist), -logian (likewise superseded, and leading off with Theologian), -logue (now seldom used to designate persons), -logic and the much more frequent -logical (with a difference in meaning). Interest centres rather in the English portion, and here we encounter seven substantives and four verbs Lop, and seven substantives and one verb Lug. Pepys supplies the earliest quotation for Longhand (1666). Mr. Bradley enumerates the several proper applications of the title Lord, and, for the Lord Mayor, the cities which are privileged to have one. The phrase "No love is lost between them" is shown to have been long ambiguous, for while, from 1640 to 1824 or later, it implied mutual affection, from 1622 it also meant the re-

verse down to the present day, when this is the sole meaning. Those who recall the late George P. Marsh's pet aversion to Lovely as applied to inanimate things, will find citations of that description going back to the fourteenth century. "This trout looks lovely," says Izaak Walton in 1653. As for the much decried expression to "look well," etc., "This use [with adverb of manner]," says Mr. Bradley, "is often indiscriminately condemned, but is justly censurable only where *look* is virtually equivalent to *seem*, so that it requires a predicative complement and not a qualification of manner [to have a certain look or appearance]. Owing, however, to the prejudice excited by the inaccurate use, *look* now rarely occurs with adverbs of manner other than *well, ill, badly*." This is a clear case of being afraid of one's own language.

—There are some Americanisms in this section, of all of which we may not be equally proud. Loco-foco is a formation of uncertain occasion, which began its career as the name of a self-igniting cigar or match, then quickly passed over to a political party, and now is obsolete in both senses, except for the historian. Lot, for land, is a native product, not unhandy. The first quotation for Lounge in the sense of 'sofa' is from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; and, thanks to Mr. Albert Matthews, Lynch and Lynch Law are thoroughly if not conclusively exhibited in origin and development of usage. Logy is of our obscure begetting (from 1859), and does not appear to have become anglicized. Lump (vb.), as in the colloquial "If you don't like it, you can lump it," we do not discover under that word. The parting salutation, "So long!" dates here from 1865. Whitman embalmed it three years later, and we recall a poem of his, bearing this refrain, which was translated by a German admirer with an odd pathetic implication calculated to excite the risibles of an American reader, as if "Ta-ta!" had been so dignified.

—In his account of Mr. I. B. Richman's recent book on Rhode Island, in the *English Historical Review* for October-December,—Mr. Louis Dyer discusses the origin of the name "Rhode Island." Agreeing with Mr. Richman and Mr. S. S. Rider that the Dutch derivation accepted by Bancroft is palpably absurd, he also rejects the idea that the name took its origin from Verrazano's speaking, in 1582, of Aquidneck Island as "about the bigness of the Island of Rhodes." As a matter of fact, Rhodes happens to be more than ten times the size of Rhode Island, and it would be difficult to find two portions of the earth's surface more totally dissimilar, so that the only reason for supposing that Verrazano's most incompetent comparison influenced the naming of Rhode Island is that it was in print before Aquidneck was so named (1652?). Mr. Dyer refuses to take Roger Williams's statement, (made in 1666), that "Rhode Island, like the Island of Rhodes, is an Island of Roses," as a tacit record of the naming of Aquidneck for a remote and unknown island in the Mediterranean. Such a proceeding would be so completely out of the range of early seventeenth-century thought among colonists that Mr. Dyer thinks it more likely that Rhode Island was named, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, by the aborigines. It so happened that Aquidneck admitted of a terse and euphonious translation. Its meaning is given, Mr. Dyer argues, in a libellous sentence addressed in 1661 to John Winthrop, jr., by the Atherton associates, who say: "Roade Island is . . . a roade, refuge, asylum to evil livers." Narragansett Bay is the Road near the American Newport, as Cowes Roads lie close to Newport in the Isle of Wight. *Road* as a *refuge for ships* is perfectly good English. *Aquidneck* certainly means the "island in the mouth of the bay," since Eliot applies the word *Aquidnesick* = 'the little island in the mouth of the bay' (so Trumbull translates it) to the islet Clauda off the Cretan coast. Substract *si* as presumably diminutive, and, Mr. Dyer maintains, you have *Aquidneck* = Rhode Island.

—Mr. Jacques Reich again appeals to the taste of the holiday season with a brace of etched portraits on a grand scale. His subjects this year are Alexander Hamilton, after the portrait by Trumbull in the New York City Hall, and Franklin, after Duplessis's painting in the Boston Fine Arts Museum. Both these plates we believe will commend themselves for their art and for the characters depicted. They happen to be in admirable contrast when hung together; in scheme of lighting on the one hand, and in personality on the other. Hamilton's vigorous and youthful head is instinct with keenness and pure intellectuality, and the high lights of face and neckerchief spring from an almost solid black background. Franklin's features show their customary phlegm and repose, with senile marks about the mouth, his long hair mingling with his fur collar; the whole in a more (and fittingly) subdued tone. Each plate bears evidence of the artist's increasing mastery, and is an authentic document. For etching, as for wood-engraving, the intervention of photography means not the revival but the beginning of portraiture from paintings of the past, most of which, it may truly be said, have never been engraved at all in spite of the multitude of so-called copies. Mr. Reich's address is 2 West 14th Street.

JOHN SARGENT, PAINTER.

The Work of John S. Sargent, R.A. With an Introductory Note by Mrs. Meynell. London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Since the death of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Sargent holds, by all odds, the highest and most conspicuous position before the world of any artist whom we can claim as in some sort an American—indeed, he is today one of the most famous artists of any country, easily the first painter of England, and one of the first wherever he may find himself. Not only is he indubitably one of the most brilliant of living artists, but his enthusiastic admirers are ready to proclaim him one of the great artists of all times, and to invite comparison of his works with those of the greatest of his predecessors. He has painted a vast number of portraits, a few pictures, and some mural decorations which, from the ability displayed in them and the originality of their conception, are certainly to be reckoned among the most considerable efforts in that branch of art produced within a century past. The volume before us represents in its sixty-two photogravure plates, as well as painting can be represented in black and white, the best-known of his pictures and many of the most successful of his portraits, but it omits entirely his mural paintings. It is essentially a volume of plates, there being no other text than a fourteen-page "Introductory Note" by Mrs. Meynell—a pleasantly written appreciation which makes no pretence at thoroughness of criticism. Short of a gathering together of the original paintings, it would be difficult to imagine a better opportunity for a general view of Sargent's work as a painter—not as a decorator—or a more tempting occasion for the analysis of his genius. His mural paintings would, in any case, require separate and exhaustive treatment, not only because they are apart from the rest of his work, but because the demands of this kind of art are altogether different from those made upon the artist by portraiture and *genre* painting (and Sargent's largest pictures, other than the paintings in the Boston Public Library, are still essentially *genre* pictures), and the whole point of view of the critic must be shifted to deal with the new considerations involved.

It must be understood, then, at the outset, that nothing we have now to say has any reference to these decorations. If, in the discussion of Sargent's other work, it should be necessary to point out those things in which he is least great, it will be done in no spirit of denigration. He is so large a figure in modern art that the attempt to define his limitations can only serve to accent his magnitude. To show where he is strongest, it is necessary to show where he is less strong; and if any comparisons are implied, they are only with the highest. One begins by accepting him as head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries; the effort is to show wherein he resembles or differs from the great masters of other times, and to arrive at an approximate idea of the place which he may eventually hold among them. It is with this desire that one turns over the pages containing the record of a career already so astonishing, though we may reasonably hope that it is not more than half run.

In the first place, it becomes immediately evident that Sargent, as becomes a portrait painter, belongs to the class of observers rather than to that of the composers. With some exceptions, he seems at his best almost in proportion to the limitation of his subject-matter; his single heads and figures being more thoroughly satisfactory than his groups of several figures. The exceptions are extremely significant, and do, in this case, really go far to prove the rule, for they are pictures of things seen, not of things arranged. They are such pictures as "El Jaleo" or the smaller "Spanish Dance," as "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" or the portrait of "The Children of E. D. Boit"—things which we should call admirably and ingeniously arranged were it not for the feeling that they happened so; that the artist seized upon a fortuitous natural composition and recorded it, either from memory or directly from the thing. Of course, one does not mean that it required no sense of composition to do this, or that the natural arrangement was unmodified by the artistic sense—only that the immediate inspiration of nature was necessary to stimulate the artist's sense of composition to this point, and that he is less happy when he is called upon to conceive

beforehand an arrangement into which his observations of nature shall be made to fit—when he is asked to invent a natural grouping of several figures which shall afterwards be studied from the life. Instances of this relative inferiority to his own best are such groups as "Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane" and "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Acheson," which, with all their brilliancy, and in spite of their great beauty in the several parts, we cannot find altogether as satisfactory as either Mr. Sargent's single portraits or his pictures. The latter group, with its reminiscence of Reynolds or Gainsborough, is also, like the portrait of "Miss Daisy Leiter" and one or two other things in which he has experimented in the vein of eighteenth-century art, a reminder that, like other observers, he is best when most frankly of his own time. They are extremely clever, as they could not well help being, being his, but they are not the real thing; and one feels that one has lost more in losing something of his acute observation of the actual than one has gained by the addition of what are, after all, transplanted graces. It is the unexpected that we expect from Mr. Sargent—his personal interpretation of what is; not the attempt to square it with other men's interpretation of what was.

Sargent, then, is to be ranked with the observers and painters—with the realists, in a sense, for there is a realism of elegance as well as of ugliness—and his task is to show us what he sees with his bodily eyes, not what he can imagine of beautiful or august. The art of the pure painters, of whom he is one, is a mingling of observation and craftsmanship, and their relative importance is determined partly by the rarity of their observations and the kind of facts observed by them, partly by the beauty which they know how to get out of the actual materials of their art and their handling of them. That Sargent is a past master of his craft it is no longer necessary to say, and the eulogy of his workmanship is already made. Mrs. Meynell quotes a passage from a letter of Ruskin's to Rossetti in which he says: "There are two methods of laying oil color which can be proved right; . . . one of them having no display of hand, the other involving it essentially and as an element of its beauty." She rather objects to the word "display," thinking that, if writing for publication, Ruskin would have changed it for one of more dignity; but the word seems to us the right one. With the painters whom Fromentin calls *cachottier*, Sargent has no affinity, whether they paint simply and beautifully, with a handling that escapes detection in its very simplicity, or whether they indulge in mysterious processes savoring at once of cookery and of alchemy. There are no tricks in his trade—he is perfectly frank, and everything is on the surface, for him who runs to read. It does not satisfy him that his work is right, or even that it is actually easy for him to make it so—it must *look* easy. He is one of the great virtuosi of the brush, and he counts upon the pleasure his virtuosity will afford you for a great part of his effect. He will spare no pains to give you the impression that he has had to take none, and will repaint any part of his picture that may have cost too much effort, giving more labor that it may seem to have needed less. In this particular and perfectly legitimate charm of art—the charm of prompt and efficient execution, the magic of the hand—Sargent is, perhaps, the equal of any one, even of the greatest. It remains to examine what are the characteristics of the vision which he fixes for us, what are the qualities of nature best observed by the eye and brain so admirably served.

Of the three great classes of truths which it is the business of the painter to observe, truths of color, of light and shade and tone, and of form, it is the truths of form that Sargent observes most surely, and it is as a draughtsman that he most entirely triumphs. He is above all a painter of the shapes of things. This is partly a matter of temperament and gift, partly a matter of training and technical method. In discussing his gift for color, the photogravures, of course, afford us no aid, and they are not of much more service in the matter of tone; we must rely upon our memory of the originals or of other original pictures by him. There is nothing in which the great colorists have more delighted than in the painting of human flesh, and the technical methods which Sargent originally acquired from his master, Carolus Duran, are, in spite of modification in his hands, ill fitted to express the peculiar irradiation and coloring from beneath which are the great charm of that substance. The sweeps of opaque color laid on with a full brush are apt to give a texture as of drapery, no matter how accurate the particular tints may be; and if we are to have the pleasure of instantaneous execution, we must generally accept with it some diminution of the pleasure derivable from beautiful flesh painting. The great painters of flesh have generally been more *cachottier;* and, indeed, it may be said that the highest beauty of coloring is always more or less incompatible with too great frankness of procedure, and demands a certain reticence and mystery. Whether the great technicians have felt this incompatibility and contented themselves with only a relative perfection of color, or whether a less acute sensitiveness to color was a condition precedent to their becoming great technicians, it is certain that the highest refinement of color has not hitherto been found in conjunction with the most direct handling, and that, even with Velasquez, as his color becomes more beautiful his handling will generally be found more mysterious. Something of the same sort is true, to a lesser degree, with light and shade; and the masters of chiaroscuro, the delicate discriminators of values, the creators of tone, have generally been mysterious technicians. Indeed, it may be said that light and shade is mystery, and has been the favorite means of expression of the painters to whom mystery makes the greatest appeal. No one would think of denying to Sargent a good natural eye for color, or that sound training in values which is the basis of so much that is best in modern painting; but these are not the elements of art in which he is strongest or those which his methods are best fitted to express.

Of all those qualities of things with which the art of painting deals, form is the most concrete, the least mysterious and illusory, the least a semblance and the most a reality; and it is form, therefore, which is the most readily expressible by the direct and simple methods of the great executants. The master craftsmen—the *painters* in the more limited sense—have always been great draughtsmen. There is a confusion, here, of long standing. We have been so accustomed to consider drawing a matter of line that we have confined the term draughtsman to the linealists, and have set them over against the painters as a separate and opposing class. The true division is between the draughtsmen by line and the draughtsmen by mass; and the art of painting as Hals practised it, and as Sargent practises it, is the representation of objects in their bulk rather than by their edges (by the analysis of their projecting or retreating planes) and the rendering of the forms thus distinguished in a direct and forcible manner, each touch of the brush answering in shape and size, and, as far as possible, in color and value, to one of these natural planes.

Sargent was an admirable linear draughtsman before he was a painter, and is now an exquisite linear draughtsman when he cares to be so. He is a draughtsman of the nude figure as well as of the head, as his "Egyptian Girl" in this volume should remind us if it were necessary. It is his profound knowledge of form that renders his virtuosity possible, as his virtuosity is the instantaneous expression of his vivid sense of form; and any attempt to imitate his manner without his matter is an invitation to disaster—an invitation which his great prestige leads too many to extend. If by drawing we mean the power of clearly seeing and accurately rendering the actual forms of things—leaving aside all questions of idealization or expression by abstract line—Sargent is probably the greatest of living draughtsmen, and that is why he is a great painter.

It is this power of accurate drawing, in its variety of manifestations from Van Eyck to Frans Hals, that has always marked the great portrait painters as distinguished from the imaginative painters; but there is another power that has often enough been credited to them—that of insight. They have been thought to see below the surface, to form a definite conception of the character of their sitters, and to transfer that conception in some way to their canvas and to make us see it. To none of them has this power been more often credited than to Sargent, and stories are told of how this or that trait has been brought out in some picture of his which, though latent in the sitter, was unknown to the sitter's friends. On the strength of such stories, and of the impression of lifelikeness which his portraits make, he has even been called a psychologist. Is he so, or was any artist ever so? One may certainly argue that it is the business of the painter to see what is and record it, not to form theories of why it is—to have an eye for character, if you like, not an opinion of character. He may have an instinct for what is most characteristic in a face, and accent those things in it which are essentially individual, without necessarily having any clear conception of the individuality itself. As to Mr. Sargent, there is a story which may be neither more nor less true than the others to which we have referred. He had painted a portrait in which he was thought to have brought out the inner nature of his sitter, and to have "seen through the veil" of the external man. When asked about it, he is said to have expressed

some annoyance at the idea, and to have remarked: "If there were a veil, I should paint the veil. I can paint only what I see." Whether he said it or not, we are inclined to think that this sentence expresses the truth. Sargent, like other artists, paints his impression, and he paints it more frankly and directly than many, with less brooding and less search for subtleties—paints it strongly and without reservation; and he leaves the psychology to those who shall look at the picture. His affair is with shapes and external aspects, not with the meaning of them; and because he has an extraordinary organization for seeing these aspects truly and rendering them powerfully, with that slight touch of exaggeration which makes them more vivid to us than nature, and with those eliminations of the non-essential which are the necessity of art, we who look on can read more from the painted face than from the real one, and credit him with having written all that we have read.

One need not deny that there have been artists who have done something more or something other than this; men of a different type from Sargent, more attentive, more submissive, fuller of a tremulous sympathy, more ready to sink their own personality in that of the sitter, and who have given a more intimate life to their portraits than he seems to us to do. Sargent is always himself—John Sargent, painter—quite cool and in the full possession of his powers, with the most wonderful eye and hand for receiving and recording impressions of the look of things that are now to be found in the world. The masters with whom it is inevitable that he should be compared are Hals and Velasquez; and if it must be left to posterity to say how nearly he has equalled them, we can be sure, even now, that his work is more like theirs than any other that has been produced in the past century.

DARWIN'S MUNICIPAL TRADE.

Municipal Trade. By Leonard Darwin. E P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In the waste of political pseudo-science, it is infinitely refreshing to come upon such a work as Major Darwin's. It is like the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land. The subject itself is of the highest importance, for it seems likely to affect property as extensively as the protective system, and even more directly. Great as the subject is, the treatment is worthy of it. The "inverse deductive method" has never been more admirably applied, and the treatise as a whole reflects honor on the illustrious name of Darwin. Occasionally, it is true, the author may be charged with assuming too much; *axiomata media* are not always scientifically established. But such instances are exceptional, and the chain of reasoning which extends through the book has no links which are not equal to the strain laid upon them. Such a treatise, of course, cannot be popular. No one who is not able to read the 'Origin of Species' with pleasure and with intelligence will be likely to obtain edification from this book. But whoever has the zeal to grapple earnestly with a problem of the utmost difficulty, will find that, with Major Darwin's assistance, the solution is attainable, and that he will reach conclusions so well supported with argument as to be scientifically impregnable.

The words "Municipal Trade" are intended to cover all enterprises managed by local governing bodies that are carried on for profit when undertaken by private persons. Such enterprises have always been carried on by municipalities; but within the last few years, in England especially, the practice has enormously increased. Thus, in 1867, the debts of the local governing bodies in England and Wales amounted to £60,000,000, while in 1900 they were £294,000,000. Not all of this represents capital invested in municipal trading, but most of it is so accounted for; the ratable value of the country, however, increased only 30 per cent. in the last twenty-five years. The debt *per caput* is now nearly $42. At the same time, the municipal governments are constantly seeking to enlarge their trading, and to engage in various competitive industries. To ascertain the degree of success attained by governing bodies in this field of activity, and to inquire into the wisdom of the policy, in the past and in the future, may well call into exercise the highest talents.

The first fact established by Major Darwin is that workmen employed by municipalities receive more pay than men doing like work for other employers. He then proves that it is a mistake to suppose that municipalities can borrow at a lower rate of interest than private traders, the supposition being founded on a misunderstanding of the conditions attached to the loans. Hence the cost of public works is, as a rule, greater than that of private enterprises, and the result is that consumers in general, or the rate-payers, are taxed in order that the workmen employed by the Government may receive more pay than they could get in other employment. They constitute a privileged class, and they naturally combine in order to preserve and extend their privileges. They have votes, and they use them in support of such rulers as favor their demands. Rulers, when elective, are under temptation to make promises to voters and to reward their supporters. Wages are normally subject to great fluctuations; but elective rulers seldom venture to reduce the wages of public servants. Any one proposing such reduction is likely to be defeated when he next presents himself as a candidate for office. Similar conditions affect, more or less, all questions of public expenditure. Rulers who oppose excessive expenditure are likely to incur the displeasure of municipal employees, and a premium is thus placed on the return of the least scrupulous candidates.

Hence, where many voters are supported by the public funds, high-minded men are less likely to be elected, and they are less likely to seek election. They can promise no favors, and they will not desire to assume office which involves constant friction with employees. Moreover, the presence of such men in governing bodies is disliked by the less scrupulous members; and members of this class are generally potent in the party organizations, and have great influence in the choice of candidates. The more municipal trade extends, the greater the amount of patronage; and we have seen in this country that it is almost impossible to prevent the rewarding of party followers in this way. Hence there is a strong pressure to multiply offices for the sake of increasing patronage. On the other hand, the diminution in the number of offices, with the consequent displacement of employees, is something that few elective rulers have the courage to recommend or the ability to accomplish. It seems, therefore, that the extension of municipal trade is necessarily attended with an increase of demoralizing conditions, and that this increase is likely to be progressive. It is a matter of very great difficulty to induce a municipality to relinquish any enterprise after it has once engaged in it, and the instances in which such a step has been taken, before bankruptcy was imminent, have been very rare.

Illustrations of these truths from our own experience readily suggest themselves, and we need not go to England for examples. We have been told so much of Glasgow, however, as to make it worth notice that the employees of that city can cast from 10 to 18 per cent. of the total vote—a proportion sufficient to turn the scale in most elections. There is in Edinburgh a "Municipal Workers' Committee" which exerts at times a controlling influence. Hitherto the local governments of England have been comparatively pure; but they have only recently engaged much in trade, and corrupting influences have not yet exerted their full power. The argument is advanced that the city governments of the United States have been very corrupt, although not carrying on trade; and that if the number of services under their control were increased, there would be less corruption. The conclusion has no apparent connection with the premises; and, as Major Darwin shows, there are better ways of dealing with the problem than to increase the number of persons directly interested in extravagant expenditure. He adds that our cities have perhaps passed through the worst of their corruption, the business of serving the public being now pretty completely apportioned, and that it will be much easier to obtain fair terms from private companies now that their investments have been largely made, than when they were obtaining concessions of which the value was little appreciated. There is ample evidence to support this conclusion. In the future there will be more corruption from legislative attempts to blackmail shareholders in public-service corporations than from attacks on legislative virtue by promoters. If the character of our rulers is improved, there will be less corruption in their dealing with the corporations. If the opportunities for corruption are enlarged by municipal trading, the character of our rulers is more likely to deteriorate than to improve.

The admission is sometimes made by American socialists that civil-service reform is necessary before Municipal Trade can be extensively introduced. This consideration is disposed of by Major Darwin in a single sentence:

> "When such admissions are made, the argument tends to become somewhat contradictory; for those who urge that municipal trade is necessary as a cure for corruption, cannot logically add that corruption must first be cured by civil-service reform, without which Municipal Trade would only make matters worse."

The evils resulting from Municipal Trade do not cause Major Darwin to condemn it

altogether. In the case of water supply, he seems to favor municipal ownership and management; and sewerage and other matters involving the opening of the streets should be attended to by Government. We cannot follow his argument, step by step, but the main lines are as follows: Governing bodies are not fitted to engage in competitive industries, which many English municipalities are now doing and more are desirous to do. They have greater powers and opportunities than private traders for checking competition, and they often seek to suppress it altogether by legislative authority. In fact, a very powerful body, the Municipal Corporations Association, has definitely announced this principle. The lack of electric light in many English towns is thus explained; the Government, having its own gas plant, has successfully opposed electrical enterprises because they would interfere with its monopoly. In a number of instances the authorities have obtained charters for electric lighting, and, having thus headed off competition, have made no further use of their powers. In the case of tramways owned by municipalities, competing omnibus lines are liable to be interfered with by the Government. The municipalities now make it a rule to take the power, in their by-laws, to carry more passengers than can be seated—something which their competitors would probably not be allowed to do. The facts adduced in this connection are conclusive, and it is very evident that municipalities tend to seek statutory protection for their enterprises, and to overcome competition by selling their products at a loss, making up the deficiency by higher taxes. The injustice of such proceedings is properly described by Major Darwin. It happens not infrequently that the greater part of the rates is paid by persons having no votes in the municipality, and in such cases these persons may be taxed for the very purpose of benefiting certain of the residents at their expense. So far as rents are raised by taxation, tenants who, under the system of compounding the rates, are unaware that they contribute to the taxes, may really bear the results of their own folly. Where rents cannot be raised, the value of property will decline, and the growth of the town be checked by the losses of property owners.

Major Darwin fully perceives the justice of controlling trades that tend to be monopolized, and of securing to the community such increment of value as is unearned by those holding concessions for furnishing things generally used in a community. Water, however, is the only commodity for which there is no substitute, and the furnishing of which is not subject to competition. Gas works must meet the competition of electric light, and both are subject to the competition of oil and even of candles. Tramways have to allow for omnibuses and motor carriages. Such competition may not be sufficient to produce fair prices; but the remedy is not to be sought in Municipal Trade. Monopolies can be regulated, and most of the advantages claimed for municipal trade can thus be obtained for the public without the evils of political corruption and governmental extravagance and injustice. The fact that Municipal Trade is popular, as Major Darwin demonstrates, affords little evidence that it is advantageous. The statistics purporting to show the results of experiments of this kind, when subjected to careful scrutiny, are worthless for almost every purpose. Major Darwin's suggestions

"include changes with regard to concessions, which should be granted without a named limit of years, but including the right of purchase by Local Authorities at all times on such terms as will not throttle private enterprise; restrictions on the power of veto of private enterprise now exercised by municipalities; wide powers of inspection by municipalities of all the affairs of companies receiving such municipal concessions; and the appointment of an independent and technical commission to decide any questions that may arise between the Local Authorities who represent the citizens, and the companies managing monopolies in their districts."

We have been able to do little more than state the conclusions reached in this treatise. But, as we have said, its peculiar excellence consists in the logical perfection with which these conclusions are established. The argument is, in the main, unanswerable. No one guided solely by reason can read this impartial examination of the problem of Municipal Trade without concurring with the opinions of the author. Emotion and prejudice, however, now so strongly favor socialistic experiments as to make it improbable that a treatise of this kind will receive much attention from the public. Those who derive intellectual enjoyment from ratiocination applied to practical matters, will be richly repaid for time spent in reading this book.

Rome and the Renaissance: The Pontificate of Julius II. From the French of Julian Klaczko. (Authorized translation by John Dennie.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

Klaczko's essays are full of interest, not only on account of the grace and brilliancy of his manner of treating history and the vivacity of his style (which is recognizable even in translation), but for the immense suggestiveness of his ideas and the light they shed on disputable problems of the time they treat of. He is a great lover of Rome, he has lived there long and often, and has studied her treasures by all available documentary evidence, and, better still, by his own observation and critical powers, which are of no mean order. Some of his theories are astonishing enough to excite a healthy degree of antagonism in his readers, and to require mature deliberation before any decision as to their permanent value can be arrived at; but Klaczko is never dull: he has the gift of telling a story well, and creating the atmosphere of the people of whom he writes.

The volume begins with an essay on Melozzo da Forli's fresco in the Vatican Pinacoteca—"that great page of history as well as a great page of painting," according to our author. It represents Sixtus IV., founder of the Vatican Library, giving audience to Platina, who receives kneeling his investiture as Librarian, and is pointing to some verses in elegant Latin at the bottom of the frame celebrating the works of the Rovere. The Pope is seated like a sovereign, surrounded by great dignitaries of the Church, all young, and all his very near relations. Most prominent in the composition is Giuliano della Rovere, Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli, who, after exile and other vicissitudes, became Pope Julius II., the famous patron of art. Then follows the story of a tomb, concerning that wondrous resting-place which Julius II. commanded Michelangelo to design for him. Old St. Peter's Church was ruthlessly torn down to make room for it and in order that the new Basilica should be high enough to contain this splendid monument to a pontiff who had begun his career in the Church as a follower of St. Francis. Michelangelo suffered much from the procrastination and loss of time over the carrying out of this design, which was finally abandoned, the Pope losing his interest in this personal matter while occupied with the greater issue of building for the Catholic world a temple of unprecedented grandeur. Klaczko gives us a very clear description of the old Basilica of St. Peter's, with the ceremony of the Pope laying the foundations of the new church.

Another essay relates all that is known of the statue of Julius II. which Michelangelo was commissioned to execute for the façade of San Petronio at Bologna, to celebrate the recovery of that city by the Holy See, and of which there exists neither drawing nor engraving, nor even any intelligent description. We are told that on the 21st of February, 1508, "at the hour recognized as propitious by astrologers," the statue of Julius II. was lifted to its niche over the portal of San Petronio to the sound of drums, trumpets, and bells. The Bolognese, however, revolted, three years later, and, with the help of the French, got back their Bentivogli rulers. The Maréchal Fleuranges relates:

"In the city of Boulone over the portal of the church, on high, a pope all in massive copper, which Pope Julius had caused to be made, which was as large as a giant, and could be seen from a great distance. The Bentivolles, having a spite at it, put ropes round its neck, and, by strength of men, pulled it down, and broke the neck of it. Then incontinent the Sieur de Bentivolle had it melted, made a double cannon of it, and in six days fired it at the castle."

Fleuranges writes as an eye-witness, but Bolognese chroniclers aver that it was not till many months after the taking of the castle that the statue was destroyed, on December 30, 1511. The fragments were sent to Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, who made cannon of them. Thus perished the only bronze statue by Michelangelo, and it is noteworthy that although it cost him three years of hard work and he was constantly lamenting "the tragedy of the tomb," which he called also the tragedy of his life, he rarely referred to this statue, no sooner completed than destroyed. It would seem that he took little interest in it.

Klaczko's belief that Michelangelo's Christ in the Pietà, now in St. Peter's, but originally executed for the French Ambassador at Rome, the Cardinal Jean Villiers de la Groslaie, was inspired directly as to its type and execution by the Apollo Belvedere, will not be generally accepted. The Apollo was discovered at Grotto Ferrata in a property belonging to Giuliano della Rovere some years before Michelangelo's first stay in Rome, and stood at that time in the garden of the Cardinal's house at S. Pietro in Vincoli, and was considered one of the masterpieces of classic art by all the connoisseurs of that art-loving moment. But the Apollo Belvedere is no longer in fashion, and the present age shrugs its shoulders at a statue which Renaissance artists held as perfect; criticising its academic pose and sleekness of execution,

while Michelangelo's Pietà still holds a high place in general appreciation. Klaczko points out how entirely the great Florentine left out in this work all the painful characteristics suggested by the subject and so emphasized by the earlier sculptors of the quattrocento; how he sought only to express beauty of form, feature, and expression, without even suggesting the rigidity of death in the Christ, while the Madonna's face is youthful and full of tenderness and love—the only note of agony being in the gesture of her left hand, that seems to call Heaven to witness her grief. He sees in the form of the Christ great similarity of type to the virile beauty of the Apollo, as also in the treatment of detail and surface. This similarity seems so clear to him that he can account for its not having been remarked by earlier writers only because the date of the finding of the Belvedere statue has not been long certified to have been before Michelangelo's stay in Rome. Klaczko sees in the four religious sculptures of Buonarroti, the Pietà, the Madonna of Bruges, and the two reliefs of the Bargello and the National Gallery, the immediate influence of the great statues of antiquity, and the lofty conception of an ideal humanity in which the three principles of the colossal, the impassioned, and the nude prevail. All his work from that time on bears the impress of this influence.

The volume contains interesting accounts of Raphael's work in the Vatican, Michelangelo's in the Sistine, and the history of the time up to the death of Julius II. The illustrations are good and well chosen for reference, and the translation is satisfactory.

The Art of the Pitti Palace. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1903.

This is one of a series of illustrated guide-books to the art galleries of Europe. It fulfils its purpose adequately, being of a convenient size to carry about, and containing all that is essential for a visitor to know about the contents of the gallery, both from an historical and a critical point of view. The opinions of art writers are liberally quoted, from Vasari to Berenson, and the lives of the painters are given briefly, as also the legends and anecdotes connected with the paintings and other works of art.

The first chapter tells the history of the Palace itself and of its founder, Luca Pitti, the man whom Guicciardini calls "the first citizen of Florence." He was prior, gonfalonier, ambassador to Rome, ambassador to the Sforza at Milan, besides being occupied in business ventures of magnitude for the times he lived in; he is said on one occasion to have sent ten trading vessels to England, Constantinople, and Barbary, and this enterprise alone enriched the state above the amount of one hundred thousand florins. His popularity was beyond question, and this fired Luca Pitti's ambition to aim at the highest power and overthrow the Medici, who looked upon him as a friend and adherent. From 1458 to the death of Cosimo the supremacy of Luca Pitti was unquestionable in affairs of state, and his régime was one of unmerciful taxation, which he used to serve his own ends.

He had already set about building himself a palace which should in magnificence surpass those then existing in Florence. He had chosen a splendid position on a hillside, and in 1440 intrusted the design to Brunelleschi, the architect of the dome of the cathedral. Brunelleschi is not responsible for the palace as it now stands, for his original design was carried out only to the second story when he died. Prof. Cosimo Conti has been able to define what Brunelleschi's intentions were, by means of a plan of the building in the Uffizi, and a painting of Alessandro Allori's in Santo Spirito, in which the façade of the Pitti Palace appears in the background, as again in the portrait of a lady of that family. These prove that there were three central arches in the basement, with seven windows on the second floor. An open loggia above is seen in Brunelleschi's sketch. The proportions have been entirely changed by subsequent architects. Bartolommeo Ammanati, about 1568, added the whole *cortile* and garden front and the wings to the second floor; he also changed the ground floor, which, like all fortress structures, was solid, by introducing round-arched windows to relieve the gloom. But these changes came about after the fall of Luca Pitti, who, lured by Pietro de' Medici's simulated friendship and the negotiations of a marriage between Luca's daughter and Lorenzo de' Medici, was off his guard and allowed himself to be voted out of power by the same method of a "Parlamento" he had used to get his supremacy.

Pitti's ultimate fate is unknown, and his grandson, Buonacorsi, was obliged in 1549, for want of means, to sell the palace to Duke Cosimo I. de' Medici, who bought it with its gardens, orchard, and farms for his wife, Eleanor of Toledo. During his occupation of the palace he began the collection of art treasures, which was greatly increased by his successors. The Grand Duke Ferdinand II., by marrying his cousin, the Princess Vittoria della Rovere, endowed the gallery with the great collection of the Duke Federigo of Urbino, her father, giving also Duke Cosimo II. his own father's collection, which had hitherto hung in the Uffizi. After the Medici had become extinct and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany had come into the hands of Francis II. of Lorraine, twenty of the large rooms in the Pitti were filled with pictures, and it became a recognized gallery about 1798. Sixty-three of the best works were sent to Paris by order of Napoleon, but fifty-six of these were returned in 1815. It was in 1833 that the last Grand Duke Leopold II. opened the gallery to the public.

Our author tells us that, at the wedding of Cosimo First's daughter Lucrezia to Alfonso d'Este, the first drama with music, by Francesco Corteccia, was performed at the Pitti. Again, in 1600, when Maria de' Medici married Henry IV. of France, "Euridice," written by Octavio Rinuccini and composed by Jacopo Peri, the recognized beginning of Italian opera in which the recitative was introduced, was performed; so that the Pitti is not without musical associations.

The book is well illustrated.

Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. With illustrations from his own designs. Edited by Elizabeth Luther Cary. In two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

The House of Life: A Sonnet Sequence. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: H. M. Caldwell & Co.

Miss Cary's edition of Rossetti has many points which will commend themselves to the poet's ever-widening circle of admirers. The idea of illustrating the book with reproductions of Rossetti's own drawings and pictures is a good one, although frequently the pictures have no connection with the poem beside which they are placed. Both poems and pictures bear the date of their completion, and if there is any interesting information concerning when and where and how the poems were written, Miss Cary gives it in notes before each. In many cases, when the poems appeared first in the shortlived Preraphaelite periodical, the *Germ*, Miss Cary gives the earlier version in smaller print and afterwards in the form Rossetti decided should be final. He had the habit of ever seeking more felicitous expression, and it is interesting to compare the emendations which time and thought evolved with the original inspiration.

Miss Cary, in her preface, discusses the well-worn theme whether Rossetti was better equipped to be a painter or a poet. She seems to think his choice of painting as a profession was influenced chiefly by the difficulty of earning a living by poetry. Leigh Hunt, when consulted, had replied that poetry "is not a thing for a man to live upon while he is in the flesh, however immortal it may render him in spirit." On the other hand, Rossetti's picture, when having the same subject as the poem, often conveys the intensity of his meaning far more convincingly than the poem does. Miss Cary declares that one can understand Rossetti adequately only by studying pictures and poems side by side; but she also recognizes the impossibility of conveying in reproductions anything but the design and general arrangement, while the emotion produced by the deep chord of color in the pictures is not transmittible when they are reduced to monochrome. Miss Cary has also sought to furnish the reader with a "more satisfactory mental picture" of the artist's identity, by quoting amply from his own letters. She says: "Nothing he has painted or written for the general public suggests that frank, infectious laughter, that incisive speech akin to wit, that ready generosity of mood, by which he was known within his circle."

The poems are arranged according to the date at which they were written. The typography, wide margins, and plain green-cloth binding, form a suitable presentment, and the illustrations, though rather too black in some cases, are fairly satisfactory.

The elaborately decorated edition of Rossetti's 'House of Life' is a sad travesty of the Kelmscott Press. The type is good, as also the initial letters of each sonnet; but the floral frames encircling the two pages are neither well designed nor effective in black and white; while the frontispiece, a pastoral "lover and his lass," is quite out of keeping with the archaic style of decoration of the volume.

The Forest. By Stewart Edward White, Author of 'The Blazed Trail,' etc. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty. New York: The Outlook Co. 1903.

There are those to whom the forest means little but mosquitoes, burs, cobwebs, and other agents of physical discomfort; there are those again to whom its shadows and

its silence bring unendurable mental depression; still others who look to it merely as the theatre for the use of the rod and gun; and again there are some whose natures are so attuned to its essential characteristics that they love it for itself, enjoy its companionship, and find in it a source of mental and spiritual inspiration. Such, by the ample evidence of the book before us, is Stewart Edward White. Going into the woods does not mean to him a two weeks' camping party within easy reach of some railway station, where fresh eggs and milk and butter may be delivered daily from a neighboring farm-house. He takes the forest on its own terms, plunges so far into its depths that only long days of steady tramping can put him again into communication even with the outposts of civilization, and carries with him just as few of the inventions of civilized society as he can safely get along with. After you have been out on one forest trip, he tells you, empty your "duffel-bag" upon the floor and sort the contents into three piles. Into the first put what you have used every day; the second will contain what you used only occasionally, and the third what you did not use at all. When you go again, leave the last two piles at home. Even a coat he has come to regard as a needless encumbrance, since an extra sweater is more easily carried, more comfortable, and more serviceable. The present volume deals with the Canadian country north of Lake Superior; but, as the reader gets well into it, questions of geography or of any other science cease to concern him. If he is not capable of enjoying "the forest" rather than any particular forest, this book is not for him. Few of Mr. White's descriptions are such as would with no other data enable one easily to identify the places.

As the eye strikes the heading of chapter ix., "On Flies," one naturally expects the usual wise discourse on Jock Scotts, Dusty Millers, Parmachene Belles, and all the rest, and is surprised to find that it is deer-flies, black flies, midges, and mosquitoes instead. These have to be reckoned with, after all, even by the most enthusiastic forest lover, and Mr. White gives very helpful suggestions growing out of his own experience as to the best methods of reducing the nuisance to its lowest terms. We shall find here none of Tolstoy's philosophy in 'The Cossacks,' when painting Olyenin hunting in the woods along the Terek:

"Myriads of midges literally covered his face, his back, and his hands. . . . He started to go home, but, remembering that men live through such things, he resolutely made up his mind to put up with it, and allowed the gnats to devour him. And, strangely enough, towards noon that sensation began to be agreeable to him. It even seemed to him that if that atmosphere of gnats surrounding him on all sides, that paste of gnats which rolled up as he passed his hand over his face, and that intolerable itching over his whole body were absent, then the forest there would have lost for him its character and its charm."

Two chapters appeal especially to the angler, one on "The 'Lunge" and the other on "The Catching of a Certain Fish," which, of course, means the trout. The latter is evidently Mr. White's prime favorite among the trophies of the water, and such would doubtless be the case with all of us if trout of the size which he describes had not been pushed back into such remote regions as to be beyond the average angler's time and means. Mr. White has just recently had a word to say about reviewers who jump with both feet upon errors comparatively as insignificant as "a violet in a caucus of polecats," but we cannot avoid putting at least one foot down gently upon a point in his "'lunge" story. The 'lunge in question got away, and an examination is reported to have shown that "that thick brass wire had been as cleanly bitten through as though it had been cut with clippers." There are other ways by which the wire could have been parted, and Mr. White would do well to consider closely the relative hardness of the two substances involved before settling down permanently to the conviction that it was bitten through.

Not the least interesting chapters of the volume are those which deal with the "woods Indians," those far-away remnants of the race who have come so little into contact with white men that the original instincts, modes of thought and action of the native American remain in them relatively unimpaired. As but few of his readers are likely to be woodsmen, Mr. White should have been more careful always to explain the technical terms of the craft, when he found it necessary to use them.

The mechanical execution of the book, which the author appropriately dedicates to "Billy," his half-breed guide, is the fine work of the Riverside Press.

Le Travail du Style enseigné par les corrections manuscrites des grands écrivains. Par Antoine Albalat. Paris: Armand Colin. 1903.

M. Albalat returns to the task of teaching the art of writing, in a third book which adds little to the canons he has already established, but possesses a curious interest from its comparison of the methods of various French writers. His aim is to prove by example the necessity of critical, even toilsome revision, and he takes up successively the authors most addicted to it, discusses one instance of futile revision applied to a style not to be recommended (though classic, and taught as such in the schools), and ends with fluent and prolific writers who were satisfied substantially with their first draft. Such an exhibition as this required a labor scarcely inferior to that held up for admiration, and involved the examination of whole volumes of erased and tortured manuscript, reaching, in the case of Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' sometimes to the sixth recasting of a considerable passage.

Forty-five pages are devoted to parallels from Chateaubriand, pronounced the greatest prose writer of the nineteenth century. Flaubert succeeds, with thirty pages, and M. Albalat has to admit that this novelist carried revision to an extent which left him sterile and dried-up at last. Extant manuscripts of Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Héloïs,' compared with the printed page, make an examination of the leading eighteenth-century prose-writer's work-shop easy. Hugo labored over his manuscripts, but was indifferent to the printer's proofs, whereas Balzac's ardor of perfection was wreaked mainly upon these, and, as M. Albalat bears witness, with no perceptible improvement in the last correction over the original form. Our author's opinion of Fénelon and George Sand is well known. He declares useless and wasted all the modifications bestowed on 'Télémaque,' since a silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear; and George Sand's limpid flow produces monotony and forbids recurrence to her works. Nevertheless, he has the candor to quote from her (at p. 285), with approval, her friendly admonition to Flaubert to abandon thinking of form as an end in itself: "it is only an effect." This is really a criticism upon M. Albalat's manuals, and it repeats itself when he comes to Stendhal (who predicted that Chateaubriand would cease to be read in 1913), and asks how we are to justify his reputation in view of his want of critical sense, satisfaction with his first draft, and poor vocabulary; in view, moreover, of his having created one imperishable work, 'Rouge et Noir,' and his being the literary father of Tolstoy.

M. Albalat's answer is that Stendhal's substance surpasses his form; which is the same as saying that genius transcends rules and can dispense with the patience which Buffon associates with it in his famous definition. This agrees with what M. Albalat himself says at the very outset (p. 11): "It is useless to counsel the mediocre writer to take pains; he will not get far. The good writer alone will correct, but he will always see what escapes others." Yet we are gravely told on page 104 of Bossuet's letter to the Cardinal de Bouillon, in which he explains "comment on arrivait à 'former' son style *et avoir du talent* [italics ours]." There is an instructive remark attributed to the poet Heredia, that "his most complicated sonnets are those which cost him the least trouble, while he remade eight or ten times those which seem the most simply written." Yet some of the latter might well have been produced with as little travail as the former. To the fact that they were not, we can only reply, in homely phrase, "Some pork will boil so," while asking whether the labored sonnets are invariably the better. M. Albalat is inclined to suspect revision where the evidence is wanting, as in the case of Pascal's 'Pensées,' which have all the air of *premier jet;* Pascal must, he explains, have worked them over in his head before committing them to paper. No doubt; it is one of the processes of thought in all stages, from genius down. With those who do not think in advance, phraseology and ideas change between pen-strokes.

To sum up, there is comparatively little discipline for the inexperienced writer in these pages, so far as the illustrations are concerned. But the work as a whole will repay reading on account of its characterizations of a great number of distinguished writers (Flaubert above all), its discussions by the way, its anecdotes, its bibliographic references in footnotes, its citations of theories of style and literary production. One might think the author's store now exhausted; but he announces still another volume as in preparation.

Appleton's New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary. (Successor to Velázquez's Abridged Dictionary.) By Arturo Cuyás. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

It is not surprising to find in this new dictionary "4,000 modern words and 2,000 acceptations, idioms, and technical terms not in the latest edition of any similar

work." The dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy has been taken for a basis, and, excepting archaic forms, practically every word contained in that immense compilation is here embodied. Of course, with regard to definitions and examples of the meanings of words the Academy's dictionary is in a class by itself. Nevertheless, the claims for the new publication seem not over high. While Velázquez was good in his day, and in many respects advanced the work of his predecessor Seoane, he fell into some of the pitfalls of the lexicographer. Señor Cuyás has avoided many of these, and has made a compilation showing a marked improvement over that of Velázquez, which it is designed to replace.

In the matter of pronunciation, excepting in a few cases, no attempt is made to pronounce Spanish words. A well-defined set of rules prefaces the book, and this is supplemented by an explanatory key placed at the bottom of each page which renders possible an approximate pronunciation of each word. In the English-Spanish division, however, because of the inherent difficulties of the English pronunciation, each word has been marked for the Spanish enquirer, and the scheme employed seems quite satisfactory. No explanation has been made of the sharp differences in pronunciation which exist in the language as spoken in the Iberian peninsula and in Spanish-America. In the New World the *c* before weak vowels (as in *cielo*) has a tone value of *s;* and the *z* before strong vowels (as in *corazon*) has a totally different value from the Castilian. Besides these and other distinctions (such as in the case of *ll*), it would have been a fine stroke to give those words which are peculiarly American the pronunciation they bear in their own country. The 'New International Encyclopædia' has made this discrimination to a limited extent, and it is to be hoped that others will continue it.

Señor Cuyás has gone to the extreme of almost wholly avoiding long definitions, adopting the plan of equivalents instead. Here a danger lies in the possibility of defining one term by another whose meaning may be obscured or as little known as the foreign word itself. This is specially likely to occur with obsolescent words and in the technical sciences. It may be replied that for the expert there will arise no difficulty. Dictionaries, however, are not made exclusively for experts. To illustrate this, let us take the neologism *radium.* It is marked a chemical term, and its Spanish equivalent is given as *radio.* Turning to *radio* we find that it is defined as "radius of a circle; circuit, district; (anat.) radius." In this instance not only is there failure to provide a definition of radium, but there is the added sin of omitting to list it with the equivalents under *radio.* In general, we remark, not enough regard has been paid to the coördination of the two departments. Words are occasionally left in the air. For example: *chicotear* is not mentioned as an equivalent under *whip,* though *whip* is given under *chicotear.* Some definitions are strained. *Disingenuous* hardly means by several shades of blackness "doble, falso." And surely *corsarios* much better expresses the sense of *buccaneers* than *filibusteros.* On account of space exigencies, too, some definitions have been curtailed.

By cataloguing a vast number of new terms which have enriched the language in the Philippines and Spanish-America, Señor Cuyás (who in this respect had a distinguished predecessor in Salvá) has rendered a distinct service. If one wishes a contrast, let him turn to Ochoa's 'Novísimo Diccionario de la Lengua Castellana' (1893). There one finds few of the words which are current throughout the Spanish-American world, yet this was to ignore the growth of the language in a quarter where it shows exceptional vitality.

A feature of this dictionary to be commended is the fulness of the treatment of such words as *á, con, que,* etc. Under the last, twenty-three examples are given of varied use. With the infinitive of irregular verbs, the fundamental tenses from which the other modes are formed are given. We find, on turning to *querer:* "(ind. *quiero;* pret. *quise;* fut. *querré;* subj. *quiera*)." Definitions with examples follow. Looking further, we discover that even *quiero* appears in its alphabetical place, and under it *quiera, quise.* This is a great saving of time. The diacritical marking has been done with care. Señor Cuyás is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of this serious work. For compactness, completeness, and general excellence it has no rival.

Four Years under Marse Robert. By Robert Stiles, Major of Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co. 1903.

This readable narrative has an abundance of stirring incidents, now amusing, now tragic, of the heroic resistance against the armies of the Union maintained by the Confederates in Virginia from 1861 to 1865. As might be inferred, the story is largely of personal reminiscence, and is one of a large class which throw a stronger light upon the motives of the secession movement among the rank and file of the South than do most of the grave discussions of the Constitutional reasons for the civil war. While the critical world will still believe that the South attempted secession because of its devotion to slavery—partly through a false political economy, and partly because its sagacious leaders perceived that their conceptions of republican principles were in irreconcilable antagonism to those which were steadily resuming control of the national legislation—our author accounts for the ardor with which he and his Virginia neighbors enlisted for war, when some of them had recently been strenuous opponents of the doctrine of secession, by their indignation against the invasion of their homes by the army of the Union. The essentially distinctive spirit of the Southern volunteer, so he declares, was his determination "to defend his own hearthstone." This is, quite likely, as good a reason as young men can generally give for their readiness to seek hazardous ventures. War especially has always been invested with an air of romance, no matter for what cause it was waged, even when it invited many an eager spirit to engage in the numerous filibustering expeditions which, in the years close upon the civil war, the South stealthily sent to the West Indies and Central America, and which a sober afterthought can scarcely justify as inspired by zeal for human liberty and justice. Fighting for one's hearthstone covers a multitude of sins; but since the South had been long preparing for war, by drilling its men and laying up stores of arms, and made the first assault upon the national authority, the vicinity of the hearthstone was a well-stocked arsenal.

The old Southern legends of the comparative numbers of Confederate troops in the critical battles are still maintained by Major Stiles; as when he quotes Southern authorities, whose figures have often been shown to be random guesses or careless calculations, to prove that Antietam was fought by 35,000 Confederates against nearly 90,000 Union men. The probability is that the men who came into actual conflict at Antietam were numerically about the same on each side, although McClellan had some 20,000 more in reserve. The Southern way, which Northern generals hardly ever employed, was to put every man into action, and this explains why the inferior Confederate forces were so steadily successful.

The tenderness with which McClellan is spoken of in this book is a curious instance of the extent to which the Southern judgment was long influenced by the supposed political sympathy with slavery, or at least hostility to any interference with it, on the part of certain Union generals. When we consider the inadequate use of magnificent opportunities made by McClellan, some other motive than admiration of his military skill must be sought in the almost constant praise bestowed upon him in Southern memorials of the war.

Among the Great Masters of the Drama. By Walter Rowlands. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1903.

This is an attractive little book to look at, well made, well printed, and profusely illustrated with reproductions of well-known pictures or portraits; which might serve to beguile an idle half-hour in a waiting room, but offers nothing of value to any moderately well-informed person. It contains absolutely nothing in the way of original research or opinion, but is compounded of brief extracts from writers of more or less authority and from anonymous effusions in the daily press, referring to the subject nominally under discussion, and these are selected with very little discretion, although it is only fair to say that Mr. Rowlands appears to have read pretty widely in search of them. His treatment of Voltaire is a fair example of his methods of book-making. Eight of his very lean pages are devoted to this genius, and seven of them are devoted to Carlyle's account of Voltaire's arrest by order of Frederick the Great to explain Girardet's picture of the incident. Part of the remaining page is occupied by a biographical note of the painter. Shakspere, Molière, and thirty actors, ranging from David Garrick to Mary Anderson, are disposed of in equally summary fashion. Of many master dramatists and almost equally famous players no mention whatever is made. Mr. Rowlands can find room for Edwin Forrest, John McCullough, and Mary Anderson, but none for E. L. Davenport or for Quinn, Samuel Phelps, Marlowe, Congreve, or Sheridan. But other omissions are yet more fantastic. The chapter on Sir Henry Irving, for instance, says not a word about his *Mathias, Hamlet,* or *Shylock,* but only gives a eulogy on his

Dr. Primrose, by (of all persons in the world) Mr. Clement Scott. Some of the portraits are very good, notably those of Rachel, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Abington, and Macready, and none the worse for being familiar.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Beach, Joseph Warren. Sonnets of the Head and Heart. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Beckett, Arthur William à. The à Becketts of "Punch": Memoirs of Father and Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Berdan, John M. The Poems of John Cleveland. New York: The Grafton Press.
Bickford, Faith. Daddy Joe's Fiddle. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 40c. net.
Big Animal Picture Book. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $2.50.
Bingham, Joel Foote. Gemme della Letteratura Italiana: Modelli di Prosa e Poesia con notizie biografiche, giudizi critici, e argomenti delle opere principali antiche e moderne. Florence: G. Barbèra; New York: Henry Frowde. 35s. net.
Bolen, George L. Getting a Living: The Problem of Wealth and Poverty—of Profits, Wages and Trade Unionism. The Macmillan Co.
Bolton, Charles E. Travels in Europe and America. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50 net.
Book for Little People. Illustrated by E. Stuart Hardy. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Bridgman, T. J. Jest-Nuts. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.25.
Brown, Arthur Judson. The New Era in the Philippines. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Brown, William Garrott. The Foe of Compromise, and Other Essays. The Macmillan Co.
Buel, Elizabeth Cynthia Barney. The Tale of the Spinning-Wheel. Litchfield (Conn.): The University Press.
Buisso, Ferdinand, and Wagner, Charles. Libre-Pensée et Protestantisme Libéral. Paris: Fischbacher.
Burgess, Gelett, and Irwin, Will. The Reign of Queen Isyl. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Burgin, G. B. The Shutters of Silence: The Romance of a Trappist. New York: The Smart Set Publishing Co. $1.50.
Burrow, F. Russell. Alexander in the Ark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Byron, Lord. Poems of Sentiment. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Caillard, Vincent H. P. Imperial Fiscal Reform. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40.
Campbell, John Edward. Introductory Treatise on Lie's Theory of Finite Continuous Transformation Groups. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $4.75 net.
Carlyle, R. W., and Carlyle, A. J. A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. Vol. I., The Second Century to the Ninth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. $3.50.
Chambers, David Laurance. The Metre of Macbeth: Its Relation to Shakespeare's Earlier and Later Work. Princeton (N. J.): The Princeton University Press.
Cheever, Harriet A. Brother Bunny. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 40c. net.
Church, Alfred J. Greek Story and Song. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Cooke, Edmund Vance. Impertinent Poems. Boston: Forbes & Co. 75c.
Cotton, Buel P. Zoölogy, Descriptive and Practical. Part I.: Descriptive. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Creevey Papers: A Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M. P. Edited by Herbert Maxwell. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Davis, M. E. M. A Bunch of Roses, and Other Parlor Plays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Davis, Noah K. The Story of the Nazarene in Annotated Paraphrase. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.75 net.
De Normandie, James. The Beauty of Wisdom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Deutsch, Leo. Sixteen years in Siberia: Some Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist. Translated by Helen Chisholm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Dix, Edwin Asa. Champlain: The Founder of New France. (Series of Historic Lives.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.
Dixon, Thomas. The Leopard's Spots. New edition. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
Dobson, Austin. Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay). (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co.
Dudley, Myron Samuel. Williams College, Class of Sixty-Three: Fortieth Year Report. Williamstown, Mass.
Dunbar, Paul Laurence. When Malindy Sings. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Essays of Leigh Hunt. Edited by Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Finley, Martha. Elsie and her Loved Ones. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 85c. net.
Fisk, May Isabel. Monologues. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
Fontaine, André. Conférences inédites de l'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture. Paris: Albert Fontemoing.
Freeland, Holman. Trelawny. New York: Edward F. Clode.
Freeman, Edward A. Vol. I. The Historical Geography of Europe. Vol. II. Atlas to the Historical Geography of Europe. Third edition. Edited by J. B. Bury. Longmans, Green & Co.
From Friend to Friend Kalendar. Evanston (Illinois): William S. Lord.
Fruit of the Spirit Poetically Interpreted. Selected by Alice Jennings; introduction by Edwin Markham. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Genius of J. M. W. Turner: Special Winter Number of 'The Studio.' New York: John Lane. $2 net.
Goad, Harold Elsdale. The Blind Prophet: A Dramatic Poem. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.
Grant, Anne. Memoirs of an American Lady: With Sketches of Manners and Scenes in America as They Existed Previous to the Revolution. Also a Memoir of Mrs. Grant by James Grant Wilson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Gossip from Paris during the Second Empire: Correspondence (1864-1869) of Anthony B. North Peat. Selected and arranged by A. R. Waller. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.
Grimm, Brüder. Kinder- und Hausmärchen. Edited by B. J. Vos. New York: American Book Co.
Hawkins, C. C., and Wallis, F. The Dynamo: Its Theory, Design, and Manufacture. New edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The Marble Faun. New York: Howard Wilford Bell. 51c.
Hay, John. Castilian Days. Holiday edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Haywood, Marshall De Lancey. Governor William Tryon, and his Administration in the Province of North Carolina, 1761-1771. Raleigh: E. M. Uzzell.
Hedin, Sven. Central Asia and Tibet: Towards the Holy City of Lassa. 2 vols. Illustrated. London; Hurst & Blackett; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.50 net.
Hemstreet, Charles. Literary New York: Its Landmarks and Associations. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.
Hennepin, Louis. A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America. Reprinted from the second London issue of 1698, etc. 2 vols. Introduction by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $6 net.
Higginson, Ella. The Voice of April-Land, and Other Poems. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Hill, Frederick Trevor. The Web. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Historic Buildings, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Hoar, George F. Autobiography of Seventy Years. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.
Howes, Abby Willis. A Primer of English Literature. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hunter, William Wilson. A Brief History of the Indian Peoples. New edition. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 90c.
Jones, Edward F. Richard Baxter: A Story of New England Life of 1830 to 1840. New York: The Grafton Press. $1.50.
Joyce, P. W. A Social History of Ancient Ireland. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $8 net.
Kellogg, Sanford C. The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia: A War Study. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.
Kelly, William Patrick. The Cuban Treasure Island. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Keystone of Empire—Francis Joseph of Austria. By the author of 'The Martyrdom of an Empress.' Harper & Brothers. $2.25 net.
Kingsley, Charles. Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face. 2 vols. Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. $2.
Lang, Andrew. The Valet's Tragedy, and Other Studies. Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.20 net.
Langdon, Stephen. The Annals of Ashurbanapal No. II. (Semitic Study Series.) Leiden: E. J. Brill.
Laws and Principles of Bridge, with Cases and Decisions Reviewed and Explained. By "Badsworth." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.45 net.
Life of Hector Berlioz as written by himself in his Letters and Memoirs. Translated from the French by Katharine F. Boult. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Macaulay's Life of Johnson. Edited by Albert Parry Walker. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mann, Horace. The World Destroyer. Washington: The Lucas-Lincoln Co.
Maugham, H. Neville. The Book of Italian Travel (1580-1900). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Grant Richards. $3 net.
Marvin, Walter T. An Introduction to Systematic Philosophy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Maude, Cyril. The Haymarket Theatre: Some Records and Reminiscences. Edited by Ralph Maude. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Max, Fred. Soul-Return. (Soul-Science Series.) Boston: E. H. Bacon & Co. $1.25.
McCarthy, Justin. Portraits of the Sixties. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2 net.
McLaughlin, James M., Veazie, George A., and Gilchrist, W. W. New First Music Reader. (The Educational Music Course.) Boston: Ginn & Co.
McMahon, James. Elementary Geometry—Plane. (The Modern Mathematical Series.) New York: The American Book Co.
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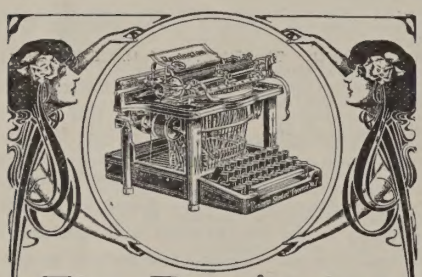

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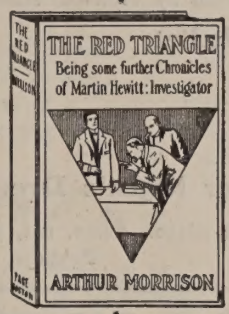

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1903.

The Week.

Mr. Cleveland has chosen the better part. In taking himself definitively out of the list of Presidential possibilities, he renounces no honor which he has not already had in full measure, but confirms himself in the admiration of his countrymen, while insuring an old age enriched by dignified leisure and troops of loving friends, instead of being embittered by strife and trouble. Cobden wrote, apropos of Lord Palmerston, that "all men of the age of seventy-two with unsatisfied ambitions are desperadoes." The saying is true of some men at other ages—say, forty-five. But Mr. Cleveland has shown that his ambitions are satisfied. Not even the extraordinary turning to him at this time of the hearts and hopes of thousands among the best in the land can move him again to risk health and happiness in political turmoil. The third-term tradition he does not mention but undoubtedly respects, though in strict form it would not be operative against him. Old enmities would be, however, though he could doubtless have ridden them down as so many times before. But, as we say, his decision is a wise one. The vilifications of a few years ago have given place to praise; his party is returning to his feet; his counsels are sought with all of the old confidence. What better ornament of his declining years could he hope to have?

Gov. Odell has the advantage of Platt in years and in bodily vigor. He has also far more personal force. He does not, like Platt, temporize with opposition, speak his enemies soft, and bide his time for undoing them by petty treachery, but he beats them down with a mailed fist. His hand has been heavy on the Legislature; he has put through some of his schemes for tax reform and departmental reorganization—often excellent—with a relentlessness that has won him many foes. His method was shown when, at the beginning of Mr. Odell's term, Platt sent his son to the Governor with a few of the usual orders, and the Governor practically kicked the emissary out of the executive chamber. It was shown again last week, when he went to Washington with his "fighting clothes" on, and delivered to Platt an ultimatum demanding unconditional surrender. In both cases Platt yielded because he could no nothing else. Certain it is, then, that if the Governor has made up his mind to displace those State leaders who are drones, incompetents, or secret friends of the Democrats, he will do the work with thoroughness, and make the organization far more efficient than it could be under Platt.

Granting all that may be said for Odell's leadership, however, the result of the conference in Washington must be disquieting to Roosevelt. The President, by appointing State Senator McClelland to the Board of General Appraisers, helped forward Platt's scheme for renewing his grip on the Legislature again; but along comes Odell and with a single puff blows down that elaborate card house. Moreover, the President—according to common report—is not particularly fond of the Governor and does not profoundly trust him. The doubt which vexes all national managers is whether anybody can save New York from the Democrats. The feud between Platt and Odell has already gone so far as to weaken the party; and Platt, though beaten, can be trusted to resort to underhand means to harass the victor. If Mr. Odell is to be professed leader and responsible for the outcome next November, Platt will not be sorry to see a Democratic victory, even if both Roosevelt and Senator Depew fall outside the breastworks.

"I have always contended that the laws of commerce are as positive in their action as the laws of nature"—thus Senator Hanna in explanation of the present financial depression. We are certain that this revolutionary statement will be received with dismay by the "standpatters," and the numerous persons who up to this time have believed with Mr. Hanna that crops, prosperity, stable finances, and the full dinner-pail all depended upon the Republican party. We have no recollection that, during the hard times under President Cleveland, Senator Hanna or any other Republican leader admitted that there was such a thing as a "law of commerce." The bad crops, the monetary depression—all the misfortunes of the Democratic régime—were merely due to the fact that the man in the White House was a Democrat with leanings toward free trade. The one thing necessary to give the wage-worker the highest possible pay and to bring peace and contentment into every home, was to elect a good Republican to the Presidency and fill the House and Senate to overflowing with men of the same political faith. Now that Senator Hanna is willing to admit that the financial condition of a country depends upon something more than legislation at Washington and the complexion of the majority party, that there are deep, underlying laws controlling trade and commerce, we may expect to hear something else than "standing pat"—even from Ohio. At any rate, it is pleasant to learn now from Mr. Hanna that "business is good" and that "we are simply settling back to a normally prosperous situation."

Even this reassuring statement of Senator Hanna's will not, we think, quiet the increasing uneasiness of the Republican leaders at the steadily growing gap between the national income and expenditure. For the four months and twenty-five days of the fiscal year the deficit is $4,500,000, as against a surplus of $11,865,967 for the same period of last year. The *Times* learns that the President will use these figures to urge economy upon Congress. Senator Elkins remembers now having advised some of his Republican colleagues of the last Congress not to repeal the war taxes, and he plaintively remarks: "An excess of revenue is a very fickle thing. It often vanishes very suddenly." That this is a profound and statesmanlike thought no one can deny. But how can the President or Senator Elkins, or even Hanna himself, wean a lavish Congress from billion-dollar expenditures? That is much more easily said than done, even in the face of a shrinking income. Moreover, Congress has voted battleships and cruisers with no thought that the payments for them would soon fall due. Now it is told by the Secretary of the Navy that it must pay out nearly $100,000,000 to maintain the service, and to meet shipbuilders' bills payable. Whereas the army and navy appropriations in 1895 were 49 millions, they were raised by the last Congress to 180 millions—unpleasantly large figures just at this time.

The rector of the wealthiest parish of the Episcopal Church in the United States diversified the perfunctory cheerfulness of Thanksgiving Day services by "adding intercession to thanksgiving." In Dr. Dix's enumeration of alarming signs of the times, the depression of values found a place beside class hatred, gambling, irreligion, and infidelity to the marriage bond. Indeed, if rhetorical emphasis be any criterion, selling stocks cheap is an even more heinous offence than any previously catalogued by theologians. Dr. Dix deplored "the cold-blooded assaults on private property by those who attack corporations and drag them down to bankruptcy for their own advantage, in order to enrich themselves by the losses which their acts bring about," and then condemn murder and assassination. Apparently, the preacher desired some kind of divine support for the stock market. Now, nobody has attacked or depressed the actual business of the United States Steel

Company, for example. It is worth just what it was a year ago. Furthermore, nobody could have attacked the securities of that company with success if they had been worth intrinsically what was paid for them. Again, those securities are to-day worth just as much to actual holders as they ever were. No sympathy need go out to speculators in inflated values; and if Trinity Church is to assert both a geographical and spiritual jurisdiction over Wall Street, it will do well to reserve its anathema for those who better deserve it—the great bankers and promoters who sold the widow and the orphan paper promises made to be broken. A spiritually minded pastor might well thank God that hard times have revealed our betrayers.

We must reserve judgment on the remarkable allegations made on Tuesday week in the Shipbuilding suit until Mr. Schwab shall have been heard in his own defence. As yet, only one side has been presented, in the matter either of the "bribing" of the company's officials, or of the Bethlehem Steel clique's interference in the affairs of the Shipbuilding Trust. Of the two, the second allegation, if confirmed, would in our opinion be the more serious. Mr. Nixon stated that Schwab's associate and counsel in the Bethlehem deal, Max Pam, had "marked off" $250,000 from the Shipbuilding Trust's assets, after including that sum in the statement to the Stock Exchange; that the Bethlehem Steel forced the other companies in the Trust to buy material from it at prices above the market, and that bids for two battleships prepared by Nixon, which would have got the contracts and earned a profit for the Shipbuilding Company, were altered by the ingenious Mr. Pam to figures which proved prohibitory. Mr. Nixon's evidence, in short, ran close to the inference of a conspiracy to ruin the Shipbuilding Trust and force it, at bankrupt prices, into the hands of the clique behind the Bethlehem Steel. This is a very serious charge—of such a nature that men with a keen sense of honor, if thus accused even by inference, would ordinarily insist upon an immediate opportunity to make public answer. Hence we must express our regret at the repeated postponements of the case, and the persistent rumors that neither Mr. Schwab nor Mr. Pam will be allowed to take the stand.

The announcement that the Pension Commissioner, Mr. Eugene F. Ware, has decided to resign his office, after a service of but little over a year and a half, is fresh proof that this is one of the most difficult offices to fill properly and keep filled. There is scarcely a position in the President's gift which requires such tact and courage, as well as the ability to stand a never-ending pounding from a portion of the public. "Corporal" Tanner's love for the veteran proved to be too intense, in the opinion of President Harrison, to enable him to hold the office for any length of time. With Commissioner Evans's gallant fight our readers are still familiar. The best testimonial to his fitness was the continual cannonade of the Grand Army and the spoilsmen, which finally led to the acceptance of his resignation by President Roosevelt and his transfer to London. Commissioner Ware was the President's own choice for the place, but, whether because of his sensitive poet's nature, which may have made it so difficult for him to endure newspaper criticism, or for some other reason, he has never seemed happy in office. Indeed, the announcement of his resignation states that, while not to take effect for a year, it is due "to long-felt dissatisfaction with the nature of the duties of his office." With the Grand Army clamoring for a service pension, irrespective of merit or necessity, it is well that the President has plenty of time to search for the rare man needed as Commissioner.

In the opinions of Republican Representatives, published by the *Evening Post* on Tuesday, on the question of disfranchising qualified negro voters in the Southern States, a gratifying unanimity is displayed. All who express themselves at all are of one mind on the injustice of the policy pursued in the South, and on the need of applying the most effective remedy attainable. This was to have been expected. Public defence of such undemocratic and inequitable measures is not possible. Men may privately apologize for them or glory in them; they may say that the objectors are "mere sentimentalists," or maintain that it is not feasible or good political tactics to raise the issue; but no man who professes to be of the party of Lincoln can openly advocate shutting the door of hope in the face of 10,000,000 American citizens. So far as the responses go, they indicate a rather surprising readiness to follow where any courageous party leader may point the way. Several causes have been quietly at work to effect this rousing of the dormant Republican conscience. Last summer's revelations of a new slavery—peonage—stirred the North visibly. Gorman's challenge on the race issue brought the blood to many a face. "I was against meddling with the question," one Congressman wrote us, "till Gorman spoke; but now I am for any law to check so insolent an outrage." It is for the Republican leaders to choose. They must see in current events upon how slippery a place the "stand-patters," like sinners, will find themselves standing next year. Is it not worth their while to try to revivify a great party by making it the champion of equal justice?

The Supreme Court of Alabama has done a notable act of justice to Peter Crenshaw, a negro, and to the men of his race, in confirming his right to the suffrage. Crenshaw, our readers will remember, is a veteran of the civil war, in possession of an honorable discharge from the Federal army. Yet for no other reason than that he was a negro politician the Board of Registrars of Limestone County refused to permit him to register, in flat violation of the Alabama Constitution, which gives the suffrage to any one who served honorably in the army and navy of the Union or the Confederacy. Crenshaw promptly availed himself of the Constitutional remedy, which was sustained in his contention for his rights by a jury of his white fellow-citizens. But this did not satisfy the spite of the Democratic politicians who desired to eliminate him from the politics of his county. They induced the State to appeal the case to the Supreme Court. The opinion of this tribunal is of very considerable importance, since it lays down the principle that there is no appeal from the decision of a jury in such a case, and that a voter given a certificate by twelve of his peers is forever free from interference by the higher courts. This decision will encourage negroes throughout the South to fight for their rights, and should make it correspondingly harder for prejudiced registrars to deprive qualified negroes of their rights under the existing constitutions.

More peonage revelations in various portions of the South must be opening the eyes of those editors who criticised us last spring for believing that the Alabama cases were other than sporadic and unparalleled happenings. Judge Emory Speer last week sentenced three well-known Georgians to pay fines of $1,000 in two cases of peonage, and there are two other indicted men. In Louisiana, also, peonage has been discovered in more than one place, and, most important of all, the United States Marshal who has been securing witnesses there has received a "warning" that the "white people do not propose to be annoyed by your kind of cattle." The part played by him in uncovering the species of slavery which has been flourishing in certain parishes makes it, he is informed, "necessary" for him to find a residence in some other State. In Montgomery, Ala., the case of a white peon has just come to light, although the State was supposed to have been purged of peonage months ago. In Mississippi, also, there are persistent rumors of the new slavery, and there have been cases reported from Tennessee and Texas. Undoubtedly, the shameful system of leasing convicts is responsible for the spread of the peonage idea. But the fact that the negroes were politically defenceless has made them an easy prey to their unscrupulous white neighbors. The one encouraging feature

of the whole scandal is that the miscreants are being punished by white judges and juries.

The collapse of the Chicago street railway strike is a warning to "labor." The employees went into the struggle with high hopes; they came out of it defeated in every substantial contention. In many ways they were favored at the outset: they were fighting a corporation which is as unpopular as most street railways; they were backed by the sympathy of unionists in other trades; they were in a city where "labor" is strong politically, and where the mayor is sympathetic. Yet the storming of the cars by the strikers was such an outrageous piece of violence that Mayor Harrison could but order the police to do their duty. The outcome of the contest, however, was not owing so much to the action of the municipal authorities as to the condition of the labor market. The slackening in business is throwing men out of work; and the recent contemptuous refusal of anything but the highest pay and the easiest hours is changing into readiness to accept reasonable wages and fair terms. The lesson which this winter will teach in all our large cities will be bitter but wholesome. Capitalists are suffering from a falling market; and as surely as watered stock runs down hill, so surely must labor bear its share of loss. No combination of walking delegates, no federation of unions, no dynamite or bludgeon can force employers to carry on industry at a permanent loss; and the hour has come to remember that a feather in the hand is better than a bird in the air.

Whether the fighting in Jolo was necessary or not, the outbreak itself is significant. It was in Jolo, it will be remembered, that our soldier-diplomatists won their greatest renown. Gen. J. C. Bates's treaty was hailed as a sample of the kind of achievement in the interests of peace which our soldiers could compass, if only unfettered by foolish civilian administrators. After wearing these laurels with becoming modesty for a couple of years, Gen. Bates himself found that there were defects in his treaty—which, among other things, provided for the continuance of polygamy and slavery under the flag. Now Gen. Wood, after slaughtering hundreds of Moros at the cost of one soldier killed and a half-dozen wounded, announces that this entirely abrogates the Bates treaty. So it may. The pity of it is that here is fresh proof that we have got to keep on fighting in the Philippines. That fair dream of a far-distant people happily subject to our Congress and contentedly licking the Presidential hand that sends them a Taft or a Wright to preside over their destinies, has long since faded away. Every report of the Adjutant-General records the dead and wounded in the Philippines. Some of the regiments now arriving at San Francisco have on their rolls the names of many dead or discharged for wounds. Yet, when they went out, peace was supposed to be at hand. Worst of all, the great mass of Filipinos dislike Americans as bitterly as in 1899.

A certain capacity for folly in the professionally virtuous is illustrated in the recent activities of the Boston Watch and Ward Society. This body does the useful and necessary work of prosecuting purveyors of obscene literature. Recently it obtained a judgment against a publisher who had advertised a complete and unexpurgated 'Decameron,' emphasizing the occasional obscenity of that great work. Unhappily, the pornograph offered the moral defence that the 'Decameron' was on sale at the most reputable establishments; and the Watch and Ward people were foolish enough to order copies and enter charges against the best publishers and booksellers in Boston for circulating obscene literature. An unfortunate by-result was an artificial notoriety of Boccaccio's masterpiece and an enormous demand for it at the public libraries. If a great book is misused in Boston to-day, the Watch and Ward Sociey is certainly in part to blame. The incident shows lack of common sense quite as much as of culture. All that any such society can do is to prevent doubtful books—which happen also to be standard literature—from being advertised and spread broadcast by reason of their immorality. It should require no great discernment to perceive that the 'Decameron' actively circulated in boys' schools is obscene literature and actionable, while the same book quietly awaiting a purchaser is good literature and fit company for Dante and Shakspere.

Since M. Jaurès's revelations of last April and Gen. André's avowal of the forgeries of the General Staff in the Dreyfus case, it has been almost inevitable that the matter should be reopened. Naturally the revision which is now authorized by the Minister of Justice will take into account only the evidence that lay before the Rennes court-martial. The fact that an appeal is granted is proof that the prosecutors introduced other false testimony than the patent perjury of Gen. Mercier on that occasion. It may be assumed, too, that the revising authority will not reiterate so absurd a verdict as "guilty of treason, with mitigating circumstances." The confirmation of the earlier judgment would leave Dreyfus morally condemned without mitigating circumstances of any kind; the reversal of the military court would make him not a pardoned offender, but a vindicated martyr of French army corruption. The attempt will be made to keep the reopened *affaire* out of politics. Some success may meet this laudable effort, for none of the present Government was implicated in the various prosecutions, and the Anti-Dreyfus Nationalists have lost with votes most of their capacity for mischief-making. Still, it hardly seems possible that a matter about which so many evil passions have raged can be revived in judicial serenity of spirit.

The opening of the University of Munich to women is an event of considerable importance because a very conservative university goes over to the liberal practice of Heidelberg and Freiburg. Formerly they have been admitted to lectures on tolerance merely and at the caprice of individual professors. Lately, for example, a determined effort has been made to reduce the number of women students at Berlin. Similarly, in the rare instances in which women have received the Doctorate in Philosophy, there has been something exceptional in the award. Now German women are to be received at Munich on precisely the same terms as men, and unquestionably American women will get due credit for their work done and degrees received at home. This liberal step, which involves equally Erlangen and Würzburg, should have the effect of attracting towards Bavaria the now scattering foreign women students.

Serious anti-Austrian demonstrations have been made by the students at Rome; and throughout Italy the Irredentist feeling appears to be making head. It is felt that Italy has never been wholly freed from the Austrian yoke. To the east of the Adriatic, Dalmatia and Istria (Italian-speaking provinces) afford an outlet to the sea to the Dual Kingdom. Trieste intercepts the trade that used to go to Venice. Again, the province of Trent carries the Austrian dominion far down the southern slope of the Alps, separating the Venetian from the Lombard province. Thus the Irredentist agitation, though excessive in its more violent manifestations, is colorably justified in the main. Of course, the disorders at Rome are of themselves insignificant. They do show, however, the drift of Italian opinion, and indicate that Austria must make distinct effort to secure the friendship of Italy if the Triple Alliance is to remain more than a name. Concessions on the Adriatic, Austria cannot afford to make, but she could afford to cede the Trentino. Already the Italian legislators from that tiny province have made trouble enough to win virtual autonomy for their constituents. The possession of the Trentino, while a menace to Italy, is hardly a source of strength to Austria, and certainly not of wealth.

A TREATY OF WAX.

What the Washington Administration thought, three weeks ago, of our treaty with Colombia is generally known. It was the document under the pretended authority of which Secretary Hay sent that sardonic notification to the Government at Bogotá—namely, that it was dismembered, and that it had given us the treaty right to prevent it from maintaining its sovereign rights. By some hocus-pocus, our guarantee of Colombian sovereignty on the Isthmus had become the means of its destruction there. We could not take sides against the revolutionists, nor allow the Colombians themselves to interfere. That was the official Washington interpretation of the treaty, on November 6, 1903. Yet the interpretation of the same treaty by the same Administration in September of 1902 was exactly the opposite. President Roosevelt not only reversed his predecessors; he reversed himself. The official dispatches of the State and Navy Departments in September of last year show this clearly.

But, first, it will be well to set forth briefly the historic view of our treaty with Colombia. Its origins are disclosed in the confidential correspondence accompanying its transmission to the Senate in 1847, from which the seal of secrecy has only now been removed. The American negotiator of the treaty, B. A. Bidlack, wrote from Bogotá to Secretary Buchanan:

> "I could not obtain these terms [favorable tariff rates] without consenting to guaranty the *integrity* and neutrality of the territory. . . . The guaranty extends only to the isthmus, and anything like a general alliance is carefully avoided."

In the confidential message of President Polk, much the same language was held. We extract two salient sentences:

> "The guaranty of the sovereignty of New Granada over the isthmus is a natural consequence of a guaranty of its neutrality, and there does not seem to be any other practicable mode of securing the neutrality of this territory. New Granada *would not consent to yield up* this province in order that it might become a neutral State; and if she should, it is not sufficiently populous or wealthy to establish and maintain an *independent sovereignty*."

Poor Polk! How far behind the times such belated notions make him appear! The advantages of a snug little tête-à-tête republic had not occurred to him.

This original understanding of our engagement "positively and efficaciously" to guarantee to Colombia her "rights of sovereignty and property" in the Isthmus of Panama has been consistently sustained by American Presidents and Secretaries of State down to the present year of grace. In 1865 Mr. Seward declared that the United States could not become "a party to any civil war in that country by *defending the Isthmus against another party*." Secretary Fish wrote in 1873 that our treaty obligation had "never been acknowledged to embrace the duty of protecting the road across it [the Isthmus] from the violence of local factions; but it is regarded as the undoubted duty of the Colombian Government to protect it against attacks from local insurgents." And in 1885 President Cleveland, describing the action of our forces on the Isthmus, in the insurrection of that day which gave rise to claims against Colombia not yet settled, said it was "always in aid of the sovereignty of Colombia."

So, as we have said, was the action of President Roosevelt last year. There was a revolution then. It was a real one—not a New York promoted affair—with real fighting. Admiral Casey telegraphed that it would have been a triumphant insurrection but for the presence of United States troops. "I firmly believe if our men were removed from shore the insurgents would be in Panama in forty-eight hours." But he was informed from the Navy Department that he must "overlook matters of minor importance," since "negotiations for the ship canal are at present at a standstill on account of a feeling of irritation on the part of the Colombian representative." Here we get the first glimmerings of the brilliant idea that a canal is a bigger thing than a treaty.

But the State Department was not idle. On September 11 it had a dispatch from our Minister at Bogotá reporting a request of the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the exercise of our good offices, as against the insurgents on the Isthmus. It was explained that the insurrection was delaying the "canal matter"—that everlasting canal! Thereupon Acting Secretary Adee informed the Secretary of the Navy that he had "communicated with the President," and had "received from the President a telegram *approving* of my suggestion as to intrusting such a mission to the commander of the *Cincinnati*." Accordingly, orders were duly issued, and the insurgents, before whom, Admiral Casey wrote, "Panama would fall an easy victim but for the restraining influence of our naval force here," were induced to make peace. In other words, one year ago the United States actually intervened to aid Colombia in restoring her sovereignty over the Isthmus.

To bring out the lightning change which came over our Government's interpretation of the treaty in only fourteen months, we have merely to put side by side two naval orders, one issued on September 20, 1902, the other on November 2, 1903. In the former, Secretary Moody telegraphed to the commander of the *Cincinnati* simply to prevent "the line of transit" from being converted into the "theatre of hostilities." He added: "Transportation of Government troops not in violation of treaty, and which will not endanger transit or provoke hostilities, may not be objectionable." Now turn to the dispatch of November 2, 1903 —*two days before* the cooked-up "revolution," of which our innocent Government knew nothing—and we find Admiral Glass ordered to "prevent landing of any armed force, either Government or insurgent, with hostile intent, *at any point within fifty miles of Panama*."

The case is absolutely clear. Mr. Roosevelt departed not only from the policy of foregoing Presidents, but from his own of a year before. The same treaty which in 1902 led him to aid Colombia, in 1903 compelled him to antagonize her. This is obviously to convert a treaty into a nose of wax. Into it the President seems to have been willing to read his passing and changing wishes. His one controlling desire appears to have been, not carefully to observe precedents and good faith, but at all hazards and under any pretence to "get that ditch."

THE POSTAL THIEVES.

Mr. Bristow's report on the postal investigation is one of the most sordid revelations ever made in a public document. He slides under the microscope a cross section of the Department, and shows us in a flash the tissue alive with squirming parasites—a group of public officers without conscience, conspiring with depraved citizens in schemes for plunder. Trusted employees were busy filching from the Treasury everything on which they could lay their fingers, down to a cent and a sixth on each money-order book. Their accessories in crime were often prominent manufacturers, men of standing in business, society, and politics, like ex-Congressman Edmund H. Driggs of Brooklyn and State Senator George E. Green of Binghamton. In this history, which gives the world its first clear idea of the extent of the frauds, there is not one tale of courage or audacity—nothing to lift the operations of the gang above those of the ordinary sneak thief, unless one excepts the brazen recklessness of Beavers and Machen, whose wholesale robberies rival what Burke called the consolidated corruption in the heroic times of Roman iniquity. One can find something admirable in the desperate bravery of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin: though with misdirected energy, they at least led the strenuous life. But most of these postal officials never rose above the level of the housemaid who fibs and plots day after day for the sake of adding to her hoard a spoonful of sugar and a pinch of tea.

Among the twenty outsiders who are under indictment, Mr. Driggs and Senator Green are the most conspicuous. Both have loudly protested their innocence and begged for a suspension of public judgment until they should have a chance to defend themselves. But unless Mr. Bristow and the Government attorneys are the victims of mania, both

statesmen should soon be wearing the stripes of a felon. Each case, as Mr. Bristow presents it, is absolutely plain. Congressman Driggs accepted a bribe of $12,500 to secure an order for 250 automatic cashiers, and part of this money has been traced to the bank account of Beavers. Green is deeply involved: as president of the company that makes the Bundy time recorder, he paid Beavers 10 per cent. on all sales made to the Department. He also bribed Beavers in order to get a contract for cancelling machines. There are checks showing various transfers of money from Green to Beavers; and when Green was asked by the grand jury for an explanation, he declined to answer, on the ground that he might incriminate himself. The methods of the other conspirators were much the same. They persuaded postal officials to order excessive quantities of supplies at exorbitant prices, and then shared the ill-gotten profits. H. J. Barrett, nephew of James N. Tyner, assistant attorney-general for the Department, added a touch of variety by obtaining from his uncle decisions allowing get-rich-quick and other swindles to use the mails. But from Driggs and Green down to Cupper, the paint contractor, all were diligently picking the pockets of Uncle Sam.

There is another group of rascals, whose names are withheld, and who are otherwise treated rather gingerly—Congressmen who intrigued with Beavers to secure for various favorites unwarranted and unlawful increases in salaries. One case, from a hundred or more, will serve as an example. A member of Congress recommended an increase in the allowance for clerk hire at Conyers, Ga., which was then $40 a year. The amount of mail handled would have entitled the office to $160, but when the Congressman called on Beavers personally he got $820; for a clerk whom he recommended. When the Congressman's favorite was transferred to another office, the allowance was reduced to $100, plain proof that the $720 was spent, not for the needs of the service, but for the payment of a Congressman's political debts. By such means Beavers made himself "solid" with the politicians of both parties, and held his place through thick and thin. The President surely speaks ironically when he says: "So highly were Messrs. Beavers and Machen thought of by those who had been brought into close connection with them, that the Congress actually provided at its last session for raising the salaries of both." In fact, so many members of Congress were morally, if not legally, *particeps criminis* that they had to strike hands in a general undertaking to reward their accomplices.

One of the big fish, Perry S. Heath, managed to slip through the meshes of Mr. Bristow's net. He still declares that he is an innocent man, pursued by malicious enemies; but it was under his administration that these frauds flourished; there is testimony, corroborated by circumstantial evidence, that he, or members of his family, received stock from at least two concerns with which the Department was doing business. Through the grace of the statute of limitations he escapes certain charges, and on others the district attorney regarded the evidence as insufficient. But he is saved as by fire. Under the circumstances the quicker the Republican National Committee turns him out of the secretaryship the better for the party.

Mr. Bristow's investigation has been thorough and fearless, and he deserves high honor. He expresses his thanks for the hearty coöperation of the President, First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne, and Assistant Attorney-General Robb. For obvious reasons he cannot thank the one man who should have supported him—Postmaster-General Payne. Indeed, when Mr. Bristow writes, "What the service most needs is honest, intelligent, and vigorous administration," he points out unerringly the glaring defects of Mr. Payne's management.

President Roosevelt's course is most creditable. He directed Mr. Bristow to spare neither high nor low, and in spite of frantic appeals for clemency he has unwaveringly backed the investigators. His memorandum on the subject is emphatic and sound: he will "exhaust every expedient" to see that "justice is meted out to the offenders." His attitude robs these shocking disclosures of much of their force as a political issue. Of course, many voters may argue that though the President's own hands are clean, the party is so deeply fouled that a complete purifying is needed. There will be general agreement that one man should go at once—Mr. Payne. To-day he stands revealed more clearly than ever as a miracle of incompetence. If the President will put in his place some man whose honesty and ability are unquestioned, he will strengthen incalculably both his Administration and his party. The investigation of which Mr. Payne wished to see the end is now completed; and the folly of the past can no longer be "urged as a reason for the insanity of the present and the future."

SENATE, PRESIDENT, AND HOUSE.

Great changes in the working of Governmental machinery often pass almost unperceived, in their beginnings. They are not heralded with a "Lo, here! Lo, there!" The Senate of the United States, for example, attained its present pitch of power with no blare of trumpets. Small successive increments did the business. Hence it is not surprising that a movement to clip the wings of Senatorial privilege should not have caught the popular attention as it ought. We refer, of course, to Speaker Cannon's resolute refusal to submit to the dictation of the Senate. Important in itself and for present purposes, it is vastly more important for what it portends. Mr. Cannon is apparently determined on a course which, if unflinchingly persisted in, will do much to restore the ancient prerogatives and repute of the House, will redress the balance of power as between it and an overweening Senate, and thus will have a powerful influence upon Congressional practice as well as upon Constitutional theory.

Readers of the press dispatches from Washington are familiar with what occurred. The Senate, in its usual complacent fashion, had arranged everything. Its committees had "decided" that there should be no vote on the Cuban bill before the middle of December, and that accordingly the extra session should adjourn on the eve of Thanksgiving. These lordly gentlemen never dreamed of consulting the House. What was it there for but to do as it was bid? The Speaker and the Committee on Rules were, to be sure, necessary officials, but the main object of their existence was, after all, to execute the orders of the Senate. So these particular orders were transmitted to Speaker Cannon; but that grim and square-jawed personage contemptuously flung them back in the Senate's face. Senators said that the special session should now adjourn, did they? Well, Congress would *not* adjourn, said the Speaker. Congress is made up of two houses; and he intimated that it was time for Senators to learn that "there are others."

In this opening battle of what promises to be a prolonged Constitutional struggle, we cannot think the President's part happily chosen. He has appeared not to know his own best friends. To the real enemies of his great office he has given a certain amount of aid and comfort. Of course, we understand that a President seeking a renomination is bound, in a party sense, to maintain that everything is for the best possible in the best possible of Governments. Accordingly, the humble pie which the Senate prepared for Mr. Roosevelt he could but eat with true Thanksgiving relish. So we had on Thursday the inspired announcement that the President was not at all disappointed at the failure of Congress to do as he asked. Everything was coming out just as he expected, and exactly to his mind. If this is simply the customary official optimism at which all the world smiles, it may pass; but if it implies that President Roosevelt is not alive to the real nature of the impending conflict, the pity of it is great.

For the Senate has been steadily working to reduce the President as well as the House to a nullity. President and House, therefore, should feel themselves natural allies in this fight. They should jointly put their names to a document like this: "Resolved, That the power of the Senate has increased, is increasing,

and ought to be diminished." The weapon which the Senate uses in attacking the House is its own inability to legislate except by unanimous consent. With ninety chartered libertines to block bills in regard to which they have not been "squared," the Senatorial conferees have been in the habit of compelling the House to give way and accept Senate amendments, as Senator Lodge says, "without a change even in punctuation." Assuming thus to be all-powerful in the making of laws, the Senate goes on to assert control over the framing of treaties and the filling of offices. Thus it strikes both ways. It would make of the President merely a clerk. The House it would degrade to the position of amanuensis to the Senate.

It was high time some one should lift a hand against these swollen privileges. Speaker Cannon deserves both thanks and support. If the President will not join forces with him, the intelligence of the country should. We take it that this is no chance act of Mr. Cannon's. He has enlisted for the whole war. Congressman McCall's article in the *Atlantic* foreshadowed what was to come. The surest road to a reform of the Senate lies through a strong assertion of the rights and dignities of the House. Senators are, for example, pottering over some amendment of their rules—those rules how not to do business. But revision may come speedily by way of "Uncle Joe's" obstinacy. When an issue is made between the two houses, and Senators resort to the usual argument that they have no rules such as the House has to shut off filibustering debate, the Speaker may say to them, "Adopt such rules, then." If you persist and say, "But we cannot, and you will force an extra session if you keep on," Mr. Cannon may rejoin, "Extra session let it be. That will give the people an opportunity to judge between you and me, between the Senate and House."

Brought sharply up to this alternative, there can be little doubt what the Senate would do. It would mend both its rules and its manners. If it did not, it would hear from the country something unpleasantly like, "Mend it, or end it."

THE PASSING OF "INTEGRATION."

The last two years have witnessed the shipwreck of many a fine financial theory. Aerial navigation is, in fact, no nearer attainment in Wall Street than in the Bois de Boulogne. In neither place can the dirigible balloon be constructed out of such stuff as dreams are made of. Recent industrial developments show this, and are bringing into contempt the most ambitious and far-reaching of our latter-day economic doctrines—that of the "integration of industry."

This phrase is, in a large sense, the antithesis of the time-honored expression, "specialization of industry"; and so means nothing less than the counteraction of a tendency which has operated in industrial affairs from the beginning of human effort. Integration of industry does not strike necessarily at the very letter of the law of the division of labor, but it certainly runs counter to its spirit. That law signifies diversity in unity, whereas integration means unity in diversity. In other words, under the old policy the main thing was an ever-increasing differentiation of industrial effort, the unification of results being left to natural law to work out. Under the new, the chief feature is a conscious human effort to coördinate a vast number of hitherto conflicting industrial elements, and to bring them under common control. But the new departure was purely fortuitous. It was not an evolution; neither was it a suddenly devised scheme to meet a great and unexpected change in the basic conditions of industry. It was just the application of *à priori* notions to the financial and industrial situation. Nor was integration one of those movements which break out simultaneously in widely scattered localities. Its origin is easily traced to Wall Street, and to a mere handful of individuals even there.

There was a fair presumption at the start that the integration argument contained a fallacy, but in many minds this was felt rather than perceived. Most persons were disposed to suspend judgment till they saw how the experiment would turn out. It is safe to say, however, that they have waited long enough, and are now ready to express their minds forcibly. The experiment was tried on a pretty extensive scale, and seems to have broken down at about every point. A chain of industries was formed, the work of integration was begun, the principle of making one hand wash the other was strictly applied, and for a time the new theory was triumphant. But the fact is, a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and this particular chain contained a number of links that were very weak indeed.

Steel was easily king when it came to the integration of industry. Combine a great number of already overcapitalized companies into one corporation of almost unthinkable magnitude, and add some hundreds of millions of new capitalization. Then buy up—or think you do—all the sources of the raw material at any price which the owners may take a fancy of naming. Incidentally, of course, you must own railroads and lake transportation lines. Next you must buy up all the ocean steamers that are for sale anywhere in the world, without regard to their age or fitness for modern conditions, paying three prices for them. If, finally, you can identify yourself with the various construction companies, so much the better. The beauty of the scheme is—in theory—that if one branch of the business goes back on you, the others will pull you through. But, unfortunately, in this most signal instance the theory has failed to work.

There has been integration within integration. The United States Steel Corporation was an integration, but was itself integrated with nobody knows yet how many other projects. The sources of the raw material were coördinated with the transportation companies and with the crude manufactured products, and through other stages with the finished commodities. But this beautiful scheme was like Hawthorne's railroad to the Celestial City—it ended on this side of the river. There was one fatal defect—the consumer was not also integrated. He seemed to have been at the start, but we now see that it was a mistake. Even the contemplated integration—that which was going to insure such a community of interest between the Steel Trust and the Shipping Trust and the great railroads and, it is stated, certain large contracting companies, not to mention important money-market interests—has also apparently broken down. Probably the real explanation is that every step in this integration upon integration was marked by rash extravagance. Every detail was apparently overcapitalized. The boasted "economies of management" seem all to have gone to the promoters. It is stating the case very mildly to say that it is hard to see how the situation could be any worse if all the factors of this huge integration had been left to work out their own salvation, governed only by what Adam Smith calls the "higgling and bargaining of the market." Integration shrewdly managed may be a good thing, though even so it cannot be a magician's wand to make profits where none exist in natural conditions. Managed as we have seen it, however, with lavish overcapitalization and reckless discounting of the future, "integration" looks to-day very much as if it were spelled "disintegration."

STYLE AND STATECRAFT.

That accomplished woman who chooses to be known as "Vernon Lee," suggests in the *Contemporary Review* a new method of criticism. Assuming that the style of a writer betrays inevitably his personality, she argues that syntax in the last analysis is psychology, and she applies to Thomas De Quincey an analysis as searching as ever one of Gildersleeve's pupils devoted to an Attic orator. Her results show that De Quincey's moral flabbiness reveals itself most distinctly in his use of verbs. Dissecting one of the finest passages of 'The Opium Eater,' she finds that the verbs, adverbs, and active participles are as one to four against all the other parts of speech (50 in 200 words). More significantly yet, the fa-

mous passage would fairly stand complete though bereft of its verbs:

"The verbs are for the most part verbs of existence or of mere explanation. Whatever they are—'was,' 'ascribe,' 'begun,' 'call it' (in the sense of naming), 'found,' 'learned,' etc., etc.—they serve only to bind the nouns and adjectives into logical sentences, but do not bring much sense of action into the passage. Most of them, moreover, might be replaced by equally indeterminate words without altering the total effect."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that De Quincey's undoubted eloquence is that of the noun and adjective. His appeal is to the eye; his grasp of the world of action the fumbling of a moral incompetent—and of a superb dreamer.

"Vernon Lee" will tell us later how it stands with the verbs of Stevenson and De Foe. Meanwhile, it seems to us that the test may have utility outside the garden plot of belles-lettres. Why accept hearsay and the plaudits of the vulgar on our great men, when we have their verbs as an infallible criterion of their moral status? In this confidence we have been at the pains to examine the verbs in the first two paragraphs (about 520 words) of 'The Strenuous Life,' taking so large an extract to avoid the risk of hitting upon an exceptional lapidary period. Without pointing the literary contrast between De Quincey and Mr. Roosevelt—though that would be a pleasing task for the special student—suffice it to say that the President's style has an excellent underpinning of strong verbs. We count sixty-nine out of five hundred and twenty total words, and of the verbs only thirteen may fairly be dismissed as negligible. What may be called the category of effort requires sixteen verbs—among them help, demand, win (several instances), work (ditto), strive (ditto), help, try, succeed, get; and, naturally, the opposites, shrink and fail. Next to action, exhortation is prominent; speak, teach, preach, are present in six cases. Beyond this, the miscellaneous verbs only bear out the same stalwart quality, and of the six adverbs, even, the notable ones are: preëminently, distinctly, and ultimately—right absolute words.

Believing that knowledge of Senator Hanna's inmost nature and intentions would be more precious than rubies to the political forecaster, we have likewise analyzed an equal portion of his works. Here the difficulty is met that Mr. Hanna is not a "literary feller." But in choosing the peroration of his ship-subsidy speech before the Senate, March 6, 1902, we feel that we have caught the orator's authentic note. In some 525 words the junior Senator from Ohio shows some slight inferiority to his chief—sixty verbs against sixty-nine. In their choice, however, the difference is much more striking. Nearly one-half (twenty-five, to be exact) must be classed as colorless words of existence and the like. The category of effort and strife is pitifully small. Yet the inference that Senator Hanna is temperamentally akin to De Quincey—is addicted to opium, lacks moral stability—would be premature. Good intellectual words (understand, know, realize, think), conciliating verbs (propose, induce, invest), are present in force. Observe, too, Mr. Hanna's nine adverbs, compared with the President's six: merely, quickly (three times), regularly, satisfactorily are the qualificatatives that indicate an ingratiating attitude towards the Senate and the world. Without setting up as an arbiter of styles, we believe that Senator Hanna's verbs are none the less formidable because less aggressive than Mr. Roosevelt's.

We have shrunk from applying the statistical yardstick to anything so precious as Senator Beveridge's diction. And yet our temerity has been rewarded by discovering that his large utterance is the ideal union of the qualities of De Quincey and Roosevelt. In sheer copiousness of verbs, Beveridge lies between the opium-eater and the apostle of the strenuous life. Nearly eighty in five hundred words is the proportion; of these eighty, fifty are colorless verbs, such as De Quincey used, but the remainder is more inspiring than even the President's list. Retreat, proceed, pant, desert, throttling, administering—it is a perfect trumpet-call to excursions and alarums. And the adjectives are a soul-stirring lot—virile, unwasted, masterful, mighty, divine, imperishable, undying, infinite, golden. In respect of the nouns, De Quincey in the glamour of his opium visions never arrayed them so opulently. Civilization, glory, opportunity, Agincourt, Waterloo, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India, Egypt, mummy of the nations, Pharaohs, duty, fame, profit—are only a few of these truly orbed words. This style lacks only a minor perfection—the diplomatic adverbs of Mr. Hanna. In general, it fuses indissolubly the sturdy frankness of Mr. Roosevelt with the insinuating, visual suggestiveness of De Quincey. It need hardly be said that we have been studying Mr. Beveridge's epoch-making speech of February, 1899, "The Republic That Never Retreats."

Here, too, one must guard against over-rapid inferences, such as that Beveridge may be President if he will only not eat opium or abuse his impressionistic vocabulary. But the investigation seems to prove at least that the stylistic supremacy of the President is open to grave doubt; that a lapse into the non-heroic would make Mr. Hanna a most formidable candidate; while the addition of a certain Oriental sensuousness to our present robust ideals would make Mr. Beveridge the very man of destiny. Such at least is the verdict of the verbs.

FIELDING.

Shortly after Henry Fielding returned to London from Leyden, where he had been studying law for two years, a distinguished Frenchman arrived in England on the Earl of Chesterfield's yacht. This was Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, who, during a residence of two years in the country, made some observations on the people that have never been succcessfully discredited. Among other unflattering things, he said that

"An ordinary Englishman must have a good dinner, a woman, and comfort. So long as he has the means of getting these, he is contented; if these means fail him, he either commits suicide or turns thief. All classes are corrupt. Honour and virtue are held in small esteem. There is no religion in England. If one speaks of religion, every one laughs."

Thus, without compunction, plainly and precisely, an enlightened foreigner described the society which Fielding began to write about at the age of twenty-one, upon which during twenty-five years, as dramatist, journalist, novelist, he lavished a frequently ribald ridicule and a constant rather splendid sort of scorn. By portraying his ordinary countrymen (some of whose habits were too notoriously his own), this extraordinary Englishman made for himself an uncertain living, poor at best, yet not dull, very great fame as a writer, and an almost correspondingly bad reputation as a man. He treated his material with the freedom and independence of a great humorist, and part of his reward has been identification with the baseness and corruption that he satirized. He drew many characters of a shining yet not superhuman virtue; he clearly perceived and sincerely loved real goodness; he continually proclaimed that human nature was his book, and his field the manners of many men. Yet, along with his fame, has been passed from generation to generation an impression that it rests on the description of his own vicious life and the shameless exposure of his own black heart.

This personal disparagement began in his own time. Richardson, who hated him (with cause), grieved for the "lowness" of a man who had so much talent, belonged to a great family, and had such nice sisters. He would not read 'Tom Jones,' but believed that the author wrote the "coarse-titled" book to fill his pockets, and "to whiten a vicious Character and make Morality bend to his Practices." Dr. Johnson, expressing for once (we think inopportunely) a popular opinion, "would not sit with Fielding." Smollett, whose own work is so chaste and discreet, reviled him, and Horace Walpole delighted to repeat evil gossip, spicing it with his natural malice. Through most of the nineteenth century, Henry Fielding (now absolutely identified with 'Tom Jones') existed under the grand tabu; and those who felt they must record a tribute to his literary achievement, let it be clearly understood that they knew well he was a shocking fellow and a sorry scoundrel.

The eloquence of Thackeray's appreciation is marred by sighs and groans, and a generally missyish attitude towards a scandalous rake who had had the luck to write in a time when it was possible to depict himself. Twenty years ago, Mr. Austin Dobson gallantly broke a lance in defence

of Fielding's character; but, as late as 1892, so tolerant and humorous a writer as Mr. Augustine Birrell declared that the "very name Henry Fielding" rings in the true tradition of the eighteenth century—the tradition that the proper place for a novelist was "either the pot or the sponging-house"; that he ought to be "either disguised in liquor or confined for debt." Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Leslie Stephen have striven to discredit the assumption that a man must be depraved because he wrote a good deal about rakes and blackguards of both sexes, and because he is known to have been pretty steadily in debt and sometimes drunk; and now, introducing to the twentieth century an *édition de luxe* (that of the house of Croscup & Sterling Co.), comes the late Mr. Henley, eager, injudicious, extravagant, in his wish to remove every stigma from the man whose work has such an important place in our literature. His partisanship hurts the case. Contemporary criticism was not wholly instigated by envy and malice, nor nineteenth-century disparagement by prudery. Richardson and Dr. Johnson at least did sincerely believe that this young man, who belonged by birth to the world of fashion, and by nature to the world of letters, had the vices of both and the virtues of neither. And the reappearance of a Puritan spirit in England during the Victorian era offers some guarantee of the good faith of prevailing disapprobation.

In considering 'Jonathan Wild,' Mr. Henley says "it is a tremendous achievement in pure irony; and for this reason it is isolated in English letters. It is given to few to love irony for its own sake." He might have suggested as one of the reasons for his author's bad reputation that it is also given to few to understand irony, and that many of Fielding's severest reproofs of vice have been taken for indecent approbation or callous indifference. Undoubtedly he has suffered much from the dulness of the human understanding and the self-protecting impulse of human egotism. The number that can distinguish between natural virtue and formal morality, or, distinguishing, more highly honor the former, is not great; and nobody ever heard his own faults censured without rushing for extenuation to the "thou-too" argument.

The facts that can be arrayed either for or against Fielding are insignificant, and that which testifies for him most favorably is his marriage to the love of his youth, the beautiful Miss Cradock of Salisbury, and their mutual devotion, tried by years of poverty, the loss of children, and her protracted illness. 'Tom Jones' was written in the years between her death and his second marriage. As he believed his work would long survive him, he wished her name to be linked with his, and explicitly declares that she was the original of Sophia Western. Of 'Amelia' she is the whole inspiration, and it is not going too far to suppose that both books were deliberately intended to celebrate her beauty, charm, and virtue—a tribute to a woman who had forgiven much because she loved much.

Mr. Henley says little about the "four great books," because everything has been said already. His comments on the Plays and Miscellanies may lead people to examine them. Of the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon' he says: "In every sentence is stamped the utterance of a humane, stately, and honorable gentleman." This is one of his extravagances, but any one who wishes sincerely to get away from the "pot and sponging-house" tradition had better read the 'Journey' and the Preface to the Miscellanies and perhaps one or two of the papers on public affairs which were written by Fielding in his quality of justice of the peace for Westminster. Then he may bring an opener mind to the "four great books"; may be able to perceive a man instinctively truthful and, therefore, however imperfect, never ignoble; may come to think with Mr. Henley that, in achieving these books, "a master of life, a master of character, a master of style did so nobly by his nation and his mother-tongue that he that would praise our splendid, all-comprehending speech aright, has said the best he can of it when he says that it is the speech of Shakspere and Fielding."

WESTERN SICILY.

PALERMO, October, 1903.

Though Sicily has within the last fifteen years become one of the regular tourist resorts of Europe, where hotels have multiplied, where Englishmen are counted by hundreds and Germans by thousands, it is not yet largely visited by Americans, for it lies a little off the frequented routes, and is naturally omitted by those who have only three or four months to give to their round of western and southern Europe. Some notes upon the more interesting points it presents may therefore be of interest, not merely to those who do not know the Mediterranean countries at all, but even to those who are familiar with Rome and Venice and the cities of Tuscany.

Small as Sicily is, each part of it—one might almost say every one of its principal cities—has a special and characteristic interest. To the student of ancient classical history, no spot is so attractive as Syracuse, for no event in ancient history, except the great Persian war in the beginning of the fifth century B. C., is so momentous or so dramatic as the Athenian expedition against Syracuse at the end of that same century, which has been described by Thucydides in a narrative whose condensed and tragic power is without a parallel in historical writing. The student of Greek art finds his chief attraction in the city which one is more apt to call by its Greek name of Akragas, than by its Roman name Agrigentum or its modern name of Girgenti. The mediæval history of the island concentrates itself in Palermo, where also are to be seen the finest monuments of its mediæval art. The geologist is, of course, drawn to Catania, because it is the best point for the study of the volcanic phenomena for which Sicily has long been famous, since it lies at the very foot of Ætna, and has been over and over again devastated by lava streams.

The western corner of the island is the least visited by travellers, and has no single place of first-rate importance to the devotee either of art or of science. But to the historical inquirer it has the profound interest of being the region in which the contending forces that strove for Sicily during many generations fought their longest and hardest fight. It was the battle-ground of the Semites and the Hellenes for three centuries, as it was afterwards of Rome and Carthage during the first and second Punic wars. And a thousand years later, when the Semites, now Mussulmans, were in the midst of their great advance against the Romano-Hellenic civilization of the Roman Empire, it was upon this part of Sicily that the first brunt of the Arab invasion from Africa fell. Few parts of the world have seen more slaughter by sea as well as by land than these western coasts of Sicily; and though we have no records, or very scanty records, of most of the battles and sieges, strong flashes of light fall now and then upon particular spots.

Five of these spots stand out as specially significant. One is the lofty hill fortress of Eryx, now Monte San Giuliano, above the town of Trapani. Another is the Greek city of Selinus, on the south coast, now long since a mass of ruins, near Castelvetrano. A third is the Elymian city of Egesta—in Roman times Segesta—near the modern town of Calatafimi. A fourth is the Phœnician island mart and fort of Motye; and the fifth is also Phœnician, the fortress of Lilybæum, built by the Carthaginians. It is to-day the thriving seaport of Marsala, whose Arab name recalls the fact that it was one of the strongholds of the Arab emirs who held Sicily for two centuries till the Normans drove them out. Its wine is famous; it is indeed the chief emporium of the Sicilian wine trade. Of these two last I shall not speak, because they show few traces of their ancient importance, and occupy sites less striking than the three first mentioned.

Eryx stands on the top of a mountain of limestone, 2,600 feet high, which rises immediately from the sea in the extreme northwest of Sicily. It commands a magnificent view, which in clear weather includes not only the isle of Pantellaria, but the mountains behind Cape Bon in the territory of Tunis. The slopes, everywhere steep, are in places precipitous. At the end of the hill a detached rock stands out, whose flat top is some three or four acres in extent, while its sides are sheer cliffs, and only one very narrow causeway connects it with the main hill. On this rock, which was the acropolis or citadel of the town, stood the famous shrine of a native goddess whom the Phœnicians identified with their Ashtoreth and the Greeks with their Aphrodite. All the peoples of Sicily worshipped her, as did the Romans when they came. She is the (Venus) *Erycina ridens* of Horace. Her temple, rich with countless gifts, was protected as well by its sanctity as by the strength of its position. The city is the oldest we know of in the island. It belonged to a people called the Elymi, who said, like the Romans in later days, that they were descended from the Trojans. They were too few to count for much in the strife of the great powers, Syracuse, Carthage, and Rome, that contended for Sicily. But the natural strength of their fortress, touching the sea at its haven of Drepana beneath, and commanding the west of the island, made Eryx a point of immense strategical importance. No city was more frequently besieged, none proved more difficult to capture. In the first Punic war, Hamilcar Barca, the father of Hannibal, held it for Carthage when she had lost all else in Sicily except Lilybæum, though even he, while master of the city, was unable to dislodge a small Roman garrison

from the impregnable Acropolis. It is associated with many a famous name. Dionysius the Elder took it. Pyrrhus stormed it. So did Roger, the first Norman king of Sicily; and the story goes that, in the heat of the attack on the Arabs, he saw St. Julian appear to help him—whence the town has come to bear the saint's name. The last hero on whom it has looked down was Garibaldi, who landed at Marsala a few miles to the south in 1860 to begin his famous march of liberation. To-day the city is falling—indeed has fallen—into decay. Its military value has vanished. There are still nearly three thousand inhabitants left, but one wonders that there are any, for there is nothing to do on this bare mass of limestone high up among the clouds, nothing except to tend the few goats that browse among the stones. So the people are departing. Some quarters have fallen entirely to ruin; in the others most of the houses, solid stone houses four or five centuries old, stand tenantless. Of the famous temple nothing remains except a water cistern and two or three large stones at the base of the encircling wall. A good deal of the city wall has, however, survived, and the great blocks in the lower courses seem to show Carthaginian work; they are at any rate pre-Roman. Marks which some read as Punic inscriptions are visible upon a few. In another half-century Monte San Giuliano will, if not deserted, have shrunk to a handful of people.

It has, however, outlived by many centuries as a dwelling-place of man the two other cities that remain to be described. Egesta, or Segesta as it was called in Roman times, was also a town of the Elymians, and stood inland from Eryx about ten miles as the crow flies, some three miles from the modern town of Calatafimi, and six miles from the sea at Castellamare, where it had its port. These primitive Elymians were, however, no seafaring people like the Phœnicians and Greeks, who settled beside them and became formidable neighbors. Their town is a hill fortress, covering a ridge whose top is about 1,000 feet above the sea, and 400 above the River Gaggera—a mere trickle in summer, but sometimes a torrent in winter. On the east, limestone cliffs make an almost complete natural defence; on the west the slope is steep, but a line of wall was needed to protect the town. The place is now entirely desolate, with one house only—that in which the Italian Government has placed the guardian of the ruins. Of the city and the walls scarcely anything remains, though the outline of the defences, with the foundations of a gate and those of a small temple, may be discerned. But outside the walls, on a low neighboring hill, stands a temple, not very large, but singularly dignified in its severe and simple Doric style. Its purely Greek character shows that this originally barbarian people had become Hellenized, at least to the extent of appropriating Hellenic forms; and this at an early period, for the work seems to be of the fifth century B. C. The columns are nearly perfect, but there is no interior; evidently the temple was never finished. It is a mere shell, yet beautiful, for it is rich in tone and stately in its lines. Within the walls, and crowning the northern summit of the hill (now called Monte Barbaro), is a Greek theatre, with its seats and gangways, which are still perfect, cut for the most part out of the hard limestone rock. It could hold 3,000 persons. With their faces turned towards the sea, which is framed in noble mountains, the spectators enjoyed one of the most beautiful views in Sicily.

Though neither of these remains is in itself of the first magnitude, their setting and the absolute silence and solitude that surround them make them singularly impressive, not unworthy of a city which at one point of its life affected the history of the world. When the Carthaginians controlled the northwestern coast of Sicily, and the Greek city of Selinus, planted on the shore, some twenty miles to the south, had grown powerful, Segesta found herself in danger. She feared to deliver herself wholly into the hands of Carthage, and yet she was unable to contend on equal terms with the Selinuntines, who were driving her from lands that lay along the frontier of their respective territories. When Carthage seemed unwilling to intervene, she turned to the Athenians, who had from time to time been meddling, in their spirit of restless Imperialism, with these far-western regions, where they had really no business at all, and over which, with all their strength, they were not strong enough to maintain a dominion. The Athenians, seduced by the dream of adding Sicily and perhaps ultimately Carthage, to their maritime empire, and pressed by a similar appeal from the people of Leontini, which was threatened by Syracuse, fitted out the greatest expedition that had ever quitted a Greek port, and sent it to Sicily. Its destruction there was the deathblow to Athens. She struggled on, but ultimately succumbed to the Peloponnesians; and never again recovered either the strength or the prestige of Periclean days. But for the fatal persuasions of Segesta, she might have overcome Sparta, maintained her Ægean Empire, resisted Philip of Macedon, and given a different direction to the current of events in the Mediterranean world.

Segesta had gained nothing by her invocation of Athenian help, and a few years later, when Selinus was again pressing her hard, she made a fresh appeal to Carthage. This time the great African power hearkened, thinking the moment a good one for extending her dominions in Sicily. An immense force was dispatched against Selinus. The Greeks of that city were rich and prosperous, but they had allowed their walls to get out of repair, and their Dorian brethren at Syracuse and Akragas were dilatory in coming to their help. The Campanian and Spanish mercenaries in the Carthaginian army stormed the city, and, after a gallant resistance kept up for days in the narrow streets, Selinus was sacked, the men slaughtered, the women and children sold into slavery. The walls were demolished, and though several times in later days small groups of people established themselves in the ruins, the city disappeared from the roll of Greek commonwealths. It is now, and has been for many hundreds of years, a mass of ruins, covering a ridge which abuts on the sea between the haven of the city on the east and the mouth of a stream on the west. The lines of the citadel walls and the foundations of some temples are visible. But far more striking than anything inside the city are the remains of three temples which stand outside on a hill to the east, and one at least of which was in course of erection when the city perished. This gigantic building seems to have been destroyed by an earthquake, probably in Roman times. It must have been as large as, if not larger than, any existing Greek temple. Its fallen columns, pediments, and architraves, wildly tumbled over one another, resemble one of those tremendous rock-falls which may be seen in the Alps rather than any work of human hands. It is hard to believe, when one gazes at this evidence of the wealth and public spirit and patriotic pride in their town of the old Selinuntines, that their territory was probably only some thirty miles in circumference, and that the free male citizens were probably not more than twenty thousand in number. The community that conceived and executed such a majestic group of works as these three temples on the hill deserved a better fate than to be thus blotted out forever by a barbarian foe. Yet these catastrophes were common in the ancient world. When Segesta offended the tyrant Agathocles of Syracuse, he seized ten thousand citizens and butchered them in cold blood on the banks of their river, just as Abdul Hamid, keeping himself more adroitly in the background, massacred his Armenian subjects in 1895.

No ruins, not even those of Egypt, give a greater impression of a remote antiquity, totally disconnected from our modern world, than do these majestic relics of the Greek city and her Elymian neighbor. The Roman work which one sees in Italy, France, and Spain seems near to us, because there is no break in the historic chain of influences and institutions which links Rome to contemporary Europe. But between us and the old Hellenes of Sicily there seem to be no such links. Rome comes in and breaks the continuity; the Arab conquest breaks it a second time. Partly, perhaps, in this remoteness, in this sense of the far-off brightness and joy (followed by the blackest gloom) that once lit up this now silent shore, lies the infinite pathos of the uncovered ramparts and fallen temples of Selinus.

Correspondence.

THE *NATION'S* JUBILEE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg to express to you my cordial felicitations on the occasion of your excellent review's 2,000th-number jubilee.

Yours faithfully, Claes Annerstedt,
Librarian of the Royal University.

Upsala, November 11, 1903.

[Felicitations from such a source are excusably made public. We return our thanks to the distinguished historian of the ancient University of Sweden.—Ed. Nation.]

"CONVEY" THE WISE IT CALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the testimony given, by those seemingly conversant with the facts at the official inquiry into the birth, life, death, and destruction of the United States Shipbuilding Company, I venture to think that a new word can now properly be coined, to more fittingly describe the *modus*

operandi by which this "North Sea Bubble" and other like watered combinations have or may be blown, bought, and "busted."

I submit, with confidence, the word *Schwab* (n.), *To Schwab* (v.), *Schwabbed* (p. p.).—Respectfully,

THOS. W. HEATLEY.

CLEVELAND, O., November 27, 1903.

THE "NEW" CRIME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have the volumes of *Frank Leslie's Weekly* for the years 1861-1866. I happened lately to refer to the 1864 volume, when I noticed an item on page 355, headed, "Southern": "In Ware County, Ga., on January 24, a negro was burned to death for an assault on a white woman."

I looked through the other volumes and found in that for 1866, page 403: "The negro who committed a diabolical murder of a white girl and boy in Union County, Arkansas, was followed and arrested. After the proper examination, he was burned to death." F. P.

Notes.

'Dollars and Democracy,' announced for publication in the spring by D. Appleton & Co., will sum up Sir Philip Burne-Jones's impressions of American social and political life during his recent sojourn in this country. Sixty full-page drawings of the author's will illustrate the volume. At the same date will appear 'How to Know the Oriental Rugs,' by Mary E. Langton.

Shortly forthcoming from the Oxford University Press are the third series of Dr. E. Moore's 'Studies in Dante'; 'Horace for English Readers,' in a prose rendering by Dean Wickham; and two additions to the Oxford Miniature Poets series, viz., Keats's poems, and Shakspere's works in three volumes, all on Oxford India paper.

Under the somewhat fantastic title of the "Library of Noble Authors," the Chiswick Press is sending out a series of notable reprints of English classics (New York: Scott-Thaw Company). The form chosen is that of a small folio with rough edges. The paper used is of a beautiful, apparently hand-made linen. The type is large and generous, suggesting the early days of printing, but not sacrificing anything of clearness to a slavish imitation. The margins are broad, furnished with copious side-headings in red italics. The binding is a modest drab muslin. Altogether the volumes are a joy to handle, and in these days of "cheap and nasty" bookmaking they should be welcomed as a contribution to that sentiment of affection for the great books of our literature which seems in danger of extinction. We have before us Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia.' The text is made up first of a reprint from the second edition of Ralph Robynson's translation in 1556, then of the Life of More by William Roper, and finally of thirteen letters, mostly to or from Margaret Roper. The text of the Life was prepared by Mr. George Sampson from four manuscripts in the British Museum. The letters have been taken from Rastell's folio of More's English works. Whatever idea the publishers may have had in mind in using the phrase "noble authors," certainly the chief impression of all the material here collected is of a rare nobility in character and feeling.

'Three Masques by Ben Jonson: of Oberon, of Blackness, and of Beauty,' is a handsome quarto reprint, vellum-bound with tie-bands. The publisher, Mr. Robert Grier Cooke, has chosen a distinctive fount of type, thin but evenly black, and without serifs. For comfortable reading it is too large and loose, but it is very decorative, especially when employed with the smaller fount. The absence of headlines seems to us a defect, but opinions will differ as to this point. The paper is the best; the single illustration a facsimile of Houbraken's portrait of Jonson. Of the rubricated editions one hundred and twenty-six are offered. Twenty-six have illuminated title-pages and initials. Mr. Bamburgh's practice of this art is intelligent. His letters suit the page, and, if not elaborate, are of workmanlike execution. Many will doubt, however, if hand illumination is the proper adornment for a printed book. The early examples simply show that printing had not struck its gait. All in all, taste and care have presided over this pretty edition of the Masques. It should not be confused with the many routine imitations of the Kelmscott printing.

Turgeneff has become, like Balzac and Victor Hugo, an English classic, to be enthroned in library editions. Following close upon the translation by Mrs. Garnett, published by Heinemann, comes a new version by Miss Hapgood, printed at the De Vinne Press for the Scribners, of which four volumes have reached us. In external features this American edition is certainly superior to its English predecessor. Paper, presswork, and binding are all admirable for books intended to be artistic yet not inaccessible. Whether the new edition is superior also in the weightier matters of the law, we must for a little while postpone judgment.

'Barbizon Days,' by Charles Sprague Smith, which we reviewed a year ago, is reissued by its publishers, A. Wessels Co., apparently from the same plates, and with no other change than that of the date on the title-page, except that a tint has been printed under the cuts, there is a little freer use of red ink, and the cover design is new. It bears no intimation that this is a second edition, or other than a new book.

The plates, photogravure and other, make Mrs. Meynell's 'Children of the Old Masters: Italian School' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) an acceptable gift book. There are ten photogravures and some forty-odd half-tone plates, and they give a fair survey of the treatment of children in Italian art for some three hundred years and in a number of different schools. Mrs. Meynell is concerned only with the figures as representations of childhood, and from that point of view is right in condemning much that is very beautiful in other ways. She is not bound to explain that Raphael is composing decorative arrangements of line, and uses his baby figures as freely for this purpose as he would any other ornamental form, though she does hint at it. As babies, she pronounces those of the early Tuscan sculptors most satisfactory, and, after them, those of the Venetian painters. It is not till one reaches the decline of art, with Bronzino and the portrait painters, that she finds the Florentine painters doing justice to the characteristic attitudes of childhood, and forgetting to be clever and graceful. She writes pleasantly, if somewhat diffusely, and has been fairly well treated by the publishers, though the variety of paper and the arrangement of the plates (sometime in bunches of two or three together) prevent the neat, thin quarto from being an altogether successful piece of bookmaking. There are puzzling references, once or twice, to illustrations which do not appear in the volume—an oversight to be regretted, as the reader is set to looking for the missing plates and is discontented when he does not find them. The striking out of a few words from the text would have remedied the evil.

The Scribners publish 'Eighty Drawings, including The Weaker Sex,' by C. D. Gibson. This is the eighth in the series of those volumes of Mr. Gibson's work which have become an essential part of the holiday season, and contains, besides the cartoons from *Life* and *Collier's*, the usual supplementary sketches, mostly heads of such pretty girls as Mr. Gibson contrives to make prettier each year, difficult though the task must be. On the whole, we take this volume to be the best of the series, though not on account of "The Weaker Sex," which does not interest as much as some of the previous sets of drawings. The artist's pet mannerism—the placing of the eyes too low in the face—is of service in giving an air of archness and a kittenish look to his heads of young women, but it does not succeed so well in the face of his hero. It is in the more frankly comic drawings that Mr. Gibson seems to us at his best; some of his slightly caricatured types being wonderfully good, and his satire often capital. The greater humorous draughtsmen have been dying off with alarming rapidity of recent years, and Mr. Gibson is almost the only one left to the English-speaking peoples.

'The Art Album of the International Studio' (John Lane) is a collection of one hundred plates, republished from that magazine, in an illuminated cover. The kind of art in which the *Studio* glories is pretty well known, and those who like it may like to have this collection. There are good things in it, but the extravagances of design and color in which the artists indulge are not less conspicuous in bulk than they were in detail. The publishers have put themselves to no great trouble or expense of bookmaking, the plates being simply bound together without titles or artists' names, table of contents, or any other aid to identification. One must guess at the subject of any drawing, and if one wants to know whose work one is looking at, one must search for the signature; in case of its absence or illegibility (both frequent) one must guess again.

The extreme partiality of M. Camille Mauclair for the work of the impressionist school of painting especially fitted him to write the little book on 'The French Impressionists' which forms a part of E. P. Dutton's "Popular Library of Art"; it has especially unfitted him to write the larger book on 'The Great French Painters and the Evolution of French Painting from 1830 to the Present Day,' which is now brought out by the same publishers. In their advertisement the publishers say that "an authoritative treatise on Modern

French Art (1830-1900) has long been called for." Such a treatise they have not supplied. What they have given us is rather a piece of special pleading—something almost in the nature of a tract. The very list of illustrations is significant. Out of the 112 reproductions in the book, 46 are of works by artists strictly identified with the impressionist movement, and more than a dozen others are after artists more or less connected with or influenced by it; that is, about one-half the illustrations given of the whole French school of the last seventy years are allotted to this small group of painters. Taken in detail, the list is still more surprising. The leaders of impressionism are fully illustrated, Manet, Monet, and Degas having nine pictures each and Renoir eight. Millet is the only other artist who fares so well, he also having nine illustrations, while Corot has but four and Rousseau two. If we pass from the Barbizon school to some of the more celebrated masters of a more conservative type, we go still more rapidly down the scale, with J. P. Laurens, two; Gérôme, Bonnat, and Carolus Duran, one each; and Meissonier, none at all. The text is even more one-sided than the illustrations, and some of the latter are, apparently, printed only as horrid examples; the author taking pains to point out how poor the work illustrated really is. The translation is not competent, and reaches the grotesque when Puvis de Chavannes's "Poor Fisherman" masquerades as "The Poor Sinner." To any one, however, who cares to see what French art looks like when seen, as it were, through blue spectacles, the book may be not without its value.

'The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia, 1861 to 1865,' by Sanford C. Kellogg, U. S. A. (New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.), is a running account (with occasional comments upon their military significance) of the incessant manœuvres and battles which occupied the valley from the time, in April, 1861, when Stonewall Jackson established a camp of the Confederacy at Harper's Ferry until the breaking up and capture of Jubal Early's little army at Waynesboro', on the 2d of March, 1865. The narrative is spirited, and affords a convenient summary, within the compass of some 250 pages, of operations which bore with great importance upon the rest of the army movements in Virginia, since a raid of Confederate troops dispatched from Richmond when the Army of the Potomac became too threatening to Lee's lines, towards Maryland and Pennsylvania, many a time compelled the detachment of Union forces to meet the danger, and so necessitated a suspension of other important activities.

'The Life in Kansas and Death as a Spy of Spencer Kellogg Brown,' edited by George Gardner Smith (D. Appleton & Co.), is a story drawn from his own journal and letters—with some correspondence of other members of his family—of one who went as a boy of thirteen with his father's family to Kansas, in 1855, at the outset of the conflict between the Missouri Border Ruffians and the New England settlers, who were resolved that this Territory should be kept from slavery. Brown's father was Orville Chester Brown, who was the first settler of the place (near the Osage and Pottawatomie Rivers) which he called Osawatomie, and which presently became the dwelling-place of the more famous John Brown and his stalwart sons. (They do not seem to have been kinsmen.) This boy, after sharing in the tragedies which swept over Kansas for five years, closing with a protracted drought which reduced thousands of the people to the verge of starvation, enlisted, in 1861, in the troops which formed the army of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, and wrote with spirit of the first movements of that energetic officer against the secession camp in St. Louis. Later he enlisted in the gunboat fleet on the Mississippi, and made some daring ventures into the enemy's lines as a spy, in the course of one of which he was taken prisoner, and, in September, 1863, was hanged at Richmond, at the age of twenty-one. The story contains much matter which is of purely family interest, of no historical significance; and in the main belongs to the type of biography illustrative of the patriotic temper, inspired by earnest religious feeling, of many of the Union volunteers in the civil war.

Contemporary methods of critical text-study are excellently illustrated in a group of essays by M. Joseph Bédier (Paris: Armand Colin), in the preface to which the author seems to take some credit to himself for having preferred a scientific procedure to the "divinatory operations" of literary taste. The results of his 'Études Critiques' are therefore singularly uniform and, in the main, convincing. To the majority of readers the inquiry into the authorship of the famous 'Paradoxe sur le Comédien,' commonly ascribed to Diderot, and the examination of the literary sources made use of by Chateaubriand in his works on America, will certainly prove most entertaining. By an ingeniously elaborate sifting of the various kinds of correction or interpolation in the manuscript of the 'Paradoxe,' M. Bédier seeks to refute the comparatively recent hypothesis that this work was written not by Diderot, but by Naigeon, his friend and amanuensis. The case of Chateaubriand resolves itself in M. Bédier's hands into an exposure of, to say the least, exceptionally free "lifting." Having proved to his own satisfaction that Chateaubriand's American itinerary was impossible in the time allowed, his unsparing critic collates passages from the 'Voyage en Amérique,' etc., with extracts from Charlevoix, Carver, William Bartram, and others; all which is perfectly irrefragable, for the coincidences are too many to be fortuitous. We have even discovered some unnoticed by M. Bédier; for instance, "Les Natchez," ch. 1, with Bartram's account of strawberry picking (Pt. II., 3). But Chateaubriand, like Dumas, improved what he made his own.

'La Société Française au XIIIe Siècle,' by M. Ch. V. Langlois (Paris: Hachette), opens with an accurate and well condensed introduction explaining the methods through which the life of so long-past a century can be presented to a modern reader, with the help of romances of adventure abounding in concrete detail. Distributing his selection over practically the whole area, included in ten good stories, M. Langlois furnishes a large and varied amount of matter, from which, however, nothing more than somewhat confused impressions are obtainable, for we are here offered only faithful, partly modernized, renderings of tales, without specific application of the criteria dwelt on in the introduction. In other words, how shall we learn to accept and reject, since the author himself slips out of his obvious task?

Dr. A. Warburg won his spurs years ago with an essay on Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" and "Spring" (Hamburg and Leipzig: Leopold Voss, 1893), the literary and classical sculpturesque inspiration of which he endeavored to trace. That is now an old story, and his results have proved fruitful to later research. Since then, Dr. Warburg has devoted himself chiefly to the entertaining task of reconstructing the holiday life of Renaissance Florence, and he has not neglected the field of art as a source of information. Nor is there anything unsuitable in the exploitation of the work of art as a document in the history of civilization, provided that neither the writer nor his readers confuse this pursuit with the æsthetic and intrinsic interest in art. More recently, Dr. Warburg has been devoting his attention to Florentine iconography, and in his latest pamphlet, 'Bildniskunst und Florentinisches Bürgertum: Domenico Ghirlandajo in Santa Trinita; die Bildnisse des Lorenzo de' Medici und seiner Angehörigen' (Leipzig: Seemann), he succeeds in identifying several portraits and in guessing at as many more among the figures in Ghirlandajo's frescoes in the Sassetti Chapel in Santa Trinita at Florence.

Professor Schulte of Bonn, the head of the Prussian Historical Institute in Rome, in his researches in the Vatican Archives, to which, as a representative of a friendly Power, he had exceptional access, recently discovered a lot of documents referring to the Indulgence trade of 1517, which formed the outward occasion for the outbreak of the Reformation. They consist of a large number of bills and receipts, originally from the banks of the Fuggers, the greatest financial house of the time, which prove beyond a doubt that the Curia received one-half of all the funds collected from this sale, the other half going to German princes and ecclesiastics. The documents were so compromising for the Roman Catholic Church that Schulte appealed for instructions as to publication to the Prussian Cultus Minister, who gave his decision in the word, "Ignoriren." This was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the custodian of the Vatican Archives, the German Jesuit Ehrle, had advised the publication of these documents in the interests of impartial history. The conflict of duties resulted in Schulte's resigning his position in Rome and returning to his work in Bonn. Whether the Vatican authorities will publish these capital finds is as yet uncertain; but Catholic savants, such as the historian Janssen, have in their writings recognized this nefarious business as a fact on the basis of other sources.

Professor von Soden, of the Berlin University, while on the hunt for New Testament manuscripts in the East about two years ago, was fortunate enough to find in the inner closed chamber of the chief mosque of Damascus a whole mass of documents, which, at the solicitation of the German Emperor, were entrusted to the Berlin Museum. Von Soden, with the coöperation of Bruno Violet, who has devoted a full year to these manuscripts, has now made a report of his findings to the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, the results being pre-

sented by Professor Harnack. The collection includes among other treasures the following documents: (1) Latin liturgical works, with musical notes, from the 10th to 12th centuries; also, Latin letters of Baldwin King of Jerusalem, and an old French hymn of 88 verses; (2) a large collection of Hebrew works, religious and profane, synagogical literature and fragments of the Scriptures; (3) some most valuable Samaritan texts, including a calendar and Pentateuch fragments; (4) large fragments in the Armenian language, consisting of twenty Psalms, a large portion of Matthew, and parts of the Church Fathers; (5) several Egyptian Coptic writings; (6) Syriac literature abundantly represented, some of the works being palimpsests with Arabic underwritings; (7) fragmentary Greek ecclesiastical writings, with portions of Homer, portions of the Septuagint, New Testament extracts, all in majuscule writing—among these also a selection from the gospel of John; (8) most valuable of all, a fragment in the Palestine-Aramaic language.

'Spemann's Kunst-Kalender' for 1904 (New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is of the pad variety, and is supplied for every day of the year with a picture of some work of art, embracing in the bulk a large part of the world in many ages. By a *tour de force*, something informing and sensible is written about each plate, ancient, mediæval or modern. There is a mine of instruction in this gallery, which should prove popular.

—Dr. Buckley's study of fanaticism in the United States is the main contribution of serious interest in the December *Century*. There is a quite unconscious humor in his citing as fanaticism Wendell Phillips's famous reading of the formula, "God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." The second instalment of the Thackeray-Baxter correspondence has many bits of piquant interest, such as the comment on Professor Agassiz, "a delightful *bonhommious* person, as frank and unpretending as he is learned and illustrious in his own branch"; "My praises of American women are going all about the town, and Lady Stanley says are outrageous"; "Curtis's article touched me very much. I hope that is the right view of the character. So with all its shortcomings may God Almighty find it and deal with it. And I like to think that I have left that sort of good opinion behind me amongst those I love in your country." Thackeray's first letter from Charleston shows him quite naturalized in talking of "niggers," and please God he will soon "be able to say that people here are not all cruel" (*scilicet*, slavery is not as black as it is painted). André Saglio contributes an article on the Bigoudines of Brittany, that strangely persistent fragment which remains as the only living witness to perhaps the earliest traceable wave of westward-moving population in prehistoric Europe. M. Saglio is said to have been struggling with the problem for some years, but demonstrably certain results are still meagre. The editor makes the bicentenary of Jonathan Edwards the occasion for a few words on religious tolerance, with a plea that the growth of this virtue may not be allowed to bring in an era of moral indifferentism.

—The Christmas *Scribner's* eschews the strenuous, and gives itself up to stories, poems, travel, and description. Henry van Dyke's "Ode to Music" is, perhaps, the most notable contribution. Frederick Palmer describes Buda and Pest, "one of the newest of cities, joined by a hyphen and five bridges to one of the oldest of capitals." E. C. Peixotto furnishes the illustrations, among which some of the native men and women are especially effective. Edward Penfield furnishes both text and illustrations (reproduced in color) for a view of "Holland from the Stern of a Boeier." In the "Field of Art," Russell Sturgis and Frank Fowler comment on Mr. Sargent's recent addition to the decoration of "Sargent Hall," at the head of the stairway in the Boston Public Library. The two are one in their high praise of the work, and in the opinion that it shows a distinct advance in adaptation of the artist's powers to the peculiar demands of the subject and situation, as compared with the work completed eight years ago in the other end of the gallery. Mr. Sturgis is somewhat pessimistic as to the chance of getting a satisfactory view of these decorations when the completion of the work shall have subtracted, from the already insufficient light, the little that is now gained by reflection from the bare walls.

—Professor Lounsbury's discussion, in the current *Harper's*, of the question whether English is becoming corrupt seems to put him on the side of the easy policy of "lettin' Natur caper." At least the efforts of Jonathan Swift and others who have troubled their minds over supposed corruptions in the mother tongue seem to him but empty beatings of the air. It is easy enough to show the errors in Swift's diagnosis, and the futility of some of his plans for improvement; but the apparent assumption that conscious effort on the part of intelligent users of a language is a negligible quantity in its development is questionable. J. C. Thompson makes a plausible plea (*pro domo sua*) for the collection and publication of Tennyson's intentionally suppressed poems. The chief point is that, aside from their inherent worth as poetry, they are necessary to a proper understanding of the poet's development, and the more so because the poems which we have in authorized editions were so largely rewritten and improved after their original composition. But, after all, we get from the waste basket of these earlier years merely the material evidence that, with added experience of life and art, poets, as other men,

> "may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things";

a truth which could hardly be questioned in respect of such a man as Tennyson. Mark Twain's "A Dog's Tale" begins as if the sole intention were to burlesque the Thompson-Seton style of animal stories, and ends with a first-class anti-vivisection document. The reversal is scarcely artistic.

—The principal feature of *McClure's* for December, from our point of view if not from the editor's, is the first of a new series of Mr. LaFarge's ever delightful articles on art, entitled "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting." On the cover it is called "The Hundred Greatest Pictures"—a title which we may be sure Mr. LaFarge never sanctioned. His catholicity of taste and dislike of positive statements would make him the first to revolt against the notion that any possible hundred pictures could be "the greatest." His point of view in the present series is indicated in his opening sentence: "The contemplation of art is a form of study of the history of man." His aim has been to select such pictures as throw the greatest light either on the actual life or on the ideals and aspirations of other times, "choosing, as far as possible, such as might well be called masterpieces, or works of extraordinary merit, partly because the greater works carry on more thoroughly the life of all mankind, apart from small fluctuations or disturbances which are evanescent, however important they have seemed for a time." We have given this last extract in full because it is so characteristic of the carefully guarded and qualified manner in which Mr. LaFarge thinks and writes. In writing of "Portraits of Civic Life," then, in this present instalment, he discusses the Corporation Pieces of Hals and Rembrandt and Van der Helst with regard, principally, to their historic and human interest, and only incidentally as illustrations of artistic methods. Minor technical matters he disregards altogether; but his wide knowledge of art and his many-sided sympathies make themselves felt, and we get from his gentle pages a truer evocation of the artistic personalities he is dealing with than any other man could give us, while the charm of his style is such that we could be content to listen to that alone, though he told us much less than he does.

—Spurious memoirs are no novelty in literature, but the deliberate manufacturing of them has only recently become a recognized branch of the publishing business. Four years ago, in reviewing 'The Martyrdom of an Empress,' we pointed out, from intrinsic evidence furnished by the writer's absolute ignorance of Austrian matters, the questionable character of the book. We now have a "companion volume," by the same biographer, on the Emperor Francis Joseph, bearing the title of 'A Keystone of Empire' (Harpers). 'The Martyrdom of an Empress' purported to have been written by a woman to whom the unhappy Elizabeth disclosed her inmost secrets; in the 'Keystone' the impression conveyed is that of an ubiquitous aide-de-camp who is within earshot during a seventeen-page "heart-to-heart talk" between the Emperor Ferdinand and the Archduchess Sophia, when the Emperor "would have sincerely preferred an encounter with a virago from the slums, flying at him with oaths and curses, or tearing him bodily like a wildcat"; who has often accompanied Francis Joseph "in the glorious hours of cross-country racing," and has seen him save "scores and scores of human beings" during the inundation of Szegedin. But as we listen to the aide-de-camp's wonderful recitals, he suddenly (p. 176), after an outburst of one of Elizabeth's confidences (she figures also in the 'Keystone'), changes back into a woman: "I felt all the disgust of a childless woman for a mother's implacable jealousy; but now that I have a tall boy of my own, who in a few short years will have reached a marriageable age," etc., etc. This change is no more surprising than that of Francis Joseph himself, who in the 'Martyrdom' was the heartless tormentor of his wife, while in the 'Keystone' he is an angel of light and only now and then "a man, made of flesh and blood." With the sex of the author left in doubt, it is not surprising that the style

is not always the man. The 'Martyrdom' read like a caricature of Luise Mühlbach; the 'Keystone' is a travesty of the Bowery melodrama. Only one thing remains unchanged: the ignorance of the author, in spite of her surface acquaintance with Vienna newspaper gossip and the reported tittle-tattle of Austrian court life. She—for her portrait has been made public—who professes to know every thought and action of Francis Joseph and Elizabeth, misquotes the first line of the present Austrian national hymn which every child of eight in Austria knows by heart, does not know the rank of the present Austrian chief-of-staff, and speaks of Taaffe (whose name she misspells, as she does dozens of German words) as "one of Austria's greatest prime ministers." She boldly dedicates this patchwork "to his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor-King of Austro-Hungary [*sic*], in memory of former days"! What next?

—The Royal Society of London has published the first number of "Reports of the Sleeping-Sickness Commission," whose investigations have been carried on at Entebbe, Uganda. In a preliminary note, Dr. Aldo Castellani gives an account of his discovery last November of a living trypanosome in the cerebro-spinal fluid taken during life from a patient with a well-marked case of sleeping sickness. Subsequent observations showed the presence of trypanosomes in twenty out of thirty-four cases. The trypanosome found, while not apparently differing materially from the species existing in the blood of persons with trypanosoma fever *(Trypanosoma Gambiense)*. may possibly be differentiated from it, as the micro-nucleus lies nearer the extremity and the vacuole is larger. From the progress report of Lieut.-Col. David Bruce and Dr. David Nabarro of the commission, it appears that trypanosomes are present in the cerebro-spinal fluid in all cases of sleeping sickness in Kavirondo as well as in Uganda. Further investigations show that the parasite occurs not only in the cerebro-spinal fluid, but also in the blood of sleeping-sickness cases. In trypanosoma fever there are trypanosomes in the blood, but that malady, which is characterized by a slight rise of temperature, causes little or no inconvenience, while sleeping sickness is a well-marked disease and is invariably fatal. Apparently, either the trypanosomes found in sleeping sickness and those existing in trypanosoma fever belong to different species and give rise to different diseases, or they are identical, and, if confined to the blood, simply occasion slight feverish symptoms, whereas if they gain entrance to the cerebro-spinal fluid they cause sleeping sickness. The commission does not attempt at this stage of the inquiry to settle this question, but hopes for a solution before long. The means by which the disease is disseminated is also a subject of inquiry, and the existence of trypanosomes on tsetse flies freshly caught in the vicinity of Entebbe suggests that they may be carried by these insects. The report contains the clinical histories of twenty-one cases and of numerous experiments on monkeys, and is illustrated with half-tones and colored plates.

—Rarely can it have fallen to a man of eighty-three to produce his *magnum opus*. Yet it is not probable that Dr. E. H. Gifford would regard any of his previous publications, numerous as they are, as in any way to be compared with the monumental edition of the 'Præparatio Evangelica' of Eusebius of Cæsarea, which has just been issued by the Clarendon Press in five volumes and 2,730 pages. In it he has given a piece of work thoroughly satisfactory at all points. He has constructed a new text on the basis of new collations covering the entire MS. field, and following, but with independence, the traces of Heikel and Diels. To the text he has added an English translation, the only one in a modern language except the antiquated rendering into French by Séguier. A volume of commentary follows, and the whole multifarious content is made accessible by several elaborate indices. That this book appears for the first time in a satisfactory edition, and, above all, in translation, is only less astonishing than the industry of its present editor, for the accumulation of massed and clotted learning which Eusebius has preserved to us here is one of the most considerable in all ancient literature. Its numerous and lengthy quotations make it, perhaps, our most important source for early philosophy. It has preserved for us Sanchuniathon—or what would pass for him—by far the most considerable fragment from the lost letters of Phœnicia. Here, too, we find the largest of the three fragments of Euemerus which time has spared, oracles, scraps of mythology and folklore, and bits from poets, major and minor. In all this Eusebius builded better than he knew, striking as the conception and execution of the 'Præparatio' are. And now Dr. Gifford gives to it almost 600 pages of very necessary commentary. If, as he modestly pleads, he is neither historian, poet, philosopher, archæologist, astronomer, nor ethnologist, he has shown himself a good substitute for all. Something of all there was certainly needed for this task. No single scholar could exhaustively comment on so vast a farrago as we have here; Dr. Gifford has produced an admirable bit of pioneering work.

THACHER'S COLUMBUS.

Christopher Columbus: His Life, his Work, his Remains, as revealed by original printed and manuscript records. By John Boyd Thacher. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Volumes I., II., royal octavo.

The Hon. John Boyd Thacher of Albany is probably best known to contemporary fame as one of that small but worthy body of American publicists who aspire to add to the services they have rendered in official political stations by making further contributions to the general welfare through the writing of books. His name is better known in the widening circle of book collectors as that of the owner of an important library, illustrating the history of printing and the discovery and settlement of America. Mr. Thacher's library is currently reputed to rank in the very first class, in regard to both the number and the quality of its treasures. It is doubtful whether the owner of any other library of its size in this country has shown equal judgment in determining the especial lines along which to develop his taste for book-buying, or in picking up the scattered volumes necessary to make a well-rounded and comprehensive collection upon the chosen subjects. There is less doubt that none of Mr. Thacher's rivals in the bookshops and the auction room have shown so thorough a realization of what his treasures signify, individually and collectively, as the abiding witnesses of literary and historical progress. It would be difficult to name any other American collector who has expended equal sums for the acquisition of bibliographic treasures, who has given such good proof of understanding why each volume has a proper and necessary place upon his shelves. Mr. Thacher has attained to an eminent rank in the annals of book-collecting in this country, as an exemplar of the true bibliophile, sharply contrasted with the mere lover of rare and costly possessions. Secure in this position, he apparently also desires to become known as the historian of the Discovery of America.

It is not easy to convey an adequate or a fair idea of Mr. Thacher's 'Columbus,' the first two volumes of which contain 670 and 698 royal octavo pages of from four to seven hundred words each. They constitute a remarkable storehouse of information of every conceivable variety, relating in all sorts of ways to the subject on the titlepage. The student who is in some degree familiar with the uncounted volumes which have treated of Columbus, will find in this latest contribution a good many things, including a few of the highest importance, which had not before been so readily accessible for the purposes of study and comparison. The beginner in Columbian research, and the general student away from libraries which possess the standard works on the period of discovery, will find in Mr. Thacher's volumes nearly everything, in the way of sources of information, needed to secure an adequate idea of what Columbus accomplished and how he did it. Some of this material had not before been published in English.

Mr. Thacher begins his great work with an introductory section, in which he gives an account of the two historians, Peter Martyr of Anghiera, and the Bishop of Chiapas, Bartolomé de las Casas, from whose writings the later narrative chapters are largely abstracted. In this section, as throughout, the author seems to have limited his researches to the sixteenth-century sources, neglecting almost entirely the writings of modern investigators, whose names are rarely mentioned in the numerous foot-notes. The result is, that Mr. Thacher appears to have done a large amount of quite unnecessary work which had already been very well done by others. An inevitable consequence is shown in the two chapters given over to a refutation of certain statements made by Hallam, sixty-odd years ago. Students of the later Renaissance long ago perceived that many of Hallam's opinions were based upon insufficient data, and ignored them because they in no wise affected the fundamental value of his epoch-marking work. A careful reading of the passages demolished by Mr. Thacher should be quite sufficient to convince well-informed readers that they scarcely deserve serious attention, least of all at this late day. The chapters on Hallam are unfortunately characteristic of many others in these volumes, which treat of matters that were long ago left by the historical wayside. It would probably be unfair to cite as an illustration of this, although the temptation is strong, the re-

peated attempts to beat down Mr. Henry Vignaud's "Toscanelli Letter" mare's-nest. It is already become difficult to realize that ten months ago the most prominent English scholars, old and young, were deeply stirred with anxiety to refute Mr. Vignaud's contentions.

The main portion of Mr. Thacher's work deals with the voyages of Columbus. His method is, treating each voyage separately, to describe firstly the sources of knowledge, then to give a brief account of the voyage in question, and to conclude with the principal text or texts from which the earliest information is derived. For the sources, Mr. Thacher confines his attention wherever possible to the contemporary printed books, and to manuscripts printed many years ago in books that are now becoming scarce. He expresses more than once a deeply rooted belief that all manuscripts are of worse than doubtful value, partly because they may have been tampered with for the sake of falsifying history, but chiefly because they were not necessarily subjected, as Mr. Thacher conceives all printed books to have been, to miscellaneous public scrutiny and criticism at the time they were written, so that the untruths in the manuscripts had no chance to be exposed by those immediately concerned. This theory, that whatever is printed must perforce give a true account of contemporary knowledge, throws a serious responsibility upon every one who has occasion to utter the feelings of Mr. Thacher's own contemporaries regarding the untrustworthiness of his published works.

The elaborate bibliographic description of the printed sources, most of which are in the author's library, is followed by an outline narrative of events, taken from the earliest historians, with notes of variant or conflicting evidence, but without attempting, beyond an occasional statement of the author's personal opinion, to explain or harmonize the inconsistencies. These bibliographic and narrative chapters serve as introduction to the documentary texts, which are reprinted in the original languages, followed by an English version, excepting where the text is so long that there is room for only the English translation. There is no statement of the sources from which these texts were copied, although the occasional allusions to Navarrete leave no doubt that his collection of documents was used for such manuscripts as it was necessary to include. The obvious opportunity to do a great service to scholarship by verifying the accuracy of Navarrete's copyists probably did not occur to Mr. Thacher. The translations are for the most part faithful literal renderings, with just enough slips and oversights to show that the work was apparently done independently of previous translations. As Mr. Thacher only once mentions any other English translation, and that one which he reprints verbatim from a volume privately printed by James Lenox, it may be assumed that he made no use of other translations for the purpose of checking the accuracy or sufficiency of his renderings. His modest hesitancy about mentioning the fact that an American native was "accustomed to go without vestments" in translating the Latin *ipsi nudo* on page 68, or in translating other curious but ethnologically significant statements, *e. g.*, on pages 67 and 211 of volume one, do not increase confidence in the scholarly nature of the work.

Mr. Thacher's failure to cite authorities, except such as interest him bibliographically, is a serious matter for students who have a right to expect to find these monumental volumes of some use for the purposes of historical research. This failure is the more surprising because the volumes are dedicated to Henry Harrisse, who, more than any other worker in the field of American history, has set the mode in this respect. Harrisse's many publications are, as every one knows, unsurpassed examples of careful statement supported by detailed citation of exact authorities. It is equally well known by every one who has read anything about Columbus beyond the school text-books, that such a work as Mr. Thacher has produced could not have been prepared without using Harrisse's books. Yet, excepting for the words "To Henry Harrisse" on the leaf following the title, a reader might peruse these thirteen hundred pages without gaining the slightest notion of the position Harrisse occupies in Columbian literature. Indeed, one is tempted to wonder whether Mr. Thacher may not have set himself the curious, but totally useless task of attempting to make a Columbus book without looking into Harrisse's publications. In the first volume there are two references, on pages 244 and 250, to Harrisse's 'Christophe Colomb,' upon which practically everything written about the discoverer since 1884 has been based. There are two more in volume two, on pages 8 and 371. Oddly enough, this is exactly the same number as that of the references to Mr. Frederick A. Ober's writings. Even more incomprehensible is the failure to mention 'The Diplomatic History of America: Its First Chapter' in connection with the discussion of the line of demarcation. Mr. Thacher's account of the several papal bulls which concerned the Spanish-Portuguese discoveries contains certain radical and extremely pertinent suggestions, some of which are likely to secure the ultimate approval of historical scholars. Yet there is not the slightest hint of the unquestionable fact that, without Harrisse's 'First Chapter,' insufficient and mistaken as that pioneer work has been proved to be, Mr. Thacher's pages could not possibly have been written. In a work outwardly presenting all the pomp and show of learning, an author has no right to withhold information regarding the sources from which his opinions are derived.

The most important feature of Mr. Thacher's volumes is their facsimiles of publications and manuscripts relating to Columbus. Some of these had not before been reproduced with photographic exactness, and most of them are nowhere else so readily accessible. The quarto edition of the "Columbus Letter" in Spanish, preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, the "Libretto" describing the third voyage and the "Lettera" on the fourth voyage, both in the San Marco Library at Venice, are now published in facsimile for the first time, and all who are interested in Columbian bibliography have been placed under an inestimable debt of gratitude to Mr. Thacher for his successful efforts to make these priceless treasures available for the purposes of comparative study. Besides these, the volumes contain a large variety of facsimiles of titles, printed pages, and manuscripts. All are useful as being exact pictures of important statements made by or about the discoverer of America. They give those unaccustomed to handling the originals an idea of what the material for historical study looks like. Their value for this purpose is but slightly marred by the fact, aggravating to the professional investigator, that most of them are made from photographs of other facsimiles, so that they have the peculiar indefiniteness and lack of precision which always marks a photograph of a photograph, and which is peculiarly provoking to the student of bibliographical problems who is compelled to use them for the purposes of minute investigation. Mr. Thacher has not prepared and published these costly volumes, however, for those who, like himself, can only pursue their researches satisfactorily in treasure houses rich in old books and manuscripts. His purpose is to serve those less favored than himself who desire to gain definite ideas regarding the sources from which the facts of history are drawn. To these, his volumes offer a comprehensive stock of valuable material.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Failure, ineptitude, vulgarity even, may regularly be looked for in productions for the delight of infants, along with successes more frequent and more marked than in books addressed to children in their teens. Betty Sage's 'Rhymes of Real Children' (Fox, Duffield & Co.), with the accompanying illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith, is quite out of the common in external beauty—the pictures are truly admirable—and in the verses, which have a rare breeding and distinction, and are at the same time pervaded by a delightful humor. The thoroughly harmonious combination of pen and pencil is a lesson in taste to young and old. As *real* children display a spirit of mischief, some itemizing of pranks was called for by the title, and may perhaps return to plague the author of the suggestive inventory; and if this be thought a flaw, it is the only one we could point out. We will quote a stanza from "Nurse's Afternoon Out":

> "If you could see our Mother play
> On the floor,
> You'd never think she was as old
> As twenty-four.
> On Sunday, when she goes to church,
> It might be.
> But Tuesdays she is just the age
> Of Joe and me."

The little poem entitled "Mother" shows a capacity for flights beyond the nursery.

Another lesson in taste is the 'Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes' of Dent-Dutton provenance, large open print on thick opaque paper, with colored plates and pen-drawings pretty nearly keeping step with the other appointments; the color designs being uniformly good and unhackneyed. From a Glasgow press proceeds a still larger and more showy volume (quarto), 'The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes,' edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles Robinson (Dutton). Here we have one colored plate, the frontispiece; a rubricated title, well set off; admirable typography, and humorous and ornamental illustrations in the text. Messrs. Dent and Dutton again unite in charming reissues of Hawthorne's 'Wonder Book' and 'Tanglewood Tales,' with decorative head-pieces and colored plates.

About thirty fairy stories, ballads, and songs make up the contents of 'The Outlook Fairy Book,' edited by Laura Winnington (The Outlook Co.). They come from many countries, and a good proportion of them are the old stand-bys, of which one never tires; besides these, are some with better claim to novelty. The book is well printed on unglazed paper, and illustrated with a number of pleasing woodcuts by J. Conacher. "The Golden-Rod Fairy Book' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) justifies its name by an elaborate but unlovely yellow and green border to every page, golden-rod mingled with fairy conceits—dragons, witches, pixies, etc. New colored pictures adorn the old stories, and some not so well known which have been gleaned from recondite sources to add a flavor of originality to the collection. The editor is Esther Singleton; the illustrator, Charles Buckles Falls. Crimson is the color chosen to cover Mr. Lang's latest collection of fairy tales, published by Longmans, Green & Co. While the stories of the 'Crimson Fairy Book' fall no whit below those of its rainbow-tinted mates, perhaps the best bit of all between these covers is the preface, which the genial editor professes himself to be certain that neither children nor their mothers will read, but wherein he states—merely for the satisfaction of his own conscience—that he did not write all the stories in the book, nor any of them, and consequently does not deserve the wondering admiration of the ladies who compliment him upon his fertile fancy. It may be because he feels thus secure of not being read by the young people in question that Mr. Lang allows himself, after naming the many lands from which his tales have come, to make the sly suggestion that "No doubt many children will like to look out these places on the map, and study their mountains, rivers, soil, products, and fiscal policies, in the geography books." In 'Bilberry Wood' (Brentano's) very young readers will find some jog-trot verses about a small boy who went a-berrying, lavishly illustrated by gay-colored pictures, showing the seven bilberry boys and the five little maidens who inhabit the enchanted wood and help Jack to fill his baskets. The pictures are by Elsa Beskow; the verses by T. E. M. Dick.

'Six Fairy Plays for Children,' by Netta Syrett (John Lane), promise cheerful employment for young actors. The never-failing joy of "make-believe" will not be dimmed by too much hard study of lines. The plays are very short, and rely principally upon quaint costuming for their effect. The speaking parts are few, while an indefinite number of younger or less talented children can be worked in subordinately, as lords and ladies, etc. The children's party need no longer be a terror to the inexperienced entertainer, as a difficulty of thinking up amusements for young guests is taken quite off her hands by the authors of 'The Book of Children's Parties' (The Century Co.). Here are programmes especially suited to each month in the year, with games, favors, menu, etc., duly explained. The authors, Mary and Sara White, evidently have none of the old-fashioned prejudice against prizes and gifts for such occasions, for very many of the games are competitive, and a prize is suggested; while it is only the manner in which gifts are to be distributed that varies with the months. This, at least, is a more gracious plan than that of exacting forfeits from the unlucky. 'The Songs of the Trees,' pictures, rhymes, and tree biographies, by Mary Y. Robinson, music by Josephine Robinson (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.), assigns each month its emblematic tree—January, the holly; February, the "herald tree" for the opening year; March, the "wind tree," etc. All these must have their rhyme, their song, and their page or two of text. "Tree biographies" is, indeed, an over-ambitious name, for the scattering remarks about various trees, and the large pages, decorated with conventional trees and sprays in unmodified red, green and black and with fat children in black silhouette, the prosaic verses and humdrum little tunes, though they piece out something which bravely imitates a book, do not succeed in convincing the reader that it fills a long unnoticed want.

'The Bad Child's Book of Beasts,' by H. Belloc, the pictures by B. T. B. (Dutton), has a drollery of its own, but comes off second in comparison with our native 'Child's Natural History,' by Oliver Herford. We quote a sample stanza about the Frog:

> "No animal will more repay
> A treatment kind and fair;
> At least so lonely people say
> Who keep a Frog (and, by the way,
> They are extremely rare)."

Mrs. Peary and her snow-born daughter continue their literary collaboration in the 'Children of the Arctic' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), a true and simple account of life in that region, beautifully illustrated with photographs from nature. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. publish Evaleen Stein's 'Troubadour Tales' in very pretty shape. The four tales are pretty, too, of minstrels, knights, and pages, and of a little Finnish maiden who rescued from oblivion a rune of the Kalevala. Each tale has a morsel of legend at the foundation, and each is illustrated. Virginia Keep, Maxfield Parrish, B. Rosenmayer, and Edward Edwards furnish the drawings, which are charming, enlivened for the young eye by spasmodic red, and red alone, even to the coloring of Count Reynaurd's "suit of plum-colored velvet." 'Fairy Legends of French Provinces' (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), illustrated by E. Boyd Smith, are taken from French sources; mainly from the folk-lore journal *Mélusine*, partly from Paul Sébillot's 'Contes des Provinces de la France.' Professor Jameson of Chicago University testifies to the fidelity of the translation, which has been made by Mrs. M. Cary. The interest attaching to the stories as studies in science makes a strong claim on the adult's attention, and children will like them as fairy-tales. Some of them are delightful; some out-Grimm Grimm in motiveless malice. A valuable feature is the reference of each tale to its source and to the time, place, and dialect of each. To read that a story was "told by the widow Madame Richet, aged seventy-seven years, at Woippy, near Metz," is to join in person the story-telling circle.

Swan Sonnenschein of London and Dutton of New York publish another important document in folk-lore. This is 'Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider, and the Other Beef,' a volume of West African folk-tales by Florence M. Cronise and Henry W. Ward, with illustrations by Gerald Sichel. The authors have had special facilities for collecting their material, and have strung the stories on a thread of description of African native life. This book, while valuable to students, will have to be translated for children, as the dialect is almost a foreign language. That done, the children will find a modified pleasure in meeting old animal friends under more barbarous skies and blacker, cruder superstitions. For the investigator, the introduction, notes, comments, and the inevitable comparison with Uncle Remus's tales will prove of great interest. Brer Rabbit, with differences, figures here, as indeed he does in the French legends. The familiar three magic eggs appear in both volumes, and these are but two of many instances of community of myth in lands as far apart as Brittany and Sierra Leone.

From the land of fantasy and animal folk comes, through Doubleday, Page & Co., 'The Just So Song Book,' being the songs from Kipling's 'Just So Stories' set to music by Mr. Edward German, with the author's collaboration. A very happy yoke-fellowship it proves. Some of the songs, like "Rolling Down to Rio," "The Camel's Hump," "The First Friend," are well within the capacity of the youthful household choir. Others can be sung to them by their elders while they recover their breath. The accompaniments are for the elders—cleverly made and not too exacting. There should be many happy hours for all ages at the piano with this book and its well-mated words and music, rollicking, tender, dramatic. Oriental intervals are employed with happy and humorous effect. The cumulative ferocity of the sea in "Fifty North and Forty West" is almost as good as an attack of seasickness. The fine pounding to and fro of the melody in "The Riddle" over the sinking chromatics of the accompaniment is like an endless salt search over endless salt waters. This collaboration was a happy thought, happily executed.

Leaving the fields of fancy for realism and little girls, we come to 'My Wonderful Visit,' by Elizabeth Hill, gracefully illustrated by Beatrice Stevens and published by Scribners. This is one of the most unaffected children's books we have seen. The very natural little heroine of the wonderful week's visit to the country has her mind full of fairy stories, poetry, and romantic reading. She loves the woods, she says, "because they are so greenery and whithersoever." She lays the treasures of her fancy before her more prosaic and less cultivated playmates in a wholly child-like fashion, without a suspicion of posing. They, on their part, are natural little specimens of the workaday child brought up for use, not ornament, reaching out for amusement, however crude. The book comes near being a remarkably good one from its naturalness. The hindering feature is the sloppiness in language and episode.

In 'The Adventures of Dorothy,' by Jocelyn Lewis (The Outlook Co.), with pictures by Seymour M. Stone, we see another little girl on a visit, making acquaintance with all country joys. She has many adventures in meadow and stream, and in as far as she is a tomboy she is excellent company. As a premature belle enslaving boys and men and hoodwinking her aunt, she is not an endearing creation nor the most instructive companion for children, upon whom surely it is a pity to foist second-rate company.

For more than a quarter of a century, the Rev. A. J. Church has devoted himself to

supplying the English home with popular prose versions of Homer and Virgil. His amiable intention was to capture the schoolboy mind by the interest of the tale, to make the youthful and not so easily deluded reader see that the classic epics are stories of adventure, that the 'Iliad' is, after all, fiction as thrilling and almost as improbable as Henty or Mayne Reid. His books received a warm welcome from schoolmasters, and were promptly set as "holiday reading" to thousands of English schoolboys. They have been the *amari aliquid* of the school vacation to this day. Into this wide circle of reluctant readers Mr. Church now launches his 'Greek Story and Song' (Macmillan), a book designed to convince the sceptic of six to sixteen that Æschylus, Euripides, Bacchylides, Apollonius of Rhodes, and other novelists of whom he has never heard, need not bore him as poetry till he has got something out of them as fiction. The "Deeds and Death of Hercules" are extracted from three poets and served up as a short story with transitions by Mr. Church. Some of the more amusing scenes from Aristophanes are also paraphrased, but we fancy that to the youthful holiday mind these will sound like allegories, and will repel as an allegory should. In all this there is more "Story" than "Song," but at the end of the volume Mr. Church justifies his title by the addition of some thirty Greek epigrams rendered by himself into English verse. All of these are well done. Mr. Church is an excellent scholar, which implies, in England at any rate, the ability to translate. But few of the Greek epigrams were written for boys, and this volume is a convenient rather than suitable opportunity for reproducing, for instance, Plato's sentimental effusion:

"My star, star-gazing! would I were the skies
To answer look with look thro' myriad eyes."

The illustrations are reproductions of vase-paintings; the book is well printed and attractive.

Memoirs of M. de Blowitz. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903. 321 pp.

Of these memoirs, the greater and the more interesting portion has been published serially in American magazines. The impression which the entire work makes is a mixed one, and not easy to analyze. It is, in large part, naïve self-glorification, by a man who was equally satisfied with his talents, which were indisputable; with his tact, which was the outcome rather of calculation than of instinct, but which was great in its kind; and with his principles, which were not too high to live up to. But while there is a good deal about M. de Blowitz, there is almost as much about the illustrious persons whom he interviewed. There are also a few chapters dealing with persons who were not illustrious, but who interested him. Three of these chapters (ix., x., and xi.) read like sketches for railway book-stall novels. The heroines are an illegitimate princess, a political agent, and a religious monomaniac. All three are beautiful as well as mysterious. The princess and the maniac are both aided—the latter, in the end, ineffectively—by the journalist's influence and chivalry; the political agent is foiled by M. de Blowitz's superior intelligence. Something of the melodramatic color which pervades these chapters is found also in those dealing with princes, ministers, and diplomatists, so that M. de Blowitz's relations to these personages are seen through a somewhat unreal atmosphere. In spite of this, we assume that his reported interviews are, in substance, as correct as they are interesting.

Their importance as history is another matter. According to the publishers, these memoirs "are full of the unpublished history of the Continent since the Franco-Prussian war"; but this claim is hardly borne out by the contents of the volume. There are entertaining sketches of public men, and some sidelights are thrown upon their characters. There are several picturesque anecdotes which are presented with much pomp and circumstance—as, for example, that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs was so enraged, when he heard of the English purchase of the Khedive's Suez Canal shares, that he broke his cue on the edge of the billiard table; but these are not important historic facts. We have been able to find in the book but two statements which the future historian is likely to regard as important, if true. One is that William I. had selected Caprivi as Bismarck's eventual successor. Count Münster, who is cited as the authority for this statement, publicly denied that M. de Blowitz's report of his remarks was correct; but the journalist asserts that the count privately conceded its truthfulness.

A second and more important statement, or series of statements, is that the apprehension of a Franco-German war in 1875 was well founded; that Von Moltke and the German military party had decided to attack and crush France before its military reorganization was completed; that the influence of this party with the German Emperor was so great that Bismarck was able to defeat the plan only by causing it to be revealed to the French ambassador at Berlin, M. Gontaut-Biron; and that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Duc Decazes, showed Gontaut-Biron's dispatch to M. de Blowitz in order to secure an exposure of the German conspiracy in the London *Times*. De Blowitz also reports a conversation with Gen. Lefló, who at the time was French ambassador at St. Petersburg, and who explained to De Blowitz how the information received through M. Gontaut-Biron was used to secure the diplomatic intervention of Russia. As against all this, we have Bismarck's reiterated statement that no plan for attacking France existed at Berlin, and that Gortchakoff's appearance as an "angel of peace" was an insulting piece of diplomatic claptrap. Bismarck, of course, could hardly take any other position if the facts were as De Blowitz states; but the conscientious historian will not undertake to say what the facts were until documentary evidence becomes attainable.

De Blowitz was unquestionably a great journalist, or at least a great interviewer and reporter. His qualifications were obviously inborn, for his first newspaper work was done at the age of forty-six. His practical suggestions to interviewers are interesting and often acute. The successful interviewer, he points out, will not take notes—a practice which keeps the person interviewed on his guard—but will trust to a trained memory. The interviewer who has elicited an indiscreet revelation must not depart abruptly, for if he does "a flash of caution will burst upon his informant," and the journalist will be notified not to report what has been said (p. 46). The person interviewed should know that his remarks are to be reported; but to this rule there are exceptions. If the journalist is sure that his informant will, on reflection, approve the publication of the interview, it is not always necessary that he should be forewarned. For illustration, read the story of De Blowitz's first report of an interview with Thiers (pp. 37, 38). When the person interviewed is forewarned, and yet makes indiscreet revelations, these may legitimately be printed; but it is sometimes wise to forego this immediate advantage in order to secure gratitude and confidence. For illustration, read the story about Decazes (pp. 307-309).

De Blowitz's professional ethics are interesting: they are so frankly utilitarian. It is more interesting, however, to find his religion tinged with the same professional utilitarianism. When, before the Congress of Berlin had assembled, a well-bred and well-educated young man in difficulties came to De Blowitz for counsel, and when it occurred to the journalist that this young man might, through indirect influence which De Blowitz commanded, obtain a position in one of the foreign legations at Berlin, in which position he would of course be bound primarily to consider, not the interests of the Government which he was nominally serving, but the interests of De Blowitz and the London *Times*—when this whole scheme, which was afterwards carried out, flashed upon the journalist, he saw in it a direct inspiration from "the Supreme Will which directs us." The very appearance of the young man at that juncture was an "intervention of the Supreme Power" (pp. 120, 121). This Supreme Power is singularly like those tribal or gentile deities which we are accustomed to regard as proper to primitive mythology, and whose reputed conduct constitutes, as Jhering has remarked, the palæontology of ethics.

John Greenleaf Whittier. By George Rice Carpenter. (American Men of Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

The indebtedness for his material which Professor Carpenter acknowledges in his preface is mainly to printed sources. It could hardly be otherwise for one gleaning where Mr. Pickard had reaped the whole width of the field. But he has had access to some matter heretofore unpublished of real interest and importance, notably that furnished by Whittier's cousins, the Misses Johnson and Mrs. Woodman. It is, however, only in a slight degree that his book depends on these particulars for its significance. What gives it a high rank in the series to which it is the latest addition is the handling of the material heretofore in print, mainly in the Pickard biography and in the 'Story' of Garrison's life told by his sons. The political and reformatory aspects of Whittier's life are treated with more elaboration than the literary and poetic, but with less intimate appreciation, and here and there comparatively as if the author wrote with his left hand. Had the proportions been reversed, the book would have been even better than it is; but it must be acknowledged that the simplicity

of Whittier's verse is such that it does not invite extended comment.

The book falls into three nearly equal parts, "Boyhood" (in two chapters), "Journalist and Politician," and "Poet"; and two others, "The Young Abolitionist" and "Reformer and Man of Letters," each of these about half as long again (75 pages) as the three others individually. The chapters on Whittier's boyhood bring out better than any previous writing his relation to the soil, the circumstances and associations that went far to make him what he was. Comparative criticism is a favorite form with Professor Carpenter, and his use of it is generally instructive and satisfactory, but sometimes the note is just a little forced. Thus, it is true that "Bryant early withdrew himself from his simple native surroundings to the complex environment of a large mercantile city," but it is also true that nearly everything that is valuable and characteristic in his verse was written before he came to New York, and smacks of western Massachusetts as distinctly as Whittier's of the Essex farms. Professor Carpenter makes more than any one has made heretofore of Whittier's sensitiveness to particular poetic forms. All his biographers have remarked his early acquaintance with Burns, and how it set loose in him the springs of poetry, and how it was in the manner of Moore that he wrote "The Exile's Return," the mild effusion which excited the admiration of Garrison and the beginnings of a friendship that finally outwore the sharp vicissitudes by which it was beset; but Professor Carpenter is, we believe, the first to notice a long period of Byronic imitation and various other *rapprochements*, some of them very amusing, as where we have quite obviously the manner of Browning in "From Perugia" and in "Telling the Bees," but not perfectly sustained; and in "The Sisters" the manner of Rossetti. Inasmuch as Whittier had seen his own mother melting the wax image of a clergyman with fell intent, the wonder is that he did not try his hand at a variant of Rossetti's "Sister Helen." These echoes in a poet so indigenous as Whittier are proofs that he was favored by his isolation, and in a more literary environment would have been much less original.

Professor Carpenter has a kinder aspect for the body of Whittier's early poetry excluded from his collected works than some other critics, while yet of the scores of poems written before 1832 he finds "only three of any possible value," and two of these—"The Vaudois Teacher" and "The Star of Bethlehem"—might have been written by Mrs. Hemans, at one time his principal model. For "Mogg Megone" (1830-1836), against which Whittier eventually hardened his heart, Professor Carpenter has an extenuating plea, particularly interesting as calling our attention to a passage which anticipates the rapid and musical movement of "Snow-Bound" and other narrative poems of the poet's happiest hours.

The headings of the chapters "Journalist and Politician" and "The Young Abolitionist" suggest a sequence that was not realized in Whittier's experience. For a dozen years or more he was at once abolitionist and politician, and Professor Carpenter has not succeeded any better than those who have preceded him in the study of Whittier in adjusting the degrees and differences of this double manifestation. That he united the abolitionist spirit and purpose with the subterfuges and indirections of the machine politician, there is certainly no doubt; and as little that he did his best to work the political machinery for the advantage of the anti-slavery movement. Professor Carpenter does not disguise, nor does he accentuate, the less attractive of these features which are so frankly prominent in the Pickard biography. It would take the psychological acumen that marks "Bishop Blougram's Apology" or "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" to discover the mutual relations of such opposing traits and their coördination in one and the same personality. Professor Carpenter does little more than give the facts for what they are worth. He treats the moral and practical difference between Garrison and Whittier in much the same manner. His praise of Garrison's lofty idealism sounds a refreshing note at a time when everything of that kind is depreciated as impracticable and not "up to date"; but then there is also liberal praise for Whittier's shrewd practicality. Certainly no one of Garrison's early followers took the line of political abolitionism and party politics more naturally than Whittier. He was foredoomed to that choice. He was not more the poet than he was the politician in the grain. Professor Carpenter seems to conceive of Whittier's political activity as having reached its term earlier than it actually did. He is strangely neglectful of the episode of 1844, when an election to Congress was within Whittier's reach and was rejected only on account of his miserable health. The genius and fame of Whittier had no better friend than the valetudinarian habit of his flesh. Had his constitution been robust, we should have had no "Snow-Bound," nor much, if any, of the poetical production of his Western slope. Political activity would have engrossed his energy.

Professor Carpenter does much more justice than former critics to Whittier's prose, especially his political editorials, some of which that have been long buried he has patiently exhumed. But he does less than justice to the anti-slavery poems, and, so it appears to us, to his poetic comment on the civil war. The former freed his spirit and gave him such command of his resources as he might never have had without that emancipation from the imitative triviality of his early verse. Moreover, the anti-slavery poems have more intrinsic poetical virtue than Professor Carpenter concedes to them. There is nothing of more questionable shape in his book than the assertion that "those who knew Whittier best in later life relate that he came eventually to feel that Webster was right and he wrong; that compromise meant weary years of waiting, but that the further and consistent pursuit of such a policy might have successfully avoided the evils of war and of reconstruction." We do not believe that Whittier ever arrived at this conclusion. If he did, the less Whittier he, and we appeal from his pitiful senility to the vigor of his earlier mind. We cannot do better than to take counsel with Whittier himself, speaking of "Ichabod" in his old age not in terms of retraction, but in terms of manly justification. "The Lost Occasion" (not "The Last Occasion," as Professor Carpenter has it) is not a retraction, but a softened form of the original condemnation.

Professor Carpenter's closing chapter, "Poet," is not so closely confined to Whittier's poetical determination as to deserve its title with so much preëminence. But it contains a good deal of excellent comment on different phases of Whittier's poetry, praising the lyrical part of "A Sea Dream," exactly as we would have it, as "his most musical and most lovely poem," finding his best analogue in Burns as "a poet of simple thought and feeling," concentrating in himself the typical New England life, maintaining towards a fading past a mood of wistful and reverential piety. The emphasis on Whittier's religious verse is slight and unsympathetic; but has even "Snow-Bound" endeared him to so many as "The Eternal Goodness" and "My Psalm"? His religious verse has, we are told, "many chances of survival." It has more because so many admirable hymns have been detached from his longer poems; Whittier's reputation as a hymnist resting entirely upon hymns made in this way, and in no single case on any hymn of his written as a hymn.

Stately Homes in America. From Colonial Times to the Present Day. By Harry W. Desmond and Herbert Croly. Profusely illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

This very handsome volume of "small quarto" form consists of a series of more or less separate essays on the general subject of American houses of high relative rank, and of many full-page half-tone plates representing exteriors and interiors of such houses. Mr. Desmond has been the editor, since its foundation, of the *Architectural Record*; and Mr. Croly is associated with him. Most of the plates have appeared in the pages of the *Record*, and the text, which is wholly new, is fitted to those pictures in a general sense—the photographs illustrating it well if it is taken as a continuous treatise on one subject. There are eight chapters, of which the first is entitled "Men Who Build Fine Houses," so that the book begins with a sketch of the moneyed men of America as actual and as possible builders. The second chapter deals with those great houses as they were before the Revolution, or even before the war of 1812. Chapters iii. and iv. deal with the transitional dwelling—namely, those residences in city and in country which were built during the years between the establishment of American independence, socially speaking, and the beginning of more deliberate and self-conscious architectural work, a short time after the close of the civil war—a half century, 1815 to 1865. With chapter v. begins the analysis of the modern American residence, and to this subject, considered from different aspects, half the book is devoted.

The plates are about 165 in number, all good half-tone prints. They are illustrative, however, only if the reader is determined to use them in that way—that is to say, if he will, on finding mention of a great house of Mr. A. or Mrs. B., look it up in the List of Plates, find the pictures of that house, and turn to them as occasion serves. This it is necessary to urge, because the book is arranged as if the plates and the text were separate entities, no attempt being given to distribute the pictures even according to the chapters which might seem to call for them. This may have been caused by the unequal apportionment of

pictures, between the older and the more modern epoch; for there are only ten illustrations which concern themselves with buildings erected earlier than 1850, and only three (namely, those of the Stewart mansion once standing at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York) pertaining to the epoch between 1850 and 1880. All the remaining 150 pictures illustrate really the last four chapters. About half of these are views of interiors; and very dull they are, having generally only furniture in disorder as their principal subject.

Of the exteriors little need be said. There is the colossal residence of Mr. Widener, flat-roofed, with a lofty parapet, square-walled, with pilasters and a columned porch of entrance with pediment on the front, and a somewhat similar portico, but of rounded form, on the garden side—all very suggestive of the White House at Washington. There is the group of houses which together are called the Villard house, or the Villard-Reid house, in New York—a building surrounding three sides of an open court, the details of the windows studied from the famous Cancellaria at Rome. There are two of Richard Hunt's designs in late Gothic, namely, the Marquand house in New York, and the Vanderbilt house at Biltmore, in North Carolina. There are two or three of the important Newport "cottages"—Ochre Court, The Breakers, Belcourt, and the Marble House. In this way a great list of stately buildings is made up, for there are also such strange contrasts in design as the newly completed residence of Mr. Carnegie and the picturesque gabled building of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, now drawing on to its twentieth year of existence. All this will be attractive just so far as American architecture generally is attractive. There is no better American architecture, existing in a considerable amount, than that which is seen in the exteriors of these recent houses. If they are not of absorbing interest—if no one leaves them with regret and longs to return to their consideration—it is because the names of Americans are not as yet written in the book of triumph and reward as masters of decorative design.

As for the text, it is difficult to say too much in the way of expressing sympathy for its serious, kindly, and intelligent discourse on this side of our American social life. There is no spread-eagleism about it. We are not treated as Senator Lodge treats us with regard to our Revolution, as if we were schoolboys unwilling to listen to anything except the bursting of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. There is instead of all this a very careful consideration of the difficulties which drag us down, which keep us from great successes, which restrain the ambition, even the desire, of the artist to achieve something really artistic. The same employer, the same surroundings that do not discourage the mural painter, for instance, almost destroy the architect's ambition, because with the architect the practical difficulties—the questions of plumbing and lighting and heating and ventilating, the minor demands for precisely this and that disposition of rooms—are the matters which are forced upon his attention, and for which, as he understands, he is employed and is to be paid. So the artist who is designing the building is discouraged at the outset; whereas the artist who has only (say) to paint a ceiling, need but retire into himself to think out his scheme, make study after study, try effects on the spot, and finally paint a picture as good as his nature and his training have enabled him to achieve.

Hill Towns of Italy. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The author of this little volume has traversed his territory with minute industry, and with an enthusiasm which compels admiration. He has grasped one fact too often overlooked by travellers: that all of Italy is not to be found in the half-dozen principal cities. So he betakes himself to the hills in search of that other Italy—the real Italy, one might almost call it; primitive, unspoiled, and aggressively picturesque. The Italian hill towns are not, as a rule, very accessible, and the sheer physical effort and endurance of discomfort involved in the journey described by Mr. Williams are considerable. Days vexatiously dragged out on crawling branch lines of railway, or in dusty *diligenze* where no railway has yet penetrated; inns where the foreigner is a curiosity and the accommodations are not greatly different from those of the Stone Age—all this undoubtedly does lessen the pleasure of travel. And it is to the author's credit that he seems oblivious of these discomforts in his frank, expansive enjoyment of what he sees. The book is a thoroughly well-meant effort to share this enjoyment with others.

Unfortunately, the point of view is merely that of the happy tourist, the writing is amateurish, and enthusiasm too often takes the place of accuracy or of sound appreciation. Throughout the book there runs a singular looseness of statement, of which one example may suffice. In his preface, Mr. Williams says: "On the lofty summits of those Apennines were perched the hundred cities of the Etruscans before Rome was founded." Then, in his first chapter, and on the second page, he speaks of "Etruria, whose *thousand* cities waxed rich and powerful before the days of Romulus." This is disconcerting. Mr. Williams is least happy in his repeated ventures in art criticism. His eye is caught by the obviously pretty things, while the greater and severer masters seldom interest him. Thus, in Arezzo, he patronizingly says of Piero della Francesca's great frescoes that they "portray a great many figures in dramatic action, which, for the period (1450), is remarkably well sustained. But the movement shows the same frenzy of energy and lack of grace that we find in most of Signorelli's work." In Borgo San Sepolcro he sees no more in Piero's sublimely impressive "Resurrection" than that "the attitudes were stiff, and the composition so poor that one of the myrmidons was actually reclining in the air." After this, it is no more than natural that he should come away considering Perugino's "Assumption" "the best thing in San Sepolcro." In the cathedral at Spoleto he delivers himself of this frantic criticism: "Fra Filippo's main strength lay in his mastery of colors. . . . It reminds one of Guido Reni, so many years after."

For the rest, Mr. Williams has faithfully read his Byron. His book is in no sense a serious work on the subject, but it serves to suggest how abundant is the material for such a work, and how great the opportunity for somebody to write a book on the hill towns of Italy.

The Oriental Rug. By W. D. Ellwanger. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

At first glance it is a little difficult to imagine the reader for whom this volume is intended. It opens with casual disquisition on "The Mystery of the Rug"; treats symbolism in the standard designs cursorily—no one has done it satisfactorily; touches lightly upon the four main families—Persian, Caucasian, Turkish, and Turcoman—with a glance at mats, saddle-bags, and carpets; and ends with discussion of the New York rug auctions, and with practical admonition to collectors. Material information for the novice there is practically none. Indeed, if he would copy off Mr. Mumford's "Textile Table," and, for the rest, take every dealer's word, he would come off better than under Mr. Ellwanger's erratic guidance.

But as one reads on in these vivacious pages, it appears that neither the novice nor the connoisseur is really in mind. Mr. Ellwanger is frankly chatting on his hobby, and the book, with M. Anatole France's permission, might be called the adventures of a soul among rugs. Distinguished literary quality it has not, but it will prove companionable to all who are ever so little amenable to the fascination of these Eastern weavings. To such it will recall vividly the hopes, fears, and disappointments of a quest ever more arduous as aniline invades the purple East. The reward that awaits constancy and knowledge is suggested in twelve color plates, all but one of which are taken from choice examples in the possession of the author or of his brother. These reproductions, by the three-color process, are lovely to the eye; past experience raises the suspicion that the originals are not so red as they are here painted.

Since the monograph is openheartedly a record of personal preferences, a reviewer has only to assert his own predilections where they are not Mr. Ellwanger's also. *His* sober second thought is conventionally for the superb hard weaves of the Persian looms, but his heart is plainly with the Turkish fabrics—Ghiordes for choice—with a commendable leaning towards Anatolian mats; and 'tother fair charmer is the shaggy rugs of Caucasia, with their splendid barbaric designs. Beyond this there is a discerning word for Beloochs, probably the best rugs now readily attainable. All this shows that Mr. Ellwanger's enthusiasms are of the enlightened kind.

A drawback, almost inevitable from the nature of the book, is the fact that the author's textile horizon is contained within the New York rug market of to-day. Only so could he have said: "Cashmeres are rather matters of fact than of art." True, Cashmeres are now a mocking, but the old examples—not the merely washed and faded ones—display the bold Caucasian patterns with an amazing piquancy. Bokharas, too, would have received less perfunctory treatment than an unhappy parallel with the canvases of Vibert, had Mr. Ellwanger recently seen any fine prayer rug of this weaving. But these lapses, and more, may readily be overlooked for his hints of the wiles of rug doctors, his cordial com-

mendation of the small kilims, which are still in the market, and for the suggestion to seek in private sales the hundreds of rare Caucasians that, twenty years ago, were scattered abroad under the discredited generic name of Daghestan.

English Metrists. By T. S. Omond. Tunbridge Wells, England: R. Pelton.

This little book consists of two fragments. The author commenced a history of the various views held from Elizabethan times to the present day on the nature of English verse-structure. To clear the atmosphere, as it were, for the consideration of natural native English rhythms, he found it advisable to begin with a sketch of what has been done in the way of attempting, in English, imitations of classic Greek and Latin metres. Beyond this draught he was not able to pursue his treatise, and the unfinished sketch, a mere frustum, and that unpolished, is here printed. Slight as it is, it is an adequate and illuminating monograph, all kernel, without chaff or hull. It is impossible from anything else so far published to obtain so clear and so comprehensible information as to what the various writers of pseudo-quantitative verse in English meant to do, or were trying to do, or thought they had done; or of their views and their critics' views on quantity in English.

This is the first fragment. The other fragment, forming the second half of the book, is an incomplete trial-bibliography of writers on versification and writers of pseudo-classic verse in English. Unfinished and hasty as this bibliography is, it is the best thing of its kind so far published. True, it ignores all foreign publications (American productions are not accounted foreign), and so does not mention Schipper. Yet we note but eight omissions which we could supply, and of these only Erastus Everett's 'System of English Versification' (New York, 1847) is of any value in itself or for the history of the subject. Any one beginning the study of English verse will do well to read this bibliography. Its laconic, pithy comments tell just what to read and just what to ignore. And it is much to be hoped that no treatise on versification will hereafter reach the press until its author has assimilated everything to which this bibliography points the way. Such a guide would have prevented the publication of some ridiculous books which have appeared within the last ten years.

This tiny book has an excellent index.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Butler, Howard Crosby. Architecture of Northern Central Syria and the Djebel Haurân. Part II. of the Publications of an American Archæological Expedition to Syria in 1899-1900. New York: The Century Co.

Denny, James. The Atonement and the Modern Mind. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1 net.

Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1904. Edited by Alfred C. Playne. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Eaton, Charles H. A Message from the Past: Sermons. Edited by Emily Stuart Eaton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century, described by Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, etc. Vol. I., 1801-1817; Vol. II., 1861-1871. Edited by Charles Welsh. New York: A. Wessels Co. $1, net.

Ghio, Paul. L'Anarchisme aux Etats-Unis. Paris: Armand Colin. 2 fr. 50c.

Hale, Edward E., and his Children. New England History in Ballads. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Keary, C. F. Rigel: An Autumn Mystery. London: David Nutt. 3s. 6d.

Kiser, S. E. Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer. Boston: Forbes & Co. 35c.

Lee, Albert. The Baronet in Corduroy. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Long, John D. The New American Navy. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: The Outlook Co.

McMaster, John Bach. The Acquisition of Political, Social, and Industrial Rights of Man in America. Cleveland: The Imperial Press.

Midhat Bey, Ali Haydar. The Life of Midhat Pasha: A Record of his Services, Political Reforms, Banishment, and Judicial Murder. London: John Murray. 12s. net.

Pearson, Karl. On the Inheritance of the Mental and Moral Characters in Man, and its Comparison with the Inheritance of the Physical Characters. London: Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.

Penn, William. Some Fruits of Solitude. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.

Phelps, Myron H. Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi: A Study of the Religion of the Babis or Beha'is Founded by the Persian Bab and by his Successors, Beha Ulah and Abbas Effendi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Pyle, Howard. The Story of King Arthur and his Knights. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Record of a Family: A Means of Preserving Interesting Data in the Lives of the Children, from Birth to Maturity. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Rorc'h-Yantel, Le Comte de. Le Premier Mariage du Duc de Berry à Londres. Paris: Honoré Champion.

Selections from the Works of Herbert Spencer. Edited by A. D. Hall. (Alma Series of Masterpieces.) Boston: H. M. Caldwell & Co. $1.

Shakespeare, William. The Comedie of Errors. (First Folio edition.) Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50c. net.

Smith, Nicholas. Our Nation's Flag in History and Incident. Milwaukee (Wis.): The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.

Soule, Héloise. Heartsease and Rue. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Spemann's Kunst-Kalender. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Stanley, William. The Case of the Fox: A Political Utopia. London: Truslove & Hanson.

Stowell, Roy Sherman. The Significance of the Ring and the Book. Boston: The Poet-Lore Co.

Stuart, Ruth McEnery. George Washington Jones: A Christmas Gift That Went A-Begging. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. Reading a Poem. New York: A. Wessels Co. $2.50 net.

Thompson, Elbert N. S. The Controversy Between the Puritans and the Stage. (Yale Studies in English.) New York: Henry Holt.

Weedon, L. L. God with Us: Bible Stories for the Little Ones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Ernest Nister. $1.50.

Weulersse, G. Le Japon d'Aujourd'hui: Etudes Sociales. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.

Whiting, Charles Edward. The High School Choralist. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Wildman, Marian Warner. A Hill Prayer, and Other Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Wimmer, R. My Struggle for Light: Confessions of a Preacher. (Crown Theological Library.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

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Hakluyt Society.
Publications, extra series. Hakluyt (Richard), the Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation. James MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow, 1903, 8vo. Vols. 1 and 2 are now being issued to subscribers. Second series, Vol. II., will probably be Early Dutch and English Voyages to Spitzbergen. Edited by Sir Martin Conway. BASIL H. SOULSBY, Hon. Secretary, Map Room, British Museum, London w. c., Eng.

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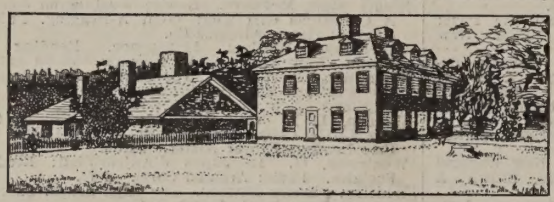

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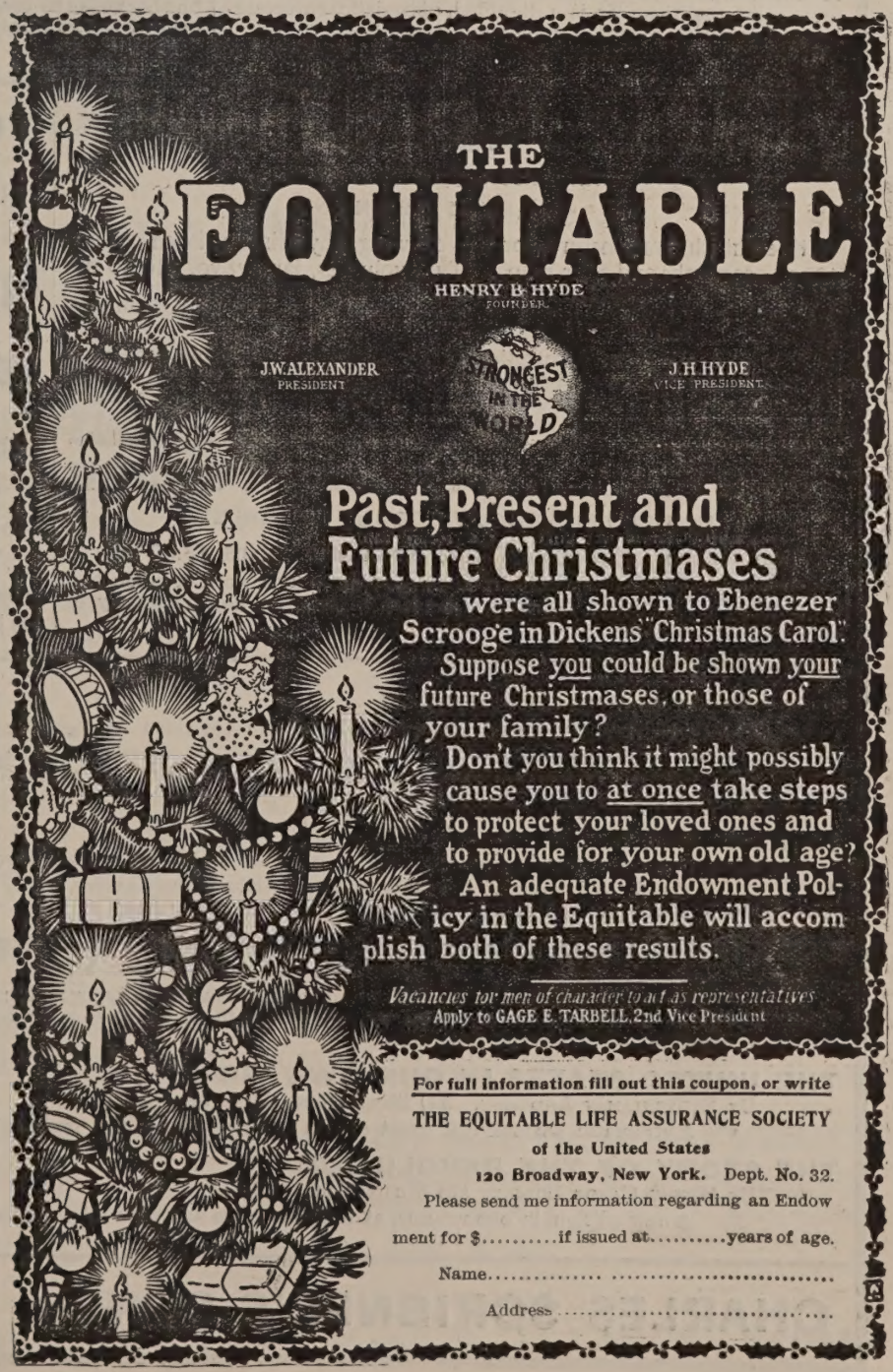
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1903.

The Week.

Secretary Root's annual report differs markedly from his previous ones in that it contains no recommendation for the betterment of the army by legislation. Further advances in the modernization of the army he is plainly content to leave to his successor. This decision we regret, because another word from him as to the reforms he leaves incomplete would still have great weight with Congress. Much as Mr. Root has done to improve the conditions in the staff departments, the reorganization can never be regarded as complete until there is a consolidation of the Quartermaster's, Commissary, and Pay Departments into a body which shall also have some of the duties now given to the Ordnance Corps. Meanwhile, as Mr. Root has himself said, the staff of the army will be cumbersome, inefficient, over-officered, and hydra-headed. There should be but one responsible head when it comes to paying and buying supplies for the army, precisely as in the navy. Mr. Root, as usual, gives a good deal of space to the militia, but he has little of importance to say, save to report progress under the new militia law. For the grave defects in that measure, which to many observers seem without remedy, he barely refers. As to the general condition of the army, Mr. Root admits that it has not yet got over the reorganization of 1901, which he superintended. He quotes the Chief of Artillery as reporting that only 34 per cent. of the artillery officers have had five years' experience, and also says that "the burden of the older and experienced officers has been increased by the fact that so large a proportion of the junior officers brought in upon the enlargement of the army were necessarily without much military experience." He might have written a most entertaining chapter on the low morale of the service as indicated by the many courts-martial, and also offered to explain why reorganization had to include so many aged and "political" officers.

The striking feature of Secretary Shaw's report is its evidence of gross extravagance in the conduct of the Government. It shows that while the receipts increased about $10,000,000 over the previous year, expenditures increased about $47,000,000. But that is the smallest part of the showing. Despite the fact just cited, there was a surplus for the year of over $54,000,000, whereas for the next few years it is extremely likely that the balance will be on the wrong side of the ledger. To be sure, a surplus of $14,000,000 is figured for 1904; but we have to compare this with the estimate of nearly $52,000,000 for that period which Secretary Shaw presented a year ago. Certainly, if the receipts and expenditures maintain the same relation for the remainder of the present fiscal year that has been witnessed so far, the Secretary's $14,000,000 surplus will "flit like a ghost away." When he comes to his 1905 estimates, the Secretary frankly admits a deficit of $23,000,000. This is, of course, a purely arbitrary figure; the real shortage will as likely as not greatly exceed this sum. It may be tolerably easy to calculate expenditures two years ahead, but under our revenue laws the Secretary of the Treasury is all at sea when he comes to forecasting his receipts. He may believe that he can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come when he doth call for them? A year or two of even moderate industrial depression would be apt to knock Mr. Shaw's 1905 revenue calculations into a cocked hat; the same may be true even of his 1904 figures. With this contingency staring it in the face, the nation is confronted with an increase of $87,000,000 in its annual outgo between 1903 and 1905. And the astonishing thing is that the Administration has embarked on this extravagance with its eyes open. It estimates that it will collect about $31,000,000 more in 1905 than in 1904; and then, in cold blood, it arranges to increase its expenditures nearly $67,000,000, knowing that it will thus create a deficit of $23,000,000. Secretary Shaw's figures show that the navy and the postal service are to be the chief beneficiaries of this extravagance.

One sign that the Administration is worried over the way the country is receiving its headlong Panama policy is betrayed in the announcement that there was dread of "foreign interference." That was the reason we had to rush matters. If we had not promptly taken in the Panama foundling, it would have been laid upon some European doorstep. It appears that Admiral Evans was ordered several weeks ago to Honolulu with the Asiatic squadron, because "the Administration feared that some European Power might try to interfere in Isthmian affairs." The dear, delightful old story! It was about due. That wicked foreign nation is always lurking about, intent on doing illegal things if we do not anticipate it by doing them ourselves. This ancient herring is, in fact, forever drawn across the trail. When Senator Hoar told Mr. McKinley that he did not like the Hawaiian annexation scheme, that good President said plaintively, "I don't know what I am going to do. Japan has her eye on the Islands, and, of course——!" To all which then, and to the revival of similar nonsense about Panama now, the proper answer is "Fudge!" Interference of the kind was utterly improbable. We are certain that no power on earth could induce the Administration to name the meddling European country. It is always "some European nation." The appearance of that frayed bogey in the Panama affair is simply a signal of distress.

It is reported from Washington that District Judge Ray has refused to admit appeals of Chinamen detained under the Chinese Exclusion act, and has ruled that in all such cases the decisions of the immigration officials are final. The finding is commended in some quarters as depriving the wily immigrant of the delays and advantages of habeas-corpus proceedings. In most cases such actions are brought by Chinamen who claim American birth and citizenship. The decision may or may not be good law—it certainly is detestable morals. Chinese silks, teas, and pottery entering our ports have the right of appeal from the lower customs officials to the Treasury Department. Chinamen, on the contrary, though alleging American citizenship, must accept the judgment of the immigration commission as final. There is a certain absurdity in a law which gives merchandise greater judicial privileges than its producers enjoy. As to the matter of law, an act of May 5, 1892 (section 5), denies the right of bail to Chinese immigrants bringing habeas-corpus proceedings, and it is difficult to see how so clear an implication of the right of appeal can be lawfully overridden. To be sure, section 4 of the same act declares that all Chinese "shall be adjudged to be unlawfully within the United States unless [they] shall establish . . . . [their] lawful right to remain in the United States." But this clause is also repugnant to the common law, and the attempt to enforce it against a Chinaman actually a citizen of the United States and bent on maintaining his rights, would raise very interesting problems in Constitutional law. We trust that the alleged denial of the right of appeal to Chinese immigrants may be only a vagary of Judge Ray's, and will be overruled. Difficulties there are in enforcing the Chinese Exclusion act, because it is complicated in its machinery and fundamentally iniquitous in its intentions. To make its enforcement easier by a denial of fundamental human rights would be a perilous convenience for a republic.

It is easy to say, "We want no An-

archists in this country," but the real question is whether by employing arbitrary methods to keep out one from abroad we do not breed a hundred at home. Repression of free speech, unequal laws, tremendous and vague powers lodged in the hands of the authorities have been the recognized means of producing Anarchists in foreign countries, and undoubtedly will be here, if adopted. The great trouble with the law under which it has been attempted to exclude the Englishman Turner is that it does not precisely define his offence. Criminal laws can strike only at acts. A "disbelief" is something impalpable. How are you going to handcuff a mental state? How can Secretary Cortelyou prevent a thought from crossing the Atlantic? The moment we permit magistrates or commissioners to begin reading crimes in what a man thinks, as distinct from what he says or does, that moment we imperil a government of ordered liberty. Let the authorities be as severe as possible with every crime, or incitement thereto; but let them beware of taking their own guesses at "belief" as proof of crime. No man is safe if the police may arrest for secret thoughts.

The Cuba Quarry Company, according to a statement by Cyrus Field Judson in Thursday's morning papers, received no aid from General Wood, and was a losing venture. It is notorious that soon after General Wood left the island the company went into bankruptcy. The significant matter, however, was that, when General Wood became Governor of Cuba, two of his relatives went down there and began doing business with his Government. J. Condit Smith, a brother of Mrs. Wood, and Cyrus Field Judson, who married her sister, organized the Cuba Quarry Company, and Mr. Smith became president and Mr. Johnson treasurer. The report of W. N. McDonald, superintendent of the Department of Streets (Civil Report of Brig.-Gen. Leonard Wood, Vol. V., Part I., page 69), shows that after the company opened the Campo Florida quarry in the autumn of 1901, the Department "purchased the output" "at $3.63 per cubic metre." Mr. McDonald goes on to tell of the discovery of a new quarry nearer Havana and he explains:

> "Authority was also requested for permission to erect at this point the stone-crushing plant now in storage and formerly used at Vento, as it was believed that the city could furnish its own stone at a saving of more than $1 per cubic metre over contract stone of the same quality. This authority was not granted, however, and the purchase of stone from the Cuba Quarry Company continued up to May 19th."

On the next day, May 20, General Wood ceased to be Governor. In short, Gov. Wood apparently refused to save Havana $1 a cubic metre on its stone purchases by setting up a crusher that would interfere with the enterprise of his brothers-in-law. They were selling stone to the city at the highest price that was paid, for crushed stone brought from $1.25 a cubic metre, according to quality, and the average price was $2.

Gen. Wood may not have deliberately favored his relatives, but he was guilty of impropriety in letting them dabble with his contracts. It was for such misconduct that several employees of the Post-Office Department have recently been dismissed. Their sons, nephews, or other kin were in enterprises that trafficked with the Department. In some cases the connection led to actual dishonesty; but even when there was no crime, President Roosevelt was summary in his treatment of officials who had tolerated such looseness. None perceived more clearly than he that it was a ground for scandal and a grave menace to honest administration. The President would cut off his right hand before he would allow any member of the Roosevelt family, near or remote, to embark in Government contracting under his Administration. It is not asking too much that he demand from his subordinates the same scrupulous adherence to a sound principle.

The South should stop long enough in its rejoicing over the greatly increased wealth which the boom in cotton is bringing it to reflect that he laughs best who laughs last. The present profits are not all clear gain, for something must be deducted for the loss which has already been caused Southern cotton manufacturers by the high price of their raw material. But the most serious feature of the situation for the South is the enormous stimulus which the present movement imparts to the search for new fields for cotton culture. Consumers cannot afford to pay the present prices for cotton for any length of time; these figures mean almost, if not quite, prohibitive quotations on the finished product. Manufacturers will soon begin to find that they must go out of business if they cannot get their material at very much lower prices than the present. When the *St. James's Gazette* said, on Friday, "Does not this state of the cotton market prove that the heaviest sacrifices are worth making to encourage as quickly as possible the growth of the plant within our own Empire?" it simply voiced the sentiment of every rational mind. Experiments in cotton-growing have in the last two or three years been under way in Africa and Asia, and attention is also being turned to the West Indies. In assuming that cotton of an acceptable grade cannot be grown in quantities in any other locality, the South is more than likely hugging a delusion. At any rate, if there are no more good cotton lands, the present quotations on the staple will soon bring that fact to light This whole business bears the stamp of a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy. Not an exceptional demand at abnormal prices, but a steady demand at moderate quotations, is what the best interests of the South call for.

The admirable resolutions passed by the trustees of Trinity College in sustaining Professor Bassett confirm our view that they mark one of the most important events in the collegiate history of the South. The trustees recognized the great opportunity before them and rose to it. Their declaration that they are unwilling to lend themselves to any tendency to destroy or limit academic liberty, that they scout the notion that professors have not equal liberty of thought and speech with all other Americans, and their readiness that "Trinity should suffer rather than that it should enter upon a policy of coercion and intolerance," will make their utterance a veritable Magna Charta in the eyes of college teachers in the South. The trustees need have no fear that the college will suffer more than temporarily, if at all. Thousands know of it to-day who never heard of it before, more thousands are going to hear of it, and the thanks of teachers all over the United States will be given to its plucky trustees. Not the least gratifying is the support given to the trustees by faculty and students. Thanks to this incident, the latter will carry away with them on graduation clear ideas of freedom of speech and thought which should prevent them from ever becoming parties to any suppression of free discussion of the South's problems in the communities in which they may reside. They will not forget that any failure to uphold Professor Bassett would have meant, as the Trinity trustees well say, the misrepresentation of the State and the placing of the Southern people in a false light before the world.

The conviction of Parks's lieutenant, McCarthy; the resolve of the new Citizens' Industrial Association to prevent the use of the union label on objects made by its members; the finding of a verdict against a Chicago union for disobeying a court injunction, are so many signs that the rash and careless days of labor organization are drawing to a close. In every instance, it should be noted, the remedy for certain distinct evils in unionism has lain in the ordinary processes of the law. McCarthy is condemned under the regular laws forbidding extortion; the manufacturers of the Citizens' Industrial Association are merely asserting their right to label their products as they will; Franklin Union, No. 4, of Press-feeders, is fined for disobeying an injunction forbidding inter-

ference with the business of their employers. The cases are typical. Unionism, attempting to be a law to itself, needs no other restraint than the firm application of the equal laws of the land. The case of the Press-feeders' Union, held responsible for illegal picketing and fined as a corporation, is of peculiar interest, because it applies in America the principle of the famous Taff-Vale decision, and because it suggests that the anti-boycott suits now pending at Danbury, Conn., may have a similar outcome.

John Alexander Dowie appears to have come to the end of his rope as a prophet; and, like all prophets who can no longer distribute loaves and fishes, he is pretty sure to find his followers turning their backs on him. For it now appears that for bread his deluded saints have been getting a stone, and for fish a serpent. They have flocked into his two-year-old city to the extent of ten thousand. It is said the place represents an expenditure of $20,000,000; but if the lace and candy industries are a fair criterion of the manner in which this fund has been employed, there is likely to be considerable wailing and gnashing of teeth. The prophet could not fail to remember that godliness is profitable for this life, as well as that which is to come; the leasehold tenures of Zion show that. All property there is held on leases for 1,100 years each, but the lessees were no better than tenants at will. Meanwhile they have deposited their surplus cash in Zion Bank, and apparently put themselves completely in Dowie's power. Though he has succeeded in extricating himself from a receivership, further trouble can hardly fail to be in store for his one-man-power scheme.

There are some disadvantages in being a resident of Washington. For instance, if one wishes to buy the shares of the United States Realty Company of that city he must pay $110 a share, whereas a Philadelphian can have them for $100. Why this invidious distinction? Thereby hangs a tale. The United States Realty Company has recently been taking the people of Philadelphia into its confidence, and has outlined a scheme whereby one out of every 1,400 of them can make a thousand per cent. profit. The company "owns 5,000,000 feet of ground, largely on Pennsylvania Avenue," and it hastens to tell investors how they can "bring closer partnership between themselves and the United States Government." The partnership is to be of the usual kind—the Government is to put up the cash, and the investor is to take the profit. The investor is to come in on the basis of 10 cents a square foot for the land, the value of which the Government "will enhance by millions of dollars to be expended in public work at Washington." Is it necessary to say more to show why residents of Washington "need not apply"? But the company leaves no one to his imagination on this point. It tells the people of "the States" that it wants them to invest in its stock in preference to residents of the District, because the former have Congressmen to help them get improvements for the land, while the latter have not. And to make this clear, it prints a picture in the Philadelphia *Bulletin* of a Congressman flatly refusing a request of a citizen of the District of Columbia, while another Congressman is rushing pell-mell to fulfil a mission for a voter. Payment for the stock is on the instalment plan, and a sort of life-insurance benefit is thrown in, to say nothing of a free trip to Washington. The project suggests one or two serious matters. We have here another instance of the use of respectable names in hoodwinking the public. The secretary and treasurer of this precious scheme is William D. Hoover, a vice-president of the National Safe Deposit Company of Washington, an institution with $1,000,000 capital and nearly $5,000,000 of deposits. And among the directors is W. V. Cox, president of the Second National Bank of the same city, whose deposits amount to $1,250,000. But the striking feature of this latest land deal is the frank recognition by its promoters of the real function of Congress.

Mr. Chamberlain's decision to suspend his personal campaign for protection may be simply dictated by need of rest, or it may express the confidence that the stars in their courses are fighting for him. In any case, the imminence of an armed truce is a favorable opportunity for retrospect, and it must be admitted that Mr. Chamberlain's audacity has succeeded beyond all expectations. The attitude of the working class is still in doubt. Bye-elections and the condemnatory resolutions of various labor congresses have, on the whole, shown that Mr. Chamberlain's popularity by no means carries with it confidence in his programme. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain's appeal to the manufacturers has met with considerable success. It found them ready for any experiment. The idea of a virtual subsidy brightens as it is considered. Unquestionably a protective act would find just such a manufacturing lobby at Westminster as invades Washington when tariff changes are in the air. Again, Mr. Balfour's success in rendering the Free Food League innocuous, and in virtually silencing such formidable critics within the party as Lord Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, has restored the "big brute majority" that Lord Salisbury bequeathed to his gifted nephew. Thus it is possible that the present Ministry may live out its natural term if it is willing to continue in the discredited position it has for two years occupied.

Striking features in the Emperor's speech at the opening of the Reichstag are the absence of a plea for army increase, and the recommendation that the most-favored-nation treatment be continued with England. Even more significant was the appearance of the Socialist members as a compact body, nominating a first vice-president and other officers. This marks definitely the conversion of the Social-Democrats from barren agitation to political opportunism. The change has been wrought with surprising ease and swiftness. Only the other day at Dresden the unyielding Bebel seemed to have carried the day for complete abstention from the routine of the Reichstag. But it is now apparent that the rank and file of the Socialists applauded Bebel's eloquence and sincerity, not his programme. For the creation of parliamentary socialism in Germany credit is due largely to such leaders as Singer and Bernstein—men who have pinned their faith rather to evolution than to revolution. From this time on, the Reichstag will afford an interesting parallel to the Parliaments at Paris and Rome, where strong Socialist groups hold almost a balance of power. Under such circumstances the most radical party will hardly decline, on doctrinaire grounds, to avail itself of the parliamentary advantages which lie so temptingly to hand.

Internationally, the Kaiser's desire to keep the industrial peace with England is of great importance, for it utterly annihilates Chamberlain's pet scare-crow, and leaves Mr. Balfour's retaliatory "pistol" without its most shining mark. It is the complete refutation of the charge that Germany would hold England responsible for the tariff war with Canada. But, with a noteworthy prevision, Mr. Chamberlain's friends had already supplied a new issue. Major Patrick Craigie —a stalwart fiscal reformer—has written to the *Telegraph* asking "Do we eat too much?" In the silly season the purport of such a question would be obvious. In the midst of a heated political campaign, the insinuation is, plainly, that the burden of food taxes may be greatly diminished by diminishing the consumption of food. All this is delicately left to inference, but the working classes are adequately warned of the dangers of surfeit, gout, dyspepsia, and similar gastric ills. An easy extension of the principle is that a happy and genuinely eupeptic race will prefer the dear loaf to the cheap, as less conducive to overloading the stomach. But we note that the implication is received in England with a hilarity recalling the famous hard-times counsel of that American magnate who recommended that the American poor should escape poverty at a bound by simply adopting the wholesome Chinese regimen of rice.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Mr. Roosevelt's third annual message is, in some respects, an improvement upon the other two. It is shorter. It has nothing to say about "iron in the blood" of a "masterful race." It vaunteth not itself about law-made prosperity. On the contrary, it forecasts a Treasury deficit, and speaks of the need of economy. True, the President proceeds to recommend measures certain to lead to extravagance. His programme of navy enlargement has in it the promise of endless deficits. He is for economy in the abstract, but is also for every concrete expenditure. Lord Nelson said that the word "frigate" would be found written on his heart. On the President's is inscribed "fighting unit."

One part of his message seems to us ominous and discreditable. It is that relating to ship subsidies. He urges a commission to report to Congress upon this subject, on the ground that "differences of opinion" have hitherto prevented agreement on a bill. But, in fact, there are just two opinions—that of those who want the Treasury to come to the aid of the Shipping Trust, and that of those who do not. The President ought to be able to say which he favors. Apparently, however, he has found that inconvenient on the eve of election, the people having their prejudices. On the other hand, Senator Hanna has been insistent in demanding a word of encouragement for the subsidy-seekers; and so, we infer, the shift of a commission has been resorted to as a basis for campaign contributions from the parties in interest. It is a distinct subterfuge, unworthy of Mr. Roosevelt. A blunt and forthright man like him should have come out squarely for subsidies, or against. It is certain that, if the scheme goes through, the President will talk about economy and against corruption in vain. If he does not recall the scandals attending the Pacific Mail subsidy, the *Tribune* would doubtless place its files at his disposal.

In the forefront of his message, the President puts one more defence and explanation of his plan to regulate Trusts by means of the Bureau of Corporations. That therein he has a serviceable instrument may be admitted. As yet, however, he has no results to adduce, and can only make further promises. He declares that the "purpose" of the anti-Trust legislation "will undoubtedly be fulfilled," but for that the country must wait. Meanwhile, the President renews his futile attempt to discriminate, as a lawmaker, between "good" and "bad" Trusts. "We draw the line at conduct," he repeats; but presently betrays his confusion of thought by saying that it is a question of "conduct in accordance with the law of the land." In other words, it is a matter of law, not of morals.

All that the President says about the equal enforcement of the law is excellent. Similarly, there can be only praise for his attitude towards a bettered civil-service. His achievements in beating off attacks on this reform, since he became President, and in strengthening it at one point after another, are to his lasting credit. He has repaired a great deal of the insidious undermining of the civil-service law permitted by President McKinley. That Mr. Roosevelt is appalled by the amount of corruption disclosed in the public service is evident from his strong words on that subject. What he has done in the postal frauds is only an earnest, we believe, of what he stands ready to do with corruption in any Government department where it may be uncovered. Congress should not lose a day in seconding the Executive in the work of running official thieves to earth. National well-being, to say nothing of national honor, is more dependent upon clean administration than upon navies or canals.

What the President has to say about his Panama policy will, we should say, disappoint his supporters. This part of the message is long, labored, and inconclusive. To devote so much space to the Panama coup without having a single new fact or document to present, is a mistake in tactics. It looks like admitting that there is serious opposition, and that a defence is necessary. The more skilful strategy would have been to go on treating objectors with "disdain," and calling their arguments "contemptible," and quietly to inform Congress that the fruition of a proud and happy nation's hopes was at hand in the Isthmian Canal treaty. All this long argumentation and restatement looks like a case of *Qui s'excuse.*

Behind the President's cloud of words the essential facts remain visible as before. The wise precedents of international law have been violated; the prudent attitude and written commitments of former Presidents and Secretaries have been abandoned in a night; this country has been put in the humiliating position of doing to a weak nation what it would never think of attempting in the case of a Power strong enough to resent insulting aggression—and of doing it for selfish advantage. There are questions of right and wrong here which Congress will have gravely to consider, and the country to debate. Already it is evident that the President is not to have his way unchallenged. To say nothing now of any moral fault of his in this whole matter, he has made the old blunder of applying what has been called the "military mind" to a delicate question of diplomacy. That will never do, as Disraeli pointed out with incomparable force and authority. The rapid combinations, the velocity of decision which befit the battlefield are wholly out of place where the vast and slowly evolved interests of a democracy are concerned. Americans cannot be governed by sword and spur, as Napoleon said he governed France. To make fitful and precipitate action the rule of statecraft is to invite, as Disraeli maintained, not only condemnation, but "terrible discomfiture."

"CELERITY."

Apparently, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have been reading 'The Art of Political Lying.' One of its maxims is that public men are under no necessity of even appearing to believe in their own fictions. At any rate, the Administration seems to take a cynical delight in making its choice invention, "a republican form of government" in Panama, appear more hollow and ridiculous every day. The solemn signing of a treaty on Wednesday week by the three-man-power republic—a treaty drawn by a Frenchman and an American, in which Panama had absolutely no voice, and which was written solely in a foreign language understood with difficulty by at least some of the signers—puts the finishing touch of absurdity upon a business which has been, throughout, conducted with an unexampled disregard of the proprieties and decencies.

But we must thank the solemn Junta for one word. "Celerity is indispensable," they gravely resolved, as they signed the treaty without reading it. It is true. Jobs like that must be done quickly if at all. They cannot stand deliberation or discussion. Hence the orders issued from Washington to have the whole thing over with. No time was allowed for even a translation of the treaty into the language of the ratifying country. "There was only one copy, in the English language," says the official account. This might look like cruelty to the natives, but Secretary Hay knew what was good for them. They were simply required to "walk Spanish," not talk it. To have used their own language would, as the old English lady explained when refusing to speak French in Paris, "only have encouraged them." Besides, if the Junta had been permitted time to reflect, or to think that Spanish had anything to do with giving their country away, they could not have risen to their great dictum about "celerity." They would have recalled their own proverb, *El que va plano va lontano*, and that would have spoiled all. We presume they had received marked copies of the *Outlook*, elucidating its doctrine of the more haste the more states created and annexed. It is a pity, however, that some one had not sent them a copy of Secretary Hay's apothegm, written when he was still able to see the comic aspect of diplomacy:

> "There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going,
> When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women, and crabs."

The question is often put to us, "Well, what would you have done yourself?"

This implies, of course, that somehow or other the canal had to be got, the only doubt being by what particular piece of sharp practice. To observe good faith; to be dignified and conservative; to follow precedents; to respect the rights of the weak—there is no difficulty about that. But how, we are asked, could the other thing have been more happily done than by President Roosevelt's method? We reply, the same result could have been reached with some regard for appearances. The booty could have been bagged just the same, yet the burglar could have looked, to the casual eye, more like a church member. The Administration might have waited a decent interval. It need not have rushed into recognition of Panama, with so obvious a fear lest there would be nothing to recognize a day later. Doubtless the "republic" could have been propped up and kept going a few weeks. We could have loaned it Gen. Miles to strike terror to the hearts of its enemies. Then, after a month or so, recognition could have followed without such a violent suspicion of conspiracy attaching to the whole affair. Ratification of the treaty by Panama could also have been arranged without such a contempt of all regularity. There might have been at least a sham convention, a bogus Congress, a pretended President, and then it would have been possible to go through the farce with a graver face, and make it seem a real transaction between States instead of a wildly improbable "turn" on the vaudeville stage. In short, we can think of many precautions which it would have been easy for the Administration to observe, and which would not have interfered with its getting the plunder in the end, at the same time that they made its action more fair-seeming.

Indeed, "celerity" implies many dangers. One is, that statesmen in a hurry may forget their own record. As we have shown, President Roosevelt intervened last year to help Colombia restore order on the Isthmus. Too much celerity in doing the opposite thing does not look well. When such swift work is undertaken, statesmen may also ignore their country's history. Charles Francis Adams protested in 1861 against even the English concession of belligerent rights to the South—far from a recognition of nationality—on the ground that it had been "rapid." What would he have said of the overnight recognition of Panama as a full-fledged republic? Seward also had an obsolete notion of "celerity." In the circular letter to our Ministers in Europe, which he sent in April, 1861, he said that "to recognize the independence of a new State" was an act requiring the greatest deliberation. Especial "prudence," he argued, was necessary in regard to American States; and he added, in words that are the sufficient rebuke of the mad haste and unconcealed selfishness displayed in the Panama imbroglio: "When one nation casts its suffrages for the admission of a new member, . . . it ought to act under a profound sense of moral obligation, and be governed by considerations as pure, disinterested, and elevated as the general interest of society or the advancement of human nature."

THE COST OF FOOD.

The November issue of the *Bulletin* of the National Bureau of Labor gives a brief summary of an investigation into the cost of living of 2,567 workingmen's families. It covered the retail prices of the principal staple articles of food. The families lived in thirty-three States, embraced in five groups; 1,415 being in the North Atlantic group, 721 in the North Central, 219 in the South Atlantic, 122 in the South Central, and 90 in the Western. Thirty articles of food were tested according to the average consumption in families whose income is not more than $1,200 per year. The average income of the families in question was $827.19. Their average annual expenditure for all purposes was $768.54, of which $326.90 was for food. The average number of persons in each family was 5.31, and the average cost of food was $61.70 per capita, or about 17 cents per day for all ages.

Prices of separate articles of food are not given, but the relative retail price is furnished. Thus, if the average food cost for the thirteen years is represented by the number 100, that of the year 1890 would be 102.4, that of 1896 would be 95.5, and that of 1902 110.9. It appears that the price of food has followed an undulatory movement during the period under consideration, the two highest points having been 1893 and 1902, and the lowest 1896. This corresponds with the ups and downs of trade during the same period. The price of food, according to the statistics presented in the *Bulletin*, has varied with the wave line of prosperity. That wave line itself has been caused by the law of supply and demand.

There are variations in the amount of cereals produced in different years, but, in the conditions now prevailing in Europe and America, such variations do not greatly affect the retail markets. More serious effects are produced by variations of demand, for although the number of mouths to be filled does not diminish, the purchasing power of mankind varies greatly. While very few persons in civilized countries actually starve, many have less food than they need, and multitudes have less than they would buy if they could. There is little room for doubt that the relatively low prices of food prevailing in the six years 1894-1899, were due to the lessened demand consequent upon the trade depression of that period, and that the higher prices prevailing before and since were due to the contrary conditions. The retail prices of food have risen 16 per cent, since the low level of 1896, and are nearly 11 per cent. above the average of the thirteen years under investigation. The rise has been rapid in recent years, the cost in 1902 having been 5.4 per cent. above that of 1901 and 9.7 per cent. above that of 1900.

In the political campaign of 1896 there was a great outcry in the West and South against falling prices of agricultural products, and the downward movement was attributed by the Bryan party to a shortage of money. This it was proposed to cure by the free coinage of silver. The opponents of this policy affirmed that the decline of prices was due to other causes, and especially to improved processes of production and transportation. They contended also that falling prices were advantageous rather than hurtful to society, since they enabled the masses of mankind to supply their wants with less labor. The latter contention was indisputable, provided wages remained the same and the conditions of employment were unchanged. But if these conditions had remained unchanged, the prices of agricultural products would probably not have fallen, since the wage-earning classes would have been able to buy as freely as in the years preceding the panic.

How severely wage-earners are pinched by loss of employment or by a rise in the cost of living is seen in the fact that the smaller the income the larger is the proportion of it required to pay for food. In the cases cited, the expenditure for food was 42.54 per cent. of the total, but this was for families whose average income was above $800 per year. It has been shown by previous investigations of the Labor Bureau that where the income is $200, or less, the cost of food is 50 per cent., and that this percentage falls as the income rises. When the latter reaches $1,200, the percentage spent for food is less than 29. In Great Britain and Germany the percentage of food cost to total cost among the laboring classes is somewhat higher than in the United States, but for clothing, rent, and fuel it is lower.

One conclusion reached by the Labor Bureau seems to be inconsistent with the others. The price of food in the Western group of States in 1902 was lower by 7 per cent. than the average of the five groups, but in 1890, 1891, and 1892 it was about 5 per cent. higher than the average. Not only so, but the price in the Western group was 3 to 4 per cent. higher in the early nineties than it was in 1892. That food prices should be lower in the Western group than in other sections is not surprising, since the bulk of the cereals and meats consumed in the country are produced there; but how are we to account for the discrepancies in the Western group at different times? A fact of considerable

importance is that the extreme range of wholesale prices of food during the thirteen years has been more than twice as great as that of retail prices, being 37 per cent. in the former and only 16 per cent. in the latter. This indicates that custom has a strong influence in retail trade.

UNIONISM AND GRAND OPERA.

Director Conried's dispute with the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House displays one of those amusing cases in which unionism gravely occupies itself with the fine arts. The grievance of the orchestra was the employment of two women harpists, neither of whom possessed the card of the Musical Protective Association, and one of whom had not been in the country the six months required for union membership. The controversy, then, was that of the open shop transferred to the orchestra. Mr. Conried asserts the right to employ any musician he chooses, irrespective of society affiliations; the players of his orchestra, on the contrary, refused to play with any musician not a member of their union. The two harpists have consented to join the union for the sake of peace—

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie"—

and for the moment the incident is closed.

The affair presents some curious features. The players of the Metropolitan orchestra are somewhat above those who make up the rank and file of the Protective Association. Some of them would have certain pretensions to be regarded as artists, are occasionally soloists, teachers, etc. In any case, they belong or should belong to the wider fraternity of musicians. All the stranger that they are so willing to cast off this honorable bond and accept that of the manual trades. By a subterfuge—the requirement of six months' residence before membership—they seek to prevent the addition of foreign players to their number. In general, they seem to endeavor to shut themselves out from the musical world and to reduce orchestral playing in America to a limited handicraft.

Of course, the trouble is that these musicians have many of them been promoted from the journeyman position, and have not been able to realize their new dignity and independence. As purveyors of dance music and beguilers of the *entr'actes* of our theatres, they found their union of service, and now they continue to obey it against all common sense. For it is evident that the unionist principle of "ca' canny" would play havoc with the promotion they have so honorably won. Imagine that principle applied to the routine of an orchestra. First, it hinders its improvement by the injection of new blood. Not long ago the union attempted to have Eduard Strauss's orchestra excluded as "contract labor"—an instructive instance of the willingness of these unionized artists to belittle their own profession. The Treasury Department took the more generous view that these musicians were artists. Last winter an exciting foretaste of the possibilities of discontented unionism was afforded in the rumor that certain aggrieved tuba players would take their vengeance into their own hands. The prospects for our orchestras, if they are to be exposed to cacophonous strikes, are not inviting. Furthermore, a cardinal contention of unionism is that members must not be "rushed." Whether a strict application of this doctrine would not abolish the *presto*, we leave conductors and the unions to determine.

Evidently, logical unionism should not stop at the orchestra. Why should not singers, too, be the subject of strike, boycott, and blacklist? Consistency also would require that all the composers should join the Protective Association under penalty of having their works misplayed, and would dictate a refusal to play from scores not printed or engraved by the typographical union. Would convinced unionist violinists, again, consent to sit in chairs or use music-stands not stamped with the union label; or to "rosin-up" with gum drawn from syndicated evergreen forests? Who guarantees that horsehair and catgut have had purification under unionist rites? The very wood of the manly bassoon and brass of the inspiriting tuba are the result of subtle chemical unions unsanctioned by the American Federation of Labor. In short, the musician who desired to live by the complete unionist code could do little but whistle to himself in a vacuum.

Such delightful absurdities we condone when they are perpetrated by horny-handed labor, uninstructed and desperately solicitous of its imagined profit; but when men of the artist class make a deliberate policy of such antics, the occasion calls only for ridicule. A very effective comment on the boycott of Mr. Conried's two talented harpists would be that of an International Preachers' Union or a Protective Association of College Presidents. Pending the formation of these much-needed bodies, we can only hope that the Metropolitan orchestra will take counsel of good humor, good sense, and the honor that binds every artist to the furtherance of his chosen art. Director Conried has suggested that in case of a boycott he might present grand opera to a tolerant public with a piano accompaniment, that individualistic instrument having apparently evaded the clutch of advancing unionism. We believe the emergency was worthy of a higher flight. Mme. de Staël and her lover, August Schlegel, by a comprehensible coincidence, simultaneously declared architecture to be "frozen music." Had Mr. Conried in his extremity pointed to the rebuilt stage and auditorium which he has provided, and explained that these were the only music that unionism permitted him to offer, the announcement would have been greeted with greater applause than could ever attend the performance of a thoroughly unionized orchestra.

HERBERT SPENCER.

In the death of Mr. Herbert Spencer, England has to deplore the loss of one of the two or three most influential thinkers whom she has given to our generation. In awarding "points" to the various candidates for immortality in the "Pantheon of Philosophy," few are entitled to a higher mark than Mr. Spencer on the score of positive and systematic form. Whatever greatness this quality imports—and surely it is as rare and great as any—belong to Mr. Spencer in the fullest measure. Who, since he wrote, is not vividly able to conceive of the world as a thing evolved from a primitive fire mist, by progressive integrations and differentiations, and increases in heterogeneity and coherence of texture and organization? Who can fail to think of life, both bodily and mental, as a set of ever-changing ways of meeting the "environment"? Who has not suddenly at some time grown grave at the thought that the parents' sinful or virtuous habits are inherited by the children, and destined to accumulate from generation to generation while the race endures?

When one tries, however, to give a nearer account of Herbert Spencer's genius, and a more exact appraisal of his importance in the history of thought, one finds the task a hard one, so unique and idiosyncratic was the temperament of the man; and, with all the breadth of ground which his work covered, so narrow and angular was the outline which he personally showed. A pen like Carlyle's might convey a living impression of all the pluses and minuses which Mr. Spencer's character embodied, but a writer like the present critic must surely fail. Carlyle, himself, indeed, had he ever tried the task, would have failed. With his so different temperament, the littlenesses of the personage would have tempted his descriptive powers exclusively, and the elements of greatness would have got scant justice from his pen. As a rule, all people in whom a genius like Carlyle's raises a responsive thrill, find something strangely exasperating in the atmosphere of Spencer's mind: it seems to them so fatally lacking in geniality, humor, picturesqueness, and poetry, and so explicit, so mechanical, so flat in the panorama which it gives of life. Nevertheless, the fact remains that long before any of his contemporaries had seized its universal import, he grasped a great, light-giving truth—the truth of evolution; grasped it so that it became bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and, with a pertinacity of which the history of successful thought gives few examples, applied it to the whole of life, down to the minutest details of the most various sciences. And how, one may well ask, is profundity and the genuine "spirit of prophecy" ever to be shown in a man, if not by fruits like these?

Moreover, although Spencer's intellect is essentially of the deductive and à priori order, starting from universal abstract principles and thence proceeding down to facts,

what strikes one more than anything else in his writings is the enormous number of facts from every conceivable quarter which he brings to his support, and the unceasing study of minutest particulars which he is able to keep up. No "Baconian" philosopher, denying himself the use of à priori principles, has ever filled his pages with half as many facts as this strange species of apriorist can show. This unflagging and profuse command of facts is what gives such peculiar weightiness to Mr. Spencer's manner of presenting even the smallest topics. Some of his "Essays" have a really monumental character from this cause. "Manners and Fashion," "The Origin of Laughter," "Illogical Geology," and the reviews of Bain's 'Emotions and Will' and Owen's 'Archetype of the Vertebrate Skeleton,' immediately occur to the mind as examples. In all his writings on social morals, from 'Social Statics' to 'The Man versus the State,' the same quality is most impressively shown. Yet, with this matchless knowledge of certain sets of facts, one may hear it plausibly argued that Spencer is not a "widely informed" man in the vulgar acceptation of the term. He shows, that is, small signs of *desultory* curiosity. His command, *e. g.*, of foreign languages is small, and in the history of philosophy he is obviously unversed. His facts, in short, seem all collected for a purpose; those which help the purpose are never forgotten, those which are alien to it have never caught his eye.

Mr. Spencer's attitude towards religion, again, is slightly paradoxical. Few men have paid it more sincere explicit respect; and the part called "The Unknowable" of his 'First Principles' celebrates the ultimate mysteriousness of things, and the existence of a Supreme Reality behind the veil, in terms whose emphatic character it is hard elsewhere to match. Yet on the whole he passes, and we imagine passes rightly, for an irreligious philosopher. His metaphysical "Absolute" is too ineffable to become active in the system, and an absolute Physics forthwith takes its place. The mystery of things, instead of being "omnipresent," is all neatly swept together into this one chapter, and then dismissed with an affectionate good-by, while all the particular mysteries which later present themselves are quickly explained away; Life being but complicated mechanism, and Consciousness only physical force "transformed," etc., etc. In Mr. Spencer's heroic defence of individualism against socialism and the general encroachment of the State there is a similar seeming incoherence, so marked that one cannot help suspecting his thought to have started from two independent facts, and to be faithful to two ideals.

The first one was the old English ideal of individual liberty, culminating in the doctrine of *laissez faire*, for which the book 'Social Statics,' published in 1851, was so striking a plea. The second was the theory of universal evolution, which seems to have taken possession of Mr. Spencer in the decade which ensued. The Spencerian law of evolution is essentially statistical. Its "integrations," "differentiations," etc., are names for describing results manifested in collections of units, and the laws of the latter's individual action are, in the main and speaking broadly, hardly considered at all. The fate of the individual fact is swallowed up in that of the aggregate total. And this is the impression (unless our memory betrays us) which Mr. Spencer's dealings with the individual man in society always gives us, so long as the general description of the process of evolution is what he has in hand. He denies free will, as a matter of course; he despises hero-worship and the tendency to ascribe social changes to individual initiative rather than to "general conditions," and in every way tends to minimize the particular concrete man. Society drags the unit along in its fatal tow. Yet in the political writings of Mr. Spencer, with their intense and absolute reliance on individuals, we find the very opposite of this. Deeper students than we are may see the point in his system where these two streams of tendency unite. To us they seem, not perhaps incompatible, but at least detached.

To the present critic, the ethical and political part of Mr. Spencer's writings seems the most impressive and likely to endure. The 'Biology,' the 'Psychology,' the 'Sociology,' even were they abler than they are, must soon become obsolete books; but the antique spirit of English individualism is a factor in human life less changeable than the face of the sciences, and such expressions of it as Spencer has given will probably long deserve to be read. The 'Data of Ethics' is unquestionably the most valuable single part of the "Synthetic Philosophy," not for the reason that it makes ethics for the first time "scientific" (although this was probably its chief merit in its author's eyes), but because it gives voice with singular energy to one man's ideals concerning human life. Ideals as manly, as humane, as broadly inclusive, and as forcibly expressed are always a force in the world's destinies. The 'Data of Ethics' will therefore long continue to be read.

The 'Principles of Biology' and of 'Psychology' are already somewhat out of date. Spencer's heroic attempt mechanically to explain the genesis of living forms are altogether too coarsely carried out in the former book; and the problems of reproduction and heredity are complicated today with elements of which he could know nothing when he wrote. Of the 'Psychology,' it may be further said that not much remains that is of value beyond the general conception, supported by many applications, that the mind grew up in relation to its environment, and that the two cannot be studied apart—a conception that sounded decidedly more original in the '50s and '60s than it does now. The 'Sociology' has probably a longer lease of life. It is more recent, and must long be valued as a vast collection of well-arranged anthropological facts. As a chapter in the "System of Philosophy," its value is almost evanescent, for the author's habit of periodically pointing out how well the phenomena illustrate his law of evolution seems quite perfunctory and formal when applied to social facts, so strained and unnatural is it to conceive of these as mechanical changes in which matter is integrated and motion dispersed. It is probable—strange irony of fate!—that the book called 'First Principles,' although from a strict point of view it is far more vulnerable than anything its author ever wrote, is the work by which the "Synthetic Philosophy" will remain best known to the reading world.

This, however, is very likely as it should be. A man like Spencer can afford to be judged, not by his infallibility in details, but by the bravery of his attempt. He sought to see truth as a whole. He brought us back to the old ideal of philosophy, which since Locke's time had well nigh taken flight; the ideal, namely, of a "completely unified knowledge," into which the physical and mental worlds should enter on equal terms. This was the original Greek ideal of philosophy, to which men surely must return. Spencer has been likened to Aristotle. But he presents far more analogies to Descartes, whose mechanical theory of evolution swept over his age as Spencer's sweeps over ours. And although Spencer can show no such triumphs of detail as Descartes's discoveries of analytical geometry, of dioptrics, of reflex action, and of perception by the eye, his moral character inspires an infinitely greater sympathy than that of the earlier philosopher. Descartes's life was absolutely egotistic, and he was basely servile to the powers that be. Mr. Spencer's faculties were all devoted to the service of mankind, and few men can have lived whose personal conduct unremittingly trod so close upon the heels of their ideal.

ANOTHER GLACIAL WONDER.

TUSCUMBIA, Mo., November 28, 1903.

So many remarkable phenomena in the northern part of the United States have been explained by the glacial period that it seemed as if we were nearly at the end of the wonderful story, but at the meeting of the Geological Society of North America in Washington last winter, Professor Buckley of the School of Mines at Rolla, Missouri, and Dr. Ball, who had been conducting the geological survey of Miller County, made an announcement really startling to that portion of the scientific public whose familiarity with the situation enabled them to appreciate its significance. The announcement made was that a number of granitic boulders had been found in the valley of the Osage River near Tuscumbia, 40 miles further south than they had been heretofore noted in that vicinity. The facts seemed of sufficient importance to warrant a journey of 700 miles for their investigation. Investigation has increased rather than diminished the interest attaching to them.

The glacial boundary across Missouri follows very closely the line of the Missouri River, there being no indications of glacial ice actually across the Missouri River, except on the low lands in two or three counties between Jefferson City and Kansas City. North of this line, the country is completely enveloped with glacial deposits, including great numbers of granitic bowlders from the vicinity of Lake Superior and the northern part of Wisconsin and Minnesota. The course of the Missouri River itself is also worthy of attention. At Kansas City this great line of drainage makes a turn at right angles and pursues an easterly course for 300 miles. The obvious cause of this turn is that it meets here the first beginnings of that gentle uplift which is known as the Ozark Mountains. But the word mountains is hardly applicable, since there is merely a swell in the earth's surface attaining an elevation of about 1,500 feet above the sea, or

1,000 feet above the Missouri River at a point 100 miles south of it. From this watershed the drainage of several large rivers, of which the Osage is the principal, finds its way northward into the Missouri. The Osage River, however, rises two or three hundred miles to the west, far up in Kansas, running for a considerable distance parallel with the Kansas River above Kansas City, and not far from it. Tuscumbia lies in the trough of the Osage, 60 miles above its entrance into the Missouri.

A drive of forty miles across the country from California, about thirty miles west of Jefferson City, to Tuscumbia, shows a complete absence of glacial deposits, and leads over a picturesque country which was once a plain, but is now deeply channelled by numerous streams which have been at work from early geological ages. On approaching within a few miles of Tuscumbia, a scene of real grandeur unfolds itself before one's eyes. The Osage River has cut a central channel in the magnesian limestone about 300 feet below the general level, and in this channel are innumerable side gorges which approach it on both sides at various angles. The other side of the valley, 10 or 15 miles away, has the appearance of a mountain range. On descending into this valley one finds the immediate trough of the Osage at Tuscumbia to be about half a mile wide, with perpendicular limestone bluffs on either side of 100 to 150 feet in height. Between the river and these limestone bluffs there are continuous old flood-plains or terraces, now considerably above high-water mark, furnishing very fertile farm lands. But the river itself is not flowing over a rock bottom. The abutments of the railroad bridge fourteen miles below were sunk forty feet below the bottom of the river before rock was reached. The gradient of the river is only about one foot to the mile—very nearly the same as that of the Missouri. Steamers ascend in high water as far as Osceola, a distance, as the river runs, of 200 miles.

All this shows clearly enough the following vicissitudes in the river's history: During a very long period the drainage of this flank of the Osage uplift has been concentrated along the line of the Osage River, when the general elevation was somewhat greater than now. This period was protracted enough for the river to erode all this long, tortuous, deep gorge, contributing the material to the Missouri, which carried it away to the sea. This process proceeded until the gorge was certainly 40 feet deeper than now. Then a subsidence of the region diminished the gradient of the stream and allowed it to silt up its channel to the present level, whereupon followed the remarkable facts connected with the glacial period of which we are now to speak.

At as many as nine places within a few miles of Tuscumbia, large granitic boulders from the far north have been found along the gravel terraces which line the Osage River. One, which I saw, measures 4x3 feet upon the surface, and extends an indefinite distance into the ground. Another, lying in one of the side gorges half a mile back from the river, would weigh fully half a ton, and was stranded at an elevation of about 75 feet above the river, which would be 150 feet above the Missouri. To account for the existence of these boulders in the gorge of this valley, but one theory is really open: they have been floated 60 miles *up the Osage River* on ice floes which had brought them down from the glacial region farther north.

To produce such a drift up stream, it is necessary to imagine conditions under which the Missouri River would periodically rise nearly 200 feet, while the Osage River had not much increase of its water supply in the principal part of its drainage basin. Such a condition of things has many analogies in a small way. For instance, the Columbia River in Oregon often rises 30 or 40 feet when there is no corresponding rise in the Willamette. At such times the water of the Columbia sends a wave up the Willamette to Portland somewhat as the tide of the ocean goes up into an inlet. I well remember hearing a strange story, when a boy, that the mill-dam of Hubbardton Creek in Vermont had been carried away up stream. The explanation was that the Castleton River, into which the creek ran, suddenly rose while there was no corresponding rise in the creek. The mill-dam, not being protected from pressure below, was consequently easily drifted up stream. Under similar conditions the Missouri River, rising 200 feet, would float masses of ice up the Osage River to a distance of nearly 100 miles.

On turning our minds to the conditions connected with the close of the glacial period, we find that they fit in with these facts as a key fits the lock for which it is made. During the glacial period the drainage of all the region from the Hudson Bay southward was turned over into the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri. Some 200,000 square miles of the drainage basin then contributing to the Missouri was covered with glacial ice. In the closing stages of the period it is estimated (and with much probability) that the ice was melting off at the rate of from 15 to 20 feet annually, which, in addition to the annual rainfall (probably much increased), would make about ten times the amount of water now carried off by the Missouri River. During this last year the excessive rainfall of a single week through eastern Kansas and southern Iowa produced tremendous floods at Kansas City, raising the water thirty-eight feet. It is easy to suppose that during the summer months in the closing stage of the glacial period there was an annual rise in the river of five times that amount, which would be sufficient to produce the phenomena we are considering at Tuscumbia.

This explanation required for the boulders at Tuscumbia is also of much assistance in our efforts to explain the vast amount of loess which has accumulated in the Missouri valley. The deposits of this very fine loam, like that which covers southern Russia and borders the base of the mountains throughout Central Asia and China, rise in many places to a thickness of 200 feet above the river on either side, thinning out in both directions as one gets away from the stream. A controversy of considerable interest has arisen concerning the origin of this. The difficulty of providing water in sufficient quantities to account for the deposit has given great encouragement to those who would attribute it entirely to wind deposition, so that, notwithstanding the difficulties, many eminent geologists have adopted the wind hypothesis. But in the annual floods of such enormous extent in the Missouri valley, which theoretically would occur during the closing stages of the glacial period, and which are now more definitely indicated by this drifting of large boulders so far up this southern tributary, we have the requisite *vera causa* which has been needed by those advocating the water hypothesis.

Special interest attaches to these phenomena from the supposed connection of the loess with the early history of mankind. The celebrated Lansing skeleton, concerning which so much has been written, is thought by many of the best geologists to have been buried at the base of the bluffs twenty miles above Kansas City before the deposition of the loess, thus connecting it with that stage of the glacial period which produced the enormous floods of which we have been speaking. Without attempting to assign any definite date to this period, it is sufficient to have our attention directed to those significant vicissitudes through which the human race has passed, in both Europe and America, which are connected with the glacial period. Either man is very ancient, or the vicissitudes connected with the glacial period are much more recent than were once supposed. Indeed, so many signs point to their recency that we need not be surprised to find the date of the civilization of Babylonia carried backwards till it meets the period of the prevalence of glacial ice over northern Europe and North America, with its outlying population existing in much the same conditions as those now surrounding the Eskimo in Greenland.

G. Frederick Wright.

PRESIDENT HÉNAULT.

Paris, November 19, 1903.

We can count several judges among our men of letters; the most famous, we may say illustrious, is President Montesquieu, author of the 'Lettres Persanes,' the 'Esprit des Lois,' the 'Considérations sur la Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains.' His place is quite apart. After him I will name President des Brosses, whose 'Journey to Italy' remains among the most amusing and witty books of the eighteenth century. President Hénault was even more famous in his time than President des Brosses. His connection with Madame du Deffand has made his name familiar to all those who take an interest in the society of the eighteenth century; his books, some of which were much read in his time, are now well forgotten, and it was not without some surprise that I found them much eulogized in a very careful and elaborate biography, 'President Hénault—1685-1770: His Life and Works, with inedited documents,' written quite recently by M. Henri Lion, a doctor of letters. Sainte-Beuve had already done something for the memory of President Hénault, in giving him a place in his 'Causeries du Lundi,' which are decidedly the most valuable and comprehensive contribution of our time to the study of French literature. Sainte-Beuve wrote his article after the publication of the memoirs of President Hénault by one of his grand-nephews, Baron de Vigan, as late as 1854.

"President Hénault," says Sainte-Beuve, "was above all a society man. Happy from his youth, having received from Heaven fortune, good looks, the desire to please and the art of enjoying, he early lived in the best society; he breathed, at the end of the

reign of Louis XIV., the civilized air, the mildest and the most temperate, for which he was made. He continued his career far into the eighteenth century without partaking of its license or its ardor; he was the intimate and familiar friend of all the men in power, the patron or the Amphitryon of men of letters, among whom he took a distinguished rank which all were anxious to give him. He had no other misfortune than to survive himself a little in his last years, and to sink in spirit before being extinguished."

It may almost be said that M. Henri Lion's volume is the development of these lines of Sainte-Beuve's; at any rate, the impression made by the volume is the same as that made by them.

Hénault was born on the 8th of February, 1685. After leaving college, he entered the Seminary of the Oratorians, but he had not the clerical vocation, and left it soon afterwards. He became very early a Councillor and afterwards President of one of the chambers of the Parlement. He led a very gay life, and became one of the intimate friends of Samuel Bernard, the great financier of the time, of the Sullys, the Prince de Léon, Madame de Lambert, the Regent of Orleans, the Abbé de Chaulieu. On the occasion of a *lit de justice* which Louis XV. had to hold on reaching his majority, President Hénault was asked to prepare the speeches to be delivered before the Parlement by the young King, by the Regent, by M. d'Armenonville, the Keeper of the Seals, and by *M. le Premier*, the first President. These four speeches did not give him much trouble. He tells us in his memoirs that the Regent never knew to whom he was under obligations for his speech.

Hénault on this occasion became acquainted with the Cardinal Dubois, with the Duke de Bourbon and his mistress, Madame de Prie. In the midst of the dissolute society in which he was living, he had a serious attachment: he felt for Madame de Castelmoron, wife of the Marquis of this name, a lieutenant-general of the French armies, a strong and lasting friendship. He speaks of her in his memoirs as a person "worthy of the esteem and attachment of all who place any value on virtue," and he says, after her death (1761), that "she had been, for forty years, the principal object of his life." Madame de Castelmoron certainly was his good genius, the person whom he revered, to whom he came for advice in all the circumstances of his life. He describes her as reasonable, full of judgment, of a solid mind, unselfish, without envy, without pretension, living only for others. Judging from his own words and assurances, she was the one woman for whom he really had an affection, consisting half of love, half of friendship, or of a kind for which no suitable word has yet been found.

The relations of President Hénault with the famous Madame du Deffand grew very intimate towards 1730, when she was already thirty-four years old. They lasted for forty years, and became quasi-conjugal. The marchioness was separated from her husband, of whom she said once that he was always "aux petits soins pour déplaire." She had been for a short time the mistress of the Regent, and was a friend of Madame de Prie. When we read her letters (which were published first at Strawberry Hill) we do not wonder that she was a friend of Voltaire and the witty Duchess du Maine. She became a star of the little court which the Duchess kept at Sceaux. Hénault resigned his charge at the Parlement in 1731, and spent a good part of his life at Sceaux, where the marchioness remained for whole months.

In 1744 Hénault published the work which established his reputation, the 'Nouvel Abrégé Chronologique.' Its success was very great, several editions following each other rapidly, and the work had the honor of translations. "Nobody," said the Prince de Beauvau, who succeeded Hénault in the French Academy, "knew better how to separate pedantry from research. He presented to us a picture of our history as he saw it, as a statesman, a jurist, a man of the court, a savant. He painted the different ages of our nation, the characters of our illustrious men, the variations of the Government." Hénault's work on French history is, I am afraid, not as much read nowadays as Bossuet's 'Discours sur l'histoire universelle,' or as the historical works of Voltaire; but even these have now few readers. History transforms itself, like everything else. The famous 'Esprit des Lois' of Montesquieu sleeps on the shelves of many libraries, and few are they who are familiar with this great work. Hénault had the satisfaction of an immediate success. M. Henri Lion takes the trouble to explain that this success was well deserved, and he attributes to Hénault the qualities of the genuine historian. We have a tendency nowadays to believe that the nineteenth century created the true historical method, and are apt to forget that the study of original documents had already become the basis of history in the eighteenth century; we forget the immense work of the Benedictines, their valuable publications of texts, of local and provincial histories, the publications of the Academy of Inscriptions. Hénault was intimately acquainted with the work of Boulainvilliers, of Daniel, of Mézeray, of Vertot, of Calmet, and a number of others. He was not a pedant, but he was really learned; he was very conscientious, as is proved by the changes and additions which he made in the successive editions of his work.

Hénault liked to relieve the seriousness of his work by little anecdotes; and who can blame him for it? On the morning of the battle of the Downs—which was fought by Don Juan of Austria against Turenne, contrary to the advice of the Prince de Condé, who was at the time on the Spanish side—Condé said to the Duke of Gloucester, who was on his side: "Sir, have you ever seen a battle lost? Well, you are going to see one." And, truly enough, Don Juan lost his battle. This anecdote is perfectly authentic, and it has a real historical value, as it shows the acumen of the great Condé, who never lost a battle when he was himself in command. In many of the anecdotes of the 'Abrégé Chronologique' we see the moralist, the philisopher, as well as the historian; and this explains the great success which the work obtained at the time. The portraits are also very striking, though they do not recall the vividness of the portraits of Saint-Simon. Among the best are those of Louis XI., of Mazarin, of the Cardinal de Retz. I find in the last this curious passage: "One has some difficulty in understanding how a man who spent his life in combining, never had any true object. He loved intrigue for its own sake." M. Lion concludes by saying that the 'Abrégé Chronologique' was the best epitome of French history of the eighteenth century; and in the nineteenth he finds nothing to compare with it except Michelet's 'Précis de l'histoire moderne.'

The memoirs of President Hénault appeared, as I have said, not till eighty-eight years after his death, in 1854. As edited by the Baron de Vigan, they constituted a volume of more than four hundred pages. The first part contained the memoirs proper; the second part consisted of various fragments, dispatches, literary essays, etc. As soon as these memoirs appeared, Sainte-Beuve found out that there was another manuscript of them in the possession of M. de Monmerqué; it is now in the library of La Ferté-Macé, to whom it was left by M. de Contades. The memoirs, which were written, Hénault says himself, for the amusement of his old age, are very fragmentary; there is no chronological order in them. The narrative becomes, in consequence, somewhat confused. They can take only a secondary rank among the numerous memoirs of the time; their real interest lies in the portraits drawn here and there of the many men and women with whom Hénault came in contact. These memoirs, however, which Hénault wrote *currente calamo*, without taking much pains, will in future have probably more readers than the 'Abrégé Chronologique,' a work which absorbed him during his whole lifetime.

There is nothing to say about the relations of Hénault and Madame du Deffand that has not been said many times. The story goes that when the President was near his end and had already partly lost his mind, Madame du Deffand, who was in his room with some friends, asked him, in order to take him out of his drowse, if he still remembered Madame de Castelmoron. This name woke him up, and he said that he remembered her very well. She then asked him if he had loved her more than Madame du Deffand. "Quelle différence!" said the dying man—"quelle différence!" There was much eloquence in those last words; the heart was still alive, though the mind was nearly gone.

Correspondence.

A TOPIC FOR TOWN MEETINGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your comments upon President Roosevelt's aggression upon the rights of Colombia and upon the good name of our own country give me satisfaction, but you should, I think, suggest action that will place the American people right before the world. The President attempts to filch territory and privileges from another nation, and in offensive and autocratic manner he attempts to drive Congress to forestall the will of the people. The patriotic, honest, and sober citizens should in town meetings demand that their Senators and Representatives in Congress, without further delay, vote for a joint resolution of Congress that would, in the most emphatic way, censure President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay for their hasty and improper action. The people must in this way repudiate base actions and declare that the Unit-

ed States still stands for justice, liberty, and equality of opportunity, if they wish to hold the confidence and respect of the Central and South American countries.

There is no question that all citizens of the United States want an Atlantic-Pacific canal. The majority of these citizens accept the Panama route as the best; but they want it built in a way to respect and conserve the rights of Colombia, want it built so that Central and South American countries need not be driven into political and commercial alliances with Great Britain and Germany, to the great disadvantage of all American nations. The people of the United States want no antagonism between the Americas, north and south, and they want trade relations on natural lines fostered in all possible ways, want free trade among American nations established, and a common tariff against all European and Asiatic nations—of course, with a fair distribution of customs receipts among all countries within the American Commercial Union—within the American Zollverein.

I would have the Atlantic-Pacific Canal forever free to ships sailing under the flags of those nations in the proposed union. I would in this way stimulate American shipping. This economic union would make immediate and permanent trade expansion on natural lines, because countries of different products, of different climate, must exchange natural products or do without them. When the people of the United States appreciate, as soon they must, that the policy of President Roosevelt on the Panama situation means discord, war, and industrial stagnation, not peace and prosperity on the American continent; when they appreciate that establishment of this Roosevelt-Hay policy of aggression upon weak American countries means putting aside the Monroe Doctrine, they will dislodge from power the President and the Congress that would betray them, and put our great and free country forward once more as the protector of American nations against European attack.

Yours very truly, WHARTON BARKER.

PHILADELPHIA, December 4, 1903.

LIKELY TO BE FORGOTTEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will Congress at its present session forget that Treasury episode which caused so much comment last summer and which cries aloud for relief? Probably it will, but the country can hardly have altogether forgotten it so soon. The occasion in mind is that when one of the Assistant Secretaries, having been left in sole charge for several weeks, was compelled to spend his whole time, both in and out of office hours, in writing his name at the bottom of official papers which had been written by subordinates, and which he had not time to read, much less to consider. Who, then, was "running" or administering the Department? Certainly not the man who was putting in fourteen hours a day in writing his signature as fast as a messenger could put the unsigned papers before him and take the signed ones away. Were not the true administrators the authors of the official letters, warrants, and what not that were signed by the Assistant Secretary in such hot haste? And who were these authors? Ostensibly the chiefs of bureaus and divisions whose initials were appended for authentication, but really, in probably a majority of cases, the chief clerks who served under these chiefs. The chief clerk is the real administrator in most Government offices, and apparently he must remain so in the Treasury till Congress relieves the Secretary and Assistant Secretaries from some of their manual labor and so gives them more time for administrative duties.

This sort of unnecessary tax upon the head of the Treasury is not now first complained of. It is an ancient abuse. As long ago as January, 1832, Peter G. Washington complained of it in a paper "On Simplifying the System of Public Accounts," which in January, 1837, was published as House Document No. 71, 24th Congress, 2d session. Why the publication of this paper was delayed for five years is a question on which the public records throw no light. It is a searching criticism of Treasury methods, and might be read with profit by those in authority even at this day. Mr. Washington's comment on the particular point under consideration is this:

"The appropriation to the Secretary of the Treasury of the whole duty of drawing warrants for the payment of all the moneys of the Government was unquestionably a defect in the system [Hamilton's], however small its inconvenience in the early periods of the Government. As it regarded the labor involved, it imposed upon an officer, otherwise sufficiently tasked in matters of the highest interest, duties of an inferior grade, not required by the true object and character of his office."

Though the biographers have neglected Peter G. Washington, the public records show that he was a man well qualified by experience if not otherwise to discuss Treasury methods as they then were. The publication of the first "Blue Book" (1816) found him in that curious and long since forgotten office called in the Blue Book "Accountant's and Additional Accountant's Office," in which Tobias Lear was Accountant and Peter Hagner was Additional Accountant; the powers and duties of the two being identical and coextensive, and they between them auditing all the accounts of the Government. How such a dual authority worked is not related, but probably not well, for the next year (1817) the office was abolished and four auditors created, Peter Hagner becoming Third Auditor and taking with him as clerk Peter Washington. In 1823 Washington was transferred to the Secretary's office. In 1829 he became chief clerk in the Treasurer's office, where he remained till 1836, when, on the establishment of the Sixth Auditor's office (Auditor for the Post-Office Department), he became chief clerk therein, and in 1845 became Sixth Auditor. Surely he had opportunity, if ever man had, to learn what the Treasury needed.

Since Peter G. Washington wrote his treatise on the Treasury methods, the Secretary has been measurably relieved of drudgery by the creation of three assistant secretaries to divide his labors. But while the labor has thus been divided by four, has it not increased a hundredfold or more? Really it must seem that the system now needs mitigation more than ever, and that that need is increasing with accelerating intensity each passing year. This writer has no expert knowledge that would warrant him in attempting to suggest a remedy, but it does not need expert knowledge to draw the conclusion that men who are competent to write official letters and draw warrants that are to be signed and dispatched without reading by the signer, are competent to sign such communications, which even now they are required to authenticate by signing their initials. F. A. CRANDALL.

WASHINGTON, December 7, 1903.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As chairman of the United States Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund, I wish to call attention to the special importance of the work to be undertaken in Egypt during the present season. The Egyptian Government has granted permission to Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie to work for the Fund in the pyramid field of Sakkara, near the step-pyramid, a privilege heretofore reserved to the Cairo Museum. In this comparatively unexplored ground must lie valuable material for restoring the history of the Third Dynasty, and thus connecting the recent discoveries of Petrie at Abydos with the era of the pyramids of Gizeh. The Memoir of the Fund to be published in 1904 will contain the results of this winter's work.

The large collection of papyri which the Græco-Roman Branch of the Fund is now publishing is of special interest to classical scholars and theologians. Each of its four volumes already published contains most instructive and entertaining documents from the Græco-Roman period. A fifth volume is expected in a few days, which contains, among other things, parts of two odes of Pindar, a part of the Kolax of Menander, fragments of the lost Greek original of the Apocalypse of Baruch and of the missing Greek conclusion of the Shepherd of Hermas. Among the papyri now awaiting publication at Oxford is a collection of Sayings of Jesus, similar in style to the well-known Logia; and a part of an epitome of the lost books of Livy, of the third century A. D., differing largely from the epitome now extant. On the back of the latter papyrus is written a part of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the great mass of these papyri which are still undeciphered or are still buried at Oxyrhynchus there is the delightful possibility of finding even the most precious of the lost classics. The recent discovery of Bacchylides, Herondas, and Aristotle's Constitution of Athens shows that nothing is too improbable to be reasonably anticipated. A large number of the original papyri are now on their way to this country, and others will soon follow; and these will be distributed to various libraries and museums through which substantial contributions to this branch of the Fund may come.

The Fund is entirely dependent on subscriptions for the means of exploring the mounds which contain the papyri. Oxyrhynchus will still supply material for two years' work, and it is important that this should be finished without delay. Sir John Evans, the President of the Fund, has just issued an appeal for increased support to this undertaking, urging the necessity for immediate action, that an opportunity may not be lost "which, considering the rapidly increasing difficulty of finding fresh sites of real promise, is not likely to recur."

WILLIAM W. GOODWIN.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., December 7, 1903.

Notes.

A new 'History of North America'—"the first definitive, authoritative, and inclusive narrative history" of the continent, to use the publishers' announcement—is to appear in twenty volumes under the editorship of Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., and bearing the imprint of George Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia. We do not gather from the prospectus just what is meant by "definitive" when speaking of this (or any) history, or by "inclusive." It is also to be "non-sectional," in token of which there will be *two* accounts of the civil war, a Northern and a Southern, each as definitive, presumably, as the work taken as a whole, besides chapters on "The Rise of the New South" and "The Development of the North"; "non-partisan" also, and "non-sectarian," but the same duality or multiplicity of treatment does not prevail here. There will be many colaborers, together with an Editorial Board, a Board of Advisers on Exclusion and Inclusion—this for an "inclusive" history—a Board of Advisers on Colonial Affairs, and a Board of Military and Naval Advisers. The work will be sold only in sets.

David William Harmon's 'Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America,' dating from the beginning of the last century, will shortly be reprinted by A. S. Barnes & Co.

Forthcoming publications of Macmillan Company are the collected poems (old and new) of Prof. George E. Woodberry; 'The Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900,' by Francis Henry Skrine; and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' for the sake of facsimile illustrations from the original water-color designs by John Massey Wright, a follower and pupil of Thomas Stothard.

A revised edition of Prof. William Hand Browne's 'Maryland' in the American Commonwealths Series, including the civil-war period, is in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who will also publish in the spring the 'Oligarchy of Venice,' by George B. McClellan.

Lila G. A. Woodfall and Margaret E. Sangster collaborate in 'Presiding Ladies of the White House,' an illustrated series of biographical sketches, emanating from the Bureau of National Literature and Art, Washington.

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, announce "The American Crisis Biographies," edited by Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Ph.D., author of a recent Life of Robert Morris.

Fritz Reuter's 'Geschichte Mecklenburgs von Erschaffung der Welt bis auf unsere Zeit' is at last to see the light of day. This, the only historical work of the great Low-German poet and novelist, is after the style of Washington Irving's 'History of New York,' and was entrusted by the author shortly before his death in 1874 to his friend, Karl Krüger, in Mecklenburg, who declared it the best work ever done by Reuter, but advised against publication at the time. Now, it seems, the ban has been removed, and an interesting specimen of original historical writing may be expected. Welbrandt, Reuter's biographer, states that the work was begun as early as 1850.

In the rearrangement made recently in the City Library of Frankfort, a literary find of the first quality resulted, namely, of an edition of the 'Mundus Novus' of Amerigo Vespucci, in which he reports his voyage to Brazil in 1501-1502. Only one copy of this letter is known to exist; discovered in Havana in 1844, it was bought by the British Museum. The Frankfort copy was originally published by Hermann Borckhausen in Rostock. The Strassburg house of Hertz has undertaken the publication of a fine facsimile edition. The document covers four folio sheets, and originally came from the library of Johann Maximilian zum Jungen of Frankfort, who in 1690 presented it to the City Library.

A little more than twenty-two years have elapsed since we reviewed at considerable length the late E. A. Freeman's 'Historical Geography of Europe,' just passing to a second edition. We now receive from the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., a third edition, under the competent supervision of Prof. J. B. Bury, who has not only judged that this very original and instructive work should be kept alive, but should be periodically brought up to date. Without this freshening it could never become antiquated, as Mr. Bury points out; with it, it may attract a new generation of readers—not mere consulters. The revision, by an unusual but pardonable course, has been intertextual rather than by supplementary appendix. Mr. Bury refrains from modifying Freeman's use of "Aryan" with a racial implication where language is the only ground for such classification; but he utters a warning note. We could have forgiven him had he generally changed Freeman's "Slavonic" to "Slavic." The maps of the accompanying atlas have undergone no change.

Another work owing its vitality to its intrinsic excellence, but also to its extensive use as a text-book for examinations, is the late Sir W. W. Hunter's 'Brief History of the Indian Peoples,' of which the twenty-third edition (eighty-ninth thousand) has just been brought out by the Oxford Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde). Like Freeman's History, it, too, has been revised for what time has rendered incorrect, and has been brought up to date.

The 'Essays of Leigh Hunt,' edited by Arthur Symons, and the 'Essays of Douglas Jerrold,' edited by Walter Jerrold, and both illustrated by H. M. Brock, are highly to be praised for the get-up as in keeping with this sort of literature. These are handy volumes, in clear if small type, and very tastefully adorned by the designer.

The humorists must have their new editions along with other classics, and we have on our table Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog,' illustrated by F. Strothman (Harpers), and 'Phœnixiana,' with illustrations by E. W. Kemble (Appletons). The first and smaller reprint contains, besides the original masterpiece, its rendering into French in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* thirty-one years ago, and the author's retranslation, together with the "private history" of the story, with a reference to a Greek origin. The reissue of the sketches and burlesques of John Phœnix (Lieut. George H. Derby) is a matter of 232 pages. Mr. J. K. Bangs contributes a brief introduction of a biographical nature, and might have told more without being fatiguing. It would also have been well to rearrange the contents (as by bringing the lectures on astronomy together), and to expunge some of the coarser jests. Phœnix is seen at his best in the "New System of English Grammar." It gives one a start to encounter here one of Uncle Remus's stories, "Who Cooks for You-all?"

The purely journalistic production entitled 'The Leopard's Spots: A Romance of the White Man's Burden,' by Thomas Dixon, Jr. (Doubleday, Page & Co.), was written, we are assured, "with the utmost restraint," or attempt thereat. A similar restraint might well have been applied to its being reclothed with a sumptuousness of apparel—even portrait illustrations—more properly reserved for approved literary excellence. However, in any form, it will save a trip to the South for those who wish to study the Southern white attitude towards either the North or the freedmen.

Mr. Henry W. Boynton's 'Bret Harte,' in the Contemporary Men of Letters Series (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is a brief, clear, and readable sketch. His purpose being to consider "soberly what sort of man Bret Harte really was, and what, being that sort of man, he really did," more space is given to inference of character from conduct and from the whole of his author's work than to examination of stories that everybody knows and that need no examination to explain their fame. Mr. Boynton's inferences are reasonable and just, and his feeling about Harte's whole contribution to letters is indicated on his first page thus epigrammatically: "He had one brilliant vision, and spent the rest of his life reminding himself of it." This little book is very well worth reading, especially by those who want a fair view of Harte that shall not make them dislike him.

Lest anybody should be misled by the apparent promise of the title, 'The Book of Italian Travel,' by H. Neville Maugham (Dutton), we will say that the work is an egregiously bad piece of bookmaking. To trace historically the effect of Italian travel on northern Europe, and to compile an anthology of the best things that travellers have said of Italy, would be a pretty task for a skilled hand. Mr. Maugham is unequal to the enterprise. Errors of fact are common in his historical narrative; the chaplet of quotations thrown about Italy, town by town, gives Dickens quite as prominent a position as Ampère. There is no indication of the editions from which extracts are taken, no general bibliography, and no index beyond a perfunctory list of places. Perugia the author knows, but not Prato or Pistoia. For the style, let the following suffice: "The primal Ruskinian offence is the prejudicial selection of special eras or pictures out of the past. We cannot make any truce with this preciosity of finding special meanings or beauties in isolated examples." For an anthologist the sentiment is a delightful one.

A. J. H. Greenidge and A. M. Clay have collected and arranged for the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde) a small volume of 'Sources for Roman History for the years 133-70 B.C.,' a period for which there is no single ancient authority of importance to serve as a guide. The effort has been merely to collect the fragmentary evidence still accessible, not to comment upon it or to reconcile its contradictions. The citations are arranged by years, not by subjects or authors, but indices of subjects and authors relieve somewhat the inconvenience of the chronological order. The collection is far from complete, but many

references are given to passages not transcribed, and the volume is certainly adapted to be of great service to the average teacher of Roman history in the schools. Cicero occupies several times as much space as any other one authority, while the epitomes of Livy, Sallust, Appian, and Plutarch each furnish considerable material. More than fifty authors are cited.

The "Special Winter Number" of the *Studio* (John Lane) is devoted to an exposition of 'The Genius of J. M. W. Turner' by several writers, and to a large number of interesting reproductions of that artist's works in several mediums. The essays are of very different kinds; M. de la Sizeranne's on "The Oil-Paintings of Turner" being an eloquent rhapsody, more able to show us how he feels about Turner than what Turner was, while the two by Walter Shaw Sparrow on "Turner's Monochromes and Early Water-Colors" and "The Later Water-Colors," and that by C. F. Bell on "Turner and his Engravers," are sober studies of the artist's work as it actually exists. Mr. Sparrow protests that Ruskin's "poetical transports" have greatly hindered the understanding of Turner by producing a "literary atmosphere that settled itself between his pictures and those who wished to study them." It is a pity that his own colleague, on the present occasion, should have wished still further to thicken the mist. The plates, whether in color or in black and white, are well executed, and are so selected as to give an idea of the extraordinary variety of Turner's fantastic genius.

It would be impracticable to itemize the calendar output for the New Year of Ernest Nister, London (New York: Dutton). There is a large variety of colored and illuminated moral and religious cards; there are happy conceits for children, like the Snowball Calendar and Old-Time Memories, even "Our Baby's Calendar" with blue-tile designs; the Little Lovers' Calendar, with Japanese setting; the Venetian, best of all, perhaps; the Paris, with pictures of people and customs, not of buildings; finally, a Phillips Brooks pad and a Robert Louis Stevenson pad on goldenrod and autumn-leaf background.

The action of the Bavarian state authorities, on which we commented last week, in opening the three universities of that kingdom, Munich, Erlangen, and Würzburg, to women on the same conditions as to men, is all the more remarkable because the women contingent in those universities had been exceptionally small. Moreover, Bavaria is exceedingly conservative, and the secondary schools are not generally considered up to the high standard set by Prussia in particular. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* urges the Government now to take the next consistent step, namely, to establish regular girls' gymnasia, as has been done by Baden in Carlsruhe and Pforzheim. The private girls' college in Munich is one of the best in Germany, graduating, recently, seven candidates with the *testimonium maturitatis*, which in the case of men at once admits its holder to all the departments of the University.

The anti-foreign crusade which, in a mild form, has been instituted in the universities and the technical schools of Germany for nearly two years, has now crossed the Swiss boundaries and is being rather vigorously enforced there. Here, too, as in the case of the German institutions, it is directed chiefly against Russian women in the medical departments. In Zurich the foreign element among the medical students constitutes 54.4 per cent.; in Geneva it is 77.4 per cent.; in Lausanne 70.5 per cent.; in Bern 68.7 per cent.; and in Basel 7.5 per cent. Of these foreigners no less than 73.2 per cent. are Russian women, who constitute 39.9 per cent. of all the medical students in the Swiss universities. The quota of Russian women is phenomenal in Bern, being no less than 278, or 60.4 per cent. in the department. The number of Russian students in Switzerland has been growing with alarming regularity of recent years, being 1,215 out of a total student body of 4,819, while the number of German students is only 709, and of these but few are students of medicine. The Zurich authorities have now decided that the conditions of admission for foreign students shall be materially raised; the demand being equivalent to the *physicum* examinations required by German universities for the study of medicine proper. This step was taken in justice to the Swiss and other students who can enter only under these conditions, and who have been sadly hampered by the presence of a foreign element not sufficiently prepared to do all the work.

The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in reporting the progress made in France with the Sahara Railroad project, states that three routes are under consideration. One of these goes from Igli, about 30° N. latitude, to the Niger; a second goes from Biskra to Lake Tchad, and the third from Biserta to Lake Tchad. The first route would start from the southern part of Morocco, the second from the south of Algiers, and the third from Tunis. Paul Bonnard, an authority of the first rank in all matters pertaining to Government affairs in Africa, has recently published a report in which he strongly urges the adoption of the third route. He does not, however, consider this route sufficient, but purposes another trans-African road to unite the immense French possessions in the Dark Continent, to run from Biserta by way of Lake Tchad to the Congo districts. Military reasons speak for the adoption of this route, and the distance across the Sahara would be about 500 kilometres less.

The fourteenth International Congress of Americanists will meet in Stuttgart next summer, from August 18 to 23, 1904. The three topics for discussion are "The Native Races of America," in all aspects; "The Monuments and Archæology" of this hemisphere; and "The History of the Discovery and Occupation of the New World." Communications may be in English, German, French, Italian, or Spanish. The local General Secretary is Prof. Dr. Kurt Lampert, Archivstrasse 3.

—Dr. Theodore T. Munger opens the current *Atlantic* with a discussion of some of the immediate difficulties of the Church. The chief difficulty, to him, lies in the failure of its leaders to adjust themselves unreservedly to the life of the age, especially to the changes wrought by the doctrine of evolution and by the newer methods of criticism in the field of sacred literature. The division of organized Christianity into so many sects he does not regard as a very serious evil. The attempt to hold really discordant elements together would be much worse. Sir Leslie Stephen's paper deals with his editorial work on the *Cornhill Magazine* and the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' His account of his connection with the latter is especially full and interesting, and might well receive careful study on the part of some of our high-speed dictionary and encyclopædia makers of today. Apropos of the Junius problem: "Many of the so-called arguments are on a level with the proofs that Bacon wrote Shakspere: that is, they proceed on the assumption that you conclusively establish a proposition by showing that it does not involve a physical impossibility." The editor gives a searching if brief criticism of Kipling's 'The Five Nations.' With all the evident merits of his verse, Kipling is singularly restricted in range of interest, touching a comparatively narrow segment of human interest. He writes for the young, the restless, the physically aggressive; but the part of the dare-devil, the rough rider, the free-footed pioneer, however useful it has been, is daily growing less significant. "The people who stay at home and earn their bread by commonplace occupations, who put a little money in the savings bank and perhaps go to church on Sunday, are the ones who really sway the fortunes of the world." Mr. Kipling's political and social theories are not much beyond the "beneficent-whip" doctrine of Carlyle. "His voice has never been raised for mankind. He has no word for the oppressed."

—Mr. Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer justifies a new biography of Robert Morris (Macmillan) on the plea that the diary and letters recently purchased by the Library of Congress supplies much new material. It may at once be stated that the author makes no pretence of addressing any other than a popular audience. As a readable and personal account of the man, his work is a success. But Morris was something more than a sociably inclined and rather extravagant citizen: he was the first single executive officer replacing a cumbrous committee under the Continental Congress; he was a merchant of known energy and wide connections, whose ventures in colonial days had been attended with success; he was a man of credit, with a touch of daring that made him a speculator to his ultimate ruin; and he possessed a common sense and business experience that enabled him to discern the weak points in the many financial expedients of the Congress and States to obtain funds and circulate their depreciating notes. As a merchant he stood high in his community; as the financier he becomes great because of his insistently preaching a code of high morality in public finance at a time when debt and paper money were the sole objects of legislation. Morris demanded money, and the States pleaded their poverty, their indebtedness, and their heavy sacrifices. In the end the States won and Morris resigned.

—To understand such a character and his position, a careful study must be made of the conditions of the colonies and States before and after the war. The application of economic principles to these conditions will explain how such as man as Morris became possible, and why he gained so great an influence with his contemporaries. Mr. Oberholtzer has not written as an historian or as an economist, and it is not strange, therefore, that his study is disappointing. The extracts from Morris's letters are

largely personal, and the social relations of the man are much emphasized. The reader, however pleased by the smooth and somewhat florid writer, misses what he would expect to find—an explanation of Morris's various successes and failures. Professor Sumner's book is much more illuminating, although he did not have access to the Morris papers. No one has yet pointed out in detail how so many merchants who had been successful before the Revolution failed after it, and thereby proved their incapacity to meet the new conditions. The awful debauch in paper money, the uncertainty of the times, the freedom from the burdens of taxation, and the presence of speculators willing to take any risk, produced a new type of "moneyed men" before whom the older generation went to the wall. When the elders became gamblers, as Morris did, they found themselves overmatched. Jefferson's denunciations of the new type were frequent and violent, but he was correct in recognizing its advent and influence. If Mr. Oberholtzer has failed to explain Morris's career, he has produced a very readable book, which will give the reader a true conception of the great debt of gratitude due to Morris for preaching honesty in public life when he stood in a position to gain by a contrary course.

—'The Dutch Founding of New York' (Harper & Bros.) is precisely the half serious, half humorous account of the affair one might have expected from the pen of Mr. Thomas A. Janvier. It is not and does not pretend to be an exhaustive history of the Dutch period; it is not even a brief chronological summary of the period. It is a chatty, irresponsible, and interesting discussion of various questions which suggest themselves to the author. If Mr. Janvier had any purpose other than the writing of piquant English, it appears to have been to efface as far as possible "the highly untruthful impression of the Dutch colonists of Manhattan given by Washington Irving"—a task which he admits is all but hopeless, because "artful fiction" is more convincing than "artless fact," and "Irving's delightful history" is "very subtly mendacious." Mr. Janvier protests that the Dutch were not "sleepy." On the contrary, they were very much awake—so much so that the author finds nothing easier than to draw analogies between their actions and those of very keen people of our own time, such as the Albany politicians or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, for example. Perplexing questions, like the relative soundness of Dutch and English claims to Manhattan, or the ethical character of the English conquest, are gracefully evaded by Mr. Janvier. He is content to show that natural causes made the English conquest inevitable. Nor does he lack good reasons for thinking that the result was beneficial to all concerned, most of all to the Dutch colonists themselves, involving "escape from a harsh and incompetent government that crushed trade and that did much to make life unendurable, to the fostering care of a government that developed trade in every direction, and that in its treatment of individuals erred on the side of laxness" (p. 193). There are some excellent illustrations, notably a portrait of Wesselinx. Mr. Janvier's quaint humor is not improved by the too frequent use of slang phrases, such as "light sparring of the second round" (p. 37), "clean fall" (p. 39), "won through" (p. 44), etc. His judgment is generally correct, though he certainly overestimates the ability of the excellent and wordy Bellomont (pp. 110, 195). The index is good. The book is well printed on excellent paper, and tastefully bound.

—'Select Statutes and Other Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1861-1898,' edited with notes by William MacDonald, has appeared from the press of the Macmillan Co. It is the third of a series covering the whole field of American history which Professor MacDonald has prepared for use in schools and colleges—a series already so well and favorably known that, in characterizing the present volume, it is scarcely necessary to say more than that it does for the period of 1861-1898 essentially what the 'Charters' did for the colonial period, and the 'Documents' did for the period 1775-1861. Two points should, however, be noted. The first is that precisely one-half the space is devoted to the eight years following 1861, while 82 of the 131 documents fall within the same period. Another point to be noticed is the entire omission of documents relating to the Public Lands and of all court decisions. Professor MacDonald explains these omissions by saying: "I have thought it better to omit entire classes of documents—for example, those relating to the Public Lands—rather than to give a topic, however important, a fragmentary representation." In excluding the subject designated, Professor MacDonald has necessarily excluded the subjects of education and railroad transportation. Teachers, we believe, will not altogether agree with the compiler as to the wisdom of these omissions. For purposes of class-room work it is neither necessary nor desirable that any topic should be exhausted; what the teacher wants is important or typical documents, sometimes in full, often only in important parts. We doubt, indeed, if there is any teacher of American history, who makes use of Professor MacDonald's series at all, that would not choose to have had him include the act for the Land Grant colleges, the Homestead Act, portions of three or four important Supreme Court decisions, such as the Slaughter House cases and the Legal Tender cases, rather than that these subjects should be ignored. Aside from this qualification, the work of editing has been well done, and Professor MacDonald is to be congratulated on having completed a task which was so well worth doing.

—From the Macmillan Co. we have 'The Life and Public Services of Simon Sterne,' by John Foord. Properly enough, it is the public services of this public-spirited man that are made prominent. Hardly had he come to man's estate when he began his career as the advocate of political reform, and there has been no movement to better our State for a generation that did not receive vigorous and enlightened support from his tongue and pen. He was one of the founders of the American Free Trade League, and perhaps the chief expounder of the scheme of proportional representation devised by Thomas Hare. He was the secretary of the celebrated Committee of Seventy, which did so much to rescue the city of New York from the Tweed administration; and the charter presented by the committee was largely prepared by him. Although Governor Hoffman vetoed this charter, many of its features have been gradually adopted. Proportional representation is still in futurity. Perhaps the most distinguished service rendered by Mr. Sterne was as counsel before the legislative committee which, in 1879, investigated the conduct of their business by the railroad managers. The evidence brought out by Mr. Sterne's mastery of the subject was of the highest value, and his summary of the case is a classic in the literature of economics. The labor performed by Mr Sterne in his multifarious activity was enormous, and without ever holding office he may be said to have worn himself out in the public service. He succeeded in passing few of the measures which he urged, but the country would have been fortunate had it accepted his guidance. It will be fortunate if it has citizens who will labor for its welfare with his ability and his devotion.

—A year ago the *Nation* called attention to the first volume of Kirchner's 'Prosopographia Attica' (Berlin: Reimer) as a valuable auxiliary for students of Athenian history and biography, being especially useful to those who desire to consult the original sources of knowledge. The second volume has now appeared, completing the work. The first volume contained in alphabetical order the names of nearly nine thousand citizens of Attica; the second volume contains more than six thousand such names, with precise references to the inscriptions or works of literature in which these names occur. Occasionally convenient genealogical tables are inserted, *e. g.*, for the family of Plato, from 644 to 328 B. C., and an even larger table for the family of Megacles. Fitly enough, no other man receives so much space as Pericles, for whose life the references cover four pages, while two pages each are given to Plato and Sophocles, with a little less for Socrates. The names of the favorite Athenian divinities, for whom children were named, belong to the first half of the alphabet, and no name occurs so frequently in the second volume as several in the first volume. Most frequent here are the names formed on the stem of *Nikĕ, victory*, as Nicias (of 58 persons), Nicocles (24), Nicodemus (22), Nicomachus (35), and Nicostratus (55). An appendix, in somewhat smaller type, contains the same names, arranged by demes, with references to the main work. This enables the reader to see at a glance the political connections, and, though chance has had much to do with the preservation of lists of names, of this deme or of that, yet we find, as we expect, more names (374) of members of the Acharnian deme than of any other, while of the Hippotomadai only seven are known. A second appendix gives a convenient list of Athenian archons and scribes, with references to the body of the work, extending to about the beginning of our era.

EVOLUTION OF THE JAPANESE.

Evolution of the Japanese, Social and Psychic. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

This work is a serious inquiry into the question of the ability of the Japanese islanders to become, in their social organization and in the workings of their minds, a

substantially different people, similar in all vital respects to those in the Occident or of the most advanced nations of the world. The author asks whether there is any real reason why the Japanese of, say, the twentieth or twenty-fifth century must reproduce in himself the type of the individual in society of the Japan of the eighteenth century. Are heredity and environment invincible, or may both be very materially transformed?

Dr. Gulick answers most decidedly that they can; that Japan has already been, in part, self-reformatory, and is likely to be in the future even more so. He thinks that a great many foreign writers have kept up an illusion by picturing this nation as passing through a revolution instead of an evolution. Their superficial views and methods of interpretation are, in his view, fundamentally erroneous. "Never, perhaps, has the progress of a nation been so manifestly an evolution as distinguished from revolution. . . . The actual process by which Old Japan has been transformed into New Japan is perfectly natural and necessary, . . . a development from within, based upon already existing ideas and institutions. . . . New Japan is the consequence of old endowment and new environment." In a word, evolution, the progress of which can be traced for at least a millennium and a half, has prepared the nation for its latest step. What was necessary was an alteration of environment. Dr. Gulick notes the danger into which many fall of ascribing to Japan an attainment of Western civilization which the facts will not warrant. She has secured much, but by no means all, that the West can give.

Besides his experiences in Hawaii, and the fact that he is master of his subject on the academic side, Dr. Gulick has had other advantages for such a study. He has spent many years of residence in Japan as a teacher of the Japanese, so that he knows the working of the native mind, is familiar with its photographs in literature, and has studied the native civilization in Kiushiu, one of its oldest seats. His book of 457 pages would have been improved by condensation, and the argument would have been strengthened by being shortened one-half. Furthermore, his contention could have been reinforced by the study of the Japanese physique, for here some of the changes within a generation have been startling. In the sixties, practical musicians and medically trained Western students of the native voice declared it to be a physical impossibility for a Japanese, even when caught young, to master our diatonic scale. They even went so far as to plan a new system of notation for the American schools in Japan. Nevertheless, one lady, who believed in the power of aid through human inspiration and in the psychic moment, after having labored long and faithfully with a single boy, astounded the savants by having her class sing the standard tunes of America and Europe. Not only do Japanese vocalists now sing difficult operatic pieces, but the late E. H. House, a director of the Imperial Court Orchestra, with trained natives, rendered oratorios in Tokio.

The use of the chair has lengthened the legs of the Japanese, after centuries of vicious habits of sitting had shortened them. Long squatting for hours at a time on the mats, with limbs doubled up under them in chairless rooms, lack of exercise, and poor diet, made them dwarfish. While of right proportions above the middle, the Japanese man was deficient in stature below, through the shortness of the legs, even to the extent of from half an inch to two inches. Now, after a generation of chairs, tables, and the changed school and house attitude, aided by improved exercise and diet, the legs of the present generation have notably increased, averaging in the school population an inch. In the army and navy, not only have the old decimating diseases been almost wholly eliminated, but weight and stature have increased and the average length of life also. In the navy, twenty thousand men, weighed and kept under close examination during five years, showed an increase of avoirdupois as compared with those of the average in the previous generation of over three pounds.

Confining himself, however, to social and psychic matters, Dr. Gulick, after preliminary discussion, demonstrates the great sensitiveness of the Japanese to environment. He pictures their extreme emotionalism, hero-worship, love for children, cheerfulness, industry, and manifold other qualities which reveal a rich and varied nature. The abundance and range of his illustrations show that he is far better acquainted with the Japanese, to-day and historically, than are most of the writers on Japan. As respects humane feelings, it is demonstrated that customs and habits which, in the matter of cruelty, have shocked every foreign resident, were the result of certain systems of ideas—a sociological not a biological characteristic. Above all things, the Japanese are æsthetic, but in their development of art they are unbalanced. Slight attention is paid to the human form, and fondness for the abnormal in nature is marked. While it may be true that "Western taste debases Japanese art," there is much aboriginal æsthetic defect, a subject on which native writers are not entirely silent

The author thinks that Professor Chamberlain and others have exaggerated Japanese "imitation." He instances the remarkable developments which Buddhism in Japan has undergone, and the many original accretions it has received. He attributes much Occidental misunderstanding to our ignorance of a true Japanese history of thought. Certainly, the field of the history of Japanese morals and development of thought awaits some Lecky. Furthermore, in all attempts to make a map of the Japanese mind, or to discuss environment and supposed heredity, one must remember the incubus of governmental initiative, which hampered Japanese growth very much as a gardener dwarfs pine trees to the height of inches. In a word, the Japanese is in moral action very much of an automaton, and is a gregarious member of a flock, not an asserter of individuality. Very few have inquired into the reasons of the gentleness and politeness of the Japanese common people. Those who have done so, know that these are not alone of Buddhism, but of a thousand years of oppression by the sword. So, also, the astonishing docility of the women of old Japan, from the Empress to the *eta*, is the direct result of environment, and of repression sternly exercised for ages. It is highly probable that the Chinese woman, in breadth of training in the practical pursuits of life on the higher levels, was the superior of her Japanese sister. Though foreigners are surprised at the vigor of the Empress Dowager in Peking, there seems nothing extraordinary in such a phenomenon, when possibilities and training are considered. On the contrary, in Japan, the Emperor's wife was not, until within the present reign, an Empress in the Occidental sense of the term. She was merely a lady selected from among the eligible daughters of certain families and gazetted on a certain day as the consort of the Son of Heaven, but was without those great personal or official honors such as are naturally in Western minds associated with the station. There are, indeed, nine names of female mikados, but these all occur in the days when the throne was as to power only a shadow. Such a state of things could not exist in the change of atmosphere and environment. Hence in treaty days, and especially since Japan has been admitted to the equality of nations, all this has been changed. One of the things which the Japanese took most to heart was the refusal of foreign courts to go into mourning when the mother of the present Emperor, who was a concubine and not the original Empress herself, died. Nothing is more remarkable or more marks the real advance of Japan than this exaltation of woman in the person of the Empress. Furthermore, the average Japanese maiden of to-day, in her outlook on the world, her longings and possibilities, is a very different person from her grandmother.

Dr. Gulick handles all those subjects connected with the inner life of the Japanese Court and family with delicacy and proper reserve, yet with frankness and clearness, in the interests of truth. Many of his statements must give pain to his Japanese friends; and yet, if the new allies of Great Britain are to receive permanently real recognition of equality before the world, and not merely the empty forms of diplomacy and politeness, these subjects must be put under the X-ray of scientific scrutiny. The author's discussion of what constitutes modesty or immodesty is interesting, not because of a Yankee parson's pious horror, but because he treats the "natural indifference of the Japanese to the exposure of the unclothed body as an interesting fact." Lafcadio Hearn has said that what we term privacy in the Occident does not exist in Japan. The language lacks the term. It is not easy to explain the English word, nor have they any clear idea of privacy, because they lack the practice. The promiscuous use by both sexes in nudity of a public bath house, and a multitude of other facts, show conclusively that the Japanese is still a gregarious being. He has not reached the Western sense of individuality.

As against those writers who have touched the psychology of the Japanese on the surface, Dr. Gulick denies that the Japanese are "impersonal." He supports well his argument from language and from intimate personal knowledge, and, in a luminous chapter devoted to examination of Buddhism, he proves that it is abstract, but not impersonal. He examines the traces of personality in the three religious systems of Buddha, and Confucius, and Shinto, reaching the conclusion that the Japanese social and psychic characteristics are not inherent. He doubts, and he doubts like a master, whether the East is inherently

meditative and the West active, and gives his verdict that the Japanese evolution, social and psychic, is not exceptional, but according to law. The work is a real addition to science.

Recollections, Personal and Literary. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock, with an Introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

The defects of these Recollections are obvious, but they have qualities that amply justify their publication. It is not, perhaps, a defect that, after reading them, one feels that he would now like to read a good biography of Stoddard. Writing them, he was thinking much more of his friends than of himself, and he has not given us a connected account of his personal and literary life, while the criticism on the latter which a good biography would include is quite absolutely wanting here. The different chapters seem to have been written independently of each other for the most part, and there are serious gaps in the course of the writer's life as here described, and some things hard to understand. We have, in short, an old man's book, with little of dry light upon the page; with here and there a blotted line, as if memory had exacted the tribute of "some natural tears."

Mr. Stoddard's recollections are the more interesting because they do something to redress the scales of literary reminiscence, in which the preponderance of Boston men and things has heretofore been conspicuous. For though Stoddard was born near Boston, the greater part of his life was spent in New York, and, hardly less than Poe, he maintained an attitude distrustful of the superiority of the Boston literary set. It is plain that he shared Poe's indifference to Emerson, and in general his dislike for the intellectual seriousness and moral passion of the New England school. The didacticism of Longfellow was an offence to him, and he would have liked Lowell better if he had abstained from anti-slavery and other reformatory poems. In this respect Whittier was to him an object of particular dislike. On the other hand, he was much drawn to Hawthorne, sympathizing with his Democratic politics and his aloofness from the anti-slavery reform. Seeking to forward his prospects for a Government office, Hawthorne wrote a letter of advice to him which was extremely shrewd and cynical—one sign of many of a certain duality in Hawthorne, a level of taste, if not of character, below that of his genius. That politics as well as misery makes strange bedfellows, is shown by such a conjunction in Stoddard's favor as that of Hawthorne and the Hon. Charles G. Atherton, best known in anti-slavery circles as the inventor of "Atherton's gag," a device for choking off anti-slavery petitions.

Stoddard's story of his boyhood is a painful one. His was that greatest of all possible misfortunes, a mother whom he could not respect or love. She subjected him to work for which he had no aptitude or sufficient strength, culminating in an iron-foundry from his eighteenth year till his twenty-first. If he had not been born a poet, he would not have been made one by these hard conditions. The wonder is that they did not kill at once the poet and the boy. The most serious gap in the narration is between the close of the iron-foundry period and his beginning at the Custom House—seven years that must have been highly significant. Doubtless particulars are given that were related to these years, but the relation is not made plain in a chronological sequence. "My Life in the Custom House" is a chapter that introduces us to some of Stoddard's Custom House acquaintances. One of these was Capt. Rynders, under whose genial auspices Mr. Stoddard and his wife went to a Tammany ball. Nowhere does Mr. Stoddard commend more boldly than when writing of his wife's literary performance, and probably nowhere more justly. They married, trusting much to an uncertain future; but the Custom House appointment soon followed, and on three dollars *per diem* they found themselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

What is written here of N. P. Willis is a generous appeal from the usual depreciation of that picturesque representative of an earlier society. It was his "Saturday Afternoon" that first touched the poetic sensibility of young Stoddard's mind. Some deduction must certainly be made from Willis's standing as a poet and a gentleman as given here, but his great consideration for and kindness towards young authors are not too cordially approved. Bayard Taylor was one of his discoveries, and Taylor's 'Views Afoot' took up the parable of Willis's 'Pencillings by the Way.' Taylor and Stoddard were the best of friends, and the rank assigned to Taylor is accordingly as flattering as the chapter which Mr. Stedman assigned to him in his 'Poets of America,' thereby exciting many doubts. There can, however, be no doubt of the mutual incitements of Taylor and Stoddard, convivial and poetic, Hardly less prized than Taylor was Boker; and another "likable young poet," to whom he was much drawn, was Stedman, of whose "Penelope" he writes with fine bravado that it "was and is worthy to be read with Tennyson's 'Ulysses.'" Much of the way we skirt the coasts of Bohemia in a delightful manner, making a landing at "Read's Home at Bordentown." The "Glimpses of Thackeray" add little to our previous impressions. A chapter on Bryant is the most solid in the book, and was probably written for the most part at the time of Bryant's death. Imagination is claimed for his poems above all others written in America, and a form of "blank verse which is the best that has been written by any modern poet." It should be understood that when he writes of Cummington, Bryant's birth-town, as standing in "a broad highland region," he writes of old Cummington. Cummington is now distinctively a valley town; and when we read of "the quiet waters of the Westfield," we know that Stoddard never saw its scanty water worried by a stony bed.

One chapter, "Meetings with Poe," would add fuel to a flame that burns hot enough already if Stoddard's view of Poe had not long since been duly weighed and measured against others of a more favorable character. When Stoddard brought Poe an "Ode on a Grecian Flute," Poe did not dissemble his doubt of Stoddard's ability to write it, and came near to kicking him down stairs. The outrage veiled a flattery, and with this reflection the young poet salved his wounded pride. There is nothing flattering in Stoddard's characterization either of Poe's genius or of his character; neither is there anything final. Poe was no doubt "a curious compound of the charlatan and the courtly gentleman," and both mendacious and dishonest, taking money on the promise to review a worthless book and not keeping his promise. That "his invention was boundless" is an astonishing judgment, and that "his later poems are simply melodious madness" is not one that will stand. Indeed, these 'Recollections,' as a whole, are more entertaining for the liveliness of their personal equation than convincing on their critical side; nor does it appear that Mr. Stoddard's sense of the value of mere facts was so keen as his scent upon the trail of that fugitive beauty of expression, the desire for which was the alluring passion of his life.

The library edition of these Recollections is the comely product of the University Press at Cambridge, Mass., and the typographic excellence is glorified in the large-paper edition, limited to 200 copies, printed on Strathmore Japan paper, and much more copiously illustrated with portraits and with a remarkable series of literary autographs, English and American. The binding is harmoniously elegant, in vellum back and blue paper sides.

Highways and Byways in South Wales. By A. G. Bradley. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The American tourist is too apt to take his impression of Wales from the coasts of the northern counties, overrun in the tourist season by Saxons from Liverpool and the manufacturing towns of the northwest of England. He is lucky if he can keep his memory of Conway and its beauties unobscured by the desolating vision of the lodging houses and villas of Llandudno or Penmaenmawr. If he wants to see into the heart of "wild Wales" he must give the coast watering-places a wide berth and travel southward, inland, through beautiful Merioneth into Radnor, where Mr. Bradley's book will be his best guide to the scenery and life of South Wales. Mr. Bradley is an historian with an antiquarian bent, and for one who reads his book the complex and neglected history of Wales, her patriots, her partisans, the romance and pathos that are inevitable in the story of a Celtic nation, will unfold much of its interest. The tangled tale of the Lord Marchers and their struggles against each other and the Anglo-Normans, until Henry VIII. reorganized the principality and called Welshmen to the English Parliament, must always seem a confused Iliad of violent deeds. But one must know at least its outlines or fail to understand the topography of Wales; the significance of its feudal castles, the strategic points of that great battlefield in the days, when

"A post from Wales, laden with heavy news,"

could shake the English court and balk Henry the Fourth's plans for a crusade. Through Mr. Bradley's pages, "the irregular and wild Glendower," the Llewelyns, and the other native princes whose personalities, after 800 years, overshadow each his own special region, gradually become familiar and distinct. This personal note in

the atmosphere of Wales is wholly un-English. Over England

"the Norman conquest hangs like a pall, enveloping the whole country, and, in the ordinary mortal's mind, quite devoid of local name or luminous incident. Only a student here and there could link his Wiltshire or his Hampshire or his Suffolk with any ruling race or personality connected with that period. . . . But in Wales and the Marches, the story is plain for every one to read. These men who carved out kingdoms, and made laws, and built great buildings, and fought scores of bloody fights, . . . are household words. . . . Fancy any part of Wales having to fall back on recent fiction to vitalize its landscape!" (p. 373).

The conquered have, indeed, long memories; how should it be otherwise, seeing that only the past is theirs? In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Wales truly lived; was in the world of action. Now, where the bloodiest battles were fought you may see in South Wales wide stretches of bog and moorland, with turf-cutters and shepherds for the only population—Ireland itself, one would think, only that the hamlets and lonely cottages show no signs of dilapidation and dirt. Ireland has many old castles, but none that compare with the great feudal castles of Wales, standing out on the hills and scowling at you from miles off. It was from South Wales that Doré is supposed to have drawn those wonderful and weird castles and gloomy forests with which he illustrates the 'Idylls.'

The literary history of South Wales deserves some notice. Mr. Bradley often finds himself following in the footsteps of George Borrow, or of Drayton or Dyer the poets, or of the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, who, after the death of General Moore, retired from the world to settle at Builth in the Wye valley. Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble were born at Brecon. But the most interesting of these more modern associations is that of Shelley, who for a time made his home in Radnor in a country house named Cwm Elan. After his abrupt departure from Oxford in 1811, Shelley came to stay with his cousins in the Elan valley, and in the following year brought his young wife Harriet to Nantgwyllt, a neighboring grange. An old woman still alive in 1878 is reported to have remembered Shelley as "an eccentric but winsome-looking lad, who used to amuse himself by descending the rushing torrent of the Elan on a plank, and on one occasion, at any rate, she could recollect him sharing his narrow bark with a protesting cat" (p. 90). Those interested in the haunts of Shelley may regret to learn that both the houses in which he lived in the Elan valley will soon be submerged by the lake which is being constructed by the corporation of Birmingham as a part of its gigantic waterworks. Two or three years, however, must pass before the great dam is completed. It is to be two hundred yards in length, well over a hundred feet in height, and as many in width at the base. Over it will pour continually two or three feet of compensation water which the corporation is bound to pay into the River Wye. Thus the largest cataract in the kingdom will be evolved from this utilitarian scheme, which, when the works of construction are taken away, will give to this part of Wales several new lakes and an assured solitude in its beautiful mountains. Eight millions sterling is to be spent on the waterworks; the water will be carried through seventy miles of aqueduct to Birmingham at the rate of sixty million gallons a day. The system will have an important effect on the waters of the River Wye, which will be much to the advantage of those who boat and fish in that most famous of Welsh rivers. At present its supply of water is very uneven, frequently disorganized by freshets from the mountain streams; but by means of the compensation water of the Birmingham reservoirs a steady flow will be maintained.

Mr. Bradley gives an interesting account of "knappan," a sort of national Welsh football, in which the ball was thrown instead of kicked. "The distance between the goals was several miles, running with the ball was the chief method, and the players reached on occasions the formidable number of two thousand." The ball was of hard wood, well greased, and could just be grasped in one hand. The matches were between particular districts, and the game was regarded as the best training for war. Horsemen took part, and were allowed to ride with the ball; there were no spectators, because if one came near enough to look on, one was forced into the game. George Owen relates that in 1588 the Spaniards were off the coast with their "not truely termed invincible navy." A great match of knappan was going on in view of the sea, and a mariner sailing by asked how peace would be restored, and was surprised when he heard it was all a pastime. "If this be playe," he said, "I could wish the Spaniards were here to see our plaies in England, certes they would be in bodily fear of our warre." These knappan players were no doubt the ancestors of the South Welshmen who have for years beaten the pick of all England at Rugby football.

The distribution of the language is, as one would expect, most uneven. Welsh shows little sign of dying out, and you will often stumble on a district where English is of no use to the traveller. A few miles farther on, a Welshman would be as unintelligible to the inhabitants. The Welsh maintain a natural barrier of exclusiveness that has lasted for eight centuries. They have maintained it, too, without the quarrels or feuds of the Scotch-Irish. But the English and Welsh in such a county as Pembrokeshire, which contains a little insulated district where pure English is spoken, keep obstinately separate. A Welshman appointed to any office in that English district would be politely ignored, literally *tabooed*. The English, who were planted there by Strongbow, have remained absolutely apart in their "Little England beyond Wales." The Welsh are fully as exclusive. Only on the actual border is a certain amount of inevitable fusion of the Celt and Saxon.

Mr. Bradley does not include Glamorgan or Monmouth in his descriptive tours. The latter is technically outside Wales; but it is unfortunate that Glamorgan, which, in spite of its industries, possesses some of the finest scenery in Wales, should have been left out of so excellent a guide-book. The numerous illustrations by Mr. F. L. Griggs are fully up to the standard of the other volumes of this charming series.

Thirty Years of Musical Life in London. By Hermann Klein. The Century Co. 1903.

The question whether a musical critic should be on terms of personal acquaintance with the artists he has to comment on, has been often discussed. Mr. Klein, who was one of London's leading critics for more than a quarter of a century, touches on it in his preface. "I trust," he says, "that I have succeeded in accomplishing my task without overstepping the border line which should separate the friend from the critic. I have always watched that delicate yet important boundary with scrupulous care; and, happily, I have found it easy to obey without loss of good-will or esteem on either side." Readers of his book will soon discover that he is one of those who would rather dwell on the merits of artists than on their shortcomings This attitude made it easier for him to be intimate not only with the great men and women of the musical world, but with many of the lesser lights. He had the privilege of being well acquainted with most of the ninety-seven well-known musicians whose portraits adorn his volume; he has many interesting things to say about them, and his book may be briefly described as a "personal" history of music in London during the last three decades of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Klein's early reminiscences call attention to the fact that not till thirteen years before Wagner's death was one of his operas performed at Covent Garden. It was "The Flying Dutchman," masquerading under the Italian title of "L'Ollandese Dannato." Five years later (1875) came "Lohengrin," which got what Mr. Klein is inclined to think was the worst performance of it ever seen at an important theatre. And yet "it culminated in a tremendous climax of enthusiasm," and Mr. Mapleson promptly mounted it at Her Majesty's with a cast including Nilsson, Tietjens, Campanini, and Galassi, but with a counterweight at the conductor's desk in Sir Michael Costa, whose chief interest used to centre in the proceeding of the swan, of which he invariably spoke contemptuously as "dat goose." From this time to the end of the century Mr. Klein gives an interesting history of Wagnerian opera in London. It was his privilege to determine the course of events in a vital manner; he dwells with justifiable pride on his successful efforts, one summer at Ems, to interest the De Reszke brothers and Lassalle in "Die Meistersinger"—efforts which led to their going to Bayreuth in 1888, and, after hearing it there, making up their minds promptly to appear in it themselves—at first, of course, in Italian, which at that time was the universal language of grand opera, except in France and Germany. As late as 1896 there was the absurd spectacle of "Die Walküre" in French, to please Alvarez. But gradually, under Sir Augustus Harris, the policy was carried through of performing each opera in its proper language.

It was as friend and adviser of Harris that Mr. Klein had further opportunities to shape the course of events. One of the most interesting episodes described by him was a visit to Spain to secure singers and, incidentally, scenic local color for a performance of "Carmen." On one occasion, when there was a sort of gala night, Harris imagined it would be interesting to have all of his three conductors alternate in it; the result was such that "the childish ex-

periment was never tried again." One of the luckiest incidents in Mr. Klein's career was an accident which placed him alone with Tchaikovsky in a railway carriage on a trip to Cambridge. Particularly readable, too, is a long talk which he had with Dvorák (pp. 163-169). We also meet, more than once, with Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose weak point was his hatred of foreigners, which made him object even to the presence in England of Hans Richter. Sullivan was for many years a bitter opponent of Wagner, but in 1893 Mr. Klein came across him at the opera one evening listening to "Die Meistersinger," with the full score before him. "You see," he said, "I am taking a lesson. Well, why not? This is not only Wagner's masterpiece, but the greatest comic opera ever written."

A number of interesting letters from great artists to Mr. Klein are included in this volume. In an account of his first appearance before the Queen at Windsor, Jean de Reszke writes:

"I found her extremely well, charming in manner, speaking French like a Parisian, and a genuine lover of music—as one could easily see by her eyes and in the movements of the head with which she emphasized the chief passages."

There are several letters from Mme. Patti, and detailed accounts of her life and amusements at her Welsh castle. Mr. Klein coached her in her first attempts to sing Wagner. In 1901 she went to Bayreuth, and shortly afterwards she wrote:

"I must send you first these few lines to tell you how immensely I was impressed by the Bayreuth performances. I never could have imagined anything so perfect as the *mise en scène*, and I thought the 'Ring' simply divine. There are no words to express it; it is all so wonderful and beautiful. I thought 'Parsifal' was *glorious*, especially the last act, and I am indeed glad to have heard all these marvellous works."

Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff Officer. By Col. Basil Jackson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In 1877 Col. Jackson, who was a veteran and hero of Waterloo, printed for private circulation a little volume entitled as above. It is now republished by permission of Mrs. Simcoe, the author's daughter, and Mr. R. C. Seaton has added to the text a set of notes. Col. Jackson's jottings cannot be styled an autobiography, for they are too fragmentary and limited to deserve that name. They are neither pretentious nor labored, and their air of simplicity gives them at least the guise of truth. Two historical incidents, and only two, are dealt with—the Waterloo campaign and the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena.

In the Waterloo campaign, Col. Jackson was intrusted by Sir Hudson Lowe with the task of surveying routes, and one of his reports, transmitted to Gneisenau, seems to have determined the course which the Prussians followed after the battle of Ligny. One must distinguish between the narrative and the critical portions of the present work, the former being decidedly the more important. There are, to be sure, obvious errors in statement of fact (as when it is said that Napoleon gave Soult no command during the Hundred Days), but these slips relate in the main to matters which lay beyond the writer's own range of vision. On the side of criticism, Col. Jackson's most interesting remark relates to Waterloo:

"The tardiness of the allied generals, especially Wellington, may be said to have jeopardized the fate of Europe; for had both armies been so situated as to afford each other mutual support, a single battle would have settled the campaign; for the Allies would have engaged with a force nearly double that of the French; the result, therefore, could scarcely have been doubtful. . . . But nothing succeeds like success. The Duke is reported to have said that, if he got into a scrape, his soldiers got him out of it. I cannot but think that Waterloo is a striking instance."

More important than Col. Jackson's criticisms upon Waterloo are his statements regarding St. Helena. Mr. Seaton, the editor, is the Forsyth of the present generation, and has already defended Sir Hudson Lowe with great vigor. His part in securing the reprint of these 'Notes' may, perhaps, be traced to his wish that Lowe's memory should be freed from reproach by the publication of favorable testimony. He contradicts the statement which appears in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' that a son of Sir Hudson Lowe married a daughter of Col. Jackson. As a matter of fact, the persons in question were not even acquainted with each other. Jackson served Lowe and was devoted to him. He was also on intimate terms with the members of the Longwood staff—Bertrand, Montholon, Las Cases, and Gourgaud. The anecdotes of the Emperor which are related in these pages seem almost uniformly unfriendly, and long quotations from Forsyth add little to the value of the narrative. At the same time, Col. Jackson's defence of Sir Hudson Lowe must be accorded considerable weight. He says in so many words that his principal object in writing about St. Helena is to justify the Governor against the aspersions of the Emperor and his friends. The biographical sketch of Lowe which follows this profession of purpose is simply a résumé of military services, accompanied by a strong encomium from Gneisenau. The chief thing is, that Jackson felt a good deal of enthusiasm for his superior, and was willing to come out strongly in defence of his fame. The narrative may, on the whole, be called an artless one, but running through it is a spirit that finds expression in the words with which Jackson closes: "I think that those of my friends to whom I shall send copies of my little publication, will now be of opinion that I may take a pride in having been honored with the regard of Sir Hudson Lowe."

Wood-Carving: Design and Workmanship. By George Jack. With drawings by the author and other illustrations. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

The aim of the Artistic Crafts Series, edited by W. R. Lethaby, to which Mr. Jack's present handbook belongs, is to put before art students the advantages of being trained in the artistic crafts as a means of making a remunerative career, rather than attempting to be painters and sculptors without any very special genius. The increasing demand for decoration in every form brought about by the lavish expenditure of the wealthy should furnish employment to those who, by patient application and perseverance, attain the dexterity of hand and perfection of workmanship which are indispensable as equipment for artistic crafts. Mr. Jack considers that there is a life's work to be well expended in the practice of wood-carving for any one who has enthusiasm to follow the development of this art, closely allied to architecture and sculpture in the past. He treats of wood-carving from the point of view of the trained workman, and gives efficient advice as to the implements required, and how to handle them; but he counsels the serious student to apprentice himself to a good craftsman, in order to acquire the manual practice and the traditional expedients not otherwise to be attained. He insists, however, that this apprenticeship must not preclude the development of the intellectual side of the art and the wide possibilities it offers, since invention and execution should progress together. He gives valuable hints as to how far it is desirable to revert to the past in choosing subjects and in the treatment of them. To be well equipped, the student must be a trained draughtsman; he must also study architecture, which ought to be regarded as a larger kind of carving, since, when he attains proficiency, he will seek architectural occasions for wood-carving. Mr. Jack urges the student to be a close observer of nature, and to study the form of leaf and flower and tree, and to draw from living animals so as to know their movements and habits. Photographs he considers useful when familiarity with their subjects has been already acquired by sketches from life of sectional structure; the aim of art being the representation of some form of life, expressed with strict economy of detail and accurate calculation as to the effect of light on the work.

The most valuable training of all is to see old work in its proper surroundings with the effects of time and use, and thus observe the amount of labor and finish which tells, and its relation to breadth of design and the simplification of detail. Our author is right in denouncing slavish imitations of ancient work for modern purposes; but when the question of restoration of an ancient building comes up, it seems unreasonable to blame the workman for deception because he has so closely followed the old that his part cannot be detected. Mr. Jack cites the choir stalls and screen of Winchester Cathedral as a case in point. It seems to us that the only blamable proceeding was the staining of the old and new together, thus destroying the texture of the wood and the patina of time. In this disapproval of faithful restoration our author shows himself to be a close follower of Ruskin.

The book is full of excellent illustrations.

Boston: The Place and the People. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Illustrated by Louis A. Holman. Macmillan Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. xv., 397,

Boston "is not an accident," wrote Emerson of his native city, "but a seat of humanity, of men of principle obeying a sentiment and marching loyally whither that should lead them; so that its annals are great historical lines, inextricably national—part of the history of political liberty." The felicity of this characterization will be felt by all readers of Mr. Howe's book. In the prosecution of his aim, not to write a continuous narrative, but "to pass in review the salient facts of Boston history,

and to gain some acquaintance with the persons chiefly concerned in them," he has set forth most clearly and freshly its individuality, that which differentiates it from other New World cities. With apt quotation and anecdote from letters, diaries, and old-time records, he graphically pictures the colonists and Revolutionary fathers and their town. The larger part of his book, however, is devoted to the nineteenth century, the three main topics being the Unitarian controversy, the men who made Boston for a time the literary centre of the country, and the anti-slavery propaganda. These chapters show careful and sympathetic study; the still delicate subject of the religious movement inaugurated by Emerson being treated skilfully and with commendable impartiality. Of greater general interest is the account of Boston's part in the emancipation of the slave, beginning with the publication of the *Liberator*, January 1, 1831, and culminating with the attack on Fort Wagner and the death of Robert Gould Shaw. The main facts in the recent history of the city are briefly given, and the author closes with an appreciative glance at present conditions, and a timely reminder that "the people of Boston are rich in the inheritances that are good to cultivate and to transmit."

Considering the class of readers whom Mr. Howe evidently had in mind, he has been wise in his selections from the mass of material at his disposal. Much that is curious as well as instructive is to be found in them; for example, the fact that the Puritan horror of the stage prevailed as late as 1791, when plays were advertised as "moral lectures," illustrating certain virtues or vices. "Otway's 'Venice Preserved' appeared as such a lecture in five parts, 'in which the dreadful effects of conspiracy will be exemplified.' To make sure, a little later, that the point of 'Macbeth' should not be missed, it was introduced by 'A Dialogue on the Horrid Crime of Murder, by Mr. and Mrs. Smith.'" Great care has evidently been taken to secure accuracy, and we have noticed but one error, the statement that there was erected a "monument to William Thomas Green Morton in the Boston Public Garden." The fact is, that it bears neither name of the two contestants, Drs. Jackson and Morton, for the honor of the discovery of ether, but, with conscientious impartiality, it is a monument (to recall the famous joke of Dr. Holmes) "To E[i]ther." Of course, in a volume of this size there must be many omissions of things of interest. We regret, however, that Mr. Howe did not find space to refer to the influence which the Boston press, under the guidance of J. T. Buckingham, Nathan Hale, their contemporaries and successors, had upon national and State politics, and upon the formation of public opinion on the great questions of the day.

The illustrations, by Mr. Louis A. Holman, are well chosen and interesting, and add much to the attractiveness of the book. His drawings of historic buildings are of unusual merit. We could have wished that, with the grasshopper vane and the pine-tree shilling, room had been found for the historic codfish.

Old English Doorways. By Henry Tanner, jr., and W. Galsworthy Davie. London: Batsford; New York: Scribner. 1903. Pp. 44. Sixty-nine plates.

This attractive volume consists of a series of photographs of old English doorways from Tudor times to the end of the eighteenth century made by W. Galsworthy Davie, whose previous work in similar fields (*e. g.*, 'Old Houses in Kent and Sussex') has shown him to be not merely a skilful artist with the camera, but a man of discernment, and of wise choice in the selection of his subjects. The plates are accompanied by an essay, historical and descriptive, by Henry Tanner, jr., whose ability to clothe with interest a definite period of architecture in England was recently demonstrated by the folio upon the work of Inigo Jones, for which he wrote the text.

The present book, beginning with a few examples of doorways of the latest Gothic in which a strong Renaissance influence is seen, leads us along by many specimens ot the curious and entertaining Elizabethan style, when all was confusion and groping, to the days of Inigo Jones, when a great light shone upon architecture in England. Some of the most beautiful plates are taken from this time and from that other equally splendid period when Sir Christopher Wren was the centre of all things architectural. If we miss the charm and freshness. the naïveté of the earlier work, in this section of the book, we find its place taken by a stateliness and dignity that well reflect the manners of the age. Frigidity was the bane of the style, but of this there appears little here; the examples, especially of the later or Georgian period, being chosen for their freedom and picturesqueness. Occasionally, some subject not strictly a doorway gives variety to the pages, as the charming porch at Cap Mill in Gloucestershire or the garden gateway at Ross in Herefordshire. The series closes with a long series of highly interesting and varied hooded doorways, frequently with carved brackets and shells of great beauty, taken chiefly from provincial towns. Quite the most charming of these, and indeed by all odds the most picturesque plate in the book, is the door of the Choristers' School in the Close at Salisbury. Broad and most inviting steps lead to a curiously quoined doorway sheltered by a hood of great simplicity. The whole entrance is embowered in vines, and the first sight of it gives a thrill of pleasure.

Apart from the interest of the plates, the essay is a thoughtful one, following, as it does, the course of doorway design in England for two centuries, and tracing the influence of materials and environment upon such design.

American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century. By Edward Stanwood. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Fifty years ago this country was in a fair way to adopt free trade. After several successful attempts at restriction, it became evident that the opposing forces were too strong, and in 1833 Clay offered his "compromise" tariff, under which duties were gradually reduced to moderate figures. The collapse of the whole system of finance in 1837 caused the low duties to be raised in 1842, but in 1846 the tariff was adjusted with regard to revenue rather than protection, and this policy prevailed until the civil war changed the whole tendency of our Government. Since that era protection has reigned supreme, and there is every reason to believe that it will maintain itself indefinitely. Duties are at the highest, the expenditure of the Government has increased enormously; and even were there any considerable number of voters in favor of free trade, they could not convince the country that it was practicable. In fact, there are probably not enough free traders to obtain official recognition as a party. Protectionism is the creed of the capitalists, the labor unions, the politicians, and, to a considerable extent, of the professors of economics.

We cannot say that Mr. Stanwood's treatise throws much light on the causes that have brought about the change. The abstracts of the debates in Congress are insufferably tedious, and the controversies are no more worth chronicling than the quarrels of the kites and crows. Of a discussion in 1830, the author says:

> "Thereupon ensued one of the most tedious and fruitless debates in the history of Congress. Day after day the members on both sides of the question delivered set speeches on the tariff, of interminable length, and quite devoid of fresh arguments and novel illustrations."

This criticism might have been extended to nearly all such debates. Tariffs are not made as a result of legislative deliberation. Professor Taussig's 'Tariff History' tells us all that it is important to know concerning the course of events; and the record of the various shades of doctrine and of the motley fallacies employed in defending them is no more edifying than the account of the disputes between the Homo-ousians and the Homoi-ousians. Mr. Stanwood's purpose, however, seems to be to defend protectionism by representing it to have made the country prosperous. For this undertaking he does not appear very well qualified. His dialectic seldom rises above the level of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, and his attempts at connecting taxation and prosperity are almost precisely the same as those selected in Mill's 'Logic' to illustrate fallacious reasoning.

A few passages, quoted at random, require no comment. Thus, it is asserted that business instantly revived after the passage of the tariff of 1842 because of that act. "No other cause is assignable as having produced that effect. The country was in a state of unparalleled depression; the act was passed, and business revived. There was no other change in the situation either at home or abroad." It is also alleged that the trade in grain is independent of tariffs: "The utmost freedom of trade, the abolition of all customs duties at American ports, would not have increased the demand in England for American flour to the extent of a single barrel, nor would it have made the barrel of American flour a penny cheaper to the foreign purchaser." In the author's view, "there is always a tendency to overimportation." He quotes President Taylor as "high contemporary authority" for the proposition that manufactures languished under the tariff of 1846. The fact that immigrants poured into the country in great numbers "cannot be taken as even corroborative evidence that the country was prosperous." "It is generally true . . . that importations have increased at a more rapid rate when the so-called restrictive

system was in full force than when duties have been low"; but "it is not suggested that the object of a protective tariff is to encourage importations—rather the contrary is true." It is no more than fair to say that the tone of the author is dignified and free from virulence; but his work amounts to little more than a repetition of old fallacies and time-worn platitudes.

Negro Education in the South. By A. A. Gunby. New Orleans: H. C. Thomason.

It is a real pleasure to come on a book, even so small an one as this, which is full of faith that, with proper moral and manual education, not forgetting the three R's, the negro is capable of becoming a better man and citizen than he has had a chance of being up to the present time. We have been told so much lately of his inability to be benefited by any training save that of field labor, superintended by the white man, that we cannot too cordially welcome Mr. Gunby's hopeful views; for there must be many of the better educated men of the South who share them. Gov. Andrew always maintained that only the best men of that section could lead it back into cordial relations with the Union; and when we find that a Southerner of high standing, and presumably many of his friends, would have all educated negroes vote, and would exclude only ignorance, we can feel that the race problem is nearing a better solution than the late utterances of the Southern press have led us to expect.

In his introduction Mr. Gunby puts the following pertinent question to those who "are too ready to despair of the benefits . . . . of education to the negro race": "Within one generation of slavery, with no adequate teachers, with all the obstacles and horrors of the period of reconstruction, . . . how can it be said that negro education has had a fair trial?" He goes on to remind them that, in the South, "it has long since been inflexibly decreed by unwritten law that white teachers must not teach negro schools"; and that though "the Southern States have continued to tax themselves for the support of negro schools, in many places the funds for this purpose have been indifferently and unfairly applied by incompetent or partisan school boards." In addition to this increasing evil, the want of "suitable teachers and decent schoolhouses to teach in" has been sorely felt. In spite, however, of all these and other difficulties, "the large body of ignorant negroes" who "are thriftless, and work and behave themselves alone through fear," is decreasing and scattering, and "the number of negroes is increasing who have bought and paid for small farms, from forty to sixty acres." Further on, Mr. Gunby says: "All they want is fair treatment, perfect liberty, education, and, most of all, a good example and good advice from their white neighbors."

There are, perhaps inevitably, some curious and paradoxical statements in this little book. For example, the author tells us that "there is a public sentiment" in the South "which demands that the races be kept absolutely distinct. . . . This is the prompting of a divine race instinct"; while a passage in his introduction states that "in a town of 10,000 inhabitants 500 negresses are supported in idleness by white paramours." One could wish the divine instinct a little keener! Then he speaks of a young Louisiana lady who is teaching negroes in West Africa as a missionary, but who could not have done this at home on account of public opinion, and presently tells of Stonewall Jackson teaching a negro Sunday-school, and adds that no "grander picture of him could be drawn than one which represents him standing with open book before his little school of pickaninnies." Surely we may hope that white missionaries will be allowed "at home," where the need of them is at least as great as in West Africa. We are further told that there are "thousands of wretched women in the city of New York with but one garment, and that a ragged one," while "there are no unclad negro women in the South." Assuming for a moment that the facts are as here stated, it should be added that the influx of immigrants into New York, sometimes amounting to 100,000 in a single month, never ceases, and that were an equal number of ignorant negroes poured into any Southern city, probably a similar state of destitution would follow.

Whether or not Mr. Gunby is right as to the complete separation of whites and blacks being needful for the good of both, we are cordially in agreement with him as to the importance of every bit of rational and practical education that can be given the negro, and the menace which, failing this, his barbarism and ignorance may become to the country.

Pioneer Spaniards in America. By William Henry Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1903.

A handsome, well printed and illustrated octavo, with a number of full-page illustrations, mostly reproductions of facsimiles, among them that of the first map (1538) on which the name "America" appears, the book named above is a popular series of sketches of the principal Spanish discoveries in the first half of the sixteenth century in North America, followed by a glance at the reconquest of New Mexico and by an appendix devoted to a short essay on pre-Columbian culture in Mexico.

It is gratifying to note the spirit of fairness and of justice displayed by the author in this unassuming volume. Thus, he says of the historian Prescott in the preface:

"To speak of the conquest of Mexico and omit a reference to Mr. Prescott's classic work would be unpardonable. Equally inexcusable would it be to commend it without a word of caution. One cannot ignore the fact that he wrote before the era of first-hand anthropological study, so distinctive of our time. . . . He did the best that was possible in the then existing state of knowledge, and produced a monumental work that remains an ornament of our literature. That it is pervaded with an atmosphere of romanticism quite unhistorical was an inevitable result of the limitations of the time."

Not only in the case of Prescott does the author show his inclination to absolute fairness. Following the example so well set by C. F. Lummis, he metes out the same justice to the Spanish pioneers, and especially to the Crown of Spain in its treatment of the Indians. While condemning any wrong perpetrated upon the natives, he says (p. 32):

"Let us give Spain her due. In these sketches we have seen instances enough of savage cruelty. But these were the acts of individual Spaniards. The aim of the Spanish Government was to treat the Indians kindly, and, in the main, it was faithfully carried out. The whole policy of Spain was directed to fitting the Indians to share in the national life, making them part of the people."

This point of view is far superior to that of sweeping vituperation characteristic of similar literature in former times, and commends the book to the sympathies of modern readers interested in the subject of Spanish-American colonization.

Mr. Johnson does not claim to have made original researches. The sources which he acknowledges as bases for his book are all recent. Hence we cannot apply to his sketches any searching historical criticism in detail. His judgment of the character and actions of Las Casas is still consistent with impressions that will vanish in time as the career of this honest but utterly unpractical enthusiast is more carefully studied, and therefore better understood. The chapter devoted to Bartolomé de las Casas is the only really weak section in this very readable popular work.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainsworth, William Harrison. Vol. I. The Tower of London: A Historical Romance. Illustrated by Cruikshank. New edition. Vol. II. Windsor Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Analysis of the Hunting Field: Being a Series of Sketches of the Principal Characters that Compose One, etc. D. Appleton & Co.

Bismarck's Letters to his Wife from the Seat of War—1870-1871. Translated by Armin Harder. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

Boogher, William Fletcher. Gleanings of Virginia History: An Historical and Genealogical Collection, largely from Original Sources. Washington (D. C.): William Fletcher Boogher.

Books of Edward II. Vol. I. (The Publications of the Selden Society.) Edited by F. W. Maitland. London: Bernard Quaritch.

Bright, Charles. The Story of the Atlantic Cable. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

Buchanan, Joseph R. The Story of a Labor Agitator. New York: The Outlook Co. $1.25 net.

Chute, H. N. Physical Laboratory Manual. Revised edition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Collier, William Miller. The Trusts: What Can We Do with Them? What Can They Do for Us? New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 50c.

Collins, William Edward. The Study of Ecclesiastical History. Longmans, Green & Co. 90c. net.

Dispatches of William Perwich, English Agent in Paris—1669-1677. Edited by M. Beryl Curran. London: Offices of the Royal Historical Society.

Dodd, William E. The Life of Nathaniel Macon. Raleigh (N. C.): Edwards & Broughton.

Earle, Alice Morse. Two Centuries of Costume in America. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Eddy, Arthur Jerome. Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

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Gallichan, Walter M. The Story of Seville. With Three Chapters on the Artists of Seville, by C. Gasquoine Hartley. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co.

Graves, Henry C. Handbook of Christian Doctrine. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Hancock, H. Irving. Japanese Physical Training. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Hill, Headon. The Duke Decides. New York: A. Wessels Co. $1.50.

Historic Booke: Done to Keep in Lasting Remembrance the Joyous Meeting of the Honourable Artillery Company of London and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of the Massachusetts in the Towne of Boston. Edited by Justin H. Smith. Boston, Mass.: Privately printed by the Norwood Press.

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Otis, James. With the Treasure-Hunters: A Story of the Florida Cays. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Explorations by Early Navigators, etc. Vol. VII.—1588-1591. Cleveland (Ohio): Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net per vol.

Putnam, Frank. The Lafayette Ode, and Later Lyrics. Boston: The National Magazine Press. $1.
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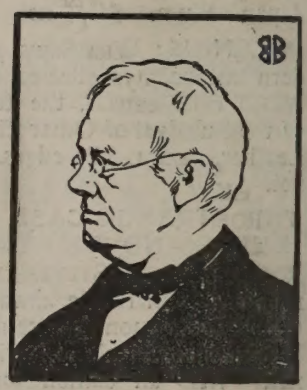

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1903.

The Week.

Whether it be mere Yankee curiosity that inspires Senator Hoar's Panama questions, or some deeper purpose of statesmanship, they are awkward enough for the President. To have the most eminent Republican Senator, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, put such searching queries to him, is certainly to disturb a dream of universal acquiescence in a policy of rush and recklessness. Mr. Hoar, it is true, with that talent for gentle malice which is all his own, declares that he has no thought of embarrassing Mr. Roosevelt. The President is fairly aching to make a clean breast of everything, and Senator Hoar merely wishes to aid him by asking a few leading questions. It must be known at the White House, for example, when and where Panama adopted a constitution and authorized a canal treaty; and Mr. Hoar is innocently confident that the President will soon tell us all about it. The other questions in Senator Hoar's resolution look ugly, but he assures us that they are all harmless, and will be perfectly agreeable to the President. Mr. Roosevelt will be pleased, accordingly, to report to the Senate just what pecuniary interest in the canal Bunau-Varilla and the other "negotiators" had, with all the other tell-tale information sought by the inquisitive Massachusetts Senator. It is all friendly in the last degree, of course, and merely to make talk.

Minister Bunau-Varilla tells Acting Secretary Loomis that delays, and particularly delay to confirm the new canal treaty by the Senate, would "tend to affect the imagination." Evidently, the bantling Republic of Panama is "like a dream within a dream." It is a figment of the imagination, and unless it is quickly "fixed" upon the map of the world, it may fade like a snapshot proof too long exposed to direct sunlight. But the further consideration arises, Whose imagination may be dangerously affected? Clearly not M. Bunau-Varilla's, nor yet the President's. Those are permanencies upon which we may reasonably count. Quite as certainly the Colombians are exempt from the perils of vain imaginings. They face stern realities. The really vulnerable imaginations are, it seems, American and Panamanian. We may awake to the intolerable shabbiness of the "Yankee trick" Mr. Roosevelt has perpetrated to our discredit; they may too soon realize the possibilities of piling revolt upon revolt. With their Spanish-American genius for swift and secret organization, which Mr. Hay so much admires, they may have plans for securing a smaller division for our millions than the population of Panama. For this and other reasons, M. Bunau-Varilla dreads the continued working of the imagination upon the Panama proposition. He does well to dread it.

Like the Delphic oracle, the new Department of Commerce and Labor has written over its portal, "Know thyself." Its first annual report shows that its principal occupation at present is finding out why it exists. The impression which the report most distinctly makes on the mind of the reader is that the Secretary and his new staff are trying to discover something to do. Since its organization last February, the Department's time appears to have been chiefly spent in answering the perplexing questions, Whence come I, why am I here, whither go I? Of accomplished results the report shows a signal lack, though, of course, considering the purposes for which the Department was created and the short time it has been in operation, this is in a measure excusable. Most that Secretary Cortelyou says is along the line of what he hopes to do; but, as preliminary to an exact knowledge on this score, he has apparently been putting himself and his staff through what looks like a post-graduate university course. His curriculum covers nine studies, including the law creating the Bureau of Corporations, the general subject of interstate commerce, the decisions of the Federal courts on the same, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the decisions of the Federal courts on trade conspiracies, monopolies, and combinations in restraint of trade, the corporation laws of the various States, taxation methods in the different States, the effect of Trusts and tariff upon prices, and the power of the Federal Government in the matter of insurance companies. Incidentally, the Secretary tells us that everybody will be treated fairly.

All this is excellent, but to what does it lead? There is nothing in Secretary Cortelyou's report to show that the efficiency of the various bureaus incorporated into the new Department of Commerce and Labor has been increased by the creation of a new Cabinet portfolio. Theoretically, there was something to be said for the change—the lessening of the work of some of the other Cabinet officers, for instance. But that there was any real reason for the new arrangement was a matter for experience to demonstrate, and nothing in the present report indicates that any headway has been made in this direction. The most that can be affirmed is, that Secretary Cortelyou hopes that he may see a way to be of use to the industrial interests of the country, including, as he is careful to intimate, both capital and labor. Meanwhile, he says, regarding his studies in connection with the Bureau of Corporations, that in order that the information gained may be utilized to the best advantage, "a liberal addition to the present appropriation should be granted." Without intending to reflect in the least on the purpose and methods of the new department, it may be asked if its creation and its course so far in any measure mark the growth of the bureaucratic spirit in the United States. Is there any indication here of an increasing tendency to substitute means for ends, and to establish public departments for other than strictly public interests?

We dare say that many people who read in last week's Shipbuilding testimony of the $1,000,000 common stock paid Mr. Max Pam "for services to Mr. Schwab and for promotion of the company" gasped a little at the free-handed ways of the incorporators. But the liberality of those palmy days must be judged in the light of subsequent events. The Shipbuilding stock was really a sort of Confederate currency—not worth considering unless delivered in bulk; or, perhaps, it more closely resembles John Law's bank notes, of which, as St. Simon relates, the Regent used to insist on new issues every week, so that he could distribute a few millions to favored callers at his levées. There are ways of figuring out the intrinsic value of Mr. Pam's million-dollar "bonus," The $2,500,000 "Shipbuilding preferred" and $2,500,000 common, paid as a bonus to the Morgans in the Bethlehem Steel deal, were sold, the firm has subsequently stated, for $75,000. This was an average market valuation of 1½ per cent. Mr. Pam got only common stock, which was supposedly worth less than the preferred. But, taking the average price obtained for the Morgan stock, Mr. Pam's bonus—if it could sell the stock at all—was worth exactly $15,000. This is not high, as "promotion services" have been rated lately. We are surprised, on the whole, at the moderation of the promoters in not demanding bonds. The original "memorandum" of "promotion expenses" for the Shipyard Trust reserved for that purpose 17 per cent. of the company's total stock and 9 per cent. of its first-mortgage bonds. Why this discrimination? A million-dollar share certificate might serve for a tip to an obliging head-waiter, but to offer it to a capitalist strikes us as insulting.

In imposing a fine of $1,000 on a Press Feeders' Union, Judge Holdom of Chicago has given workingmen's organizations one more sharp reminder that responsibility must go with power. By one means or another, society has certainly got to find a way to make labor unions amenable to the law for wilful damage. It may come about by legal incorporation. The result may be reached by suits against individuals. Offending unions may be made, under existing law, to pay the penalty of their misdeeds after the fashion of this instance of Chicago justice. But in some way the end must be attained. We cannot tolerate the possession of such power without liability. Even if society were to be conceived of as nothing but organized warfare, the defeated would have to pay the cost of the struggle, or else abandon hope of gain if victorious. And in a peaceful industrial régime like the present, such disturbers of traffic and of order as too many labor organizations have shown themselves to be, cannot much longer be permitted to go undisturbed. If they are to be allowed to dictate to their own members, they must be made answerable to the public.

After more than a century and a quarter of use, the "Cradle of Liberty" still rocks in Boston. The country at large cannot be too thankful for this, for once more has a great opportunity been presented to the sons of New England to battle for freedom. The tyrant's hand, so it is alleged, is stretched out over the Boston Symphony Orchestra; rumor has it that the Musical Mutual Protective Union is going to order twenty or more of its members to leave that body. Other great orchestras have allowed themselves to be bound in chains by the unions, but the resolute character of Major Higginson, to whose generosity and indefatigability Boston owes its splendid band, has heretofore inspired wholesome awe. He has simply said that if he was interfered with, he would disband his orchestra. Will he do so? Of course, the discontinuance of its symphony orchestra would be a terrible blow to Boston—one of its most distinctive features would be gone. But Boston has before now allowed the grass to grow in its streets for a great principle; in the eighteenth century its women went without their tea for liberty's sake, and it is to be hoped that in the twentieth they will as gladly sacrifice their Friday matinées. Seriously, Major Higginson will have, if current reports are true, a fine opportunity to advance the cause of liberty. Such action as the Musical Protective Union is said to contemplate would be carrying union tyranny to the very pitch of the absurd.

Philadelphia is not to be congratulated on the President's decision to retain Postmaster McMichael. Although a Quay man, it was expected that McMichael would make an excellent head for the post-office. As a matter of fact, there have been so many violations of the spirit and the language of the civil-service rules as to convince the Civil Service Commission and the local Civil Service Reform Association that the interests of the service demand a change. Yet on the charges laid before him the President has decided that there is no ground for him to take any adverse action. While that may be true in the particular matters under consideration, the President should know that a new head is most desirable. But Mr. Roosevelt has no desire to offend Quay on the eve of the national convention, even though his inexcusable appointment of Quay's son as deputy naval officer might be thought sufficient tribute to the boss for the present. The truth is, that our large post-offices will never be as efficient as they ought to be so long as their heads are selected by political favoritism. As the postal service in our great cities becomes greater and more complex, it will gradually be realized that the chief offices cannot be properly administered by men of no previous experience in the service. These positions should be held out as prizes to deserving men who wish to give their lives to the postal branch of the Government.

Carl Schurz, addressing the National Civil Service Reform League at Baltimore, said: "You will be struck with the fact that of all the public servants who were, in consequence of [the postal] investigation, indicted for fraud or other malfeasance, not one had come into the service by regular competitive examination." Of course, an inference based only upon these particular exposures would be open to question, but Mr. Schurz, speaking from many years' active observation of the public service, did not hesitate to declare that all Federal offices, whenever it is constitutionally possible, should be filled by competitive examination. He has found that the exceptions made in the case of confidential and fiduciary appointments are almost always abused for political purposes. These very postal swindlers were one and all appointed without examination, because competition was alleged to be too crude a means of ascertaining special moral and personal qualifications. Mr. Schurz, it may be assumed, does not advocate examination as a universal panacea; he does, however, unqualifiedly advocate it as the only practical barrier between rapacious and incompetent bosses and an efficient public service. His words should give courage to all who are engaged in the good fight.

When such avowed enemies as the National Wool Growers' Association and the National Association of Wool Manufacturers sit down to a love feast it is time for the American people to take to the woods. After years of wrangling over the spoils from the tariff, these two organizations met in Washington on Thursday to consider proposed reciprocity treaties between this country and France and Argentina. Both agreed to antagonize these treaties, on the ground that they are hurtful to our wool interests. Some day, no doubt, the manufacturers will demand a *quid pro quo* for this tender consideration for the growers, as their own interests, of course, naturally impel them in the direction of a ratification of these reciprocity measures. As the manufacturers have been in the habit of getting the best end of the tariff bargain in the past, it is perhaps safe to assume that they have designs on the public which will make this concession to the growers a profitable transaction. Was Secretary Shaw consulted before the Washington meeting? His eagerness for steamship lines to South America is well known. Why would not enlarged wool imports from Argentina be an excellent way to help along the good work? What is really needed to make steamships to South America pay is return cargoes.

The pith of Mr. John Charlton's speech on Thursday night before the Boston Chamber of Commerce was that freer trade with Canada must be soon sought or postponed indefinitely. On one hand, extreme protectionist feeling is growing in the Dominion; on the other, the advocates of imperial reciprocity are making the erection of a Chinese wall against us a test of British loyalty. Patriotism and selfishness in frank alliance threaten to make a combination with which it will be impossible for any foreign nation, especially for ourselves, to deal. All these considerations remind us that good reciprocal arrangements with Canada may soon hardly be had for the asking. The political situation, too, may at any time become unfavorable for reasonable tariff negotiations. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has consistently held the doctrine of a moderate protective tariff, and has looked favorably upon all reciprocity treaties. He would welcome overtures from Washington looking to a freer exchange of Canadian foodstuffs and raw materials for our manufactures. But it is by no means certain that Sir Wilfrid, or his party even, will long be in a position to negotiate treaties. The resignation of Minister Tarte has undoubtedly alienated many violent protectionists, and the failure of the Grand Trunk Railway to close the contract for a transcontinental extension leaves the Government's pet scheme sadly discredited. If the Liberals should lose the coming election, we should find intractable and probably unfriendly influences in

control at Ottawa—and the hope of reciprocity postponed to the Greek Kalends.

The somewhat ostentatious resignation of a United States official in Alabama last week, on account of the President's incendiary views on the rights of the negro, raises the question whether the South really wants good Federal appointments. Whatever else Mr. Roosevelt may have done, he has named Government officers in the Southern States of a much higher grade than was ever insisted upon by a Republican President before. This is frankly acknowledged by the more candid newspapers of that section. Thus, we find the Montgomery *Evening Times* declaring: "It is not too much to admit that no President since the war has in so large a measure seemed to cast aside his own political interests in order to serve his conception of the needs of the civil service in the South." This is high commendation, but the *Times* backs it up with many specifications. Democratic newspaper though it is, it thinks it only justice to recognize what Mr. Roosevelt has done in this matter of securing "decent and clean officials in the South"; all the more so because it perceives that his "independent and fearless course" would lose him Southern delegates should Hanna contest the nomination with him.

The action of the Union League Club, on Thursday, calling upon the Administration and Congress to take measures to secure to negroes in the South their political rights, is only one sign more of the coming to the front of an issue that cannot be evaded. It is a national concern. It would be so even if the wrongs of the negro did not directly affect any except residents of the Southern States. Unequal enforcement of the law anywhere in our country cannot but be of the deepest interest to all parts of it. No one knows when or where the law-defying spirit may spread. In the presence of so gross and admitted a violation of justice, the conscience of no American should be allowed to sleep. But, of course, the suppression of the qualified negro vote in the South most intimately affects the North. It establishes a glaring inequity of representation in that common legislature where there should be equality. That is the great reason why an appeal lies directly to the House of Representatives. Its own fairness as a representative body is imperilled by the exclusion from the suffrage, in one section, of thousands who are entitled, even under the local laws of the State, to vote. Under such circumstances, the Union League Club would have been false to its history had it not made its voice heard in behalf of justice to the negro.

Gov. Pennypacker has provided another surprise for the unfortunate State of Pennsylvania, over which he presides. It has only recently stopped laughing at his ridiculous fiasco with his press-muzzling law, wich is daily violated and has never been enforced. But the newspapers are now concerned with a much more serious matter. In a letter to the editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger* Gov. Pennypacker last week declared that he not only had the ambition but the purpose to become a justice of the Supreme Court. There will be a vacancy next year, and he announced his willingness to accept the nomination if tendered, thus giving up two years of his Governorship in order to become a justice for twenty-one years. Now, there is no dissent from Gov. Pennypacker's fitness for this position. Indeed, it is the universal judgment that he should not have left the bench to become Governor. As Quay and his gang are also of this opinion, Gov. Pennypacker's declaration that he is willing to be "promoted" to the Supreme Court means that the deal will be consummated. But this in turn entails the promotion of Lieut.-Gov. William M. Brown, the worst kind of machine politician, and an avowed tool of Quay. Naturally, the independent press is aghast at the prospect. Even the *Ledger*, which has been very friendly to the Governor, tells him he has made a grave mistake, and that he must reconsider; while the *Record* calls it a "foul conspiracy.'

The Lieutenant-Governor is familiarly known as "Oleo" Brown because of his opposition to a bill to regulate the sale of oleomargarine passed while he was a State Senator. This won for him the hostility of the farmers to such an extent that Senator Quay offered him his "expenses" if he would withdraw on the eve of the convention held last year. But Brown declined, it being even then rumored, although denied by Pennypacker himself, that the Governor would not serve out his term. In the long fight of 1899 to defeat the reëlection of Senator Quay, Brown was chairman of the steering committee which looked after Quay's interests in the Legislature. But his greatest achievement was a speech in support of the McCarren bill to prevent district attorneys from peremptory challenge of jurors in criminal trials. The anti-Quay "insurgents" charged that the bill was being rushed through in the interest of the Senator, who was then under indictment in Philadelphia for using the funds of the State.

The slate forced upon the caucus of Republican district leaders on Saturday by Gov. Odell reveals clearly just what kind of "reorganization" the Republican party of this city has undergone. After weeks of discussion and of endless meetings and conferences in secret, the new boss announced the names of the men who are to "redeem" New York city from Democratic domination. But instead of the looked-for improvement in the quality of the County Committee officials, we have, if anything, a deterioration. In selecting Charles H. Murray for the chairmanship, and Armitage Mathews for the secretaryship, Gov. Odell has served notice that any rumors of a desire on his part to reform the organization were wholly unfounded. The party has received and acclaimed a new boss, but in his essential characteristics his name might as well be Platt. The "Old Man" himself could hardly have selected men less fitted for their positions or more likely to disgust the decent Republicans without whose cordial support the party can make no headway. In the White House the names of Odell's "reformers" must produce something like a chill.

When the Imperial War Minister finds it necessary to enter into a long defence of the German army, in the Reichstag, it may properly be assumed that army conditions are very unsatisfactory. Indeed, the cable on Friday brought to the *Staats-Zeitung* reports of three more officers who have been punished for gross brutalities to subordinates. Almost every day similar cases have been reported for weeks past, while the scandal produced by Lieut. Bilse's book, 'In a Little Garrison,' to which Gen. von Einem referred, has by no means abated. The War Minister endeavored to minimize the importance of Lieut. Bilse's book, but it is reported that all the officers except three of his battalion have been cashiered or transferred. The day before the General's speech, one who figured in the book as "Müller" was dismissed in disgrace, and the author's sentence of six months, coupled with dismissal, would seem to indicate that, truth or no truth, his volume is taken seriously. The book, be it noted, having been forbidden and confiscated in Germany, is now enjoying a large sale in Austria. Even in the Bavarian Diet a unanimous resolution calling for the dismissal of all officers and non-commissioned officers convicted of maltreatment of subordinates passed the lower house. But the authorities are still only half-hearted in their attempts to stop the evils that have crept into the army, or Gen. von Einem would not have tried to excuse brutalities by speaking of the "bad privates being largely responsible" for them. The Bavarian Gen. von Fries, an excellent officer, came nearer the truth when he said that the ridiculous sentences for inhuman conduct imposed by military courts were at the bottom of the trouble. How, again, is it possible that one sergeant could have committed 1,200 offences before being found out? One officer in 400, and one sergeant in every 120, were tried for abuse of authority in the year ending in June last.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

Republican questionings about the wisdom of renominating President Roosevelt have now passed from whispers to audible voices. The meeting of the National Committee on Friday last gave rise to an amount of frank talk in the open which, taken in connection with the secret intrigue against the President that is undoubtedly going on more briskly than ever, invites a review of the whole situation. "Is Roosevelt as Big as We Think Him?" is the quizzical caption of one of the latest articles in the Hanna-Heath organ in Cincinnati, which is daily moving for reconsideration. With no thought of attempting at this time to weigh our Hannibal, we may yet point out impartially the elements of weakness and of strength in the President's position as it presents itself to-day.

He is personally little liked by the most influential Republicans in Washington. That is an incontestable fact. It is not simply that he has been the most unconventional of beings in the White House. Doubtless he has trodden on many gouty Senatorial toes; but that is not the whole of it. Old conventions might easily be sacrificed if new wisdom and efficiency were put in their place. There, however, intrudes the doubt. Too many men have found President Roosevelt what they can only call "bumptious." It is not merely that he is a reckless talker—he is an irrepressible talker; he overflows on all subjects, having a particular fondness for instructing specialists in their own branches. Men of weight and experience in affairs are not pleased with this. They can endure exhortation on Sunday from the pulpit, but do not take to the insistent sermonizing of the President. The air of knowing it all does not sit well on a man whose impetuous volubility sometimes leads him into displays of ignorance. "That job is too big for him," was the verdict of a business man who had gone to the White House on an important errand, and was disappointed with the President's flighty and jocular way of dealing with it.

This is, of course, largely personal manner, though there is a certain mental quality behind it. But manners maketh President, too, in a certain sense. It is not wholly offended dignity that leads so many Republican Senators to speak bitterly of the President in private. The lack of poise and deliberation of which they complain, undoubtedly denotes a defect in Mr. Roosevelt's mental make-up. We have seen it strikingly illustrated in his headlong course in Panama. He and his friends seem surprised that his inconsiderate action there should have given such a shock to the conservative element of his own party. It was only a petty affair, not the slightest loss or risk of war was involved; so why all this alarm? Because, though the President may not see it, men judge character by samples. A rash leap over treaty and precedent in the case of Panama is a fair indication, they say, that a similar mad plunge, with far more dangerous consequences, may be made at any moment in some other foreign question. That is why there is so much talk of Roosevelt's being certain to get us into war if reelected; and why a new distrust of the man has grown up, within the past few weeks, among many whose natural inclination was to support so honest and fair-dealing an Executive. Only a prudent conduct of foreign affairs could have stilled old doubts of Mr. Roosevelt, and won him votes that may easily prove critical. The course he has elected has unquestionably alienated them.

All these considerations, and others that might be adduced, make it probable that, if Mr. Roosevelt were not President, he would not be nominated for the Presidency by his party. In their present temper towards him, the managers would be seeking another candidate. They would try to get one, in the first place, more to their own mind and, besides, easier to hold up before the country as a "safe" President. But the case is radically altered by Mr. Roosevelt's being already in office. To endorse him, as the party must, yet to refuse to renominate him, would be almost suicidal. Particularly would it be so to set him aside on account of the enmity of large financial interests. Saying nothing now of the merits of the suit brought against the Northern Securities Company, its effect politically is beyond dispute. It gave Mr. Roosevelt tremendous popularity in those Western and Northwestern States where a Republican victory is to be won if at all. In addition, the President's absolute personal honesty, his courage, his independence, his many manly qualities, must be taken into the reckoning. Hence, if Senator Hanna were now to intrigue the nomination away from him, indignation would know no bounds, and a Democratic triumph would be assured. All this is perfectly well known to the Republican magnates; consequently we expect to see them, with much ill will and with wry faces and many misgivings, submit to the inevitable and renominate the President.

What will then follow, let rash prophets say. We predict nothing except that a continuance of business depression would make the election of any Republican candidate highly improbable. It would be but poetic justice to have the Republican party turned out for not preventing hard times. That would be only commending its own chalice to its lips. Sensible men would find much to comfort them, amid incidental evils, in the spectacle of a party that boasts of "standing pat" falling flat.

THE VIRTUOUS MR. HEATH.

"Certainly it is nothing for me to worry over," said Perry S. Heath in Chicago the other day. "I believe in letting the other fellow do the worrying whenever possible. Why should I resign from my office on the Republican National Committee?" Mr. Heath is quite right in assuming that the other fellow has cause for worry, if by "the other fellow" he means President Roosevelt. In view of his connection with the postal frauds the President cannot but pray most heartily for his speedy retirement to private life. Senator Hanna, on the other hand, sticks by his friend as an embodiment of the Senator's ideals in politics and public administration. Heath also "stands pat"; he virtually quotes the words of an old English divine: "I am so hardened in goodness as I fear neither post nor pillory." Mr. Heath's shining virtues have often attracted admiring attention, and it would be a pleasure to consider his career as a whole. The immediate topic, however, is his prominence in the Bristow report. Few people have read that document through; still fewer have put together the scattered references to the Secretary of the Republican National Committee. When they are gathered into a coherent body, everybody can see at once why President Roosevelt objects to Heath and why Senator Hanna does not.

The President, in his own memorandum, says: "The following is a list of the fourteen post-office employees in the service at the time this investigation was begun who are apparently most seriously implicated in the wrongdoing, together with an account of the steps that have been taken by the Government in each case, and a statement of the date of original appointment of each man in the service." Then the President introduces the list of the fourteen men under indictment with a bracketed note: "The case of ex-First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath, who had left the service over three years before this investigation was begun, is set forth in the report of Mr. Bristow." The President thus classes Heath with the fourteen chief rascals, explains why he is not under indictment, and calls attention to Mr. Bristow's detailed account of his villanies.

Mr. Heath first comes in on page 12 of Mr. Bristow's brief. When the "Montague Indicator" Company was organized, George W. Beavers, who is now lying under eight indictments, kindly offered a word to the wise—that distribution of stock among the Department officials would help the business. Beavers received 2,000 shares, held under the name of D. S. Richardson; and when he received the first dividend of $120 he replied somewhat mysteriously to Mr. Richardson: "Yours of February

6, 1901, with enclosure, duly received. I will hold the papers in your name for the present until something decisive is known. I am glad to know that the matter promises so well. I have not seen Mr. Heath, but will make another effort to-day." In August, 1902, Beavers again wrote: "Our friend in Salt Lake wants the enclosed stock drawn in the name of Edwin B. Bacon. Kindly issue new certificates and have these destroyed. Forward same to me by registered mail." Across the face of this letter R. H. E. Espey, secretary of the Indicator Company, had written in pencil, "Editor Salt Lake *Tribune*," and on the back, "133 S. West Temple" and "9th E. and Brigham." Heath was editor of the *Tribune;* the first address was that of his office, the second that of his house. The "enclosed stock" was 1,000 Indicator shares. Edwin B. Bacon of Louisville, Ky., is Heath's uncle by marriage, and is said to be an intimate friend. The 1,000 shares were returned to the company anonymously in a blank envelope after the investigation began.

Heath next turns up in connection with the Brandt Automatic Cashier. In February, 1899, the Washington agent wrote to Brandt: "I am satisfied that we have the assurance and friendship of both parties—General Heath and Mr. Beavers—and all that is necesary is to cultivate that friendship, if not by kind words, by dollars and cents, and I think the latter will be the most positive." With Heath kind words may have been more than coronets, but they certainly were not more than dollars; for in May, 1899, he gave an order for 250 machines at $150 each. All in all, 527 machines were purchased, and 217 of them shipped to postmasters without requisition. Of the whole number purchased, 173 are idle; many have never been unpacked. The company received $74,275. Evidently Heath's friendship was worth cultivating. Mr. Bristow's sound conclusion is that, eliminating the question of fraud, the transaction would have justified the removal of Heath; but Mr. Bristow adds, "The element of fraud cannot be eliminated."

Heath also looked compassionately upon Bundy Time Recorders, and in 1898 required post-office clerks to use them. The machines were bought in the most reckless fashion, at $100 apiece, and 50 cents extra for each key. Los Angeles, with ninety-three carriers and eighty-seven clerks, was supplied with thirteen clocks and 840 keys; and so throughout the country. Then Heath suggested to the Barry Cancelling Machine people that M. D. Helm be employed as an agent. The contract with the company was renewed, and the price of the machine raised from $150 to $175 and then $200. When Heath retired, the price dropped again to $150. Heath also favored the Hampden Cancelling Machine, and bought a hundred at $300, each, though he knew they were worthless. There is considerable evidence, direct and circumstantial, that he received $20,000 of the stock in the Doremus Cancelling Machine Company in consideration of an order for not less than 300 machines; and it was also understood that Beavers shared with Heath the $25 paid him for each machine ordered.

In the face of these facts no one can doubt the guilt of Heath. He himself cannot deny that these frauds flourished chiefly among his subordinates. An accurate description of conditions under Heath's management, though hardly "a libel on hell," as Col. Watterson might say, would be the grossest kind of libel on any administration that made a pretence to efficiency or honesty. Should the Republican Committee keep Heath in office, the country can do nothing but accept the act as a notification from Hanna that he purposes to discredit the postal investigations, to defy the advocates of decency, and to defeat Roosevelt by indirection.

THE RIGHT USE OF PRECEDENT.

President Pierce, in his message of May 15, 1856, laid down the American doctrine of recognition. It particularly applied to the status of Central American countries. A revolution had but recently occurred in Nicaragua, and it was a question which of two rival Ministers should be received by the United States. Announcing his decision to Congress, Mr. Pierce said that it was our "established policy" to "recognize all governments without question of their source or organization, or of the means by which the governing persons attain their power, provided there be a government de facto accepted by the people of the country." So far, that reads like good Roosevelt gospel as preached to the heathen of Panama. But President Pierce added some qualifying words which put an entirely new face on the matter—"with reserve only of *time* as to the recognition of *revolutionary governments* arising out of the subdivision of parent States with which we are in relations of *amity*."

There could not well be a clearer condemnation in advance of President Roosevelt's Panama policy. It is not necessary to draw out the details. They speak for themselves. Judged by the standards of fifty years ago, Mr. Roosevelt's recognition of the fictitious republic of Panama was neither timely nor friendly. He "lost no time," said Congressman Hitt on Friday. Yes, but in not taking time, he lost character. But what we wish to dwell upon just now is the larger question of what a statesman's attitude should be towards precedent. If some affect a doubt whether there is such a thing in diplomacy, or in international law, as *stare decisis*, on the other hand, what is to become of our boasted "continuity in foreign policy," and "party differences ceasing at the water's edge," unless President follows President, adding to the body of Executive precedent, from time to time, but taking away no jot?

There are natures, of course, to which precedent is only a plague. To look through the opinions of a lot of "dead men" is, to such an order of mind, a beastly nuisance. We do not say that President Roosevelt is of this type, though it is evident that he was badly advised as to the law of his Panama venture. A more patient reading of our history would have saved him from the sarcastic congratulations of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and of veterans of Lee's army, on having had his eyes opened at last to the true doctrine of secession. It is not a little awkward, too, that he should be confronted now with pronouncements by Grant, Cleveland, and McKinley, which he had apparently overlooked entirely. It must be admitted that recognition on the trigger is apt to have its troublesome sequelæ of this kind. Freedom has *slowly* to broaden down from precedent to precedent.

The impetuous man in great office turns, of course, to another set of maxims. Ancient good becomes uncouth with time. New occasions teach new duties. Old paths, old pitfalls. If you cannot find a precedent, make one. Practical results weigh more than fine-spun theories. We all know the things that are said. Sanctity of precedent is not unlike the sanctity of creed subscription. Some men are born to take a serious view of it, some a light. Dean Gaisford was one of the latter. When an All Souls Fellow came to him with a scruple about the oath to keep residence, the Dean jovially commanded him to disregard all that: "If you kept your oath, we should have forty well-connected young gentlemen with nothing to do wandering loose about the University, and, good gad, what a nuisance you would be!"

In this conflict of the loose with the strict interpreters, where shall the public man find a practical guide? How is he to escape making precedent on the one hand an iron cage, on the other a staircase of sand? It seems to us that the analogy of a judge applying old principles of law to new cases is in point. He goes to his treasure-house of legal precedent to look for aid in doing justice. Desiring to establish the right and to maintain equity, he seeks some maxim or authority of the past which will enable him to make the righteous cause triumphant in the present. Similarly, the statesman should take his stand upon precedent, not for the purpose of denying progress or making advance impossible, but in order to derive from ancient principle fresh rules of honorable

action in modern emergencies. To twist an old rule or torture a treaty into warrant for selfish advantage or wrong of another is to abuse precedent. Rightly to use it is to make it yield authority for fair dealing, for widening the bounds of freedom, for doing essential justice as between man and man and nation and nation. And such must be the procedure of any President who seeks in the former utterances of statesmen a light by which to guide his feet in untrodden paths. He may know that he is making the correct use of the wisdom of an elder day when he allows it to lead him and his country into magnanimity, good faith, and justice which shines forth as the noonday.

BEDTIME BOOKS.

What books are best reading for bedtime has been variously mooted of late in the English press. Evidently the subject is of more than quizzical importance. The increasing pressure of modern life leaves most of us only the bedtime hour or the lucid intervals of travel for reading of any sort. And it will freely be admitted that the late hour is more conducive both to deliberate choice and to enjoyment. Most of us would have to stand or fall by our bedtime books. In the English controversy there seemed some uncertainty whether reading in bed was an end in itself or a means to slumber. That accounts for a diversity of choice reaching from Dumas to Howell's Letters.

Possibly the matter is best got at by elimination. To begin with, there are obvious physical limitations. For the bed, as for the car or train, a book must be light enough to be held in the hand, or—less commendable method—propped on the chest. Thus, no man reads Mr. Berenson's 'Drawings of the Florentine Painters' in bed, though an enthusiast might sit up all night with it. And we have yet to hear of that old-school Liberal who can aver that he has read Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone in the drowsy hours. Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' too, stands in stately desuetude after the library lights are out. A few persons of taste have the habit of dipping for casual amusement into the tomes of the 'New English Dictionary,' but this, we are confident, is rarely a nocturnal indulgence. It may very well be that the habit of reducing all standard literature to pocket form is insensibly an effort to lengthen the list of *cubicularia*. But here, too, the principle of no excess applies, for no sleeper has ever been apprehended with one of the Pickering Diamond Classics on the counterpane.

Admittedly, the matter of size is of minor concern. Incorrigibles will go to all lengths to balance a favorite volume under the midnight flame. Yet even incorrigibles will generally prefer the just mean, and here there is abundant, nay, embarrassing, choice. Who seeks merely a soporific will find it abundantly in Kant, Hobbes, and several of our professional humorists. Who desires more positive luxury, with drowsiness, will meet it in Morris's 'Earthly Paradise'—an ideal book to dream on. But few readers, probably, are moved chiefly by insomnia. One wishes rather a graceful finale for his day than a mere prelude to sleep. And this suggests that no too engrossing book is eligible. Reading all night is one thing—most of Thackeray has been many times so read. Probably the 'Ring and the Book' has lured some half-rebellious readers past cockcrow. But a spell of that potency is not for habitual exercise. For like cause, very stimulating books are not for this use. Mr. Brownell's 'Victorian Prose Masters' is not so to be dealt with, while bedtime Pater would be an abomination—unless, indeed, in the 'Imaginary Portraits.' On the same principle the obscurer styles are to be rejected. 'Prince Otto' you might well read, but hardly 'The Ambassadors'; Lamb on Roast Pig, but not Meredith on the Comic Spirit.

It should be already apparent that, clarity and serenity being presupposed, the real desideratum is brevity, or, failing that, adaptability to piecemeal reading. Undoubtedly poetry is the ideal—for the poetically inclined. Workaday readers, however, will be for prose then as always, and a bed-side census would probably find the novels in as great majority as elsewhere, yet by a tremendous fallacy, for most novels are too good or too bad to be nibbled at, and only massive, episodical works of the picaresque type—'Tom Jones' or 'Charles O'Malley' for choice—endure such treatment. By the same token, all the great racial epics and many of the mediæval romances insinuate themselves for midnight perusal. The anguish of Roland might take you too far into the night, but the council of the gods in the Iliad, Ulysses and Polyphemus, Beowulf and Grendel's mother, or the winning of Brunnhilde, would mean so many days well ended. Only the other day a popular edition of Lady Gregory's translation of the Cuchulain saga put deeply in her debt all who love to read old romance in the romantic hours.

But all are not romantic; and for the reflective or those deeply curious of human nature there is the list of essays (so they be not severely critical) and of memoirs and letters—but not formal biographies. Those who temperamentally are drawn to essays and memoirs need no counsel of ours. But it may be asked—in behoof of lovers of *distinctiones quædam*—why Emerson and Thoreau are read by no sensible person at bedtime, whereas Montaigne and Izaak Walton never savor better than in the small hours.

Strangely enough, no English contributor to the conference confessed a partiality for the most paradoxical and delightful kind of books for bed. Travels—and particularly accounts of perils at the poles, on mountain tops, and in bleak deserts—are perused with a singular voluptuousness between blankets. Peary and Nansen and the Duke of the Abruzzi never look more heroic than then, nor their lot more completely enviable. Tyndall and Whymper and Sir Martin Conway would keep one shivering blessedly through many changes of sheets. Marco Polo, Froissart, Dana, Herman Melville, are then most adventurous. Hakluyt is more than ever a boon. When the publishers will give us these books—or better, perhaps, selections therefrom—in manageable form, the roster of bedtime books will be fairly complete, and a stertorous return of thanks will be offered up from an appreciable number of bolsters. But no extravagant financial hopes should be laid upon the enterprise. Only such profits are contemplated as a conservative publisher might reckon with a good conscience as he ends his day. Ideal books for reading in bed have rarely been of the "best-selling" variety.

MAXIM GORKI ON THE BOARDS.

LONDON, December 2, 1903.

On Sunday evening, the 29th of November, at the Court Theatre, was presented to the audience of the Stage Society a very curious entertainment. Since its foundation four or five years ago this society has continually justified its existence by the presentation of foreign dramas unknown to the London stage, and many through its good offices have had their first opportunity of becoming acquainted with Ibsen, Heijermans, or Gorki. Last year the success of the season was a piece of surprising and lambent power, viz., Heijermans's "Good Hope"; and this year it is not to be expected that the committee can outdo in strangeness and literary interest their performance of the first night. The piece selected was Gorki's "Lower Depths," of which the action takes place in a Night Refuge in Moscow. There is no change of scene, and the story, if story it can be called, is as continuous as the days of the week. Indeed, those who witnessed the play did not see a drama at all; they merely looked through a peephole and saw figures in motion and alive.

In a Night Shelter many people come together—beggars, members of the lost legion, women in no more need of protection than gypsies, dilapidated actors, drunkards, thieves. This particular Night Shelter is kept by a "fence" and his wife, Kostoloff and Vassilisa; and Vaska, a long, sturdy fellow who does much of their thieving for them, though beloved by Vassilisa, is himself in love with Vassilisa's sister Natasha. The son of thieves and bred a thief, he has no natural liking either for his occupation or his company, and, after fairly considering and rejecting Vassilisa's offer to elope with her and murder her husband, prefers with unstained hands to be off with Natasha. But the jealousy of woman in-

tervenes. Kostoloff and Vassilisa torture Natasha till Vaska, hearing the cries, rushes in and strangles Kostoloff.

It may be thought there is some story here, and so there would be if with this it ended, or with this there were not entangled a dozen unconnected incidents. In point of fact, after the strangling there is another act: Vassilisa and Vaska are absent swearing against each other in the criminal court, and the usual talk of the Night Shelter continues undisturbed. In point of fact, also, the main story, which doesn't end, is so intertwined with other tangles of life threads that it is only afterwards one realizes that there has been a main story. When he is not telling the main story—and he is generally not telling it—Gorki is painting moving portraits of various typical waifs. One gets, after the fall, the life history of each. There is the actor whose organism, as he tells us perpetually, has been poisoned with alcohol and whose memory has been drowned in drink—an object pitiful enough, who probably in the twenty minutes we have of him goes completely round the circle of his wasted brain. There is the workman with the dying wife who cannot make ends meet, whose whole nature cries against sloth and beggary—the voice of the unemployed—and who in this hard and vain struggle becomes coarser than those worthless ones who accept their fate. There is the Baron, a former spendthrift, who forged, whose heart and mind have been whipped to tatters by the iron prison system; a silly, mocking, weeping epicene, out of whom both decency and manhood have long been wrung. There is Satine of the rough sailor type, who struck too hard when some brute played with his sister, and found when the prison doors were opened that his place in life was gone; a broken man, but, since his crime was generous, still a man, an outstanding figure where all are snivellers or sneaks.

To this queer company enters one called Luke, a pedler, who possesses an honest but poor trade; "a pipe for fortune's finger"—a clean pipe though a small; one to whom misfortune has brought a great gentleness and a toleration at once unmanly and infinite. They are many, he is few, and the sweetness of right anger is a thing no longer known to him; he has the kindness of a kind nurse for the dying woman, and a good word for the most base. To see this wholly true, weak and feminine figure as it was perfectly presented by Mr. James Welch was indeed a lesson in the poetry that understands. It was a character rendered so poetically and gently as to remind one of Hawthorne; only for its presentment there was necessary a sad yet intense cynicism quite unknown to the creator of Clifford.

The whole play is steeped in the atmosphere of pity, the whole thing is full of understanding. Gorki understands what his waifs mean, his waifs to whom life is so meaningless. "I am bored," says Vaska, stretching himself, "bored; I do not know why. Things are going along well, quite well, and all of a sudden it all dries up and it gets tiresome." Vassilisa flies out in a fury that the floor is not swept, and when she is gone another whistles and stretches himself and is stirred to impatience: "Every one trying to put things in order and yet there is nothing in order, nothing clean." No, in these depths there is no order as law, unless it be the iron law of suffering, and the final law that suffering ends, though even this seems unbelievable by some. Luke believes it and seeks comfort from it for the dying woman whose hand he holds; and, when she complains feebly. "I am hot," assures her kindly and as announcing the end of a journey that comes before death. But the gospel of rest in such a place sounds fairylike and strange, and Anna thinks there is but one answer to the question her parched lips repeat, "Do we suffer there as well?"

The optimism of the play, indeed, comes to no more than this: some time, somewhere, in this life or another, things may be better; there may be ultimately better lives or better men; and for that hope we have to be gentle, to give things a chance, broken to be humble and to bow. At least so Satine interprets Luke's lesson when the pedler has gone away. We ought to trust to the future, to the coming of the better man. This regeneration, it may be at our doors; even now, in some one about us, the light may be burning which is hid, and therefore let us respect our neighbors and especially the children, for on some day the child that is to better us may be born. One catches in language of this kind something of the mystical feeling which induces men like Gorki, despairing of the present, to voice their aspirations in the language of beliefs from which they have passed. So Tolstoi borrows for his greatest book the word 'Resurrection,' and in winter thinks of spring.

It would be the pedantry of criticism to add that this play of Gorki's in no sense satisfies the canons of the drama, for to be a play in the ordinary sense it has pretensions of the least. There is no real action, there is not even a selection of incidents, and by consequence one loses half the pleasure due from art. One merely sees bits of life, but one sees them with a poet's eyes; and it is of more interest to ask whether the stage may not legitimately be used for purposes of this kind when the result is the presentation, in a vivid form, of observation that is as remarkable and that leaves as clear an impress on the mind.

A. A. Jack.

Correspondence.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF CASTE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Judge Carroll D. Wood, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this State, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor; the present Governor, Jefferson Davis, being also a candidate. It will be remembered that some months since they engaged in a public fist-fight.

It appears that at one time Judge Wood, as Circuit Judge, appointed a negro jury-commissioner, and thereby, prima facie, dragged the judicial ermine in the mire. The *Ouachita Herald* of this city, in its issue of December 4, undertakes the defence of Judge Wood by showing that, although he did drag the ermine as aforesaid, he did so in the interests of the Democratic party, and therefore his act does not render him unfit to serve as the chief executive of Arkansas! I enclose the editorial in which the *Herald* takes the remarkable position that a judge may use the judicial office for party ends, even though in order to do so he commits an act that under any other circumstances would degrade him in the eyes of all true Southerners. But what, after all, can be more self-evident than that the appointment of a negro to office (however worthy as an individual) is *malum in se* except when the interests of the Democratic party can thereby be subserved?

Respectfully, E. I. F.

Camden, Ark., December 5, 1903.

[The event dates back to "some eighteen years ago," according to the *Herald*, when

"Combinations were made by vicious elements, political parties opposed to the Democrats and the negro, and Democratic candidates were defeated and the welfare of the people endangered by the class of men who were being placed in power. Every one at all familiar with the conditions of those times fully comprehends this and knows it to be true. The only way for the Democrats to succeed was to get the better class of negroes to vote with them. To do this the negro had to be recognized. Judge Wood made these appointments on the advice of the Democratic county central committees in the counties where he had jurisdiction. His act at that time was considered all right, approved by the best men in the Democratic ranks in the State, and never questioned from that date until Gov. Davis, in his desperation, seized upon it as the only thing in all of Judge Wood's career that he could criticise."

Governor Davis, continues the *Herald*, is without excuse in present conditions for like action:

"Last year the State Election Board, of which he is chairman, appointed Marshal Murray, a negro, an election commissioner for LaFayette County. As Governor, he has appointed negro justices of the peace and negro notary publics in [a] number of cases. Judge Wood had good reasons for his appointing negroes. What reason can Gov. Davis give? Does not the argument he makes against Judge Wood in this particular apply to himself with much greater force?"

The Governor's reasons may at least be creditable.—Ed. Nation.]

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE" ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the recent discussion noted in the *Nation* in regard to the literary source of Titian's picture called "Sacred and Profane Love" two points have been overlooked: his use of sculpture, and his invariable method of illustrating a mythological story.

Titian's use of sculpture is that of a painter. Mantegna was an archæologist, and copied the sculpture he introduced. Titian, on the contrary, translates his sculpture into paint, placing the bust or bas-relief only where it is needed to complete the composition by its color and its form. He also emphasizes the subject of his picture indirectly by bust or bas-relief, as leaves emphasize a flower. The stag-hunt on the fountain in "Diana and Callisto" (in the Bridgewater Gallery) shows this method of using sculpture, as do the playing cupids in the portrait of the little Strozzi girl. A deeper significance is given to "The Crowning with Thorns" by placing the bust of Tiberius in the picture, as in "Alexander VI. Presenting 'Baffo' to St.

Peter" the sacrifice to Eros sculptured on the base of the throne suggests the Borgia as well as the Pope.

On the fountain of the "Sacred and Profane Love" is the same recognition of the value of sculpture as an accessory. This bas-relief is not "Genius Whipping Love out of his Sleep," as Crowe and Cavalcaselle thought, nor is it "nymphs waking a shepherd" as Lafenestre decided. I find that Titian has placed Pegasus and the Muses (on the left of the bas-relief) suggesting the deeper fount of the Heliconian spring, while Apollo and Marsyas and Apollo and Daphne (on the right) suggest the music of nature; the entire bas-relief intensifying the poetic quality of the picture. Titian always uses sculpture according to this æsthetic law.

The picture as a whole is not an illustration of the story of "Medea and Jason," as Herr Wickoff thought it to be, nor of the "Forest of Ardennes," which is its source as given by Signor Palmerini. Titian's invariable method of faithfully following his text forbids these interpretations. This method is followed by him in both early and late pictures, and should not be overlooked. In any picture from a literary source, Titian makes the important part of the story the important part of the picture. He accents only where the text accents, and subordinates all accessories in the manner and order that the text subordinates them. A comparison of any of the following pictures with its literary original will show Titian's unfailing obedience to this great law of illustration. Whether he illustrates a story from Ovid (as he does in "Diana and Actæon," "Callisto and Diana," "Apollo and Issa," "Venus and Adonis," "Rape of Europa," "Perseus and Andromeda," "Ganymede"), or Ausonius ("Venus Anadyomene"), or Ariosto ("Ruggiero and Angelica"), his method is the same. "The Bacchanal," painted for Duke Alphonso, was suggested by the old French drinking-song which is on a sheet of music in the foreground of the picture—"Chi boit et ne reboit, ne çais qua boir soit."

In "The Sacred and Profane Love" Titian has illustrated a well-known love-song, the "Pervigilium Veneris." The text of Catullus that Titian owned appears to have included this poem, though later editors have ascribed it to an unknown author. For his "Bacchus and Ariadne" Titian uses part of another love-poem, "The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," which was also in this volume. The picture called "Sacred and Profane Love" may also be a "tableau vivant," like the Duchess of Urbino as "Venus" in the Uffizi Gallery, or the "Allegory" of the Marquis del Vasto; but whether these figures in our picture are both portraits of Laura Dianti, or of members of the Aurelio family, or even, simply, studies of a fair model painted many times by Titian, the figures, as here arranged, are one of Venus's train (Peitho?) and Delia in the "Pervirgilium Veneris."

In this poem Venus sends her nymphs to invite Delia—"if her maiden modesty would yield to her prayer"—to join in "the spring festival"; 'to leave this grove unsullied by the slaughter of the chase," "for Dione shall reign in the woods." "To-morrow the virgins shall wear roses." "Cupid will go unarmed and naked; that he may do no harm with bow and arrows or torch." "The ewes and rams will flock to the shade"; Apollo, "the god of poets, will be there"; "the whole wakeful night will resound with song," "for the new spring is come, the singing spring, when the world is born." "The woods, quickened by showers, shake loose their locks of verdure." The refrain of each verse is: "To-morrow let those love who have never loved, and let those who have loved, love to-morrow."

Does not the sunset glow striking the castle tower and bathing the whole picture in its light suggest a fair morrow? The horsemen pursue the hare in the distance; the sheep seek shade in the meadow where the lovers embrace. Both mountain and lake are there. Cupid plays unarmed in the water like a harmless child (perhaps extinguishing his torch?); the incense floats through the warm air and drifts away with the clouds, where earth and sky respond to each other in the sunset. All suggests love. Here is the essence of the "Pervirgilium Veneris," concentrated and etherealized. Titian often shows the power of concentration, giving with two simple figures a whole story, but he never has shown this power more clearly than when he illustrated this love-song of the spring: "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet."

ALICIA M. KEYES.

CONCORD, MASS., December 7, 1903.

BAR SINISTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The utter absurdity of the term "bar sinister" has been pointed out so often that it would be a work of supererogation to call attention to it again, did it not appear to be a figure of speech that is popular in inverse ratio to its accuracy. When the phrase was used as the title to a novel published some three or four years ago, I looked in vain for any comment on it by the reviewers, even the *Nation* making no mention of the solecism. And now Mr. Richard Harding Davis confesses his ignorance by adopting it as the title to his latest story.

Intimate acquaintance with heraldic terms cannot be expected of the multitude; but it is incumbent upon educated people to use them correctly if at all, and a "bar sinister" is an impossibility. The use of the expression is equivalent to speaking of an oblique horizontal; not even "a crooked straight line" involves greater contradiction in terms. "Bar sinister" is a corruption of "bend sinister." It is a bend sinister that embellishes the cover of Mr. Davis's book, doubtless upon the supposition that in the language of heraldry it is the symbol that connotes illegitimate descent, though in fact it never had that meaning. The "charge" prescribed by the heralds to indicate illegitimacy is the baton sinister; the baton being a diminutive bend cut off at the ends so as not to extend entirely across the field.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

CHICAGO, December 5, 1903.

["Popular, but erroneous phrase" Dr. Murray dubs "bar sinister," which may, however, be deemed to have divorced itself in ordinary usage from heraldic associations as completely as many a vocable from its etymology. In other words, had Mr. Davis not illustrated his "bar sinister" on his cover, he *might* have escaped a proper charge of solecism.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Auxiliary offers, free of all expense, pamphlets on civil-service reform to all the high schools, normal schools, and colleges willing to make these pamphlets the subject of a lesson in their civics course. During the past two years nearly 50,000 of the pamphlets have been distributed to about 500 schools and colleges in every part of the United States. The pamphlets are 'The Merit System—The Spoils System,' by Edward Cary, and 'The Merit System in Municipalities,' by Clinton Rogers Woodruff. Copies, together with other of the Auxiliary's publications, may be obtained free on application to the assistant secretary, Miss Marian Nichols, No. 55 Mount Vernon Street, Boston.

The series of reprints of publications of a century or so ago, with their colored and other illustrations by many masters (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is continued in an interesting way in eight volumes. Two of these are Ainsworth's 'Windsor Castle,' with process cuts after plates by Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, and designs on wood by W. A. Delamotte, and the same prolific novelist's 'Tower of London,' embellished by Cruikshank alone. 'The Second Tour of Dr. Syntax' is enhanced by twenty-four pleasing examples of Rowlandson's inventions in color; and the same author and artist are conjoined to advantage in the two-volume 'English Dance of Death,' which well exhibit the caricaturist's power, along with frequent charming backgrounds for his grewsome action. See the striking Death uncovering at the masked ball at page 165 of volume i. Nimrod's 'Life of a Sportsman,' with colored plates from the clever pencil of Henry Alken, is the last of these Ackermann reprints. Next in order is Bewick's 'Fables of Æsop,' in facsimile from Walker's Newcastle editions of 1818 and 1821. The reproduction here, it must be said, falls far below that of the foregoing. The famous cuts are hardly more than memoranda of their original selves, and afford no conception of their beauty. They have fared even worse than Blake's 'Illustrations of the Book of Job,' reduced, in the last of the volumes before us—all of which, in spite of shortcomings, have a curious historic artistic interest that will commend them for gifts.

We have delayed too long mentioning the four-volume reprint from the plates of Gayarré's 'History of Louisiana' (New Orleans: F. F. Hansell & Bro.)—a fourth edition, which Miss Grace King has supplied with a biography of the author. The intrinsic value of this work, concluded with a wail over the "martyrdom" of Louisiana in 1865, as chronicle is higher than its intellectual, judicial, or literary quality. It will give food for thought to any one endeavoring to account for the persistent difference in the human point of view North and South. In volume iv., for instance, on page 648, Mr. Gayarré, forty years after date, and with slavery abolished by the civil war, censures Gov. Henry Johnson for bespeaking respectful consideration by the

Legislature of a resolution, on the part of Ohio (in 1826), recommending to Congress and the States the abolition of slavery. "It is," says the historian, "by such timid language, by such knee-bending attitude, that the abolitionists were encouraged in their aggressions from the beginning." The same Governor vetoed a bill to prohibit free negroes from entering Louisiana. This calls down fresh wrath, in view of the Governor's seeking to avoid unpleasant complications if a foreign freeman of color should be deprived of his treaty privileges. We cannot quote further, but will refer to page 651.

Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' has been added for school use to the "Canterbury Classics" of Rand, McNally & Co., by the editor, Prof. Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley, the editor of this series. The print is excellent, and the illustrations above the average.

Mr. J. C. Thomson's collection of 'The Suppressed Poems of Tennyson' (Harper) is a peculiarly mistaken piece of bookmaking. The only poems that it contains which could possibly be of service to the sincere student of the growth of Tennyson's poetic art are "Timbuctoo," and the twenty-four poems discarded from the 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical' of 1830. These were all accessible in 'Cambridge Prize Poems' and in Mr. Churton Collins's recent edition of 'Tennyson's Early Poems'; while the reprinting of casual pieces and deleted stanzas which the poet wished forgotten, for the sake of insinuating that he wasn't much of a poet anyway, is—apart from its indecency—a singularly illogical proceeding. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely a poem which has not some line lighted by the unmistakable Tennysonian gleam, or warmed by his brooding concern for the affairs of men. Even if it were not so, there is about as much relation between these bygone experiments and the ultimate evaluation of Tennyson's art as there is between the thumbmarks on the superfluous clay that the sculptor dumps in the dissolving river and the world's pleasure in his marble masterpiece.

In Dr. T. A. Emmet's 'Ireland under English Rule' (Putnams), is brought together from historical and other sources, partly from old election campaign literature, the aspect most discreditable to England in her treatment of Ireland. Lowell's well-remembered line is reversed in its application: "'Tis you [England] 're the sinner ollers, she [Ireland] 's the saint." The page headings at once reveal the drift of the volumes: "Perjury of William of Orange," "Orange Oath to Exterminate Cathölics," "Brutality is Habitual with English Soldiery," "Illegality of the Union," "Ireland Could Support Fifty Millions," "Ireland's Overtaxation $600,000,000,000," "A Country Without Crime," etc. Any person with a fairly selected Irish library is likely to have most of the information in these volumes already to hand; others will here find collected much that is interesting. The appendix contains in 72 pages the "Diary of Thos. Addis Emmet, while acting in Paris as the secret agent of the United Irishmen." This, so far as we know, has never before been given to the public, and is a really valuable contribution to the history of the period referred to. An index makes available the somewhat scattered material contained in the work.

Some recent developments of discontent with the constitution of society may be studied in M. Paul Ghio's 'L'Anarchisme aux États-Unis' (Paris: Armand Colin). The author, after a disquisition on anarchy, narrates what he has observed in a visit to this country. He finds that the anarchistic propaganda has here assumed two forms—"l'individualisme libertaire et le communisme insurrectionnel." The former is indigenous, the latter imported. The individualistic or intellectual form, M. Ghio finds incarnate in Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, whose views seem to command his admiration and even assent. So much, at least, every one must concede, that the state cannot be reformed except by the individuals that compose it, and Mr. Tucker's doctrine is commendable in so far as it emphasizes this truth. The comments of M. Ghio on this form of anarchy deserve more attention than his accounts of the insurrectional element. He tells us nothing new concerning its ebullitions of word and deed.

More is suggested as to the causes of that manifestation of anarchy called lawlessness by Mr. Joseph R. Buchanan's 'The Story of a Labor Agitator' (New York: The Outlook Co.). Society, as he would have it constituted, rests on the principle that no one shall work for hire without the permission of a labor union. Between this principle and that of individual liberty asserted by the existing constitution there is an irreconcilable conflict; and it is less surprising that Mr. Buchanan should have encountered fierce opposition than that he should have kept out of jail. He professes to have always discouraged violent methods, but he openly rejoices when such methods are employed against "scabs." Nor can the vituperation directed against courts and legislatures be regarded as tending to promote peace in the industrial world. Doubtless many of Mr. Buchanan's adversaries were no better than he; the specimens of billingsgate applied by brother journalists to him are as bad as the retorts which he submits for our admiration. In one sense all this sound and fury signifies nothing; but it is certainly ominous that large numbers of workingmen should select so intemperate a spokesman to present their aims.

Appropriate to the gift season, yet never out of date, is a well-considered and liberally manufactured volume of handsome appearance, 'The Record of a Family: A Means of Preserving Interesting Data in the Lives of the Children from Birth to Maturity' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). There are pages for photographs, and health notes and statistical tables at the end. This for the generation that knows not its family Bible, or prefers a more scientific record.

The Boston Public Library Bulletin for December has a new feature which we trust will be perpetuated. It is a carefully selected list of one hundred and fifty books, with their prices, in the English language and suitable for small public libraries, on the Fine and Decorative Arts. This and similar lists on other important subjects will prove helpful, not only to the persons for whom they are primarily intended, but to all seekers after good books.

Of human interest in the December number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* we should rate first the article entitled "Sport or Business," and signed William James, jr., of the graduating class of the present year. Contents and tone are alike admirable, and what especially gives pleasure is the additional evidence of heredity in the excellent style of this effective plea for "sport." Next we may name the editor's review of the careers of the first ten scholars of a decade of classes in the fifties, tending to show that worldly honors and distinction were also fairly and sometimes markedly their portion; but again, by taking account of eminence attained by men of lower rank, that the rule is not without its exceptions. There are fine portraits of Alexander Agassiz, Henry Lee Higginson, and Le Baron Russell Briggs, the new president of Radcliffe; a view of the unfinished Stadium, and the second oldest view (Revere's print) of Harvard College. Significant in the Corporation records, to those who can read between the lines, is the turning over to the University of many shares of the Riverside Associates. In the obituaries, the class of 1837 passes to extinction. Per contra, the class of 1903 shows thirteen marriages before graduation—striking proof of the increased average age of A.B.'s.

Commander Peary's address on the value of Arctic exploration occupies the place of honor in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December. From his statement of plans of his proposed expedition—for the necessary funds for which he made a forcible appeal—it appears that novel features will be a steamer instead of a sailing ship, and a base on the shore of the Polar Sea. He admits the possibility of the existence of land in the central polar basin—"an isolated island continent, an Arctic Atlantis, with a fauna and flora of its own, with one day and one night in the year, lying there through the blinding days and opaque nights of countless geologic ages, as completely isolated from the world as if it were on Mars." This number of the magazine also contains accounts of the Government survey work in the Philippines, the grape-growing industry of this country, and the origin of different precious stones. In a communication describing a recent visit to the Muir Glacier, the "Mecca of the Alaska tourists," it is stated that "the ice-sheet has drawn back about two and one-half miles since 1899," the probable cause being an earthquake; also, that "it is not improbable that the end of the career of the Muir as a tidewater glacier is near at hand." The illustrations are numerous and interesting, especially those accompanying some notes on Panama.

In the opening article of the *Annales de Géographie* for November, Prof. A. de Lapparent discusses the various theories in regard to vulcanism. While he deprecates in the present state of our knowledge a too precise formula, he inclines to the belief that the phenomenon is due to the escape of gases generated by internal fires. An excursion made by students of the Sorbonne for the purpose of studying the Alps and the *molasse* region on the shore of Lake Leman is described by one of the party. Other articles are upon rice culture in Indo-China, and the various projects for developing it by canals for irrigation and navigation, and upon the important part which barges are playing in maritime commerce, with a mass of information thereon. In a note on the probable effect upon the Suez Canal of the Trans-Siberian and Bagdad Railways and the Panama Canal, attention is drawn to the fact that while in 1895 only two Japanese vessels passed through

the canal, in 1902 there were sixty-one, carrying Japan to the seventh place. There were but twenty-one United States vessels last year, and we occupy the eleventh place.

Borissoff, the Russian painter of Arctic landscapes, is the subject of an interesting article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten. The son of a peasant, he early displayed great artistic talent, and coming to the notice of M. Witte, the then Minister of Finance, he was enabled to make several journeys to the polar regions. His last was to Nova Zembla in 1901-'02, from which he brought back more than 300 studies in oil, besides many drawings and sketches. But his interests are not confined to art. He and his companions explored and mapped a hitherto unknown part of the island, and made a large number of scientific observations as well as zoölogical and botanical collections. The narrative of the New York ethnographic expedition to the tribes in northeastern Asia is continued. In this instalment some of the native superstitions are described. Under their influence occasionally a young man will be deluded into the belief that he has been changed into a woman, and will immediately adopt the dress and manner of life of the other sex, and is sometimes married to a man. More rarely, women are induced to believe that they are men.

It is announced that, with the beginning of 1904, a new monthly journal, the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte*, will begin to make its appearance in Munich, with Wilhelm Wiegand as editor and leading littérateurs as collaborators. The new venture purposes to deal independently with modern problems in science, literature, and art, and especially to counteract the superficiality that reigns supreme in so many popular journals. Politics and economic questions will not be ignored. The projectors are convinced that the periodical literature of Germany especially is retrograding, and intend, if possible, to counteract this decadence. The journal will be its own publisher.

—There has been published by L. C. Page & Co. of Boston a little book on 'The Cathedrals of Northern France,' of which the author is Francis Miltoun, and the illustrator Blanche McManus. Although printed, as well as published, in America, it is an English book to its character, the appeals being directed to the British public. It undertakes to serve as a guide-book to the cathedrals, which it classifies in a certain way as the Grand Group, the Cathedrals of the Loire, Western Normandy and Brittany, and the like. Each church is made the subject of a brief study; thus, Notre Dame de Reims receives twelve and one-half pages of comment, and St. Étienne de Bourges has nearly as many; while to St. Bénigne de Dijon only three pages are given, and only two to Notre Dame de Senlis. Very unpleasing little pictures—pictures of no interest at all—accompany the text. At the close of the volume are a series of tables and lists, one of which gives the departments of France and the ancient provinces out of which they have been shaped. Another table gives the name of each diocese in France, with its cathedral city; the distribution of which seems to be that the archbishopric is printed in capitals, and the bishopric in ordinary lower-case type. Another list, number iv., gives the larger French churches which were at one time cathedrals, and are often referred to as if they were still cathedrals; an instance of this being St. Trophime at Arles, though it may not have been in the minds of many persons that this church was ever a cathedral. There is also a table of chronology, and following it are some details of dimension and date, together with little plans, not always well drawn and of no uniform scale; also plans of parts of towns, all very rough and slight, poorly engraved and not clearly understood. For a book of this sort it seems odd that a continuous running-title, 'The Cathedrals of Northern France,' should begin with the book and end with its final page. The binding is of a most fantastic character.

—Not only was Father Louis Hennepin a liar, but so contagious is his bad example that moderns find it difficult to write about him without falling into some pitfall or other. For this reason we should welcome the edition of his 'New Discovery' which has just been published under the care of Mr. R. G. Thwaites (Chicago: McClurg). The introduction contains a scholarly account of Hennepin's methods and a straightforward appreciation of his qualities. Though Mr. Thwaites is fond of styling the author "our hero," it must not be supposed that the Récollet's brag and bluster are let off under a plea of extenuating circumstances: "The opportunities afforded this evangelist for connecting his name with an important enterprise of exploration were perhaps unexampled, save in the case of Marquette himself. His first book, as the annalist of the expedition, is that of a boaster, and nearly every incident therein is obviously overcolored. . . . With surprising audacity he adopts a patronizing tone towards even such men as La Salle and Du Luth, and discredits their deeds, which were far greater than his own. The successors to the volume are marred by inexcusable and bungling mendacity, which shows the author to have been morally unfitted for the ecclesiastical calling." Here we have a frank and candid statement regarding Hennepin's qualities as an historian—a statement which is much better grounded than the apology of Shea. The 'Louisiane,' it is true, may be called an honest production if compared with the 'Nouvelle Découverte,' but all of Hennepin's writings are vitiated by the ingrained levity of his nature. Fortunately, it is not beyond the power of criticism to separate the genuine portions of the narrative from those which are written in a spirit of colossal bluff, and Hennepin's works will long retain their place among the most celebrated records of American travel. It should be observed that Mr. Thwaites used as the basis of his text an English translation of 1698. The 'Nouvelle Découverte' was published at Utrecht in 1697, and the 'Nouveau Voyage' at the same place in the following year. The English version embraced both volumes, and also contained matter relating to Marquette. We must not neglect to mention an important contribution which is made to the present edition by Mr. Victor Paltsits of the Lenox Library. The inexactness of Hennepin himself is but too well reflected in the bibliographical remarks of well-known experts like Harrisse, Sabin, Shea, and Winsor. Mr. Paltsits has been through the editions afresh, and gives in a series of bibliographical data the most careful description of titles that has yet appeared. The outward guise of Mr. Thwaites's two volumes is extremely neat, not to say beautiful, and, without imitation, recalls in certain respects the garb of the 'Jesuit Relations.'

—'Old Quebec, the Fortress of New France' (Macmillan) is the joint production of Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Claude G. Bryan. We are not told how the division of labor has been arranged, but this question is the less important as the volume is not very satisfactory. Indeed, we may call it disappointing, for there is no reason why Sir Gilbert Parker should not, with a little trouble, have written a really good book on Quebec. One may well feel surprised that a city so picturesque in appearance and so interesting by virtue of its past should still lack a worthy historian. There are the various essays of Sir James Le Moine, and innumerable references scattered through the histories of Canada, but a genuine history of Quebec remains to be written. The trouble with the present volume is that it was prepared in too much of a hurry and in a spirit of undue reliance upon the works of Parkman. We do not mean that we feel anything but admiration for the author who stands head and shoulders above all other historians of New France. Yet, while the works of Parkman are classics, the historian of Quebec should possess some original knowledge of his subject. A sketch of this kind may assist the tourist, especially as it is written in a diffuse and readable style. For the rest, it leaves our historical knowledge of Quebec unsupplemented and unchanged. We are anxious not to do the authors an injustice. The prefatory note begins: "The student of the history of the ancient capital of Canada is embarrassed, not by the dearth but by the abundance of material at his disposal. The present volume, therefore, makes no claim to originality. It is but an assimilation of this generous data [*sic*] and a simple comment upon the changing scenes which were recorded by such ancient authorities as the Jesuit priests and pioneers in their 'Relations' and by the monumental works of Francis Parkman." (Kingsford, Sir James Le Moine and the Abbé Casgrain are also mentioned). We would simply point out that the book lays no claim to an originality which it does not possess. The cover and the type are good. The illustrations, though numerous, are not of the highest quality.

—In these days fiction is so generally recognized as the most appropriate form for the expression of all kinds of ideas that even our essay writers seem compelled to pose as novelists in order to gain the attention of the public. A love story is the thread of Mr. E. F. Benson's 'The Book of Months' (Harper & Brothers), but the beads are reflections on the men and manners of our own day, with occasional meditations on the philosophical problems of all the ages. The danger of overseriousness is still further averted by the device of linking many of these comments with the varying phenomena of the seasons, whence the title of the book. The volume is everywhere interesting, especially in its acute observation and skilful description of the life of the country and of the streets. Many of the comments, too, are shrewd, but as a philosopher Mr. Benson is a little too much

of a sentimentalist to carry his readers with him. He gives a graphic representation, for instance, of the feelings of a passenger carried through the railway station of a large city in an express train. Just after the city is passed are two children at a stile waving their hats. Very well, so far; but when Mr. Benson goes on to moralize on the possibility that "in years to come the line of your life may cross theirs," one begins to inquire after his sense of humor. Another passage, illustrating the exuberance of the springtide by telling how it draws a country-house guest out of his room at midnight to run barefooted across the meadows and climb a young beech tree, thereby tearing his dress trousers, is meant to be idyllic, but is actually absurd. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Benson's thread is of more value than his beads.

—To readers of a literary turn who, though ignorant of Italian, would like to learn by an easy and pleasant process something of Italian letters, may be heartily recommended a handsome volume by Oscar Kuhns, 'The Great Poets of Italy' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). "The body of this book," the author tells us, "formed the second part of a volume on the Latin and Italian poets, prepared in collaboration with Prof. F. J. Miller of Chicago University, for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." Chautauqua is to be congratulated on securing the services of so competent a scholar as Professor Kuhns. His book is eminently readable, and its attractiveness is enhanced by twelve excellent portraits of the writers studied, ranging from Dante to Fogazzaro. The "great poets" are so treated that the work forms a tolerably consecutive history of Italian poetry. Copious extracts from their compositions are given in translations that are almost invariably good. Occasional slight inaccuracies of statement, while they may momentarily vex the specialist, can do no great harm to the general reader. The Sicilian verse, in the first chapter, receives the usual sweeping condemnation, with no recognition of its redeeming features; "Il Notaro," its best exponent, is not mentioned. It is not obvious why Guittone should be called "the direct literary ancestor of Dante," nor why Guinicelli should figure as a "follower of Guittone"; the relation of the early Tuscan to the Bolognese school seems to be misapprehended. One is surprised that a Dante student, at the present stage of the discussion, should refer Francesca's "il tuo dottore" to Boethius. Boccaccio's 'Ameto' is something more than a "pastoral poem"; and "poem" is hardly a sufficient description of Politian's 'Orfeo.' In the characterization of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto the humorous side of their talent might have been more emphasized. The poets most fully represented in Professor Kuhns's book are Dante (who occupies nearly a quarter of the volume), Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri, Leopardi, and Carducci. The presentation of Boccaccio is scarcely adequate; while Metastasio, Parini, and Manzoni are dismissed with a page apiece. Leopardi and Carducci, on the other hand, are sympathetically and satisfactorily dealt with.

—A more pretentious work than the foregoing is Joel Foote Bingham's 'Gemme della Letteratura Italiana' (Florence: G. Barbèra; London and New York: Henry Frowde), a showy red and white volume of over a thousand pages, containing extracts in prose and verse, from about 150 authors. The editor designs his book, not for the casual reader, but for the English student of Italian literature, to whom he intends to furnish a "bird's-eye view" of its development from the Middle Ages down to the present day. The classification is simple and helpful; the discussions of general tendencies, as well as the biographical and bibliographical notices of the writers, though too brief to be of great use, are usually accurate. Very little, if any, of this matter is original with Dr. Bingham, who, as he declares at the start, has drawn freely from the best modern manuals and anthologies. Everything in the volume, even the preface, is written in Italian. The chief usefulness of such a compilation consists in providing samples of a host of minor authors who are seldom to be found in English and American libraries. Its inevitable fault is scrappiness. The selections are mainly good, but very uneven in length and kind; Goldoni, for instance, is represented by an entire comedy, while Sannazaro (spelled with *zz*) is cut down to one short poem and two paragraphs of prose. The typography, though always clear, shows a similar capriciousness, being sometimes, without apparent reason, of the size adopted in children's first primers, sometimes of moderate dimensions, and sometimes (especially in long extracts) on a literally microscopic scale. The red paint with which the outside of the book is liberally smeared loses no time in transferring itself to the fingers and thence to the pages. A portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece. In a supreme effort at up-to-dateness the volume bears the legend "1904."

—The fifth volume of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls's 'Jewish Encyclopædia' (Dreyfus-Brisac—Goat) maintains easily the plan and standard of its predecessors. Whatever weaknesses may show themselves in the treatment here and there, and whatever inaccuracies may have crept into details, there can be no question that the book is destined to be one of the great thesauri, and one illuminating a peculiarly dark tract of knowledge. Its chief strength, as before, lies in its biography and history. In this volume there are lengthy articles on Egypt, France, and England, besides shorter treatments of such rubrics as Germany (of which the various States have full treatment separately), Europe (a sketch), Ferrara, Florence, Frankfort-on-Main. As parts of a great historical and sociological description of the Jewish world, these leave little to be desired; it being always understood that they seldom enter into minutiæ of research. The biographies are multitudinous, and seem fairly exact and full. In the treatment of the Old Testament in this volume a change appears of a somewhat curious nature. Hitherto each Biblical book has been considered in tripartite fashion, conservatively, rabbinically, and critically. Now two critical Richards take the field, but the second, Rabbi Benno Jacob of Göttingen, principally occupies himself with vehement denials of the critical positions. On Exodus he is pitted thus with Driver, but on Genesis he has it almost altogether to himself, with the merest critical bob added by Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago. The result for the reader is a fine, and probably most salutary, feeling of confusion.

—But all is not of such solid stuff. Here, for example, is told the queer, story so far as made out, of the Jewish Maundeville, Eldad Had-dani. Another semi-mythical and wholly interesting figure is Elisha ben Abuya, called mysteriously *Aher* (Another), heretic, Gnostic, crypto-Christian, Philoist, whatever he may really have been, often mentioned in the Talmud, but still shadowy with vague possibilities. More than the lives of a dozen rabbis lived in plain daylight, his legend illustrates the vitality and strange vicissitudes of Judaism. In the very latest Jewish literature he reappears in the rôle of Faust. Like him, in modern times, would seem to have been Hayyim Falk, who died in London in 1782, leaving a cluster of strange stories of powers more than human, and a diary, a medley of dreams, charitable gifts, book-lists, cabalistic names of angels, lists of pledges pawned with him, and cooking recipes. He was a Baal Shem, a Master of the most great Name of God, claimed thaumaturgic powers, made talismans, and, most wonderful of all, left a comfortable fortune behind him. Surely, it took a magician and adventurer of the Sons of Israel to be a pawnbroker besides and die rich. From this the passage is easy to folklore, medicine, songs, tales, and to a delightfully elaborate account of Elijah in rabbinic literature and mediæval stories—there is little difference. With his figure the Jewish imagination busied itself most lovingly and satisfactorily in tales full of life and beauty. Even of late the persistence of his cult in strange forms has been brought home to us; but the gap is wide between the "Uncle Elijah on his little gray horse" of Jewish childhood and—Dowie. The Genizas may lead us back to scholarship. They have proved dwellings of romance for the hunter of manuscripts, and fertile in those as the tombs of Egypt—literal tombs of books themselves. The illustrations, finally, are excellently chosen for atmosphere and suggestion. In one, Elijah announces the coming of Messiah; another is a permit to a Frankfort Jew to leave the "Judengasse" to see a coronation procession, not, however, to stand on the street; another, a permit to marry; another, a receipt given in 1181 by Aaron of Lincoln, Scott's Isaac of York.

—An ancient custom at the Oxford University Press was exemplified on the occasion of a recent brief visit, Monday, October 26, 1903, paid by Mr. Choate. A "keepsake" recording the fact and date of his visit was set up, and struck off in his presence. This practice would seem to have begun while printing was still not only wonderful, but also mysterious, as is shown by the various legends as to the invention of printing which still decorate even eighteenth-century "keepsakes." On one, printed for Samuel Showell early in the eighteenth century, we read: "The noble Art and Mystery of Printing was first invented by John Guttenburgh, a Soldier at Mentz, in High Germany, Anno 1440. King Henry VI. (Anno 1459), sent two private Messengers with Fifteen Hundred Marks to procure one of the workmen. These prevailed on one Frederick Corsellis to leave the Printing House in Disguise, who immediately came over with them, and first instructed the English in

this most famous Art at Oxford the same year, 1459." The next "keepsake" (1722) attributes the first printing in England to John Islip in (1471). But the spirit of modern criticism already asserts itself in 1767 with astonishing results. A "keepsake" of this year dates the first printing "about 1451," and says that "about 1471" it was brought to England by "William Caxton, a Mercer and Citizen of London, who, by encouragement of the Great and particularly of the Abbot of Westminster, first set up a Printing Press in the Abbey." Many of these "keepsakes" have been collected and discussed as early bookplates, but Messrs. Hart of the Clarendon Press, and Madan of the Bodleian, have shown them to be of the same general commemorative character with the sumptuous records printed on satin in 1832 and 1835 in honor of "her R. H. the Duchess of Kent and her illustrious daughter, the Princess Victoria," and of Queen Adelaide. The last keepsake of the nineteenth century was for the Duchess of Albany, and the first of the present century is the one commemorating Mr. Choate's visit.

ART AND CRITICISM.

Conférences Inédites de l'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture, d'après les Manuscrits des Archives de l'École des Beaux-Arts. Par André Fontaine, Docteur ès lettres. Paris: Albert Fontemoing. (Collection "Minerva.")

Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

The History of American Sculpture. By Lorado Taft, Member of the National Sculpture Society. (The History of American Art. Edited by John C. Van Dyke.) Macmillan. 1903.

Miniature Painters, British and Foreign. With some account of those who practised in America in the Eighteenth Century. By J. J. Foster. London: Dickinson's; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In his *avant-propos* M. Fontaine explains that his book is published in order to throw some light on the old question as to whether or no artists are the best critics of art. M. Brunetière had maintained that painters and sculptors are almost alone qualified to judge of works of painting and sculpture, and had specifically cited the Conferences of the old Académie Royale as instances of good criticism. "Diderot," he said, "had turned art criticism into a false route, whereas a hundred years before his time the Conferences of the Academy had directed it into the good, the true, the only way." In 1883 M. Jouin published a selection of these Academic discourses which hardly seemed to bear out M. Brunetière's contentions, and was accused of having printed only the poorer ones. After twenty years M. Fontaine has come into the field and has published a larger selection. He has chosen a series of Conferences on the relative merit of drawing and of color, because here is an important subject on which, if on anything, the opinions of painters should be valuable; he has added to this all the unpublished discourses of Le Brun and of Philippe de Champaigne, because these men were the foremost artists of the time; and if artists are the best judges of art, it would seem that the opinion of the best artists should be valued most highly. Finally, he has printed a number of discourses by minor artists, especially all those which are recorded for the year 1672, the year in which the debate on form and color was concluded. Having thus given us what should be a fair sample of the criticism of art by the artists of that time (many of these discourses were so highly prized by the Academy that they were re-read from time to time during a century), he virtually asks us what we think of them. His own conclusion is stated, in the last paragraph of his preface, to this effect:

"It is well to study these Academic Conferences with care as one of the most significant and curious expressions of the artistic conceptions of the seventeenth century; but I doubt if one will find among them any excellent models of art criticism, or if they will add much to the fame of the illustrious men who took part in them."

It may be well to explain, at first, just what these discourses were. They were originally called, not *conférences*, but *ouvertures de conférences*, which is an exact description of what they were meant to be. The Academy was supposed to hold a conference or discussion each month (though there was always some irregularity in the matter) before the students of the School and the public. One of the pictures from the Royal Collection was taken as a text, and the discussion was opened by the reading of a formal paper prepared by one of the Academicians. Each of the other Academicians was then asked for his opinion, and, finally, the collective opinion was formulated in a "Resolution" which was intended to settle the matter discussed, and to register the opinion of the Academy in a form that should be useful to the students in their future practice. In some cases we have a résumé of the discussion; in some cases the final resolution, which was apt to be disappointingly vague and general in its terms. For the most part we have only the opening paper—the *ouverture de conférence*.

These discourses, as became their purpose, were generally short. It must also be admitted that they were apt to be bald, to have no value as literature and very little as argument, and that the conceptions of art and of criticism embodied in them are extremely old-fashioned, and sometimes almost grotesque. LeBrun's elaborate allegorizing of Poussin's "Rapture of St. Paul," for instance, is as entirely aside from anything properly pertaining to art criticism as the most rampant of purely literary critics could have made it; only it is not so well written. On the other hand, we seem to see in the discourses of Philippe de Champaigne a man of sound sense and real discrimination struggling with the difficulties of expression in an unfamiliar medium. One feels that he really knew a great deal, and had something to say that might have been valuable if he had known how to say it. His lack of mental training and the poverty of his vocabulary reduce his statements to little more than that this is fine and that not so fine; and though such statements may be true, they are not especially interesting.

It is perfectly true, then, that these discourses are not models of art criticism, and yet they do not convince us of the falsity of M. Brunetière's contention that painters and sculptors are best fitted to judge of painting and sculpture. In spite of all prejudice and party spirit, the artist does, far more than the outsider, *know* whereof he speaks, and his instinctive judgment is far more likely to be just than that of the critic who approaches art from the point of view of the general public. When he gives reasons for his judgment, however, he is quite likely to give wrong ones. The value of his reasoning is in proportion to his intellectual power and logical training, just as the literary value of his work is in proportion to his power of expression in words. His æsthetic theories are neither better nor worse because of his practical knowledge, and his ability to explain the beauty of a work of art bears no necessary relation to his ability to feel it. Yet it always has been, and always will be, the collective judgment of the artists themselves which fixes the ultimate rank of a given artist or a given work. And when to the knowledge of the artist is added the power of reasoning and the power of expression, we have the ideal critic—the only one that seriously counts.

Mr. Eddy's 'Recollections and Impressions' of Whistler are rather slender. He seems really to have seen very little of his hero, and the best parts of his book are the reminiscences of others. He has evidently written hastily, and without due revision. His pages abound in repetitions, the same anecdote turning up more than once, and being repeated at length in almost identical phraseology. The bulk of his pages, however, is devoted to an attempted appreciation of Whistler's art and a restatement of Whistler's doctrines, and these bring up in another form the question of the relative value of the criticism of art by artists or by laymen.

The objection most commonly urged against the validity of criticism of art by the artist is that the artist is necessarily a partisan—that his success in the practice of his art is to some extent dependent on his seeing only those qualities of it which he is fitted by nature and training to deal with, and that he is therefore blind to other qualities and unjust to their possessors. One might answer that it is more important that the critic should be illuminating than that he should be unbiassed; that he should see certain things vividly and explain them clearly than that he should see all things with an impartial dimness. But, as a matter of fact, is the artist more biassed than his literary or journalistic backers? Was any artist ever more bitterly partisan than Ruskin, or any critic more broadminded than Fromentin? Mr. Eddy, we take it, is no painter, but his admiration for Whistler leads him to extravagances of praise, while he not only accepts the "Ten o'Clock" as gospel, but pushes its doctrines further than Whistler himself ever did.

A few specimens must suffice. Whistler has not only done things "beside which the finest art of France is crude and barbaric"; he is "the greatest artist since the days of Rembrandt and Velasquez—and greater than either in some respects." He is, "of all the men of his century or of many preceding centuries, . . . the *only* one to treat color as a composer of music treats sound." Finally, "As an etcher, comparisons are drawn between him and

Rembrandt. As a painter of portraits, comparisons are drawn between him and Velasquez. As a colorist he is beyond comparison, save with the masters of the Far East." After this it is not surprising to be told that the future art of America will be "the noblest of human achievements." As to the doctrine, Mr. Eddy holds that in Whistler's finest work "the *sole* object is color-music, quite regardless of other considerations," and that this should be so, for "there is no art in nature; there should be no nature in art," and "the use of color imitatively . . . is as base as the use of sound imitatively." We are far here from the naïve notion of the seventeenth century, that the only aim of art was "l'imitation de la belle nature"; are we any nearer the truth? Mr. Eddy thinks (probably with reason) that Whistler's controversies have in England and America overshadowed his art, "while to the French, who happily could not read his book, he is known only as an artist." Neither will they be likely to read this book, or to be tempted into belittling the great merits of a true artist by the spirit of opposition which its exaggerations are calculated to excite.

It seems to us that the real drawback to art criticism by artists is that in dealing with his contemporaries the artist turned critic may not feel free to express his whole mind. While he is young and ardent he may recklessly say what he thinks; but as he grows older and cooler, and his opinions become better worth expressing, the danger is less that he shall be unfair than that he shall be afraid to be thought so. Accusations of partisanship, not to say of malice and professional jealousy, are so currently made against every artist who may chance to find even the slightest fault in the work of another, that those who could talk to the best advantage learn to keep a lock upon their mouths, and to make their silent protest against false theories or wrong practice in their work alone. When they speak, they speak only in praise. It is a delicate and difficult task for a sculptor to write of his brother sculptors as Mr. Lorado Taft has undertaken to do in his 'History of American Sculpture,' and he has performed it better than might have been expected. He has industriously collected his facts, has marshalled them with skill, and has given a fairly comprehensive and accurate view of the evolution of the art in this country. He writes clearly and pleasantly, shows considerable critical discrimination in dealing with the work of our earlier sculptors, and gives us a definite notion of their shortcomings as well as of their merits. The greater part of the book, however, necessarily deals with men still living, all of them the colleagues and many of them the personal friends of the author, and here he has evidently felt less at his ease. The praise is still nicely discriminated—it is given for the right qualities, and is seldom unjustified or excessive in itself; but the lack of any balancing of faults against virtues, or of any measuring by an accepted standard, gives to this portion of the work an air of sustained eulogy. The absence of shade deprives the light of some of its value, and where so much is lauded, the laudation of the best is ineffective. We could wish, also, that in a work of this kind the desire to be just to every one had not led the writer to include so many names of artists whom he has not considered sufficiently important to merit characterization or discussion. Such mere lists of names are hard reading; they can never be complete; and omission from them may seem like an intentional slight, while inclusion is hardly a compliment.

The last book on our list is rather an aid to collectors than a piece of criticism. Its two handsome volumes contain some account of almost all the miniature painters of importance, in England or elsewhere, before the temporary eclipse of the art by the invention of photography, together with chapters on "Collections and Collectors," "The Care of Miniatures," etc., while the appendices give catalogues of famous sales and exhibitions, and an alphabetical list intended to include all artists who are known to have painted miniatures. The author, who is already well known as a writer on the subject of miniature painting, believes that this is the first general work on the subject to contain some account of American miniaturists of the eighteenth century, as it also contains chapters on the Continental schools. But miniature painting was, after all, a British art, and its greater masters practised in England, and were, after the days of Holbein, generally of English birth, so that it is natural that more space and a larger number of illustrations should be allotted to English miniaturists than to all others. It is these illustrations which will likely prove the most attractive part of the book, whether they be considered as examples of style for the guidance of the collector, or merely as beautiful and interesting things. There are 123 well-executed photogravure plates; and, since many of these plates contain several subjects, there are no less than 220 separate reproductions of miniatures, many of them among the best and most celebrated in the world, including a number of works of that king of miniaturists and truly great portrait painter, Samuel Cooper, who has given us the most evidently authentic portraits existing of Cromwell and Monk and Charles II., and many other important persons of that epoch.

RECENT POETRY.

When an author, especially late in life, prints a whole volume of his poems, he is apt to recall to the reader's mind that valet of the celebrated Beau Nash who used to come every morning from his master's room with a whole armful of slightly ruffled cravats, which he explained by the remark, "These, sir, are our failures!" The world, with a cumulative skill unconscious of itself, has usually selected the author's one triumphant achievement — it may be Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," or Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," or Whittier's "Ichabod," or Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain"—and the world retains that; but the author, in due time and perhaps very properly, republishes all the rest in a volume of three or four hundred pages. Thus it is with Mr. Trowbridge's large volume of 'Poetical Works' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a book which, as the reluctant reader at once perceives, is actually published for the sake of "The Vagabonds." Mr. Trowbridge, no doubt, put as much feeling and as much imagination into other effusions; but the hardened critic will not view it so. 'Castalian Days,' by Lloyd Mifflin (H. Frowde), includes this poet's later sonnets. We have already expressed the opinion that the accomplished author is limiting his fame by writing too constantly and almost monotonously in the sonnet form. As time goes on, moreover, Mr. Mifflin boldly measures swords with Shakspere himself, and even suggests discouraging comparisons when he ventures on the theme of "Antony in Egypt" (p. 34). He keeps more skilfully on his own ground when paying a tribute, and that gracefully, to the memory of Maurice Thompson (p. 8):

IN MEMORIAM.

A deeper hush is on the prairie's plain;
Far in the dark savanna's plashy meads
The heron, lonelier, stands among her weeds,
And e'en our woodlands have a touch of pain.
Gone is the singer of the sylvan strain
Whose note the indifferent world but little heeds;
Put by the syrinx of the seven reeds,
Our minstrel now will never pipe again!
He who along the dewy forest streams
Fluted at dawn full many a silver hymn,
Lies not within yon churchyard's lone retreat;
But in some region beyond telling sweet,
In immaterial valleys, strange and dim,
He lingers, lapped in never-ending dreams.

Far above Mr. Mifflin's in variety, though not in evenness of execution, are the "new sonnets," 'Vigil and Vision,' by John Payne (London: Villon Society). Mr. Payne is well known by his various translations of Boccaccio, Bandello, Villon, Hafiz, and 'The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night.' His poems, inspired by pictures from Fortuny and Delacroix, and his "Musicalia," suggested by Mendelssohn and Wagner, indicate his variety of taste and training, and we know no limit to his muse except in his English ignorance of the joy that Americans find in winter. "Winter's spleen," "winter's martyrdom," "winter's grief" appear constantly. He admits that winter indoors may have some pleasures, but out of doors he offers us only "mute is the world for misery," "corpse of cold nature," "winter's deathly dream," "the sorry seasons of the snow"; and all this of a season which awakens shouts of delight in every American boy or girl above the latitude of Virginia. In the same way our radiant autumnal woods never appear in his verse; he only apologizes for the "russet woods and leaf-strewn ways." Personally, the only Americans who reach him are Gen. Robert Lee and Herman Melville, to the latter of whom he writes the following sonnet (p. 62):

None of the sea that fables but must yield
To Melville; whether with Whitejacket fain
We are to share, or Redburn, joy and pain;
Whether through Mardi's palaces, palm-ceiled,
We stray or wander in Omoo afield
Or dream with Ishmael cradled at the main,
High in the crow's-nest o'er the rocking plain,
Few such enchantments o'er the soul can wield.
But over all the tale of Typee vale,
O'er all his idylls of the life afloat,
"The Whale" I prize, wherein, of all that wrote
Of Ocean, none e'er voiced for us as he
The cachalot's mad rush, the splintered boat,
The terrors and the splendors of the sea.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody is evidently taking a little lyrical rest between her fine drama "Marlowe" and her next dramatic poem. She puts forth a little volume of a hundred or so short lyrics or meditations, 'The Singing Leaves: A Book of Songs and Spells' (Houghton), of which the best are usually the youngest in conception. These have the unconsciousness and the childlike buoyancy of Stevenson, with, perhaps, as we fancy, a feminine atmosphere and a slightly closer texture. Take the following (p. 38):

THE BUSY CHILD.

I have so many things to do,
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain
Come sliding down the window-pane;

And I was humming all the time,
Around my head, a kind of rhyme;

And blowing softly on the glass
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture with my breath
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor;
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped from square to square
That's greenest on the carpet there.

Until at last I came to Us;
But it was very dangerous:

Because if I had stepped outside,
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy, every day,
I haven't any time to play.

In the same charming infantile vein is the following (p. 46):

LATE.

My father brought somebody up
To show us all asleep.
They came as softly up the stairs
As you could creep.

They whispered in the doorway there
And looked at us awhile.
I had my eyes shut up, but I
Could feel him smile.

I shut my eyes up close, and lay
As still as I could keep;
Because I knew he wanted us
To be asleep.

Of some of the older poems, so to speak, it may be said that they are not quite simple enough, or at any rate never become quite so clear to the reader as to the writer. Yet on the whole they continue to inspire the reader with more confidence in Miss Peabody's muse, perhaps, than in that of any of her young contemporaries.

Mrs. Ella Higginson's distinct and unquestioned ability is once again visible in 'The Voice of April-Land, and Other Poems' (Macmillan). There are very marked limitations which rarely allow her a wholly complete and triumphant poem, and somtimes react in morbidnesses, as in "The Cry of the Drowned" (p. 72). We extract one of her most powerful, because among her quietest, pieces (p. 85):

MIDNIGHT ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Ah, me! I know how large and cool and white
The moon lies on the brow of Sehome Hill,
And how the firs stand shadowy and still
Etched on that luminous background this soft night;
How the night hawk sinks from his starry height,
And breathes his one note, mournfully and shrill,
And crickets clamor in the marsh until
The dusk grows vocal with their deep delight.
City, a lifetime spent in thee were not
Worth one night in my western solitude!
Thy pulse is feverish, thy blood is hot,
Thine arteries throb with passion heavily;
But oh, how sweet I hear, in interlude,
The beating, moon-lured tides of Puget Sea.

Mr. William Watson holds manfully to his well-known attitude of independence in his 'For England: Poems Written during Estrangement' (Lane); and certainly no poet has need to justify himself who inscribes the dedication of his book to Leonard Courtney and closes with the "Lines to the Right Hon. James Bryce.' Never more distinctly has he shown his love of country and his intense loyalty to principle; and there is no doubt of the future recognition of one who can pay this tribute to an enemy (p. 14):

THE ENEMY.

Unskilled in Letters, and in Arts unversed;
Ignorant of empire; bounded in their view
By the lone billowing veldt, where they upgrew
Amid great silences; as people nursed
Apart—the far-sown seed of them that erst
Not Alva's sword could tame; now, blindly hurled
Against the march of the majestic world,
They fight and die, with dauntless bosoms curst.
Crazed, if you will; demented, not to yield
Ere all be lost! And yet it seems to me
They fought as noblest Englishmen did use
To fight, for freedom; and no Briton he,
Who to such valor in a desperate field
A knightly salutation can refuse.

Professor Woodberry has collected in one volume under the general head of 'Poems' (Macmillan) the substance of five previous volumes. In his brief preface he says: "If the result is less than it should have been, there are here some gleanings of time from a life never so fortunate as to permit more than momentary and incidental cultivation of that art which is the chief grace of the intellectual life." Every word of this sentence commands reverence for its truth and nobleness except the word "fortunate," since no man is really qualified to judge what that means as applied to his own career; and no one can guess whether what the world calls fortune or misfortune has most profited him in the end. The same individual service which has placed this poet's work on a plane so high, has in a manner spread a thin film or haze about it, so that by the great majority of readers the ultimate product will be admired rather than felt. It is not so much that Mr. Woodberry's poetry is cold as that its very warmth seems to lie at the edge of coldness. Its imaginativeness is unquestioned; his very titles charm; yet there is always a little sense of reserve. He has the poet's ear for a phrase, for a syllable, and the reader feels the truth of the statement when Mr. Woodberry writes: "The author can claim only that he has written no line except for itself alone." If he is to remain simply a poets' poet, not the poet of a nation's heart, this is clearly not because his own heart does not go out to others; for that it really seeks them is shown in this little poem, putting into words the blessing of child-love, pure and simple (p. 112):

THE CHILD.

It was only the clinging touch
Of a child's hand in the street,
But it made the whole day sweet;
Caught, as he ran full-speed,
In my own stretched out to his need,
Caught, and saved from the fall,
As I held, for the moment's poise,
In my circling arms the whole boy's
Delicate slightness, warmed mould.
Mine, for an instant mine,
The sweetest thing the heart can divine,
More precious than fame or gold,
The crown of many joys,
Lay in my breast, all mine.

I was nothing to him;
He neither looked up nor spoke;
I never saw his eyes;
He was gone ere my mind awoke
From the action's quick surprise
With vision blurred and dim.

You say I ask too much:
It was only the clinging touch
Of a child in a city street;
It hath made the whole day sweet.

On the other hand, the high-water mark of the volume has perhaps been indicated by the author himself in placing his two superb sonnets "At Gibraltar" on the very first pages of his book.

That "chartered libertine" of literature, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, has thrown the commonplace-books of a family into a volume called 'New England History in Ballads, by Edward E. Hale and his Children, with a Few Additions by Other People' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). Nothing would probably be felt by the chief editor as a greater compliment than to say that this book is journalistic from cover to cover, illustrations and all. It includes, incidentally, poems to the stars and on Columbus, also a hymn on three anniversaries, and a sonnet to the ship which brought a copy of Michael Angelo's statue of Christ from Italy to America. The editor says in his introduction: "It might be said of New England that she has no ballads, and that those she has are not good" (p. viii.), although he is afterwards compelled to admit that Longfellow and Whittier have come tolerably near success. To fill this gap, the jovial divine, with inexhaustible and cheery egotism, contributes himself and household. It must be said that the best of the ballads are the commonplace old ones, "Yankey [*sic*] Doodle" (p. 116) and the like; and that there is also a very considerable range of merit and demerit in the illustrations. There runs through all, moreover, the same limitation which will always keep 'The Man Without a Country' from being assigned to the higher rank in literature—that is, they are mostly written from the "my country, right or wrong" point of view. The book also preserves some odds and ends of merely local rhyming, not elsewhere collected.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

'The Magic Forest,' by Stewart Edward White (Macmillan), is well called by the author "a modern fairy tale," for though it deals with what are supposed to be realities, its plan is as whimsical as the conceits of Grimm and Andersen. It relates the adventures of a nine-year-old New York boy, who, having fallen snugly asleep in his berth on a Canadian Pacific train, awakens at dawn to find himself standing alone, half-dressed and shivering, among the misty trees of a boundless forest. He does not know that he has left the train in a fit of somnambulism, impelled by the visions with which a day's travel along the edge of the wilderness has filled his head; so he can only believe himself transported by enchantment to a magic land, and he looks about for the wonders that ought to happen. A party of Indians here drive their quivering canoes over the edge of a cataract into the story, and carry the willing boy along in their journey to the north. They are fur-trading Ojibways, somewhat suggestive of the Hiawatha legends, and his five months' wandering with them, full of lessons in simple woodcraft, makes a pretty little sketch.

'Wanderfolk in Wonderland,' by Edith Guerrier (Small, Maynard & Co.), consists of six bright, fantastic animal fable stories. The moral, stated text-wise at the beginning of each story, seems in several cases to be aimed at older heads than children's. For instance, the aphorism, "Do not force another to do things you want him to do until you find out what he himself wants to do," may give a timely jog to the perceptions of teachers and parents, but will not greatly illuminate for childish minds the "admirable fooling" of the story that follows.

'The Curious Book of Birds,' by Abbie Farwell Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an attractive collection of tales and fables about birds, taken from the legends, chiefly unfamiliar, of many different peoples. The stories are told in a pleasant way that will interest children. These quaint fancies from the childhood of nations will be quite as persuasive teachers of gentleness and good will towards birds as the carefully recorded observations and accredited biographies of modern popular bird literature.

In 'Mother Bunny,' by Harriet A. Cheever (Dana Estes & Co.), a rabbit of the woods gives an account of her life, and describes rabbit homes and ways and neighbors. It is a pleasant little story, in which fancy mingles with fact.

Mr. William Wells Newell's considerable "Aftermath" greatly enhances the value of his 'Games and Songs of American Children,' now issued in an enlarged edition by Harper & Bros. In the twenty years which have elapsed since the first, he has profited particularly by Mrs. Gomme's parallel English collection, and his own is more than ever classic and standard for the theme of which it treats. While it is scholarly and scientific in its treatment, it is a very mine of nursery rhymes, frequently accompanied by the music. Mr. Newell is more than ever convinced of the English derivation of these childish plays, some of which, like so many vocables of the language, have survived here after being lost to sight in the mother country. He is able, from his own family papers, to furnish an analogous survival of "the custom which entitled a lady, even on a first introduction, to honor with a kiss any favored gentleman." His great-grandfather (no doubt an attractive person), coming, an Englishman, to Massachusetts after the Revolution, found the custom obligatory there, "rather to his disgust."

'A Little Brother to the Bear,' by the Rev. William J. Long (Ginn & Co.), is an account of incidents in the lives of wild animals observed by the author. The most remarkable part of the book relates to what Mr. Long calls "animal surgery"—that is, the self-administered treatment of wounds and other injuries. In speaking of animals' methods of dressing wounds, he says: "It is noteworthy here that the bear uses either gum or clay indifferently, while the beaver and muskrat seem to know enough to avoid the clay, which would be quickly washed off in the water." Mr. Long was fortunate enough to see a woodcock apparently plastering its leg up with a clay and fibre bandage. He concludes his interesting account of the incident with the following words: "I had my own explanation of the incredible action; namely, that the woodcock had a broken leg, and had deliberately put it into a clay cast to hold the broken bones in place until they should knit together again." This explanation he found confirmed twenty years later by a friend's testimony concerning a similar case. Scientists who have hitherto had difficulty in reconciling Mr. Long's observations and interpretations with the fund of facts which they as a body have collected, will be equally perplexed by parts of this book, and conservative readers may prefer to delay their acceptance of some of Mr. Long's interesting theories until professional naturalists shall obtain more corroborative evidence.

Even if we leave out of sight Mrs. Wiggin's Penelope series, as too different in character to admit of comparison, we cannot but rate her 'Half a Dozen Housekeepers (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.) as greatly inferior to its own sequel, 'Rebecca.' In the first place, it is highly improbable that six girls of one generation back—if not two, for the writer tells us that "girls were still 'young females' when all this happened"—should have been allowed by their parents and their school authorities to spend an unexpected vacation by themselves in an empty house. In the second place, it is difficult to see for whom the book is intended. The story, if the word be not too pretentious for so slight a series of incidents, is too "childlike and bland" for any one over ten, yet at that age a little girl would hardly appreciate the long words and the hints about lovemaking. Still, the book may be recommended on the same grounds as grape-nuts or any other cereal; if the public can be induced to like it, there is no doubt of its wholesomeness.

Howard Pyle draws for his 'Story of King Arthur and his Knights' (New York: Scribners), out of the twenty-one books of Malory, only from the first, third, and fourth, modifying the narrative from other sources. Many of the incidents selected are altered for children, and many more are expanded beyond recognition. Thus, the dramatic touch of the naked sword hung by the injured Pelleas over Gawaine and Ettard is entirely omitted; Guinevere is made to have her first sight of Arthur as he lies wounded in a hermit's hut, instead of watching him from the window fighting with her father's giant enemy, as in the continuation of Robert de Borron's romance; Gawaine receives a character as much too noble as in 'The Idylls' it is too base, and, on the authority of one obscure old English ballad, figures as a model of married love; while a truly Indian tale of Arthur's assuming the disguise of a gardener's boy at Cameliard is evolved apparently out of the present writer's inner consciousness. Like the critic on Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' we long for "the more concise original version." All this is, however, a matter of taste, and the stories, from whatever sources they are taken, are well told.

There are occasional lapses, both into colloquialism and also into what Stevenson called "Tushery," as when we read "until the King should be through his business," or "At this the face of that knight fell all pale, like to ashes, and he emitted a sound similar to the sound made by a hare when the hound lays hold upon it." One short sentence of Malory's, " 'This is a simple cause,' said Sir Gawaine; 'strange men ye should debate withal, and not brother with brother,' " is inflated into the following: "At this Sir Gawaine was very greatly astonished, and he said, 'Messires, I cannot understand how so great a quarrel should have arisen from so small a dispute; and certes it is a great pity for two brothers to quarrel as ye have done.' " It may seem hypercritical to comment on the strange heraldry which blazons a "gryphon black upon a field of green." A fairer and more general criticism may be passed upon the illustrations, which are sadly inferior to those of 'Robin Hood' by the same hand. The surpassing beauty of Guinevere and Vivien becomes a matter of faith and not sight, while Uther Pendragon bears a painful resemblance to the Scotch kings at Holyrood. Finally, we could wish that the author had not spoilt the simplicity of the old tales by inserting morals on every possible occasion. Even Tennyson could not make the legends of the Round Table into a Sunday-school book, and it is regrettable that Mr. Pyle should, by his little sermons, have diminished the debt of gratitude rightly owed him by all children.

The authoress, Grace Luce Irwin, of the seven 'Drawing-Room Plays' (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.), disarms criticism in her first prefatory note by reminding the reader "that a good reading play is often a very different thing from one which acts well." Two of the pieces are pathetic, and in both we get a clever handling of the perennial topic that men are deceivers ever. As to the others, it is absurd to examine from a literary point of view such utter extravaganzas. It is possible that the girls in them may seem less hoydenish and unrefined on the stage than in a mental tableau; let us at least give them the benefit of the doubt. M. E. M. Davis's 'A Bunch of Roses, and Other Parlor Plays' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) has considerably more merit. The first play is indeed a clear imitation of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," and the last, with its satire on the new woman, is trite both in subject and in treatment. Yet all the six have a certain humor and swing and life that goes far to redeem impossible situations and exaggerated character-drawing. One of them, "Christmas Boxes," is a wholly charming little piece. With regard to one of the others, it may be remarked that a Sir Henry Tipton could by no possibility be "His Lordship," and would not, even at Pass Christian, be so addressed by an English valet.

Pericles and Aspasia. By Walter Savage Landor. (The Chiswick Library of Noble Authors.) New York: The Scott-Thaw Co. 1903.

The case of Walter Savage Landor reminds one that Buffon's dictum, "The style is the man," is one of those truisms of which the reverse is also true. There was the Landor who sat in the centre of his being and wrote beautiful calm studies of Greek life, the literary Landor; he seems to have little in common with the noble savage who threw his cook out of the window and his plate on the floor if he did not like what was on it. Landor the writer is a model of the restrained style; Landor the man never once, as far as we know, practised self-restraint. In his day, people still thought a little vaguely of the Greeks and Romans as "the Ancients." Carlyle called Landor a Roman; Byron, whose judgments of living writers were merely contributions to personal criticism, called him a Bœotian—meaning, of course, to annoy. As a matter of fact, he was a thorough Englishman of the choleric type, who never acquired a complete mastery of Greek, but, for all that, by sheer force of a vital imagination, placed himself at the Greek point of view, or at least envisaged the Greeks in a way that struck his contemporaries, and still strikes us, as Hellenic. In such a work as the 'Pericles and Aspasia' his style displays the lucidity, the harmony, the measure, which were lacking to his life, and which we consider essentially Greek. Yet, after all, that same passion for a perfect equilibrium was often, for the Greek writer, as for Landor, a literary pose. No one, for instance, is a more persistent advocate of the golden mean than Theognis—"No excess" is the text of his monotonous elegiacs; but turn the page and you find him demanding the "black blood" of his enemies to drink. There speaks the true Theognis as he practised, dropping for the moment the Theognis who preached.

Landor's first intention had been to vary this imaginary correspondence with conversations, of which one sees the traces in the long dialogues that Aspasia reports in her letters. There is a good deal of poetry in these letters and in Cleone's replies. Most of it is unworthy of Landor, who is seldom happily inspired when he attempts sportive verse, though he often succeeds with sportive prose. But he included in 'Pericles and Aspasia' a dramatic poem, "The Shades of Iphigenia and Agamemnon," which was his highest achievement of the kind, and the lines on Artemidora of Ephesus, one of the most beautiful of his shorter poems. They are worth more to the admirers of Landor than their prose setting, though that setting includes the description of the performance of the "Prometheus," at which Aspasia met Pericles for the first time, the trial of Aspasia, the imaginary speeches of Pericles, the pathetic end of Cleone. There are few of Landor's works that gave him such a chance to display his variety as the 'Pericles and Aspasia.' It contains some of the best examples of his prose style. He was a master of rhetoric, and he knew how to avoid the monotony that lies in wait for the English writer of the smooth "Attic" style. His favorite device is to coördinate his clauses: "I could have demolished the house of my adversaries," says Pericles; "I could have exiled them from the city; I could have been their master; I am more: I am my own."

The first publisher of 'Pericles and Aspasia,' in 1836, would have been a loser by his venture had not Landor repaid the sum of one hundred pounds that was to have been his share of the profits. The present edition is limited for America to 200 copies. It has fallen on happier days. Landor is not likely to be neglected in that revival of interest in the English classics which is the best omen for the future of this century's literature. This folio volume has the perfection of type, of paper, of general effect that one expects from an *édition de luxe*. It is happily free from the overdecoration that makes many modern *éditions de luxe* positively offensive. The frontispiece is a portrait of Landor based on the painting by Boxall.

The Songs of Robert Burns. By James C. Dick. Henry Frowde.

Thousands of composers, professional and amateur, have adapted melodies to poems, but it is seldom that the process is reversed. Among those who have adapted poems to tunes, Robert Burns is the most notable. But although he appears always to have associated music with his poems, his biographers have persistently ignored his remarkable achievements in this line, or attempted to belittle them, even charging him with a "dull ear" and an "untunable voice." Mr. Dick comes to the defence. He admits that Burns was a mediocre vocalist, with a rough voice, and that

"about the higher forms of the musical art he knew little and cared less. He never heard a symphony or a string quartet; and though at the houses of some of his friends he listened to sonatas on the harpsichord, they raised in him neither emotion nor interest. His knowledge of music was in fact elemental; his taste lay entirely in melody, without ever reaching an appreciation of contrapuntal or harmonious music."

But, for Burns's purpose, this was sufficient. He picked up his tunes wherever he could find them—in collections or from the singing of country girls; and hundreds of the Scotch folk-tunes inspired him to write immortal poems, as the poems of Goethe, Heine, and others, conversely, inspired the world's great writers of art-songs.

On the subject of art-songs Mr. Dick goes as far astray as the Burns biographers concerning that poet's musical attainments. He remarks in a footnote that "all artistic music fades before the continuous progress of the art; whereas the unconscious and untutored music of nature, the anonymous airs of the people, which are the basis of the art, remain unimpaired by age." In truth, the best art-songs are as immortal as any folk-music, and although the 361 tunes printed in Mr. Dick's volume include gems like "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon," and "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," not one of them is equal in inspiration to the Scotch songs of the American Edward MacDowell, or the melodies of the great German song-writers. There is another point on which issue may be taken with our editor. "I designate Burns a tone-poet," he says, "because he wrote for music, and his songs with their airs are a study in tone-poetry." This may be permissible, but all other authors who use the word tone-poet apply it to the writer of the music, not of the words.

Whatever name Mr. Dick may give to Burns, he has deserved well of him and his countless admirers by bringing together in one volume for the first time all of his songs with the melodies for which they were written. It was a difficult task to perform, as the 151 pages of historical notes eloquently attest. The editor must also be specially commended for giving simply the melodies without the added pianoforte accompaniments, which are so apt to alter the true character of these folk-songs. He therefore justly says that this "is not a music-book in the modern sense; only a quarry for the constructive composer and for the student of folk-songs." The poems themselves, it may be well to add, are printed complete and unexpurgated.

Gossip from Paris during the Second Empire. By Anthony B. North Peat. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

From matter originally in abundance sufficient to fill nine bulky volumes, Mr. A. R. Waller, who has edited this disinterred special correspondence, has contrived to extract enough for a single one without seriously affecting the continuity of a record of six years (1864-70). These newsletters, of greatly varying lengths, were written, chiefly for the London *Morning Star*, by a Government attaché in Paris, in whose favor the usual embargo had for some unexplained reason been lifted; and they would no doubt have been continued under the Republic but for the death, by accident, of their author during the early days of the siege. Mr. North Peat, however hampered he may have felt through consciousness of the exceptionally delicate nature of his task, wrote with something of the ease of an accomplished *causeur* living in good society, and privileged to add to club or drawing-room gossip a good deal of official information obtained at first hand, but not of a character to disturb political equilibrium. It would be idle to look in such a work as this for the aggressive, occasionally impertinent, entertaining manner of 'An Englishman in Paris,' but the book is plentifully stored with amusing anecdotes touching celebrities of divers kinds, from crowned heads and diplomats to *danseuses* and even criminals; the narrative all the while threading its easy way through the reckless carnival of pleasure that marked the last years of the imperial régime. A single instance may indicate the social freedom of that day:

"After the celebrated songstress (Thérèse) had entranced her audience at the Duchess of S——'s party last Thursday, some of the *jeunesse dorée* asked her if the songs she had just acted were the same as she was in the habit of performing at the Alcazar. 'Oh, no,' was her reply. 'What I have sung here would not be tolerated by the police' " (p. 87).

Several of the best stories relate the tribulations or the foibles of men of letters. The now-forgotten Vicomte Touson de Jerrail, a popular writer of romances of thrilling adventure, was compelled to "clear out the lower story" (viz., the feuilleton column) of his newspaper under editorial command, and in four days had killed off fourteen of his characters with no ungentle hand; with the fifteenth he was obliged to continue for many weeks, the previous slaughter having added four thousand subscribers (p. 119). We further learn that Baudelaire's morbid fancies belonged to his radically cruel nature: "He loved cats, because he sympathized with their nature. He well-nigh lost his hand once at the Jardin des Plantes by touching the nose of a lion with the burning end of a cigar" (p. 191). A reasonable amount of caution should, however, be exercised before accepting such "gossip" as fact; for we now and again come on such a surprising statement as (p. 192) that "Fernand Caballero conceals the name of a Queen's sister—no less a personage than the Duchess of Montpensier"—for which choice piece of information the *Figaro*, it seems, was responsible. The *Borbonidæ* have been charged with many deeds of which they were incapable; it remained for an inventive journalist to find one of them guilty of literature. By anticipation, in another case, a blameless physician is exhibited in the following undesirable light through undesigned shifting of items: "Doctor X. has been appointed head physician to the Hôpital de la Charité. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the cemetery of Montparnasse" (p. 198). The graver note is not wanting. Readers of Daudet's 'Le Nabab' will be gratified at finding (pp. 62-68) a just tribute to the Duc de Morny, whom his erstwhile secretary unkindly traduced; and a number of passages on Lamartine's career show a right appreciation of the political idealism underlying the apparently wayward acts of the patriot poet.

Altogether, the work of editing has been skilfully done, for the dull pages are few; but the misprints are almost unpardonably thick.

How to Judge Architecture: A Popular Guide to the Appreciation of Buildings. By Russell Sturgis. The Baker & Taylor Co. Pp. 221. Sixty-four half-tone plates from photographs.

Of the group of men who in this coun-

try devote themselves chiefly to writing about architecture, Mr. Russell Sturgis is easily the first. Whether he be judged by the volume of his production, by the extent and exactness of his information, or by his facility of expression, he has no equal. It is therefore a welcome thing that he should have undertaken to assist the layman to a better understanding of the qualities that raise building into the domain of the fine arts. The title that the author (or more probably the publisher) has chosen for the book in which this attempt is made is by no means fortunate, in that it seems to hold a promise that one who reads the book will thereby have qualified himself to estimate the merits of a work of architecture. The sub-title speaks more truthfully; and the author hastens to tell us on the first page that—

"The only opinions, or impressions, or comparative appreciations, that are worth anything to the reader are those which he will form gradually for himself. He will form them slowly, if he be wise; indeed, if he have the gift of artistic appreciation at all, he will soon learn to form them slowly. He will, moreover, hold them lightly even when formed; remembering that, in a subject on which opinions differ so very widely at any one time, and have differed so much more widely if one epoch be compared with another, there can be no such thing as a final judgment."

It is good, therefore, to have the implication of the title explicitly set aside by the author, in a statement that the object of his book "is to help the reader to acquire, little by little, such an independent knowledge of the essential characteristics of good buildings, and also such a sense of the possible differences of opinion concerning inessentials, that he will always enjoy the sight, the memory, or the study of a noble structure without undue anxiety whether he is right or wrong."

Although Mr. Sturgis disclaims in good set terms any intention of making his book a history of architecture, however brief, he does as a matter of fact treat his subject in a series of essays, each one dealing with some important period, and together extending from Greece in the fifth century B. C. to France, England, and America at the present time. For the most part, he seizes firmly and brings out clearly what was essential to and characteristic of each epoch, and no intelligent person can read the book without having his knowledge broadened and his thought stimulated. Few can be found to dissent from the opinions which Mr. Sturgis expresses in regard to buildings of an earlier period; but when he comes to pass judgment upon the work of the nineteenth century, the fact that his ideas are in many ways at variance with those of others perhaps equally capable of reaching just conclusions, points afresh to the well-known liability to error in contemporary judgment of the fine arts.

The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Co. By James Howard Bridge. New York: The Aldine Book Co. 1903.

Whatever may be thought of the tone and obvious animus of Mr. Bridge's story, he has certainly succeeded in making it interesting. The growth of this gigantic business from Andrew Kloman's little forge of 1858 is not lacking in the element of romance, and Mr. Bridge states fairly enough the causes and methods that led to its wonderful development. He declined to submit his manuscript for revision to the officers of the Carnegie Company, but there is no reason for doubting the truth of his statements, which are, moreover, substantiated by a considerable amount of documentary evidence. His book has been in print some months, and, so far as we know, its general accuracy has not been disproved.

The animus against Mr. Carnegie personally seems to be based on Mr. Bridge's belief that at various times he dealt harshly and unjustly with his partners; that he displayed cowardice in virtually hiding in Scotland and leaving Mr. Frick to deal with the immense difficulties of the Homestead strike, which was largely due to Mr. Carnegie's expressed opinions about labor; and, finally, that he has a way of claiming the honor of having done many things which, as a matter of fact, were done by others. These things have been discussed from time to time in the daily press and are no longer of much consequence. There is, however, one question on which this book throws some light, and which is of interest to a multitude of people at the present moment, and that is the value of the stocks of the United States Steel Corporation.

The pertinent facts in this connection are as follows: In January, 1899, the whole property of the Carnegie Steel Company, including a quarter interest in the Frick Coke Company, was offered to a syndicate for $250,000,000, and the offer was declined. Up to March, 1900, the capital and surplus of the company stood on the books at $81,000,000. In that month the quarrel between Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick was adjusted; the Carnegie Steel Company and the Frick Coke Company were both absorbed by the Carnegie Company, which issued $320,000,000 of stock and bonds to the shareholders in the old companies. In March, 1901, the United States Steel Corporation took up these $320,000,000 of securities and paid therefor $304,000,000 in first-mortgage bonds, $98,000,000 in preferred stock, and $90,000,000 in common stock. The reason of this remarkable increase in valuations was that, owing to the boom in the steel business, the earnings had increased from $7,000,000 in 1897 to $21,000,000 in 1899 and $40,000,000 in 1900! The question that is now agitating the minds of the holders of United States Steel stocks is, whether these earnings were not extraordinary and exceptional, and whether it will not be found that the earnings of a series of years will fail to vindicate the judgment of those who negotiated the purchase of the Carnegie Company. Of course the same question arises in the cases of the other constituent companies, but it will not be forgotten that certain circumstances forced the hands of the buyers in the case of the Carnegie Company, and compelled them to pay what seemed to many good judges an excessive price for the property.

Flora of the Southeastern United States: Being descriptions of the seed-plants, ferns, and fern-allies, growing naturally in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and the Indian Territory, and in Oklahoma and Texas east of the one-hundredth meridian. By John Kunkel Small, Ph.D., Curator of the Museum and Herbarium of the New York Botanical Garden. New York: Published by the Author. 1903.

This large octavo, of 1,370 pages and 12 pages of introductory analytical key, is offered to the public at a phenomenally low price, namely, $3.60. It is difficult to see how the author, who is also the publisher, can begin to recoup himself for the outlay on his enterprise. The territory here covered has never before been brought within the limits of a single botanical treatise. The excellent older local works (Elliott's, for example) have long been inaccessible, and most of them were practically useless outside their restricted range. The more general work by Dr. Chapman was found of such value by amateur and professional botanists that it has made its way to a second edition; but there has been felt a great need of a work covering a wider field than even this. Dr. Small has endeavored to supply this need. How well this has been done, it is impossible to tell without a careful employment of the treatise in a large number of cases, both in the field and in the study. It is certain that the volume has received a large amount of diligent attention, and it is likely to prove a valuable addition to our means of becoming acquainted with the Southern flora.

Three peculiarities will strike every reader on even a casual perusal, namely, a dominant tendency to split up species almost indefinitely, a striving to disturb, even unnecessarily, a disturbed nomenclature, and, lastly, a fondness for introducing novelties simply because they are novelties. Many a progressive botanist, to say nothing of all the conservatives, will have shudder after shudder as he comes upon these unnecessary innovations. Most of them are of such a nature that they are likely to be very ephemeral, and at their passing will leave behind them only slight vestiges to remind one of the incorrect judgment of the author. But, in spite of these serious faults, the work is an important contribution to our American flora. Many of our older botanists will be reminded, as they turn over its pages, of the easy-going and useful class-book of Professor Alphonso Wood, which helped so many persons to a knowledge of our Northern plants. Some of the keys to the more perplexing groups in Dr. Small's volume have a suggestive resemblance to the keys which enriched that now almost forgotten book.

The Care of a House. By T. M. Clark. Macmillan. 1903. Pp. 283. Thirty-nine illustrations.

It is surprising how little the average householder knows of the shell about him. Does a faucet leak? The plumber must be sent for. Does a key refuse to turn? A carpenter must be brought in. As a rule, the putting on of a new washer or the readjustment of a striking-plate, the work of ten minutes or less, would have remedied the difficulty. But the simple anatomy of a compression cock or the fact that a door is likely to sag, are generally unknown, or at best hardly realized. It is to throw a light for the plain man upon the way his house is built and upon the appliances that are found in it, to describe the disorders to which they are subject and

the methods of preventing and curing such disorders, that this book is written. If his kitchen stove has gone awry, here he will find a dozen pages descriptive of its functions, its parts, its draughts, and its ailments. If his fireplace deluges the house with smoke, he may read (if that is any comfort to him) how it should have been constructed. Plumbing, as by right it should, takes up the larger part of the book. All the usual forms of apparatus are described, ordinary dangers are pointed out, and remedies for defects suggested. Troubles with plumbing are manifold; and if it leads to the avoidance of only a few of them, the perusal of Mr. Clark's chapters will be well repaid. It is not alone to the remedying of defects that the author directs his attention. Many of his pages are devoted to the care that should be given a house with a view to keeping it in good condition. Thus, the chapter upon paints and the care of woodwork is admirable, and will enable the man who has to repaint his house to approach the subject with a knowledge that will stand him in good stead.

Mr. Clark is an architect of high standing, well known for his books upon building construction and superintendence, intended for the man of technical training. In his present essay he has succeeded in putting what he has to say in such form that it may be understood by all.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Humorous Verse (A Collection). Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

American Prose Humor (A Collection). Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Beveridge, Albert J. The Russian Advance. Harper & Brothers. $2.50 net.

British Industries. Edited by W. J. Ashley. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80 net, mail extra.

Carman, Bliss. Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $6 net.

Chisholm, George G. Handbook of Commercial Geography. Fourth ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.80.

Davenport, Cyril. Mezzotints. (The Connoisseur's Library.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.75 net.

Davies, Randall. Chelsea Old Church. London: Duckworth & Co. 52s. 6d. net.

De Boer, T. J. The History of Philosophy in Islam. Translated by Edward R. Jones. London: Luzac & Co. 7s. 6d.

Eisler, Rudolf. Wörterbuch der Philosophischen Begriffe. Erste Lieferung. Berlin: Ernst Siegfried, Mittler & Son. 25m.

English Bible. The Tudor Translations. Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. IV., Isaiah to Malachi. London: David Nutt.

Fischer, Henry W. Court Memoirs: William II. and his Consort. 2 vols. Fisher Foreign Letters, Inc. $7 net.

Foster, J. J. Miniature Painters, British and Foreign: With Some Account of those who Practised in America in the Eighteenth Century. Illustrated. 2 vols. London: Dickinson's; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $35 net.

Frenеau, Philip. Poems. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. 3 vols. Vol. II. Princeton, N. J.: The University Library. $3 net.

Gower, John. Selections from the "Confessio Amantis." Edited by G. C. Macaulay. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

History of the City of Washington. Edited by Allan B. Slauson. Washington: The Washington Post.

Holland, W. J. The Moth Book: A Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Moths of North America. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Kolle, F. Strange. The Grown Baby Book. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.

Margraff, Anthony W. International Exchange. Chicago: Fergus Printing Co. $5.

Mayo, Nelson S. The Care of Animals. The Macmillan Co.

Meade, Mrs. L. T. The Manor School. The Mershon Co. $1.25.

Nordau, Max, and Gottheil, Gustav. Zionism and Anti-Semitism. (Contemporary Thought Series.) Scott-Thaw Co.

Odes of Anacreon, translated by Thomas Moore, with designs by Girodet de Roussy. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Rice, Cale Young. Charles di Tocca: A Tragedy. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Sandys, John Edwin. A History of Classical Scholarship, from the Sixth Century B. C. to the End of the Middle Ages. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 10s. 6d. net.

Stroud, F. The Judicial Dictionary. Second ed. Three vols. Boston: The Boston Book Co.

Teller, William P., and Brown, Henry E. A First Book in Business Methods. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

Toler, Henry Pennington. Arise, Take Thy Journey. New York: New Harlem Publishing Co.

Varnum, Henry. Character: A Moral Textbook. Hinds & Noble. $1.50 postpaid.

Vielé, Herman Knickerbocker. Random Verse. Brentano. $1.20.

Ward, Wilfrid. Problems and Persons. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.60 net.

Watson, Rosamund Marriott. After Sunset. New York: John Lane.

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice. The History of Liquor Licensing in England. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

Wellman, Francis L. The Art of Cross-Examination. With the Cross Examinations of Important Witnesses in some Celebrated Cases. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Williams, Archibald. The Romance of Modern Engineering: Containing Interesting Descriptions in Non-Technical Language of the Nile Dam, the Panama Canal, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1903.

The Week.

It is obvious that the Administration is now walking more warily along its perilous Isthmian path. Its first fondness for rushing into a belligerent policy, and then looking about to find law for it, has passed away. Take the case of the Colombians who are reported to have landed on an island in the waters of Panama. The old headlong way would have been to turn them out, bag and baggage. Now, it is said, they are to be politely asked to go away; but an' they will not, our naval commander is to sail off, thanking Heaven that he is rid of knaves. There is here a very shrewd test of the theory upon which the Administration has been acting. Its fantastic contention is that, in repelling Colombians from the territory of Panama by force, it was but proceeding under the treaty obligation to keep transit open. But how can Colombians on an island, miles away threaten to obstruct transit over the Isthmus? Evidently, the wise men at Washington cannot answer. So they pull themselves up. Their new and gratifying caution is a sign that they are finding out how unpopular a war with Colombia would be. There would be no more "glory" in it than in kicking a newsboy into the gutter.

"No sheep can bite me and live," said a soldier, who came into camp bringing the carcass of one on his back, after an order against plundering had been issued. In like spirit, Secretary Moody now says, "Let the Colombians take the initiative." The initiative in what? If the Secretary means war, it is too late for the Colombians to take it now, because we took it seven weeks ago. When we sent cruisers to the Isthmus to prevent the Colombians from suppressing insurrections in their own territory, we forestalled any claim they might ever make to the initiative. It is strictly our own, and we so affirm, despite the warning of Congressman Hitt that "every bitter and inflammatory thing said here at home against our Government's course toward Colombia is repeated and spread broadcast there, inflaming a people who are always ready for a disturbance." What a topsy-turvy state the Illinois Congressman is in! If the Executive gets the nation into a war by usurping power, then nobody must object to a glaring and dangerous infraction of the Constitution lest the enemy should be inflamed to the point of defending his rights.

Secretary Hay finds support for our new diplomacy in an alleged peculiarity of our Isthmian treaty of 1846. It was originally made with a country called New Grenada. "The name of New Grenada has passed away; its territory has been divided." But our treaty, he tells us, "is a covenant, as lawyers say, that runs with the land." At that division of New Grenada territory, it ran with the land to the new State called Colombia. Having thus early shown its ability to run, what more natural than this nimble treaty should run again? We are, indeed, left to infer that it has obligingly lowered its own previous record, in order to keep pace with our lightning diplomacy. The Secretary's account is repeated in the President's message: "The name of New Grenada has passed away and its territory has been divided." Yet, strange to say, one seeks in vain for confirmation of this alleged division of the territory of New Grenada. It is not mentioned in any historical work that we have been able to discover. The maps of South America in the '40s show a New Grenada identical in shape and size with the Colombia of 1903. Further, the records show that the change of name from New Grenada to Colombia was made by the new constitution adopted between 1861 and 1863. Except for some readjustment of boundaries between her and neighboring States, the State with which we made the treaty of 1846, guaranteeing her rights of sovereignty and property in the Isthmus, is the precise State which we have now deprived of her sovereignty and property there—the very State from which we derived whatever legal right we have to be there at all. The treaty never ran until the new diplomacy made it run.

The Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, has principally figured in the Panama farce-comedy hitherto as the actor who mistook his cue and rushed on the revolutionary stage several hours before there was a revolution. That telegram of his, signed "Loomis, Acting," was wittily used by Congressman Dinsmore to turn the laugh on the whole *bouffe* affair. Last week Mr. Loomis appeared in this city, and gave us another taste of his theatric quality. Speaking before the Quill Club, he unfolded a startling tale of the horrors that would have heaped on horror's head had not the President strained a treaty and violated precedent in his swift recognition of the Panama republic *pour rire*. Here we have at last the official version of that terrible "foreign complication" which drove the President to his rapid-fire recognition. If he had not acted on the instant, and if certain fell designs, which Mr. Loomis attributes to Colombia without a particle of proof adduced, had been carried out, we should have seen a French squadron bearing down upon the Isthmus; it might "easily have been followed by the ships of England and Holland," and there you would have had Panama turned into a Balkan State, which "might well have been expected to furnish the spark to set half of the world in flames." Nothing like a canal to quench that spark! So the "man in Washington who possessed insight," seized "the opportunity to strike a blow." According to Mr. Loomis, that one blow saved the whole world from coming to blows at Panama.

Interest in argument of counsel before the Supreme Court, in the Northern Securities appeal, has been greatest in the presentation by Mr. Johnson of the case for the Company, and of the Government's case by Attorney-General Knox. Mr. Johnson's line of defence may be concisely summarized as follows: First, as to restraint of trade. If there had been, in connection with the merger, any agreement to restrain competition between the two merged companies, then the case was ended and the merger proved illegal. But the purpose of the merger was, not to restrict, but to enlarge, create, and improve trade. Second, the form of merger is such that no agreement is involved, but merely sale of property by one set of persons to another; and bona-fide acquisition of property has never been held a contract or conspiracy in restraint of trade. The point on which the defence has throughout mainly rested is the plea of simple purchase of property by the Securities corporation. This, it will be recalled, is in line with Judge Lochren's opinion of last August, in the State of Minnesota versus the Northern Securities. On the other hand, one question was put by the court to Mr. Johnson, as pregnant as Justice Brown's famous query, a year and a half ago, whether, under the general scheme of merger, one person might not conceivably come to control all the railways of the country. Justice Brewer asked, on Monday, whether Mr. Johnson's argument would not justify merger of all our transcontinental railways. Counsel replied that if such combination were requisite to a larger trade, it would be legal.

The Attorney-General's argument rested mainly on the Supreme Court's own precedent of 1897. The Trans-Missouri Railway Association then pleaded that its agreement "for establishing and maintaining reasonable rates" was not intended for restraint of trade. The court ruled, however, that "the necessary

effect of the agreement was to restrain trade." Mr. Knox observed of this precedent:

> "I cannot think that a combination held together by a rope of sand comes within the prohibition of the law, and that one which is bound by links of steel may defy its wisdom and its power."

The particular device employed in combination, the Attorney-General contended, is a minor question; the real problem concerns the end accomplished. The end accomplished by the merger was, he argued, to destroy competition between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, and this was in restraint of trade under previous decisions of the court. Answering the contention that decision against a securities-holding company would forbid corporations to do what individuals might do unchallenged, the Attorney-General pointed out that an individual may control only through owning more than half the stock; whereas, by using a company holding a bare majority of such shares, the same individuals might own half the stock of the holding company, and thus control the railways controlled by it, through virtual ownership of one-quarter only. Whatever the economic value of the combination movement as a whole, the form displayed in the Northern merger had, Mr. Knox asserted, no economic value whatsoever.

The fact which the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission brings out most clearly is that there has practically been an elimination of competition among the railroads. There has been a marked and general advance in transportation rates during the last three years, and the advances have usually, if not always, been the result of concerted action by the carriers. The Commission recalls the old theory that the adjustment of freight rates is a delicate matter, which could be dealt with only by people having a most intimate knowledge of conditions, and says that the advances of the last three years have not been made on that theory. They have not originated with the traffic representatives of the various systems, but "rather with the financial heads of those systems." If this means anything, it means that rates have been adjusted primarily in accordance with the needs of Wall Street. The Commission concedes that in some respects the cost of operation has been increased, but claims, on the other hand, that many economies have been introduced, and that the great increase in the amount of traffic has enabled railroads to handle it cheaper in proportion. In short, the report gives the lie to the loudly proclaimed assertions that the greater the unification of the railroads, the lower the scale of transportation charges. The Commission emphatically asserts that "this species of property now possesses the power to tax unjustly every species of property." When it talks about "insidious means" of taxing the many for the benefit of the few, it revives poignant memories of Wall Street in 1900 and 1901.

The complete Bristow report is interesting chiefly as further evidence of the wrongdoing of the dismissed employees, of the men now under indictment, and of Perry S. Heath, who should be rendering daily thanks for the statute of limitations. The large results of Mr. Bristow's investigation were indicated in the abstract recently issued. The full recital of the amazing diligence of Beavers and Machen in taking toll of every contract and payment that passed through their hands entitles them to a place among the great thieves of history. The report is crammed with significant touches. Beavers used to direct seekers for contracts to a clerk, H. Clayton Graff, "as the man to do business with"; and Graff would gravely explain that "none of us are here for our health. The Government is not liberal with salaries, and it costs much to live in Washington." Mr. Bristow simply emphasizes the fact that every day Heath remains secretary of the Republican National Committee means political capital for Democrats and losses for Republicans. Heath's iniquity was known when the Committee met week before last; the Committee, by tolerating him, has deliberately shouldered responsibility for him, and the party will be held accountable at the polls.

The report of Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte on the so-called Tulloch charges contains more that is new and striking. They sustain Mr. Tulloch in all his main contentions. Of course, they find, as Mr. Bristow did, that Heath was one of the head devils; and, speaking as lawyers, they declare flatly that "suspicion of his personal integrity must be inevitably aroused." But, after the Bristow report, anything more to the discredit of Heath is throwing a perfume on the violet. The notable thing is the plain statement about the former Postmaster-General himself, Charles Emory Smith, who is directly accused of tolerating the practice of fraudulent employments after he had received notice of their existence. Mr. Smith, "notwithstanding repeated warnings," failed "to appreciate the gravity" of the misconduct of his subordinates, and "the consequent necessity for its prompt and adequate punishment." It may be added that Mr. Smith even now fails to appreciate the gravity of the case against him.

As an act of either generosity or justice, the grant of trade advantages to Cuba has been too long delayed to have a really fine moral flavor. A promise of humane treatment and fair dealing which it has taken the giver more than two years to make good is not a subject for him to wax complacent over. The immediate Cuban crisis long since passed. With an extraordinary power of endurance and recuperation, the Cubans pulled through the pinch of their industrial depression. Their own Government has been less extravagant than the temporary American rule. By a lucky upward turn in the world's price of sugar, their leading product afforded them a small margin of profit. Consequently, the reciprocity bill, which Congress finally passed on December 16, could no longer be urged as a measure demanded by an exigent situation. The arguments for it were rather political and economic than humanitarian, and it was a sure instinct which led the Democratic leader in the House to support the measure. He did his best to improve it, to make it broader and fairer; but, failing in that, he rallied his followers with the cry, "This is a break in their Chinese wall. Let us help them to make it, and trust to time and our own right arms to widen it." In the Senate, to be sure, the Democratic vote was largely against the bill. Some Democratic Senators, like Mr. Bailey, had legal and Constitutional objections; most of them, however, put the case bluntly on the ground of special interests which they represent and which they feared might take injury. Nevertheless, the fact remains that protection hated Cuban reciprocity, and tried to stave it off, but has at last had to acquiesce in it.

The new treaty between this country and China, which has just been unanimously ratified by the Senate, is a measure of exceptional importance. It firmly establishes our right to the most-favored-nation treatment, and points to the placing of our commercial affairs in the Empire on a more workable and profitable basis. The provisions that will command most attention are the abolition of the vexatious *likin*, and the opening of the Mantchurian ports of Mukden and Antung to American trade. The Chinese Government agrees to abolish the *likin* and all other transit dues, in return for which the United States consents to a surtax bringing the total import tax up to 12½ per cent., and limiting the export tariff to 7½ per cent. A tax of only 12½ per cent. shows how far China still is from any real conception of civilization. Contrast that beggarly tax with our Dingley schedules. As regards the Mantchurian ports, can China guarantee us equal rights there? Russia is in possession, and while she will probably not court an altercation with this country, she may pursue certain indirect methods of hampering our trade with the new ports. If, for instance, she should make our steamers pay twelve times the tonnage tax at Mantchurian ports that is paid by Rus-

sian craft, that would very nearly make waste paper of the treaty.

The conclusion of the purchase of the friars' lands in the Philippines will rank as the most signal achievement of Gov. Taft. It has been brought about, not by condemnation or other peremptory proceedings, but by direct negotiation with the owners. The Vatican had given its general sanction to the scheme, but in a case of this sort the details are the pith of the matter, and these had to be slowly and painfully arranged on the spot. How well this work has been done is shown in the purchase price, $7,250,000, which is less than two-thirds the sum originally demanded. The reason for this peaceful dispossession of the friars we have already discussed. Rightly or wrongly, they represented to the people the worst abuses of the Spanish domination; for they were the real rulers. That the transformation should be complete it was necessary that they should go. This view is quite compatible with such a belief in the piety and good intentions of the friars as Chaplain Chidwick expressed on Sunday night. Their unfortunate political activities had made them impossible, and Gov. Taft deserves the heartiest congratulations for arranging for their supersession by friendly purchase.

It is now evident that the secrecy which surrounds the inquiry into Gen. Wood's fitness for promotion relates only to the charges against him. Testimony in his favor may freely be published. Thus, we have had letters from Gen. Bliss and Col. Dudley setting forth what they did say before the Senate Committee, given out by consent of the War Department, and correcting erroneous press reports. Now it is Secretary Root who gives himself leave to print his defence of Gen. Wood at the very moment when the opponents of the medical general are denied publicity of any kind. The Secretary's tribute to his subordinate quotes, of course, from Gen. Wood's record while acting as a lieutenant in Arizona in 1886, and also from the official reports of his brief career as a colonel and brigade commander in the field. Mr. Root also contends that since the work of governing a captured province is frequently the duty of a general, Gen. Wood's services at Havana must be counted as a part of his purely military record. With this, we think, few army officers will agree. Still fewer will assent to the Secretary's assertion that no officer below the rank of major-general has "demonstrated to a higher degree the possession of qualities which fit a man to render valuable services to the country as major-general." It is true that Brig.-Gens. George M. Randall, J. Franklin Bell, Theodore J. Wint, Jesse M. Lee, Francis Moore, and Tasker H. Bliss have not had such spectacular commands as Gen. Wood, but this is because there was only one Cuba on our hands. It is, of course, hard luck that four of these were fighting in the civil war when Wood was a mewling infant, and that all are trained officers of long experience; but then not every one can be medical officer to the White House on the outbreak of war, and so let his light shine where it will do the most good.

The four appointments announced by Mayor-elect McClellan on Monday must dash the hopes of those who thought that in some mysterious way Tammany Hall might be uplifted by its latest figurehead. Crain, Keenan, Lantry, and Hayes, like Delany, whose selection was announced last week, are of the old guard of the Wigwam. It is true that there are worse men in Tammany Hall. Mr. Jerome, for instance, publicly praised Patrick Keenan for keeping away from the grafters and the upholders of red-light conditions; but at the same time he spoke of the present rulers of the Hall as hounds who would leap out of the windows should Croker enter and snap his jaws. Keenan has been an officeholder before, having graduated in true Tammany style from a liquor saloon into the Board of Aldermen from the old Eleventh Ward, but in 1880 he was forced out of the organization. After some years of rebellion and service as county clerk on an anti-Tammany ticket, he returned to the fold in 1890, and has since been a model of loyalty. Crain is an "orator" of considerable ability and education, which he has put to bad uses in defence of Tammany Hall. Since he is to have charge of the important Tenement House Department, we may at least be thankful that he is not a Sheehan or a "Mike" Murphy. This new Commissioner was appointed City Chamberlain by Mayor Grant, after having been the Mayor's private secretary, to succeed no less a person than Richard Croker. Francis J. Lantry, who goes back to the position of Commissioner of Correction, which he filled none too well under Van Wyck, is a typical Tammany officeholder. Nicholas J. Hayes, the new Fire Commissioner, who is now Deputy City Clerk, has risen in the regular Tammany Hall way to a district leadership. There is nothing about him or his past which would seem to mark him as a man suitable for so important a position.

By a noteworthy inversion, Mr. Chamberlain's Imperialism has now resulted in an *imperium in imperio* which threatens the existence of his party. It was plain to all disinterested observers that from the moment of the Birmingham speech he had made—following Dante's example—"a party of himself." The logic of the situation soon forced him to a secession, friendly in form, but practically disastrous to Unionism. Meanwhile, the Tariff Reform League quickly put at his command the usual political machinery, and now, by the appointment of an expert commission on the fiscal question, he virtually sets up as a Government. Since the commission is to frame the legislation which will revolutionize the finances and trade policy of the Empire, it obviously leaves to the real Government—if Mr. Balfour's Ministry still deserves the name—chiefly such parochialisms as the maintenance of the army, fleet, and schools. Of course, Mr. Chamberlain's relay Government lacks certain appurtenances: it cannot, for instance, issue Blue Books, and it will not have to resign even if its bill be defeated in Parliament. But there are other colors than blue, and the evasion of Parliamentary responsibility may be deemed an advantage. What Mr. Balfour's Government will do with the bill that Mr. Chamberlain's Government presents is a problem interesting alike to students of constitutional law and of human nature. Certainly, Mr. Balfour would be excusable if he should cease from placarding his abiding friendship for his former colleague. For it is Mr. Chamberlain and his Ministry who are to have the pleasure of playing ducks and drakes with British finance, while it is apparently Mr. Balfour who is to endure such necessary Parliamentary hardships as the measure may entail. Obviously, it is not Joe who stands to get left in this division of labor.

Premier Combes has no sooner got the alleged disloyal orders suppressed than he introduces a bill requiring all the religious orders—as companies or individuals—to desist within five years from teaching in France. The act applies impartially to primary and secondary education. This means the closing of more than three thousand schools, and naturally the extension of Government school facilities to accommodate the pupils of religious institutions. It should be observed that this wholesale proscription does not technically affect the rights of the secular clergy. But, practically, there are no parish schools in France; school teaching is in the hands of the orders, and the proposed law is definitely an attempt to deny the right of teaching to the Roman Catholic Church. In another aspect the law is an assertion of a State monopoly in education. On the theory lately set forth by the publicist Clémenceau, who asserts that no one can be loyal to both the Pope and the Republic, such action would be highly logical; but in that case the Catholic Church must be regarded as the enemy of France always and everywhere. Such undoubtedly is M. Combes's view. To carry it out consistently, the Concordat should next be abolished, and that, indeed, is to be expected if anti-clericalism continues to be the ruling political force at the Palais Bourbon.

SENATOR HOAR AND THE PRESIDENT.

Seven weeks ago Senator Hoar was rebuking the *Evening Post* for attacking the President's Panama policy without full information. On Thursday he was rebuked by Senator Foraker for doing the same thing. The *Evening Post*, said the Massachusetts Senator in November, had "gone off half-cock." Yet he himself, going off full-cock in December, takes exactly the same position that that journal held from the first. But these are only amusing trifles. We know how galling it is to Senator Hoar to agree with the *Evening Post*, or to be supported by it, but agreement with him is sometimes inevitable—when he is right; and he has now performed a great public service, far beyond the power of any newspaper. He has, from his position in the Senate, gained the ear of the country with his plea for law and morals.

Objection to the President's course can no longer be put by as the work of chronic snarlers and cantankerous sentimentalists who are Democrats in disguise. Here is the most eminent Republican Senator, who would not abandon his party though it were to slay him—an able lawyer, chairman of the Judiciary Committee—who rises to inform the Senate and the nation that the President's action has been both brutal and illegal. Of course, Mr. Hoar puts the case hypothetically. He virtuously (or slyly) assumes that Mr. Roosevelt could justify his ways to man if he would only tell the whole truth. It is simply on the face of the official dispatches thus far made public that Senator Hoar condemns him. Yet this is plainly nothing but an empty formality—the Mark Antony way of saying "honorable man." How can any Executive explanation do away with the orders actually given our naval commanders before this wonderful revolution? Those orders, declares Senator Hoar, were an act of war against a friendly country. Such they undoubtedly were, tried by any test, legal or moral; and the President's pretence of a solemn obligation to "keep the peace" on the Isthmus, translated as it was into deeds without the semblance of fair play or warrant of law, Mr. Hoar aptly characterizes. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude, asserts this survivor of the Puritans, was that of a "mighty policeman" who "manacled the arms of the attacked, leaving the assailant free, and then instantly proceeded to secure from the assailant the pocketbook of the victim, on the ground that he was the de-facto owner." That will do, coming from the President of the Harvard Alumni, and addressed to Harvard's strenuous son.

Senator Foraker's protest against Mr. Hoar's sensational speech was, in effect, a declaration that the people are not capable of passing judgment on such high matters. He was appalled at the thought of all this being "given to the country." Why could not indiscreet Senator Hoar have cleansed his bosom of all that perilous stuff in secret session? Senators, of course, were fitted to discuss these complex questions of law and morality, but Foraker was aghast at the idea of uninstructed editors and clergymen and professors all over the land debating matters entirely above their feeble comprehension. The mischief, however, is done. Senator Hoar has fired a shot that will be heard round the world. Horrible as it may seem to Senator Foraker and to the Administration, the whole question is up and the whole question is open. Americans are actually wanting to know whether their rulers have had a proper regard for law and right, and whether they have been careless of the country's good name, making us appear to the world in the light of sharpers and filibusters.

Washington dispatches friendly to the President variously represent him as "amazed," "pained," and "indignant" at Senator Hoar's speech. Such a portent is it for a leading Republican to lift up his voice for justice and the law! Mr. Roosevelt is said to be particularly apprehensive about the effect of the speech "abroad." He seems to fear that foreigners will for the first time find out that his Panama alacrity was highly suspicious. As if they had not all the while spoken of it with their tongues in their cheeks! Then there is the familiar old fear lest the expression of a moral sentiment in this country should compel the President to kill somebody in another. Those ignorant and credulous Colombians might take it into their heads that Americans in general care as much about the proprieties and the legalities as Senator Hoar does, and then, of course, by the severe logic of Imperialism, President Roosevelt would have to invade their territory and shoot a lot of them. All this fluttering simply shows how hard the Administration has been hit. Moral reproaches it could smile at, but apparently it is even going to lose its treaty. The danger is, of course, that in this state of alarm and anger the President may seek to escape the consequences of one rash act by essaying another. But we earnestly hope that he will have the good sense to reject desperate counsels to get up a little war, or to build the canal anyway, or to annex Panama, and will see his path of safety and of honor in careful observance of the law and of good faith.

It is high time that Americans should recall to their minds the elementary rules of international propriety. They have been violated, in all this business, with the utmost effrontery. Not the least indecent disregard of what is fit and obligatory has been shown by the mushroom Minister of a mushroom republic, M. Bunau-Varilla. He made a speech in Philadelphia on Thursday, and submitted to a newspaper interview afterwards, in which he most offensively interfered in what is purely a domestic matter. He denounced those who spoke up for justice to Colombia or were against the Panama treaty, and acted in all ways as if his quality of foreigner and diplomat laid no embargo whatever on his utterance. We must tell him that Washington sent Genet out of the country for just such impertinent meddling. This stockholder in the Panama Canal Company, who got himself made Minister and then negotiated a treaty to buy his own property, ought to get a civil but decided intimation from the State Department that we will not allow him to lobby, or loose his too eloquent tongue, in behalf of legislation before Congress. M. Bunau-Varilla might perhaps plead that all rules were being set aside by this stirring Administration, and that no impropriety really mattered. But Senator Hoar's speech is one sign that the period of happy-go-lucky, go-as-you-please conduct in international affairs of the greatest moment is about ended, and that we are going sharply to revert to the old questions, "What does precedent demand? What does the law require?"

THE INJURY TO MR. HAY.

One of the most unfortunate results of our Panama diplomacy is the damage it has done to the reputation of Secretary Hay. His prestige has been a matter of legitimate national pride. Not only by skill and address, but by pursuing policies at once humane and honorable, had he won fame abroad as well as admiration at home. His exemplary patience when the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty was defeated by American Jingoes, headed by Mr. Roosevelt, implied that he had that first of diplomatic virtues, the ability to say, "I can wait." But the rash and lawless course which the Administration, with Mr. Hay's advice or, at least, consent, has adopted in the Isthmian canal affair operates gravely to his injury.

The fundamental vice of our Colombian diplomacy is revealed afresh in the correspondence made public on Saturday. Apparently, neither President Roosevelt nor Secretary Hay thought Colombia entitled to her rights under international law. They never dreamed of treating her as an equal. They addressed demands to her which, if made to us by any other Power, we should have rightly regarded as a deep insult. Read the offensive dispatch which Mr. Hay sent on June 9. It stated that the rejection of the treaty would "seriously compromise the friendly understanding between the two countries," and might lead to action by Congress "which every friend of Colombia would regret." What right had the Secretary to say that? How could it be maintained that the Constitutional action of the Colombian

Senate in rejecting one of Mr. Hay's treaties was any more unfriendly than the similar action of the United States Senate in rejecting several of them? Clearly, Secretary Hay would never have thought of making so thinly veiled a threat to France. He would not have endured it for an instant coming from England. Lord Lansdowne might, with as good warrant, have insisted that our Senate confirm the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. That was sought by us as directly as the canal treaty was by Colombia. Mr. Hay makes much of the fact that "negotiations were instituted by Colombia." The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was instituted by us. Indeed, it was publicly stated that Mr. Hay was allowed to write it just as he pleased. Yet the British Foreign Office never thought of reproaching or threatening our Government on that account. We demand the treatment of an equal, but do not accord it to Colombia, though by law and treaty it should be hers.

We can easily conceive that the case was badly botched by Minister Beaupré. He appears to have passed on Secretary Hay's instructions in the baldest form; and telegraphed that they made a "sensation" in the Colombian Senate, where they were "construed as a threat of direct retaliation." Probably Mr. Hay did not intend the thing to be done thus crudely; but his own original position is untenable. If the rejection of a treaty by the duly constituted authorities is an unfriendly act, the United States would be the chief of sinners. Look at the Hay-Bond treaty respecting Newfoundland. Senator Lodge not only has it contumeliously set aside in one Senate and pigeon-holed in the next; he puts his son-in-law, Representative Gardner, to railing at it in the House and to accusing its negotiator—Secretary Hay himself—of having been cheated into accepting a "gold-brick" treaty. But can Newfoundland allege that the insult is directed at her, and not merely at Mr. Hay?

The latest correspondence only makes the Panama case appear worse. It shows that the Administration was prepared to ignore Colombian sentiment and to trample upon Colombian rights. And as for what this Government actually did in connection with the Panama revolution, the dispatches now published are either irrelevant or further inculpatory. To show that we were long aware of trouble brewing, is a queer way of excusing us for acting with gross impropriety when it came. It does not leave us even the pretext of having been taken by surprise. Nothing that has yet seen the light can explain or defend the orders to our naval commanders, two days before the revolution, to prevent Colombia from suppressing it. That, as Senator Hoar maintained from his place in the Senate, was nothing less than an act of war, authority for which the President possesses neither in sound policy nor in the Constitution and laws which he is sworn to uphold. Besides being a diplomatic blunder, it was an open usurpation of power.

All this, we say, came with a shock to the best friends of Secretary Hay, and must prove a detriment to his fair fame. Nowhere has his sagacious and humane statesmanship been held in higher esteem than in England. But what are Englishmen saying now of the policy in which he has made himself *particeps?* The influential organs of English opinion express that verdict of posterity which is proverbially to be sought in the judgment of friendly and intelligent foreigners. The *Speaker*, the Liberal weekly, says that the Administration was guilty of "an act of brigandage" in Panama, and adds that "the United States has shaken the confidence of the civilized world in her honesty." It is the opinion of the *Scotsman* that Colombia has been "at the same time plundered and mocked." Says the Glasgow *Herald*, "Expediency has been stronger than morality." In the Manchester *Guardian* we read: "The United States Government, coveting the canal territory and unable to control it by treaty, has torn it off from Colombia by force." Our Panama diplomacy is called by the *Daily Graphic* "a very disagreeable page of American history." The *Globe* speaks of the "underground manœuvring of President Roosevelt and Mr. Hay." Our course at Panama was, says the *Daily News*, in "complete disregard for the opinion of the civilized world." We could make many more citations to the same effect from representative and powerful English newspapers. Enough has been adduced, however, to show that the Colombian diplomacy for which Secretary Hay has made himself responsible incurs the condemnation of our well-wishers abroad. The result is, unhappily, not only a diminution of his own repute, but a tarnishing of his country's good name.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM IN BALTIMORE.

It is in the nature of race prejudice to give rise to incidents that intensify and sometimes appear to justify it. An illustration of this is to be found in some recent incidents in Baltimore. In some sections of that city the white residents and property holders are much irritated at the gradual spread of the negro population into sections in which, a few years ago, none of them resided. In 1880 there were 53,716 negroes in Baltimore City. Twenty years later there were 79,258—an increase of 25,542, or at the rate of something more than 47 per cent. It is true that in the same time the white population increased 150,634, or at the rate of 54 per cent., so that the proportion of negroes to the total population of the city is now somewhat less than it was twenty years ago. Nevertheless, there has been an absolute increase of upwards of 25,000 in the negro population. This means that perhaps 3,500 more dwellings in Baltimore are now occupied by the negroes than was the case in 1880.

In Baltimore, negroes are seldom the first occupants of new houses. The small houses of the kind which they would be most likely to buy or rent are usually put up in long rows or blocks. It rarely happens that enough negroes can be found able and willing to buy or rent all the houses of one of these rows. The builder would not dare to sell some of them to or for negroes unless he were sure that he would be able to sell all for the same purpose, because he could escape having the remaining houses left on his hands only by selling them far below the cost of erection. In large part the increased housing needed by the largely augmented negro population of the city has been supplied by turning over to them residences once occupied by whites. This process has entailed on many white people large pecuniary loss. It has annoyed and irritated a still greater number of persons who, perhaps, did not lose any money by it.

For thirty years now the real-estate market in Baltimore, and especially that portion of it which concerns itself with moderate-sized houses, has been in an unsatisfactory state. No matter with what judgment one might buy such property, if he held it for a few years he was almost certain to lose money. It follows that it has been exceedingly difficult, when one was forced to sell such property, to part with it except at a very heavy loss. The increase in the standard of comfort among a portion, at least, of the negro population resulting from the increased education and culture of some of them, has made them wish for their children and themselves better surroundings, physical and moral, than can usually be found in the typical negro quarter. These persons are on the lookout for residences which they can afford, and which will, if not give them the surroundings they would like, at least free them in part from some very objectionable associations. In a neighborhood in which values are declining, as in most parts of Baltimore they are, it is easy for such persons to obtain by purchase or rent from the necessity or cupidity of a property owner who finds his property tenantless on his hands, the kind of house they want; because, wanting it, they will frequently pay more than a reliable white tenant will. The very moment the new occupant moves in, there is a commotion in the neighborhood. His coming means at once a large money loss to all the other property owners in the immediate vicinity. He and his family may be quite well-behaved people who give their neighbors no trouble of any kind; perhaps

the first negroes to come into a white community are usually of this class. Nevertheless, many of the white neighbors feel themselves insulted and more or less outraged by his advent. If they are tenants, they at once begin preparations for moving, and they do move at the first reasonable opportunity. If they own the property, they try to sell it. As an inevitable consequence, the value of houses rapidly declines. As the whites move out, more and more negroes come in, because no one else who will pay any reasonable rent will take a house in a block in which there are negro residents. Every white man who moves, and every white man whose property has become less valuable, ascribes all his inconvenience and all his loss to the negroes, although it often happens that they have been only partly responsible; the decline in value having made large progress before any negroes appeared in the neighborhood. Such an experience is likely to create prejudice where little of it existed, and to fan to a higher heat that which had been previously entertained. Men are never disposed to view kindly or judge justly the acts of others which they believe to have caused them to lose money.

Thirty years ago, outside of a few alleys, there were scarcely any negroes in the section of Baltimore city bounded on the south by Biddle Street, on the west by Argyle Avenue, on the east by Druid Hill Avenue, and on the north by North Avenue. This region extends about a quarter of a mile from east to west and a mile north and south. Now the negro population is very possibly in the majority in the entire district. It is still gaining upon the whites very rapidly. There can be but little question that this spread of the negro population into what had been previously white neighborhoods has had an appreciable political as well as social effect. The pity of it all is that, starting with the existence of a dislike among a considerable proportion of the whites to living in a neighborhood in which any negroes dwell, all the other consequences follow automatically, so to speak; and follow without anybody, black or white, being to blame for them.

All sorts of difficult and irritating problems are created by these changes in the character of the population. For example: some twenty-five years ago a public-school building was erected for white children in what was then practically an exclusively white neighborhood. It was one of the best school buildings that up to that time had been erected in Baltimore, perhaps because the class of white children then attending it were used in their homes to a higher degree of comfort than was the case in most other sections of the city. In the last ten years the negroes have gradually moved into the vicinity of this school, and now very nearly surround it. The attendance at the school, which used to be large, has fallen off greatly and steadily. As a consequence, it can now accommodate many more pupils than desire to attend it. On the other hand, there is a shortage in the accommodations for colored children in the neighborhood. The School Board last spring accordingly announced that it would close the school as a white school and open it in the fall for colored children. This seemed to be a common-sense decision, and to be all the more wise because part of the falling off in the enrolment and attendance of white pupils was unquestionably due to the dislike of parents to send their children to a school around which the negro population was so numerous. The moment the decision of the School Board was announced, however, there was a bitter protest. The negro population had, as already stated, almost surrounded the school building; they had not quite done so. Some of the white property owners still occupied their houses. Some white churches and institutions still remained in the vicinity. They have been struggling against what may be called the inroads of the black sea for years, and that their struggles thus far have been unsuccessful only made it to them the harder that the School Board should take sides with the invaders. So much feeling was aroused on the question that the School Board reconsidered its action and announced that the white school would be continued. It gave notice, however, that the proposed action had been only postponed unless experience should demonstrate that there were enough white children to attend the school to make it worth while to continue it. Confident assertions were made by the white neighbors that there would be no trouble on this score, circulars were distributed in the vicinity urging white parents to send their children to this school. Nevertheless, the attendance this year is smaller than it was last.

A NEW INTRUSION OF PEDANTRY.

It needs a strong hand now and then to smite those Philistines of the schools whom we call pedants, and such a hand Mr. Trevelyan, the eminent biographer and historian, has raised in defence of the finer aspects of his art. In an inaugural address, delivered just a year ago at Cambridge University, Professor Bury asserted roundly that history is a science, not an art, and that the imagination and the emotions have no concern in its writing. If he relented at all in this austere rejection of the graces, it was only in favor of "generations very remote":

> "The gathering of materials, he declares, bearing upon minute local events, the collation of MSS. and the registry of their small variations, the patient drudgery in archives of states and municipalities, all the microscopic research that is carried on by armies of toiling students—it may seem like the bearing of mortar and bricks to the site of a building which has hardlly been begun, of whose plan the laborers know but little. This work, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, has to be done in faith—in the faith that a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history will tell in the end. The labor is performed for posterity."

Against this promulgation of the new school, Mr. Trevelyan has protested vigorously in the *Independent Review*, showing with admirable persuasiveness that the labor of sifting evidence and establishing facts is only the beginning of the student's task, and that no generation can safely forego the real objects of history—which are, as he thinks, to teach political wisdom, to restore our heritage in the ideals of the past and the lives of the noble dead, and to awaken a feeling for the poetry of time.

We could wish that some champion of the finer scholarship, as Mr. Trevelyan sees it, might arise in this country and smite hip and thigh the pedants who are fast bringing the study of history into the same disrepute among men of the world as that into which the classical languages have long since fallen at the hands of our learned philologians. The root of the disease lies in a misapprehension of the term science—in a sort of hypnotic spell which this word has cast over the minds of all who practise in the profession of knowledge and wisdom. To suppose there can be a science of history in any sense corresponding to the science of material phenomena, is merely to bow down before the many-tongued idols of the marketplace. Truth is the aim of the historian, as it is of the scientist—as it is of the poet even; but it has not yet appeared that the only road to historic truth is by the "town-pump" method of instruction, as the cynical have denominated the pedantry of our schools. Unless history recreates the life of a past age, with all the passions and aspirations of that bygone world at play, it is not easy to perceive what profit arises from its pursuit. Accurate sifting of documents and weighing of evidence is necessary, but to stop there, as Professor Bury demands and as too many of our college men do in practice, is to harrow the soil without planting the seed; more than that, it is to waive the one instrument at our service for controlling the traditions and documents that descend to us. Human passion was the source and formal cause of that life, and only by passion can its meaning be brought back to us of the present. "Men act from passion," Hazlitt wrote, "and we can only judge of passion from sympathy. Persons of the dry and husky class above spoken of often seem to think even nature itself an interloper on their flimsy theories." And again: "Passion, in short, is the essence, the chief ingredient in moral truth, and the warmth of passion is sure to kindle the light of imagination on the objects around it."

There may seem something startling in this setting up of passion as the discoverer of historic truth; and yet, if the matter be examined into, it will be found that the historian whose works endure and whose portrayal of a certain period has gained the common approval of readers, has almost invariably written, not coldly and pedantically, but with strong forejudgment. His absorbing feeling kindles the imagination; by it he is able to comprehend the other human impulses at work as no cold registrar of documents can conceive them; and in reading his works it is perfectly easy to bear in mind that "personal equation" which is easily discounted since it is unconcealed. In this way, Carlyle discovered and gave to the world the character of Cromwell —by passion. In this way, to name no other instance, Tacitus presented a picture of the Roman Empire, whose fundamental truth no mere maker of themes can shake, and whose exaggerations the reader can readily account for; he has made the age forever alive and forever a lesson to the world.

Now, it is needless to say that passion in the writer of history does not mean any deliberate coloring of the truth, and it is equally needless to say that passion has no place at all in the pursuit of science. The error of Professor Bury and of the growing school he represents is the same error that vitiates so much that comes from pulpit and desk—the failure to perceive distinctions. True science has her own glory, from which no caviller may detract. This science falsely so called is no better than a parody and a stale imitation. Even if historic truth were to be found within the limitations set by Professor Bury, where were the profit? It still holds good of such pedantry—

> "That truth itself is in her head as dull
> And useless as a candle in a skull."

The peril of allowing restrictions of this sort to creep into any field of university work is too serious to be ignored by those who have the really higher education at heart.

THE HEARING IN THE NORTHERN SECURITIES CASE.

WASHINGTON, December 19, 1903.

It has been current talk among lawyers and public men in Washington for the past few days that no case has come before the Supreme Court of the United States since the Dred Scott decision fraught with graver consequences than that of the appeal of the Northern Securities Company against the United States, which was argued on Monday and Tuesday last. The present generation has not witnessed a deeper interest evinced at a hearing before this tribunal. True, there was intense concern manifested at the argument of the Income Tax cases. The bar upon that occasion was crowded, and every available seat and standing-place outside of the bar was occupied, when Mr. Choate delivered his great argument, and Attorney-General Olney, with consummate ability, presented the views of the Government. Most of the audience then in attendance were well-to-do people, to whom the prospect of a tax upon income rendered the hearing of critical import to the individual pocket. But the Income Tax question, though coming home to a considerable fraction of the people, did not begin to embody so large a principle as that now at stake in the Northern Securities case. It was a burning political question, to be sure; but it lay within limits comparatively narrow. The issues involved in this week's legal battle go to the very foundation of our business prosperity, and reach the home of every workingman no less than that of every investor of capital.

The case had been set for Monday, December 14. All the Justices were in their seats, with the exception of Mr. Justice Brown, unfortunately kept at home by an affection of the eyes. Although thus disabled from listening to the argument, it was agreed by the parties that he should sit in the case. The briefs of counsel and the oral arguments in printed form will be submitted to him. By noon, when the justices came in, the courtroom was crowded to its utmost capacity. Several Senators were present, among them Nelson of Minnesota, Burrows of Michigan, and Fairbanks of Indiana; and a few Representatives, conspicuous among whom was Littlefield of Maine. Judge Morrow, of the United States Circuit Court for the California District, sat within the bar.

At the north table in front sat Attorney-General Knox, clean-cut, smooth-faced, and looking as though he felt the responsibility of the position and was ready to do his full duty. The Solicitor-General was present during the entire hearing, but took no part. Next to the Attorney-General sat William A. Day, an Assistant-Attorney-General appointed specially to prepare the Trust cases. Day was formerly an Auditor of the Treasury under Cleveland, and lately has practised almost exclusively before the Interstate Commission. Mr. Russell, another Assistant from the Department of Justice, was on hand. That brilliant young attorney, James M. Beck, who, while Assistant-Attorney-General, argued the cause before the Circuit Court of St. Louis, was in attendance. To-day, in a Wall Street law firm, he sees something of business operations from the capitalist's point of view.

The counsel for the Northern Securities Company were grouped at the other table. Mr. John Johnson of Philadelphia, justly esteemed the leader of the bar, is a tall, finely built, powerful man, with a strong yet kindly face. Next to him sat George B. Young of St. Paul. Years ago for a brief period he was a judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota; to-day he is known throughout the Northwest as a student and lawyer of the highest rank. He has an intellectual cast of countenance. Next to him sat C. W. Bunn, also of St. Paul, an able and experienced railway lawyer. Mr. M. D. Grover, counsel for the Great Northern, and John W. Griggs, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, were also in line. Francis L. Stetson of New York, George R. Peck of Chicago, and William P. Clough were seated near the counsel for the companies. These gentlemen, together with one or two others well known in the profession, presented a firm front of experienced and able corporation counsel. In truth, Mr. John Johnson might well have been considered a host in himself. His generous stature, as contrasted with the trim, dapper figure of the Attorney-General, must have suggested to the mind of more than one spectator that the gamy champion of the Government was going forth like David to battle.

The "plain people" had well discerned the meaning of the contest, for they had poured into the courtroom and stood there in a solid mass behind the bar. A fair number of ladies were also to be seen. Mrs. Roosevelt, with Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Justice Holmes, Mrs. Senator Lodge, and others well known in Washington society, paid undivided attention to what was going on. A large proportion of the members of the bar, it was evident, had come from points beyond Washington. The Chief Justice announced that double the usual time would be allowed to each side. That meant four hours for either party.

Mr. Johnson proceeded to open the case in a plain, business-like manner. He had not spoken five minutes before everybody who heard him was convinced that here was no ordinary man. Void of affectation, and to all appearance unconscious of self, Mr. Johnson talked to the Justices in a tone not exactly conversational, and yet only a little above it. It was the conveying of information through a perfectly easy, untroubled channel. His wonderful ability consists in the perfection of his power of statement. In this respect older members of the bar say that he proves himself the equal of the late Benjamin R. Curtis. Judge Curtis was cold, he used no gestures, but held the attention of the court by his remarkable clearness and conciseness. On the other hand, Mr. Johnson adds to these qualities a gentle warmth and a vein of humor which render it a delight to listen to him.

The usual mode of opening a case is for the counsel to state the facts in orderly sequence. Mr. Johnson dared to abandon this method. He laid down six propositions of law, and, taking each up in turn, stated the facts relating to it, and the application of the principle thereto, before going to his next point. In general, the appellants through him contended that the formation of the Northern Securities Company was a defensive measure, for the purpose of guarding the stock of the two railway companies against the repetition of such a raid as had been made by the Harriman interest of the Union Pacific; that Mr. Hill looked to the building up of traffic with China and Japan, and that the real competition was not between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, but between these two roads, on one hand, and the Canadian Pacific and the Pacific roads to the south on the other; further, that a larger competition existed and was to be fostered with England and Germany and other European nations in securing the vast trade of the Orient. These and other points were vigorously set forth and well illustrated. The speaker received the closest attention from the Court. While reading the figures from the reports of the railroad companies in order to assure the Court that there had been no restraint, but really a great enlargement, of commerce, Mr. Johnson used the word "thousands." Mr. Justice Harlan

interrupted, and pointed out that the figures in the report said so many "millions." "Yes, your Honor," replied Mr. Johnson, "you see I am not given to exaggeration."

Mr. Bunn followed Mr. Johnson, confining himself to a single point, namely, the constitutionality of the anti-Trust statute if it is to be regarded as authorizing an interference with the transfer of stock in State corporations; or, in other words, the non-applicability of the Sherman Act to the absolute sale of the stock of these two roads, which was accomplished in the formation of the Northern Securities Company. Mr. Bunn delivered his argument in a lawyer-like manner. He has a good voice, and his sentences are directly to the point, while his style is logical almost to severity, earnest, and convincing.

Late in the afternon of Monday, the Attorney-General arose to reply. There was a little flutter in the courtroom at this point. The Attorney-General, turning to his opponents, said that they had taken upon themselves to be considered as speaking for criminals, in the supposed view of the Government. This was a misrepresentation. He regarded their clients not as criminals, but simply as defendants in a court of equity. With this premise, the Attorney-General proceeded to open his case. He recited somewhat of the history of the origin of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of the land grant with which Congress had helped to build it. When asked by Mr. Justice White if he rested his case upon the ground that the Northern Pacific Railway was a land-grant railroad, Mr. Knox said that he did not. "Then," said the Justice, "your remarks in this respect are irrelevant." The Attorney-General said he had introduced them for the purpose of meeting certain outside criticism of this prosecution.

This was the first appearance of the Attorney-General to argue a case before the Supreme Court of the United States. Naturally some degree of curiosity existed on the part of the bar to learn with what degree of ability "the first lawyer in the land" would acquit himself. It was a matter of surprise to see that, instead of speaking *ex tempore*, he read his argument from printed sheets. He has a good delivery, a voice of fair compass and of penetration, and altogether a manner denoting a thorough conviction of the correctness of the points he is making. Still, in a legal argument something is sure to be lost in reading from a paper instead of addressing the Bench orally. It may be remarked in passing that the text of one at least of Mr. Olney's arguments before the Court when Attorney-General (perhaps the able presentation of the Government's side of the Income Tax cases) had been committed to memory by Mr. Olney, and recited, but so cleverly that no one would have suspected it.

One naturally contrasted his deliverance with that of his distinguished opponent, Mr. Johnson. It was Pittsburgh set against Philadelphia. Johnson took a broad, comprehensive view of the whole subject. He sketched the project of raising a bankrupt corporation into life, and creating a great traffic, through the genius of a single mind grappling with a formidable railway problem. He pointed out the vast sweep of the principle at the base of the contention in this cause. Though apt at detail, and losing the thread of no authority that was needful to a full conception of the points involved, the great Philadelphia advocate lifted the case, as it were, into a higher region of thought and debate. The Attorney-General, on the other hand, seemed to plant his feet upon the solid ground of the duty of Mr. Hill and of Mr. Morgan, like that of everybody else, to obey the law. He indulged in no sentiment. He alluded to the Orient as "dreamland." He hammered away at the point that by combination these two roads had, contrary to the law, destroyed competition and therefore restrained commerce; that the object of consolidating the roads was to restrain commerce and to kill competition; that the Northern Securities Company controlled every act of two gigantic systems of railroads, and that it was violating the law in so doing.

Mr. Johnson was cheery, good-humored, and optimistic. Mr. Knox was sober, and inclined to admonish and deplore, and appeared to make a good deal of impression upon the Court. His carefully prepared address was incisive, assertive, and emphatic. If it could hardly be called a great argument, it lacked nothing save that indescribable quality which only a consummate advocate imparts to his utterances in the heat of forensic contest.

The Attorney-General concluded his argument about two o'clock on Tuesday. Judge Young arose to reply. He speaks with facility and uses choice language, but his voice does not carry well, and it is not unlikely that many persons at the back of the room (partly because of its wretched acoustic properties) could with difficulty hear what he said. The Court paid undivided attention. In a few apt words he disclaimed for his clients any intention to violate the law, any desire to evade their proper duty, or any wish for the Court to depart in the least from the construction already placed upon the Sherman Act. His argument went down deep into the very sources of the law. Judge Young is a thinker and a close reasoner. At the same time he shows himself to be in touch with business and practical affairs. He was concise and clear, and his effort was equal to the great responsibility laid upon him in closing the arguments. His illustrations were frequent and felicitous, particularly one referring to the driving out of business of the old-fashioned stage-lines, when he spoke of the far-seeing men—the Hills and Morgans of those days—who saw the possibilities of the railway.

When Judge Young made his bow to the Justices and sat down, it was felt that this great case had been presented to the Court with all that scrutiny and force of argument on each side which it demanded. The bar of the Supreme Court of the United States had maintained its reputation.

MASSON'S KING OF ROME.

PARIS, December 2, 1903.

M. Frédéric Masson goes on realizing year after year his ambitious scheme of historical studies on the Napoleonic period, and all lovers of history must hope he will carry it to its end. It will be his monument, but a perennial quality he himself allows only to bronze and to medals. Speaking of the medals struck during the Empire, he says:

"This incomparable series will insure the glory of Napoleon when all books have disappeared, when all monuments have fallen into dust. . . . People will decipher the names of these capitals for the first time united under the same sceptre; they will spell the names of these towns which, like luminous points, illuminate the map of Europe on which Napoleon spread his empire; and before these credible witnesses, with their faces of gold, of silver, or of bronze, the antiquarian will confess that it was not all a fable, and that the nineteenth century also had its Alexander."

M. Masson from time to time interrupts his chronological study of events and gives us a biography, generally with beautiful portraits and engravings. He has done so for Josephine; he does it now for Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, called Napoleon II. by the devotees of the Napoleonic religion. Towards the end of the Second Empire, Henri Rochefort published pamphlets, under the name of *La Lanterne*, which were very bitter satires on the Government of the time, and had an immense success. I remember that in one of them Rochefort said that he, too, was a Bonapartist, but that he had a right to a preference and to choose among those who bore the name of Napoleon. "Of all these," said he, "I prefer Napoleon II., and my reason is that he never reigned."

When Prince Louis Napoleon made his *coup d'état* and assumed, some time afterwards, the name of Napoleon III., he showed his evident desire to perpetuate a dynasty (for a similar reason the unfortunate Dauphin, who died in the Temple, was called Louis XVII.). The first Napoleon had the same thought when he divorced Josephine and married an Austrian archduchess. History does not admit hypotheses; it has a right to judge facts. Was Napoleon well inspired when he divorced Josephine and married Maria Louisa? Would it not have been better for him and for France if, instead of courting the alliance of an old empire and entering into what is still called the family of sovereigns, he had boldly adopted the Roman method of adoption? This was his first inspiration; he long thought of adopting Eugene Beauharnais, and choosing him as his successor. Prince Eugene was far from being a man of genius, but he had common sense, he was loyal to his benefactor, he had won the esteem of the sovereigns of Europe; the hostility of all the members of the Bonaparte family to the members of Josephine's family was a difficulty which Napoleon could always overcome. Napoleon had also fixed his eyes on Napoleon-Charles, eldest son of Louis, King of Holland, and of Hortense. This young Prince had the advantage of uniting the two families; but he died very young, at The Hague, in the spring of 1807.

Napoleon's marriage with a daughter of the Hapsburgs was, in M. Masson's opinion, more than a political mistake. Studying from a physiological point of view the ascendants of Maria Louisa, he pronounces her to have been a "degenerate"—the word now used to express the sad results of atavism, when the ancestors have a blood impoverished by disease. Maria Louisa justified, in a sense, this severe epithet; but at the time of Napoleon's marriage the theory of heredity was not much discussed. She had every appearance of robust health,

and all Napoleon really cared for was to have an heir. His hope was not disappointed, and Napoleon gave to his son the title of King of Rome. The child had a splendid establishment, and M. Masson indulges, as usual, in full details regarding it. Information was sought on all sides concerning the customs and etiquette of the court of the Bourbons when a royal prince was born. The budget of the King of Rome was fixed at about a million francs.

The post of governess of the young child was much envied; Napoleon had, even five months before its birth, assigned it to a person belonging to the old French aristocracy. He was very anxious to make a sort of fusion between the nobility of the old régime and the nobility which he had himself created. The governess of his choice was the Countess of Montesquiou, born Le Tellier de Louvois; her husband was high chamberlain and president of the legislative body. She was the granddaughter of the Marquis de Montesquiou, who played an important part in the Constituent Assembly in 1789, became a general in the armies of the Revolution, and in 1792 occupied the province of Savoy, which was added to the territory of the Republic. All the Montesquious had not followed the cause of the Republic; one of them, the Abbé de Montesquiou, was the special correspondent of the future Louis XVIII. (We have reason to think that this correspondence, which must have been of great interest, has been completely destroyed.) Madame de Montesquiou was a witness of the birth of the King of Rome. The confinement was extremely painful. Maria Louisa was in great alarm, and it is said that the child was for a moment abandoned on a carpet. Madame de Montesquiou had presence of mind enough to take care of the infant, who made no cry for seven minutes. Shortly after, the door was opened to all the high dignitaries who had been summoned for the occasion; the child was presented as "the King of Rome," and the two great chancellors passed round his neck the cordons of the Legion of Honor and of the Iron Crown. The baptism took place with great solemnity, in the month of June, at the Church of Notre Dame.

The child for three years was seen often in the Tuileries, the Champs-Élysées, and on the road to Saint-Cloud, with a great escort on horseback, as so many years afterwards was seen, also with an escort, the young son of Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, as he was called, who met with such an untimely and unfortunate death in the land of the Zulus. The King of Rome was always accompanied by Madame de Montesquiou; he became greatly attached to her, and called her "Maman Quiou." The Empress could see her son only in the presence of Madame de Montesquiou; her lady-in-waiting was the Maréchale Lannes, Duchess of Montebello, who was very unfriendly to Madame de Montesquiou, as belonging to the old nobility, while Madame de Montebello had a bitter hatred of all who had not the sort of nobility, of recent date, which she had herself. Under Madame de Montesquiou there were two other governesses, Madame de Mesgrigny (sister of the Count de Rambuteau, who afterwards became prefect of the Seine), a very handsome person, whom the Emperor had courted a moment, but who resisted his advances; and Madame de Boubers, who had been for a while attached to the children of Queen Hortense.

Napoleon had not much time to bestow on his child. Tolstoy gives in 'War and Peace' an impressive scene, when Napoleon, during his march through Russia on his way to Moscow, received a portrait of the King of Rome and showed it to his generals and his soldiers. When the tide of evil fortune arrived, and France was invaded in 1814, Napoleon on leaving Paris confided his wife and child to the National Guard. On the 29th of March, Maria Louisa fled from Paris. It is said that the child made great resistance, protesting, "Let us stay here, I don't want to leave this house. Since papa is not here, I am the master." He was taken first to Orléans, where he stayed a little while, playing with the younger pages in the court of the bishopric, where his mother resided. The pages soon returned to their families; the child remained alone with Mme. de Montesquiou and his mother. After the abdication at Fontainebleau, the King of Rome became a sort of hostage. Mme. de Montesquiou urged Maria Louisa to join the Emperor at Elba; but her efforts were vain. The Empress of the French had very willingly become again a mere archduchess. Mme. de Montesquiou followed the King of Rome to Vienna, and remained a year longer with him. We must cite a letter which she wrote from the Austrian capital to her husband, who urged her to return to Paris:

"If this child had a mother, I should willingly leave him in her hands and keep quiet; but this is far from being the case. She is more indifferent to his fate than the latest foreign servant in her employ. Besides, those who have followed me here would follow me again, if I wanted to leave, having no means of remaining here. As long as I am here, they have somebody to console them; if I were gone, they would not know what to do, and the poor child would suffer in consequence. . . . We are here, a small group, who often weep round this cradle, not for all the advantages the child has lost—for, in my opinion, he will be happier than he would have been—but because he lacks what is for others the prime good."

That is to say, a mother. This letter which has only now come to light, is the severest indictment ever made, not only against Maria Louisa, but against those under whose direction and by whose orders she was acting. The last French people who still remained with the child were soon removed. The departure of Madame de Montesquiou was a scene of violent despair. The child was four years old when all the ties with France were severed, and it is no wonder if the systematic education he received and which tended to make of him a thorough Austrian, was successful in the end. Was it absolutely successful? As to this there are two versions: one is that adopted in "L'Aiglon," which gives us the vision of a sentimental, ambitious, and Napoleonic child, full of dreams and anxieties; the other represents to us a young man indifferent to France—a weak creature in whom the Hapsburg blood left no place for that of Napoleon.

Correspondence.

THE OTHER SIDE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having been interested in the culture of cotton for fifty years, and following its fortunes, selling it as high as one dollar per pound after the close of the war in 1865, and as low as three and a half cents per pound in 1892, I may be permitted to express my views in regard to the cotton trade.

It has been the habit of spinners and bear speculators to send men travelling through the cotton belt to publish magnified reports as to the probable size of the cotton crop, in order to depress prices. This has been going on for years, and these exaggerated reports have each year cost the poor cotton planters millions of dollars. But last year the reports were so misleading that the spinners bought from hand to mouth only, and a speculator who was informed of the shortness of the crop bought up the cotton which the spinners did not choose to purchase, at a low price, in order to force the price still lower; and the speculator in the meantime accumulated so much of the crop that he controlled the market and sent the price up to 13½ cents per pound for middling cotton. This transaction opened the eyes of us poor cotton planters; and as we ascertained that this year's crop was short of last year's crop, we thought we might for once derive a benefit from the exaggerated reports as to the size of the crop, and we are this year for the first time in many years getting the benefit of the late rise in price.

Although the crop is short there is still some cotton in the fields, owing to the fact that the laborers are demoralized on account of Mr. Booker Washington's dinner at the White House. We do not look for any further demoralization of labor since the Senate failed to confirm Mr. Crum.

M.

Mississippi, December 8, 1903.

[In the matter of crop estimates, the Southern planter is between the devil and the deep sea. There is no reason to suppose that the motives and methods of the spinners and bear manipulators have been more disingenuous than those of the people who are now talking higher prices for cotton. The agents of the spinners estimated the present crop at upwards of 11,000,000 bales, and the bull leader of the market at 9,986,000 bales. To be sure, the latter has the Government statisticians on his side; but the actual yield always considerably exceeds the Government's figures, and the *Financial Chronicle*—a high authority on cotton—has just estimated that the present crop will be larger than that of last year, which amounted to 10,758,326 bales. It would perhaps be well for the Southern growers to bear in mind that there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Not a few of them are disposed to hold their cotton for a heavy rise from the present abnormal quotations; but what if, after all, the yield should be nearer 11,000,000 than 10,000,000 bales?

As regards the labor question, what is the state of society in which an act of common civility—not to call it an example either of democracy or of Christian charity—by the first gentleman in

the land should have an adverse influence in remote cotton-fields? The North never would have made a topic of Mr. Roosevelt's decent behavior to Mr. Washington—neither condescending nor levelling up; and if the analphabetic cotton hands in Mississippi heard of it at all, it must have been in consequence of the pother over it in the Southern press and conversation. This is the familiar way in which the ante-bellum South circulated abolition papers and tracts never intended to be sent south of Mason and Dixon's line, or addressed to any but white and Northern intelligences.—Ed. Nation.]

CARLYLE'S DANTE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Doubtless many readers of the lecture on Dante in Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero-Worship' have been vaguely troubled by a discrepancy between the description of "that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto" and the portrait itself. But perhaps not all have been at pains to inquire what the discrepancy is and how it arose. The passage runs as follows:

"After all commentaries, the Book itself is mainly what we know of him. The Book;—and one might add that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless;—significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfullest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft, ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain, too, a silent scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks-out as in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry. Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us 'his mystic unfathomable song.'"

It may be seen at a glance that the object of Carlyle's "devouring eyes" when he wrote this description, could not have been the so-called Giotto portrait on the wall of the Bargello. For one thing, in that portrait the laurel wreath is lacking. For another, Giotto's Dante (if it be Giotto's and not, as is commonly believed, Taddeo Gaddi's) is no such battle-scarred veteran as is implied in the phrase "life-long, unsurrendering battle against the world," and in the adjectives grim-trenchant, disdainful, and implacable. He is a mere youth. His face is serious, no doubt, even pathetic, but it is not stern or scornful; it is the face of one who, whatever he may come to be later, is as yet meek, passionless, and unprotesting.

But in an attempt to reconcile the description with the portrait these are not the only difficulties. As was pointed out in 1882 by two contributors to *Notes and Queries* (Sixth Series, vi., pp. 167, 297), when the lecture on Dante was delivered the Giotto portrait was virtually non-existent, having been covered over with whitewash for some two hundred years. Indeed, until it was uncovered on the wall of the Bargello by Kirkup, Wilde, and Bezzi, July 21, 1840, its very location was unknown. Now Carlyle's lecture was delivered May 12 of the same year. It was written out from reporter's notes for publication on July 15 following, on which date Carlyle says in a letter: "I have this instant finished my third lecture" (that is, the lecture on Dante and Shakspere). In other words, it appears, from a comparison of these dates, that the Giotto portrait was discovered six days after the lecture was put in manuscript, and more than two months after it was delivered. As one of the contributors to *Notes and Queries* plausibly remarks, if Carlyle uttered May 12 the passage which afterward appeared in the printed lecture (not published, however, until March, 1841) he might have laid claim to the gift of prophecy.

The facts here presented give rise to three questions:

(1.) Was the description of Dante in the extempore lecture the same as the description in the printed book?

(2.) What did Carlyle mean by "that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto"?

(3.) What portrait was before Carlyle's eye, or in his mind's eye, when he composed the description?

The first question I am unable to answer; and unless the author's notes, or the reporter's notes, of the third lecture are now extant, it is possible that no answer will ever be forthcoming. As regards the second, I am indebted to Mr. Theodore Koch, the bibliographer of Dante, for a plausible suggestion. Says Mr. Koch, in a private letter: "The search for the Bargello portrait having been going on for some three years before 1840 [eight years, according to Kraus, 'Dante,' page 168], Giotto's name was naturally much bruited about, and Carlyle caught it up when he was describing an altogether different type of portrait." This very likely is the true explanation. That Carlyle was kept pretty well informed on Dante matters we know from several passages in Mrs. Carlyle's letters. His brother John, the translator of the 'Inferno,' was a Dante enthusiast. He appears to have talked Dante relentlessly to anybody who would listen to him. All, therefore, that John knew, Thomas, at one time or another, must have heard, though he may not always have retained it in its original form. It is possible, then, that Carlyle, from these talks, had gained the impression that certain portraits of Dante were the lineal descendants of the much-desiderated Giotto portrait. When, therefore, he used the words "that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto," it was as if he had said "that type of portrait which is derived from the Giotto portrait." This explanation, however, it must be confessed, is in one respect not very satisfactory. The words "which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it," are curiously significant. They hint a doubt, which, as far as I know, had not yet arisen, and which did not assume definite form until, in 1864, Milanesi and Passerini pronounced the so-called Giotto portrait to be the work of Taddeo Gaddi. In the light of after-discussion, the words "whoever did it" seem fairly prophetic; but possibly some one better versed than I am in the history of Dante iconography can readily explain them.

The answer to the third question, namely, What portrait was actually before Carlyle when he wrote? may be contained in some of the letters and memorials not yet given to the world. In default of such direct evidence, it is interesting to note that Carlyle had in his possession, at the time he delivered his "Hero" lectures, two portraits of Dante, one by, the other after, the engraver Tofanelli. The first was the engraving noted by Mrs. Allingham as hanging over the sideboard in the back dining-room at No. 24 Cheyne Row. It shows only the head and part of the shoulders, the hand and book not being visible. Beneath it on the left is printed "Stefano Tofanelli disegnò," and on the right, "Gio Paolo Lorenzi sordo muto incise." Under the portrait is a quotation from canto xxiv. of the "Purgatorio":

> "Io mi son un che, quando
> Amor mi spira, noto, ed in quel modo
> Che ditta dentro, vo significando."

The second portrait is in Carlyle's own copy of Dante, a three-volume edition published by P. Borghi e Comp., Florence, 1837. This engraving is of the Tofanelli-Morghen type, but it is much smaller and poorer than the portrait referred to above. The design is by E. Cateni, the engraving by Lasinio Figlio. Both the large engraving and the edition of Dante containing the smaller engraving are now in the possession of Mr. Alexander Carlyle of Newbattle Terrace, Edinburgh, who has kindly furnished me with a description of them.

The Tofanelli engraving agrees in most respects with Carlyle's description. The simple laurel wreath is wound about the head. In the face one may see, if not exactly the traits depicted by Carlyle, at least what might have suggested such traits to a man of genius whose imagination was at white heat. Though it is supposed to derive from a painting by Tommaso Gentili, the Tofanelli portrait is not a work of great art. To at least one person the face is somewhat weazened, and seems on the verge of a whimper. It would be absurd to compare it for an instant with such a work as the Raphael portrait in the Vatican, to which Carlyle's description bears a close resemblance. But if Carlyle actually made use of Tofanelli's engraving, this would not be the first time that genius has been touched to great issues by a minor work of art. Lessing, Keats, and Rossetti are cases in point.

A search in Carlyle and Dante literature has disclosed a few references to the question in hand in addition to those cited at the beginning of this communication. Professor McMechan, in his edition of Carlyle's 'Heroes,' notices that Carlyle has "here made a slip," and seems to suggest that the portrait described was drawn from the deathmask. From Mr. Walter Littlefield, whose article on Dante portraits appeared in the June issue of the *Critic*, we learn that "undoubtedly it was a composite picture of early *iconografia* which Carlyle beheld in his imagination when he wrote

those famous lines, which, he tells the reader, were inspired by the contemplation of the portrait attributed to Giotto." Mr. W. C. Brownell, on the other hand, in his 'Victorian Prose Masters' (p. 77), seems to have overlooked altogether the discrepancy between description and portrait. "His rare admirations," he says of Carlyle, "are childish—for example, the feeble Dante fresco portrait once ascribed to Giotto, his interpretation of which is as absurd as anything in Ruskin."

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, November 25, 1903.

Notes.

The Life of Lowell for the American Men of Letters series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. has been undertaken by Dr. Samuel M. Crothers.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have nearly ready 'Great Masters,' by John La Farge.

From Lemcke & Büchner we receive the thirteenth issue of the ever welcome and as indispensable *Minerva*, swollen, as the editor points out, by more than a hundred scientific and learned institutions, many of them new foundations, but not all nor most. The index of names—the ready "Who's Who" of the learned world—shows 4,000 new entries: a greater boon. For portrait frontispiece we have Herkomer's etching of Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, dear to classical scholarship.

The recent visit of the Honourable Artillery Company to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts has been commemorated in a sumptuous small-folio volume entitled 'The Historie Booke,' and privately printed for the Boston Company. Portraits of sovereigns, governors, and President, of past commanders; facsimiles and rosters; lend a permanent value to this "tale of two worlds and five centuries—1537, 1638, 1903." For Bostonians especially the portraits will have a peculiar interest, including as they do many famous citizens of the commonwealth and of the United States.

The English Bible, King James's version, regarded as one of the great and admirable body of "Tudor translations," pursues its course in David Nutt's beautiful edition with volume four (Isaiah to Malachi).

Another of R. Ackermann's sporting books, 'The Analysis of the Hunting Field,' "a slight souvenir of the season 1845-46," is revived by Messrs. Appleton. The colored illustrations are by H. Alken, and so are the clever initial letters and vignettes, not always as well reproduced and sharply printed as the I on p. 115.

We cannot predict a general consensus in the implication of Elia W. Peattie's title, 'Poems You Ought to Know' (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Mrs. Peattie is the literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, and our recollection is that these poems appeared one by one in that paper, which was certainly all the better for them. Still, we think life could be passed without repentance for ignorance of Francis A. Durivage's "All," in spite of Bayard Taylor's encomium. And ought we even to know who Durivage was? We may say the same of Gen. Henry R. Jackson's "My Wife and Child," of Gen. William H. Lytle's "Antony and Cleopatra," of Father Ryan's "The Song of the Mystic," of J. L. McCreery's "There Is No Death," and of many more pieces and authors. We can hardly admit that the inclusion of such as these was a sufficient excuse for reprinting (in a book) old favorites.

'The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel,' by Isa Carrington Cabell (Henry Holt & Co.), is the title of a set of social satires, written originally as newspaper articles. They do not pretend to literary merit, but they are the reflections of a shrewd feminine intelligence which ranges over problems that every woman must confront—"Servants," the "New Man," the "New Child," and "Nervous Prostration," that disease of the rich, on which Carisabel remarks: "The 'Life and Letters of Stevenson' is the best tonic for nervous prostration. It costs two dollars, but then the starchy angel will cost her society and twenty-five dollars a week." Carisabel's lively descriptions of her college-bred daughter express the conservatism which is the keynote of this domestic philosophy.

In 'The Nature of Goodness' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Prof. George Herbert Palmer carries on in an interesting manner the discussion on which he entered in his 'Field of Ethics.' The treatment here, as there, is extremely fresh and vital; the style, not far behind Professor James's in point of homely vigor. Professor Palmer's expectations are not extravagant. Wishing merely to make people aware of what has always been in their minds, he feels that his readers may "know no more at the end of my book than they did at the beginning"; yet he hopes they will henceforth "find the world interesting in a degree they never knew before." This hope will doubtless be made good through a wide range, but the better informed of Professor Palmer's readers will enjoy his book much more than the worse informed, because they will recognize that they are, through much of the way, enjoying a criticism of various ethical books and writers whose names are given at the end of each chapter, but do not disfigure its course. "From the Double Nature of Goodness," as extrinsic and intrinsic, we pass to "Misconceptions of Goodness," and a set of well-considered definitions. The succeeding chapters treat of "Self-Consciousness," "Self-Direction," "Self-Development," "Self-Sacrifice," "Nature and Spirit," and "Three Stages of Goodness." Some of the apparent paradoxes are resolved in a suggestive and not too ingenious manner. At every step of its advance the argument hugs close the shore of concrete moral experience, so that while ethics is nowhere confounded with morality, the book is likely to prove morally helpful in not a few of its particulars.

A large enterprise has been begun by MM. Jules Gilliéron and E. Edmont in an 'Atlas Linguistique de la France,' of which 4 numbers have been published, each containing 50 maps (Paris: Honoré Champion). There are to be at least 1,800 sheets in 36 parts, at the price of 20 francs the number (25 francs after the sixth *livraison*). Every map will be devoted to a single word or single morphological type. It is supposed that 4 numbers will be published every year, and that the publication will be finished in 1908. The first map is devoted to the word *abeille*, and the patois equivalents throughout France. In the north of France *mouche* prevails; in the south *abeille;* and it is strange to note that in some localities *ruche, essaim, guêpe, bourdon* are used for *abeille*, contrary to the linguistic processes of other peasants who say *aps, eys, é,* or *a*, which are derivatives from the Latin *apis*. M. Roques, in the *Débats*, quoted in the publisher's circular, gives a skilful study of the Latin history of the word, and of the advance on the country dialects made by the speech of Paris. M. Edmont is the author of the 'Lexique Saint-Polois,' an excellent dialectal study, and is the chief worker among the investigators. It is quite unusual to be assured, of so large a work, that all the maps were ready for the printer in January last, and that only funds are needed to complete the publication. One would expect the General Atlas to follow a special study of all departments and localities. The order seems to be somewhat reversed in the case of this atlas; but it is evident that a large mass of valuable material will be lost if the plans of the editors fail.

Pierre Decharme's 'Compagnies et Sociétés Coloniales Allemandes' (Paris, 1903) bears for its epigraph the Bismarckian sentiment, "Avant le soldat, le marchand!" Conformably with this conception of the order of things, the volume throws weight upon the action of the German Chartered Companies as pathfinders for the imperial development to come. Decharme thinks that the inefficiency and final collapse of the companies mark a failure of the Chancellor's policy. This is doubtful; for, admitting the dangerous premise that any one knew or knows the workings of that subtle and not unscrupulous mind, the fact still remains that the original desire of Bismarck as expressed, namely, to organize the German colonies after the British Crown Colony model, has been fully realized. The colonial societies and their activity are treated in an interesting and exhaustive manner. Decharme thinks that their operations have resulted in "confounding colonization with external commerce," and that they have led to the easy launching of questionable enterprises. Especially valuable for the student is the series of statutes, charters, treaties, etc., appended to the volume, and the list of companies and colonial societies with their dates of founding, capitalization, and the like. The bibliography also contributes to make the volume an excellent one for the student of colonies.

Part III. of the Transactions of the German Asiatic Society of Japan, for 1903, completing volume ix., contains five papers, every one of interest, and two of more than usual importance. Dr. Koganei furnishes a rigidly scientific paper on "The Original Inhabitants of Japan." He proves, from profound researches and careful comparative examinations, with measurements of the physique of the Japanese and their habitations, the substantial identity of the Aino of Yezo and the Kurile Islands with the natives of the more southern old Japan, or the long civilized part of the empire. He makes language, the shell-heaps and other subterranean evidences, besides various constants in superficies and proportions, tell their story. His conclusion is set forth in his final sentence, which confirms his previous deliverances on this point: "The Japanese realm (*Reich*) was once an Aino realm." Rev. H. Haas treats of the origin of the name Nippon, showing its Chinese origin.

The same scholar presents a study of the religions of Japan, though rather in the form of a survey of the literature of the subject, pointing out the store of materials for a study of Shinto, Buddhism, and Confucianism, now awaiting the foreign student. The tables of statistics, with names and founders of the different sects, with dates, is very valuable, showing that the Shin, or Protestant sect, which teaches justification by faith, leads all in the number of temples. Those who have noted with interest the great part which gifts of sustenance, both of uncooked food and of delicacies and decorated eatables, play in the social system of the Japanese, will find a very pleasing and correct study of the Japanese custom of food presents. The paper is reinforced with eight pages of illustrations concerning the arrangements of tables, trays, tying cords, and the peculiar folded papers containing, as insert, a bit of dried fish. In this we see a survival and elaboration of very primitive rules of life. There is also a good paper on the Imperial Realm or Crownland of Hokkaido (Yezo). The proceedings of the meetings regularly held show the flourishing state of this learned society.

Prof. Dr. Karl Krumbacher of Munich, the only occupant of a chair for Byzantine Greek in a German university, is publishing in the reports of the Royal Bavarian Academy (Historical Section, 1903, *Heft* III.) the text of an entirely new specimen of a peculiar kind of mediæval literature, of which only a very few samples have been issued. This is the famous 'Fish Book' (ὀψαριολόγος) belonging to a larger group of Animal, Plant, and Stone Books, and closely related to the Quadruped Book, the Bird Book, and the Fruit Book, of which Krumbacher gives an interesting account in his 'Byzantinische Literaturgeschichte' (II., p. 877 *sq.*). It is nearest akin to the last-mentioned, both describing tricks which take place before the King, with the object of satirizing the abuses of title and office in the Byzantine Empire. In the Fruit Book the grape raises some false charges of treachery against a number of officials; in the Fish Book the hungry mackerel are charged with conspiracy against his Majesty King Whale, in which also Count Sardine has taken part. This edition of the Fish Book is based on the only codex in existence, a Middle-Greek Manuscript in the Escorial, of which Krumbacher managed to secure a photographic reproduction. The best-known specimen of this curious type of literature is the 'Reinecke Fuchs' story, of which Goethe gave so masterly a version.

Only two years ago an attempt to introduce the translation of the New Testament into modern Greek created a students' riot in Athens that resulted in bloodshed. Quite recently Angelos Simiriotis, a professor in the theological seminary in Smyrna, sought to introduce such a translation as a part of his lectures to his pupils, and then to publish the work. At the instigation of the local synod in Constantinople, the Metropolitan of that city, who is the head of the Eastern branch of the orthodox Church, published a bull addressed to the Archbishop of Smyrna demanding that Simiriotis's work be suppressed, and that the copies which had appeared should be confiscated. This was promptly done.

The gratifying announcement is made that the new Pope will continue the policy, adopted by his predecessor twenty years ago, of giving free access to the savants of all nations to the treasures of the Vatican. Some time after the election of Pius X., Dr. Pastor, the director of the Austrian Historical Institute in Rome, in an audience with the pontiff, when presenting to him the fourth edition of the first volume of the 'History of the Popes in the Age of the Renaissance,' gave expression to the hope that the liberal policy of Leo XIII. would be continued. The Pope in strong terms declared such to be his intention, and closed with the words: "Non è da temere la verità."

Only recently has Denmark communicated its formal acceptance of the Bern Convention for the international protection of authors; and now the Swedish Society of Authors has united in a petition to the Government to have the authorities of their country take a similar step. The promise has been officially given that this will be done.

Two important changes took place in Iceland during 1903: the long struggle for a revision of the Constitution was finally crowned with success; and the unpoetical split codfish, which for centuries has been the coat of arms, has given way to the Icelandic white falcon. The first change is of a practical character, and it is hoped that, by having a resident minister, instead of half a minister, in Copenhagen, the Icelanders will in the next generation show an even greater advancement than in the immediate past. As a matter of fact, the desire for a worthy national symbol is an even more encouraging sign, showing, as it does, that the growth of material prosperity has not deadened the minds of the people to an appreciation of the higher things of life. For particulars regarding the above changes and Iceland's general progress, one may consult a letter in the London *Times* of October 13, 1903, from the pen of a well-known American scholar.

The six-sheet Omar calendar of Fox, Duffield & Co. frames two of FitzGerald's stanzas in a pretty green-leaf border for every two months of the year 1904, the text in brown ink on an elegant uncalendered Japan paper (a paradox to the ear). Another novelty is the pad of the Pope Manufacturing Co., which affords for each day of the year a fresh, up-to-date testimonial from some person of distinction to the healthful uses of the bicycle; substantial proof that this vehicle is not so much gone out of fashion as would appear.

—One of the best numbers in the valuable series of "Our European Neighbors" (Putnams) is that on 'Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country,' by Francis H. E. Palmer, the well-informed author of a similar volume on Russian life. He is at his best in the chapters conveying solid information, of a kind very much needed in newspaper offices, as to Austro-Hungarian nationalities and political and official life. If he is not quite as satisfactory in dealing with the aspects of town and rural life, he may plead that limitations of space made anything like adequate treatment of so complex a subject impossible. Hungary, on the whole, fares better at his hands than Austria, the description of life in Transylvania being particularly good. On the other hand, the account of the intellectual life of the monarchy is lamentably meagre. Not a name of any writer occurs in the chapters devoted to Austro-German, Magyar, Polish, Austro-Servian, Wallachian, and Czech literature. (Indeed, aside from royalty, the only names of Austro-Hungarian celebrities of any kind mentioned in the volume are those of Deák, Kossuth, Beust, and Hentzi.) Still poorer is the attempt to depict the social life of Vienna, the pages being disfigured by the writer's unreasoning anti-Semitic prejudice. Author and publishers are probably equally responsible for the omission or misplacement of Hungarian accents, the misspelling of German words, and the erroneous designation, in a footnote, of Kolozsvár as the Magyar equivalent of Kronstadt, instead of Klausenburg; but the indiscriminate use of French and semi-German transliterations of Russian words (such as "Moujic" and "Tscherop Spiridonowitch"), the preference for Bauers and Czech*ish*, and the interchanging of "Serbs" and "Servians," must be laid to the author's charge. The publishers, however, are answerable for the mediocrity of the illustrations (with such a subject as Austria-Hungary before them!). The tautological "Austrian Tyrol" appears so constantly in books and papers that one looks for it almost as a matter of course in a work like the present. But, with all its blemishes, Mr. Palmer's volume can be recommended as a sensible, pleasantly written, and generally safe guide in the maze of Austro-Hungarian nationalities.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons are the American publishers of Prof. Paul Wernle's elaborate study, 'The Beginnings of Christianity,' in two volumes, the first of which, 'The Rise of the Religion,' has now come to hand. Professor Wernle occupies a distinguished place in the University of Basel and among Continental theologians, but his book is not so written as to convey definite impressions. A sandy diffuseness is its most characteristic note. There are chapters on the Jewish conditions that were preparatory for the Christian origins, others upon the life and teachings of Jesus, then a series on the Jewish-Christian development, a longer series on St. Paul, and a concluding set on the Apocalypse, which is accepted as a Christian document fundamentally. Corresponding to the opinion of Harnack and others, that it is a Jewish writing which has undergone Christian redaction, we have the acknowledgment that its use of Jewish apocalyptical machinery is extremely free and bold. An English introduction assures us that the idea running through the whole book is a simple one: "It is, first of all, to ascertain what the Gospel is as seen in the teachings and character of Jesus; and secondly, to measure all the later expositions of the Gospel contained in the teachings of the New Testament writers by the Gospel itself." The idea is simple enough, but the working of it is extremely difficult, and requires for its efficiency a far more delicate critical apparatus than Professor Wernle has at his command. For it is not as if he could content himself with taking the teachings of Jesus at their face value. Even in those teachings he finds a temporal element, an historic envelope, which must be stripped away before the essential truth of Christianity can be disclosed. Where, for example, Martineau found no "Messianic consciousness" in Jesus, Prof. Wernle finds it unmistakable, but regards it as a mis-

taken consciousness, bred by the conditions of the time. Passing from Jesus to his disciples, the "historic envelope" is stripped off with a bolder hand. The early Christian theology is described as "a wretched jumble of Jewish words and conceptions, and Christian insertions and additions." If a partial exception is made in favor of St. Paul, he is nevertheless found guilty of fanatical narrowness and of confining the Gospel within a form that does not harmonize with the teachings of Jesus. In its main effect the book is one more sign of the general drift away from the traditional Christianity.

—Robert Kilburn Root's 'Classical Mythology in Shakespeare,' one of the Yale Studies in English (Henry Holt & Co.), provides a summary, not of the classical allusions altogether, but of the classical mythology in Shakspere. The subjects are arranged alphabetically, as Achilles, Actæon, Adonis, etc.; the passages from the authors that Shakspere probably had in mind are quoted, mostly from Ovid, more rarely from Virgil, but occasionally from the Greek; and the various topics are further illustrated with much comment from a wide reading. The essay, of 134 pages, begins with an introduction, in which the author considers the possibility of obtaining an argument for the genuineness of the Shaksperian authorship of plays from the different ways in which he uses mythology at different times; and a final section mentions the plays in the order of their origin according to Mr. Root, with a brief notice of the mythology in each. Classes in Shakspere will find here many interesting and instructive notes, as on poppy under "Lethe," on tent under "Hecuba," on "Ilium," on dragon under "Night," on Thomas Scarlet under "Narcissus," on "Hyperion," etc. No one, of course, will expect to see Shakspere here published as a plagiarist; the magisterial way of the old Elizabethan in dealing with his authorities is too well known for any one to fear to see him cast from his eminence. It is also understood from the days of Farmer that Shakspere relied chiefly upon the translations of the classics, mostly on Golding's translation of Ovid. In such a play as "Titus Andronicus," and also in "Henry VI.," it is curious to learn that Shakspere introduces classical myths not to be found in any other of his admittedly genuine plays. Mr. Root's essay is well worth consulting when a comment on the topics he discusses is required. Under "Hector" it might have been mentioned that Hector quotes Aristotle, who lived 800 years after the siege of Troy; and the note on the "Sibyl" and her "prophetic fury" might be compared with Mr. Grant White's comment on page 35 of his 'Memoirs of Shakspere.' Mr. White thinks Shakspere had in mind the 'Orlando Furioso,' and that the line furnishes proof that Shakspere knew Italian. Mr. Root (p. 62) discerns a reference to Fortune and her wheel in Horace, Ode 3:10, 10; but this seems hardly necessary for an explanation of the passage.

—To "The Library of Literary History," best known in this country as containing Prof. Barrett Wendell's 'Literary History of America,' has recently been added a volume on the 'Literary History of Scotland,' by J. H. Millar, author of 'The Mid-Eighteenth Century' in Saintsbury's "Periods of European Literature Series." This writer has boldly attempted to cover the whole history of letters in Scotland down to the present day, omitting only authors (like Carlyle) whose work was for the most part done in England. In the Pre-Reformation period, though the estimate of literary quality is based on his own reading, Mr. Millar makes no pretensions to authority in dealing with technical or controversial topics, and seems as a rule to depend chiefly on the recent work of Mr. T. F. Henderson. His treatment of the Ballads is not remarkable either for discriminating appreciation or for grasp of the technical problems involved, his qualifications for dealing with the subject being indicated by his choice of three supposedly typical examples for quotation, two of which are not recognized by Child as genuine traditional ballads at all, while the third is quoted in a doctored version. His discussion of later writers is marked by frequent and often grave inaccuracies, and by a strong bias against what he delights to call "high-flying," *i. e.*, all kinds of enthusiasm for reform and covenanting zeal. The reader familiar with Scottish history and the Scottish temperament will perceive that this implies an unsympathetic treatment of much that is most characteristic in Scottish literature. In the case of some contemporary writers, the author's partisanship leads him at times to unjust verdicts and the most unworthy insinuations. It is only in the case of men of his own political and theological bent that Mr. Millar is capable of rendering an estimate at once sympathetic and just. This is notably to be seen in the chapter on Sir Walter Scott, perhaps the most satisfactory in the book. It is extremely regrettable that a volume giving the most convenient account of Scottish literature as a whole should be disfigured by so much that is ill-natured and untrue.

—The fifth edition of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu's notable work, 'De la Colonisation chez les Peuples Modernes,' deserves almost the notice accorded to a new book. It is about twice the size of the fourth edition, and contains much new matter, besides that necessary to bring it up to date. The general character of the treatise remains practically the same. The French colonies receive an even more disproportionate amount of space than formerly; the English colonies are relatively the more restricted, although the author has always been strong in his approval of the general type of British policy. The standpoint of the work is that of the economist and statistician rather than that of the social scientist; Leroy-Beaulieu seldom vies with Roscher in breadth of philosophical view. He is at his best when dealing with such subjects as the chartered companies; his chapters on "Sociologie Coloniale," etc., are by comparison much weaker. A rather amusing self-gratulatory vein runs through this edition, indicated by frequent verbatim extracts from former editions, followed by a complacent "I told you so." But this is a minor matter, and the faults of the work are minor; it remains the best treatise we have on colonization. Several additions have been made. Some time ago Friedrich Ratzel complained that no book on colonies paid any attention to the colonial activities of races other than the white; he wished to include what may be called primitive colonization, *e. g.*, that of the Malays and Polynesians. Leroy-Beaulieu does not meet this objection fully, but he does give a respectable section to the late colonial labors, in Yezo, Formosa, and Korea, of the Japanese. Furthermore, he expands the story of Russian colonization to a considerable extent, much to the profit of his readers. Among the new parts of the work is to be found, likewise, a chapter on the United States as a colonial power. And here we have, from a recognized authority on colonies, and from a friend of colonial expansion, a lucid and wholesome statement of the economic and other incongruities of our late exploits. It does not appear that Leroy-Beaulieu is in any sense an enemy of America and her greatness; yet he takes substantially the attitude toward American "colonial" enterprise and toward the late President and his policy which has been decried as the view of narrow-minded enemies of their country. The exploit of Gen. Funston in capturing Aguinaldo is euphemistically described as "une sorte de trahison."

—Mr. Alfred Marks has had reprinted, in pamphlet form, from the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, his paper on the probable extent of the collaboration between Hubert and John van Eyck which was read before that society on the 24th of last June. His conclusion is that both brothers worked on all the pictures properly attributable to either until the death of Hubert in 1426, and, indeed, that the collaboration cannot be said to have ceased until John had finished all the pictures begun at the time of his brother's death, ending with the completion of the great Ghent altarpiece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," on May 6, 1432. He believes that John, who is supposed to have been some twenty years younger than his brother, worked as the latter's assistant, being specially intrusted with the landscape backgrounds, of which he made a specialty, and that there are probably no pictures entirely by Hubert and none entirely by John earlier than the first authentic signed and dated picture, which is of the same year with the completion of the Ghent altarpiece. We do not pretend to the expert knowledge necessary to a definite opinion of our own in such a matter, but Mr. Marks's arguments are strong and, as he puts them, fairly conclusive. He examines all of the well-known and important works of the Van Eycks, excepting, of course, those signed by John, and finds only two in which the evidence of collaboration seems to him doubtful. His reasoning may be condensed into something like this: John van Eyck was specially praised as a landscape painter in his epitaph, and by the earliest writers on his work, who also record the tradition of collaboration. Some of the landscape backgrounds of Van Eyck pictures contain the palmetto, which grows in few places in Europe, but does grow, in abundance, in a part of Spain which we know that John van Eyck visited. This visit took place after Hubert's death, and these pictures, *ex hypothesi*, were completed after the return from this journey. There are other tropical plants in many pictures which suggest a journey to Italy, and there are snow mountains which would have been seen on the way. We have no

knowledge that John van Eyck ever went to Italy, but the presence of similar plants in pictures which he signed leads to the inference that he painted these parts of the unsigned pictures. Certain resemblances in the treatment of architecture and the observation of the flight of birds lead also to the conclusion that the hand of John van Eyck is to be found in all these pictures.

—Here it might be suggested that the argument rather tends to eliminate Hubert altogether, and that John may have painted the pictures alone. The answer is, first, the tradition of collaboration again—in the case of the Ghent altarpiece it is, of course, explicit statement; then the fact that the portraits of the brothers occur, side by side, in two of these pictures; then that John was a realist and a portrait painter, and that some of these pictures contain figures possessing a beauty of which we have no reason to think him capable. Finally, if John painted these pictures, why did he not sign them? And why do his authentic signed pictures begin precisely in 1432 and continue until his death? There are only two earlier dates, and they are shown to be on doubtful or more than doubtful pictures. John van Eyck sometimes affixed his signature to the frame of a picture, and some of these frames may have been lost. "Subject to this reservation," says Mr. Marks, "the absence of a signature renders doubtful an ascription to John van Eyck." In conclusion Mr. Marks devotes some space to the consideration of certain objections to his theory, which hardly seem very formidable, and raises the question of what work Hubert did before 1410, when John, then about twenty years old, is supposed to have become his assistant.

—European scholarship in Chinese suffers severely by the decease on October 15th of Prof. Dr. Gustaaf Schlegel, who held the chair of the Chinese language and literature at Leyden University from the year 1877. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest sinologues of our time, and eminent even in the long list of scholars associated with Leyden. The son of the renowned zoölogist Schlegel, he was born at Oegstgeest, South Holland, in 1840, and was early the pupil of the sinologue and pioneer professor of Japanese in Europe, Dr. J. J. Hoffmann. On August 20, 1862, he was appointed Government interpreter in Chinese at Batavia, holding the office until 1872, and being also, during that time, a member of the commission for the revision of the civil law of the Netherlands Indies. His degree of Doctor of Philosophy came in 1869, from the University of Jena, his thesis being on Chinese recreations and customs. On October 3, 1877, he delivered his inauguration discourse as professor in Leyden, which was concerned with the peculiarities of Chinese linguistic studies. Besides his great dictionary, the number of his writings surpasses 250, and these cover the various subjects of ethnology, epigraphy, law, agriculture, astronomy, and many matters of recondite scholarship. He was especially strong and felicitous in archaic Chinese. Many a "rubbing" from weatherbeaten monuments, after others had given them up, was made to talk clearly and coherently about things that happened long ago. Schlegel knew well the pragmatic cast of the ancient Chinaman's mind, and where others looked for high-flown sentiment and missed, he, in the dry light of sheer patience and practical genius, saw clearly and interpreted aright. We remember one inscription from a tablet on an old battlefield, over which he spent many weeks, finally winning the secret of the puzzling sentence which none other could make out. It contained the idea that, owing to the perduring stench of the field, neither the habitation of man nor work of the sculptor could be reared in the neighborhood of the great slaughter. He was long the editor of the polyglot journal devoted to sinological studies, and with the type resources of Brill (successor to Elzevir) he was rarely at a loss for ideograms. A member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam, he read a paper during the Chino-Japanese war in defence of the Chinese as against the Japanese, believing also that the latter would not, for superstitious reasons, occupy Mukden. He was a correspondent of many learned societies in various lands, Knight of the Order of the Netherlands Lion, Commander of the Order of the Double Dragon and of the French Order of Cambodia, and various other European and knightly orders. It is to be seen whether the great Chinese scholar, J. J. M. De Groot, now in Holland, will succeed to his position.

TREVELYAN'S AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The American Revolution. Part II. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., Author of 'The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' and 'The Early History of Charles James Fox.' In two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

It is twenty-three years since Sir George Trevelyan followed up his Life of Macaulay with the 'Early History of C. J. Fox.' This volume ended with the year 1774, and readers all over the world were looking eagerly for more of the great statesman's life from one who had proved himself so eminently competent to write it, when it was announced that the author had determined to take up the larger topic of the 'American Revolution,' a subject no doubt exhibiting Fox in some of his best efforts, but which, even if completed, would leave the most eventful half of his life unwritten. The publication a few years ago of the first volume of the 'American Revolution,' while confirming and increasing admiration of Sir George Trevelyan's talents, did not remove the regret, which will even be deepened by these volumes, that he abandoned a subject so unique to take up one which, however well he might treat it, some one else was pretty sure to take up; and one on which we can hardly believe he has said the last word, as on Fox he might have done. With this one word of protest, we pass to the volumes themselves—a monument of industry, impartiality, and generosity in a most vivacious and attractive form.

The first volume carried the story of the Revolution through the evacuation of Boston. The second part consists of two volumes. They begin by retrograding to the reception of the news of Lexington in England, and continue the narrative of action and opinion on both sides of the ocean to the abandonment of the Jerseys by Howe, and Washington's establishment at Morristown early in 1777. It will be seen that Sir George travels almost as slowly as his uncle, and with less excuse; for the career of Washington is a good deal better known than that of William III. There is not much that we wish away; but when we think of what remains to be told, we recall with apprehension what Macaulay says of Orme's 'History of Indostan': "He is minute even to tediousness, so that his narrative, though one of the most authentic and picturesque in our language, is scarcely ever read."

That Sir George's narrative is authentic as far as any book not contemporary can be, no one will question. He has extended his researches wide and deep among records ancient and modern. He is well acquainted with the "American Archives" and with Amos Farnsworth's Diary; he is equally acquainted with Tyler and Fiske, with E. J. Lowell and C. F. Adams, jr. It would be hard to name the books he has read; perhaps harder those he has not. If a few can be named which would have helped his narrative, it must be said at the same time that he has availed himself of many sources of information rarely studied even by Americans. In tracing the course of public opinion in England, he has enriched his narrative from a store of family documents.

Of this mass of hardly collected and deeply studied materials he has made excellent use. He deserves the title of picturesque as much as Orme, or Macaulay himself. The story of Trenton as he tells it will compare with his uncle's tale of Sedgmoor for vividness and brilliancy; and his history and analysis of the whole "Hessian" levy, and how it was regarded in England and America, will fascinate those who are familiar with the tale of the earlier mercenaries that marched from Ephesus to Trebizond twenty-three centuries ago. Such topics might inspire any writer, and they have awakened readers' interest for years; but the author has brought into prominence many less known incidents of the time, and has thrown over them a glow and reality which makes them no longer sandy patches alternating with the green. The constitution of the Revolutionary army and the position of the refugees in England are expanded as they should be, while the relations of Canada to the mother country and the colonies, and the character of the English newspaper press, will have the charm of novelty as well as vivacity.

The great question, however, to be asked about any account of our Revolution by an Englishman is whether the author is impartial; and to this question there is in the present instance a double answer. Neutral Sir George Trevelyan certainly is not—his sympathies are with the revolutionists; but not from any philosophical democracy or want of English patriotism. He is for Washington and Franklin because he is for Fox and Burke, for Chatham and his son, for Camden and Horace Walpole. In one of his chapters on public opinion in England—and more suggestive chapters were never written—he has these words: "It must never be forgotten that many Englishmen from the first . . . regarded the contest which was being fought out in America not as a foreign war, but as a civil war in which English liberty was the stake." The same political sympathies which made the author the enthusiastic

biographer of Fox, made him the calm but firm supporter of the colonists against court influence and remodelled Jacobitism in his own country. He labors to show that the same opinions were strongly felt and widely diffused in England in 1776. This must be regarded as one of the less successful parts of his book. He infers back from the irresistible flood of public opinion against the ministry in 1781 that the tide must have been gathering throughout the war from its earliest years; but it is hardly to be doubted that, in its middle period, English sympathy was against the colonists; doubtless from their alliance with France.

But, though not neutral, the author is truly impartial in judging the actors and their performances. He is determined, if anything good can be said of any one, to say it—even to the extent of quoting a modern German apology for the ruler of Hesse Cassel; yet not a weakness of any hero escapes him. It will do Americans good to read in his pages exactly where such men as Putnam and Sullivan and Arnold were weak and where they were strong; how the very companies which under Knowlton and Parsons showed such a bold face to Howe in Westchester, had run away from him a few days before in Manhattan.

Perhaps this impartiality can best be seen by a consideration of how he discusses Howe's entire campaign of 1776, beginning with his attack on Long Island, and ending with his cessation of active movements. He condemns Washington's attempt to hold New York in deference to the wishes of Congress, while doing ample justice to his reticent willingness to be held responsible; he praises to the full Howe's tactics in the battle; Stirling and Sullivan, Grant and Von Heister, have their dues scrupulously given them. Washington's conduct at the time of the battle is soberly criticised, and his management of the retreat as soberly praised. Howe's failure to follow up his tactical success by strategic energy is duly balanced against the failure of Washington and of Greene—for whom he has warm and just admiration—to appreciate in full the situation on the east of the Hudson. He exhibits with stern accuracy the apathy of the inhabitants of New Jersey; he paints Washington on the verge of utter despair, his troops dissolving day by day, and the contrast between the conduct of the English and that of their mercenary allies, which raised up enemies where none had been. The insubordination of Lee is vividly drawn, yet Sir George tries to find something good even in him, and one cannot help doubting if he has ever read George H. Moore's monograph on his treason. He does not seek to solve the insoluble problem of why the American force—if it deserves such a name—was not pressed to its ruin; he contents himself with intimating that if Cornwallis, to whose talents and character he pays no stinted or undeserved tribute of praise, had had control, the result would have been very different; but in the end he leaves us assured that he is glad it was not different.

Perhaps, after all, no other explanation of Howe's failure to destroy the resistance of the Colonies is needed than the reproach used to an infinitely greater tactician after an infinitely greater success: "He knew how to conquer; he did not know how to use his victory." If the old barrack ballad declared Lord Cornwallis as "brave as Alexander," it may not be absurd to make Hannibal's default a parallel to Howe's.

Trevelyan's account of the Congress of 1776, the gradual organization of the States, and the Declaration, does not seem as satisfying as some parts of the book. Undoubtedly Thomas Paine's 'Common Sense' set the whole country aflame; but the potency of the spark seems to get more and the combustible material less than the due share. The absence of all report of the debates in Congress is mentioned, and Botta's fantastic speeches properly criticised; but Sir George does not seem to have heard of Webster's reconstruction of the views of Dickinson and Adams.

We have spoken of the author's interesting contribution from family papers to the account of public opinion in England; but surely such a creature as Stoney Bowes has managed to steal too much of his space, unless, indeed, it makes people read 'Barry Lyndon' again. Another man, whom it is almost an insult to name on the same page as Stoney Bowes, namely, John Wesley, also consumes undue space. His own conversion to the royal side—as startling as any recorded in his own diary—is properly told, but his operations on the soldiers are detailed at inappropriate length.

The last chapter, on the religious bearing of the struggle, is carefully written, and with the author's uniform desire to do justice, but it deals too exclusively with the Anglican body. He does know that the prevalent church polity in New England was Congregational, and not Presbyterian; but he has little to say of the Presbyterians where they were strong, and ignores the Baptists, the Lutherans, and the Dutch Reformed. A study of Sprague's 'Annals of the American Pulpit' would have amused and instructed him; and while doing the Right Rev. Samuel Seabury ample justice, pressed down and running over, he might have made himself acquainted with that shameless burlesquer of history, the Rev. Samuel Peters.

The vein of sly humor which runs through some of the gravest chapters is thoroughly charming. Sir George remembers that in his early manhood he could see fun in our civil war where none was, and has kept his satire in check; but avails himself of some opportunities which no mortal with any sense of wit would let slip. There are very few things which need absolute correction. Americans will not easily excuse the total omission of Nathan Hale; Gowanus Creek and Meconkey's Ferry appear in unusual forms; and how will the biographer of Fox excuse the historian of the Revolution for speaking of Camden as Rockingham's Lord Chancellor?

RECENT FICTION.

Letters Home. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

The Adventures of Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Sanctuary. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Touch of Sun, and Other Stories. By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Circle in the Square. By Baldwin Sears. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Sixty Jane, and Other Stories. By John Luther Long. The Century Co.

The Whip Hand. By Samuel Merwin. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Holladay Case. By Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

Mr. Howells's latest novel should help to correct a very general misunderstanding of his literary theories—a misunderstanding which his own direct attempts to enlighten the public have only served to confirm. In popular opinion he stands for an inveterate enemy of romance and an apostle of the commonplace. As a matter of fact, he has never had any ill-feeling for romance, but has long pursued romantic nonsense with a sacred rage. In 'Letters Home' this distinction is so clearly made that none but those blind who won't see can miss it. The situation developed is so remote from the common thing in this moment of the world's history that it is of the essence of romance. Does the splendid daughter of a Western Churn and Cheese Trust, pushing Eastward in quest of social glory, abandon her adventure for the sake of a young man, engaging, it is true, but impecunious and of no importance? Can such a young man's passion exist undefiled by reflection upon a certain agreeable extension of opportunity incidental to union with the daughter of a Trust? Mr. Howells believes that such things can be, and, by his exposition of the passion of love disinterested and mighty, assures us that this sordid old world is full of romantic possibilities, and that so long as youth must precede age, the flower of romance will spring up and bloom in the barrenest soil and most uncongenial atmosphere.

True love always has its cross, and that imposed on America Ralson and Wallace Ardith is the possession of a romantic conscience which whips them to the verge of foolish renunciation. This impulse to perpetrate a folly that yet seems to be fine self-abnegation, represents the romantic nonsense to undermine and discredit which Mr. Howells has so long toiled and suffered. One may doubt whether the vigorous America would have let her lover go for good to the weak little girl who claimed him, but she had her moment of thinking that she could and must, that such abandonment was altogether good and heavenly; and that is, after all, the moment that proves how wrong would be the consummation of such highly intended sacrifice. America is very modern, a type only just coming in for notice; and though Mr. Howells has caught her salient points, we are not sure that he has correctly read her secret soul.

The novel of letters is unquestionably the most difficult narrative form, yet Mr. Howells manages it with delightful ease and vivacity. The individuality of each writer is well defined, without confusion of point of view or style. Each one, besides keeping up the story, liberally contributes himself, glimpses of his past experience, observations on the world about him; so that from these self-revelations the reader enters sympathetically into half a dozen stories. In life, people are always coming temporarily together through common interest in an actual drama, while at the same time all are busy about their own affairs and ready to drift apart as soon as the play that has attracted them is

over. The representation of this perpetual movement of life is so difficult that few novelists ever dream of trying it. Mr. Howells has shown himself accomplished in such representation over and over again, but has perhaps never come so near perfection as in 'Letters Home.'

Brigadier Gerard of the Hussars of Conflans is a splendid hero of his own tales. Nothing in the way of military exploit could be more exciting than the matter of his adventures, and it would be hard to improve on his method of narration. The only trifling defect is that his vanity, both national and personal, is overdone. But the most amusing episodes—the fox hunt behind the lines of Torres Vedras, and the triumphant exile in England—rest on his boundless self-esteem, and they are good enough to excuse a slight fault in characterization. Gay, gallant, brave, devoted to the Emperor, the Brigadier is a fine addition to the heroes who so numerously adorn the Napoleonic legend.

In the first part of the tale entitled 'Sanctuary,' Mrs. Wharton describes a very innocent young girl receiving her first intimation of the existence of evil in a hitherto beautiful world through her lover's confession of infamous conduct. The shock converts Miss Orme's love into loathing, and she resolves to abandon Mr. Peyton, but is deterred by a vision of his marrying some girl who would never know his secret and of a possible child "born to an inheritance of secret weakness, a vice of the moral fibre." This vision affects her so powerfully that she marries Peyton, her love for him having been enlarged into "this passion of charity for his race," and her whole being possessed by a "passion of spiritual motherhood that made her long to fling herself between the unborn child and its fate." The quasi-scientific treatment of such a fantastic notion does not clothe it with dignity, and the author fails to relate it to human experience.

The second part of the story is founded on common human nature, has much dramatic force, and so little necessary reference to the first part that, with some trifling alteration, it could stand alone. The relation between Mrs. Peyton and her son is well described, and the mother's conduct during the trying time of the son's exposure to a great temptation is wise enough to wipe out scores of mistakes and follies. Mrs. Wharton is much stronger in dramatic narrative and emotional scenes than in psychological analysis and scientific adventure, where the temptation to say something important leads her perilously near to nonsense. When one is discussing small affairs, there is at least an irritating pretentiousness in such phrases as "the tolerance which allows for the inconscient element in all our judgments"; "caught in the inexorable continuity of life"; "reaching out for ultimate relations." This is the language of a text-book or a philosopher, not of a simple story-teller with a particle of sense for style.

Mrs. Foote long ago arrived at a pleasant mediocrity in the art of story-telling, and rarely either rises above or falls far below her own standard. With the heat and roses of California, the dust of Idaho, the desolation of the alkali desert, a miner, or a soldier, or a cowboy and a girl, she can be relied on to concoct an agreeable tale. Her latest volume, made up of all these ingredients, is just as agreeable as its predecessors. There is a good deal to amuse, a good deal to skip, and nothing to do any harm. Mrs. Foote's tales can never be responsible for such deplorable influence or conduct as is attributed to Tolstoy and Turgeneff by her Miss Benedet, the smirched heroine of 'A Touch of Sun.' This young lady, having been left without society on the paternal ranch, sought solace in literature, and, to use her own words, had her first great orgy of the Russians. The result was disastrous, for when she went out to ride, her mind dwelling on her books, on "men and women who knew no curb, who stopped at nothing, and who paid the price of their passionate mistakes," she rode out of bounds with a handsome cowboy, and, though almost immediately returned to her home by a benevolent stranger, she had out of the escapade the satisfaction that may lie in paying tne price of a passionate mistake. San Francisco was scandalized beyond expression, and never again looked kindly upon Miss Benedet. It may be inferred from these stories that the Spanish-American war made a deeper emotional impression in the West than in the East. Mrs. Foote's imagination, at all events, has been touched by it, and she quite makes a point of weeping over the heroes who died in Cuba for the Cubans.

The gentleman of the old South is a cherished figure in fiction. Pompous, punctilious, polished, more or less a graven image, we have long loved and revered him. If the author of 'The Circle in the Square' may be believed, nothing that pertained to the old South is so extinct as is its once imposing gentleman. With his lands and slaves, his Latin quotations and pleasant vices, he has vanished, surviving only as an historical portrait survives in a national gallery. The gentlemen of the new South, who dwell in the circle of houses built round the courthouse square, must surely keep the family portraits blushing and their ancestors perpetually turning in their graves. In their youth they appear to be little better than hoodlums, and in their middle age rather worse than the most vulgar and corrupt of Irish politicians. They speak a dialect which, when spelled phonetically, combines the negro and poor-white pronunciation, and their social condition is a hopeless mixture of barbarism and provincialism. We do not pretend to know whether the Berkeleys and Paiges and Fairfaxes of the 'Circle in the Square' would pass for gentlemen in the South, or whether the author may not be spitefully libelling a class; but it is certain that he has drawn his characters from life, and his drama from social conditions actually existing. His novel is poorly constructed, rather badly written, but surprisingly full of life and shrewd observation; altogether sincere and truthful. He feels the shame of much that he depicts, and in the development of Shan Morgan tries to express an ideal of a virtuous manhood of which the South seems to have urgent need. In regard to the negro question he is hotly prejudiced and blind. Since emancipation, he says, "the sons and grandsons of faithful, honest slaves have grown up into an immoral, lazy, dishonest class, which, no longer controlled by a superior race, and having by nature no self-control, despise (?) the white people, who have lost caste in their eyes by losing their authority." He does not appear to have noticed that on his own showing the race once superior has disappeared, and that the deterioration of the negro since the abolition of slavery is very inconsiderable beside that of the gentleman in the same period.

There is a great deal of manner about the tales in the volume entitled 'Sixty Jane,' and one cannot feel sure that it is ever the author's own manner. The title story and one or two others are experiments in the sentimental emotional manner invented by Dickens; the Japanese things are impressionistic, reminiscent of Pierre Loti, while the "Lady and her Soul," and "The Atonement" are purely in the later Henry Harland manner, with all its artificiality and none of its grace. "Lucky Jim" has the least affectation, and makes a profoundly pathetic impression. One wonders whether the incident is taken from life, and whether there is a State in the Union where a child of nine can be sent to work in mines with a chain-gang and kept there for a score of years, hidden from the sunlight, practically buried alive.

'The Spirit of the Whip Hand' is a primitive American spirit, languishing in the East, but apparently still vigorous in Chicago and the pine lands about Lake Michigan. Jack Halloran, the hero, is a poor youth who pays for his education by doing odd jobs, and then settles down to make his living by honest toil in the lumber business. He puts up singlehanded a fight against a lumber Trust, and wins with considerable pluck and gallantry. His character is strong, his adventures are thrilling, and if there are many men like him in the West the Republic is indeed safe for a long time. The author unfortunately knows very little about the art of novel-writing, and has adopted innumerable devices for encumbering his narrative and weakening the proper effect of his central figure.

'The Holladay Case' is a detective story with a family resemblance to the "Sherlock Holmes" series. It must be read with that complete indifference to probabilities which these romances exact from their admirers. It is one of the postulates of a detective story that everything shall be possible, up to a certain point, for the villains, while everything is impossible, up to the same point, for the detectives. The result is a sort of nightmare, as in the story before us. Life in Wall Street, or in any street, has even more risks than one takes account of if a start of surprise can make a Wall Street magnate stab himself to death by accident with his own penknife. That was what happened to Mr. Holladay, and suspicion naturally fell on the person who caused the surprise. The confidential clerk swore that this was Holladay's daughter, dressed in red, whereupon the lawyer, who is the Sherlock Holmes of the tale, easily proved that the clerk was color-blind, so that the murderer must have been dressed in green—a color that Miss Holladay never wore. But the exoneration of Miss Holladay is not the main interest, which centres in the conspiracy of a Frenchman to substitute his French wife for the American heiress. This young and energetic woman is accordingly kidnapped from her house in Fifth Avenue, confined for a while in Houston Street, and shipped to France with perfect ease. At this point the intelligence of her friends begins to work, and the game is up. Anyone with a taste for Conan Doyle who

can do without the personality of Holmes may be recommended to read this story.

TWO ESSAYISTS.

Ponkapog Papers. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Varied Types. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

How it would have diverted Charles Lamb that any man's destiny should set him down to live at Ponkapog; that he should label his books with that terrific word, and become so enamored of its alliterative sound that, when away from it, he could feel at home only in a mountain retreat named Porcupine! In these days of cheap and hurried writing, Mr. Aldrich's reflections preserve an air of humorous leisure—that air of making a business of contemplation which was poor drudging Elia's most artistic achievement. We may be sure that, for Lamb's imagination, as he sauntered through Poplar or Islington, the old-clothes shops had suggestions such as came to Mr. Aldrich in the Bowery. "The contents of the dingy shops seemed to have revolted, and rushed pell mell out of doors and taken possession of the sidewalk. One could fancy that the rebellion had been quelled at this point, and that those ghastly rows of complete suits strung up on either side of the doorways were the bodies of the seditious ringleaders" (p. 7).

A third of this little volume is made up of short studies for essays, stray suggestions, often all the more effective because the reader's imagination is merely given a lift and left to mount alone: "Imagine all human beings swept off the face of the earth, excepting one man. Imagine this man in some vast city, New York or London. Imagine him on the third or fourth day of his solitude sitting in a house and hearing a ring at the doorbell" (p. 8). Since nothing that he might find on the doorstep could come up to the forebodings of that first stunning moment, Mr. Aldrich wisely leaves the modern Crusoe in his chair. The essays themselves, with one or two exceptions, are only a matter of two or three pages. The longest is a really charming study of Robert Herrick, with whose delicate and fanciful genius Mr. Aldrich has a natural sympathy. To Emily Dickinson (whose admirers will not like the title of this essay, "Un Poète Manqué,") Mr. Aldrich allows fancy but not much imagination:

"The incoherence and shapelessness of the greater part of her verse are fatal. On nearly every page one lights upon an unsupported exquisite line or a lonely happy epithet; but a single happy epithet or an isolated exquisite line does not constitute a poem. . . . A shy New England bluebird, shifting its light load of song, has for the moment been mistaken for a stray nightingale."

What he cannot forgive is the affectation which, as he thinks, made Emily Dickinson deliberately disregard form and finish.

Mr. Aldrich lives with such queer names that it is natural to find him writing an essay on them. "Fleabody and Other Queer Names" was suggested by Anthony Trollope's young woman from "the States," who bore the felicitous name Olivia Q. Fleabody, probably derived from Peabody—a name which Trollope may have thought more humorous than his own, so unconscious are we of anything queer in the names we bear or live with. Mr. Aldrich is amusing on Barry Cornwall, whose fatuous lines,

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

have burned themselves into most memories like other silly lines about the ocean written for the most part, as these were, by poets who had never been out of sight of land.

While Mr. Aldrich loiters in the by-paths, Mr. Chesterton drives fierce and fast along the main roads, and, on the whole, prefers the streets, since there one finds the crowd. It has been unfortunate for him that he made a reputation as a journalistic critic through his epigrams, which happened to catch the public taste as they appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*. His Life of Browning in the "English Men of Letters" series proves that he is not merely a writer of glittering paradoxes, but a critic with imagination, of all critics the rarest type. That a young and energetic critic should have a message to deliver, and should deliver it with emphasis, is, of course, not so rare; nor has Mr. Chesterton any essentially new message to emphasize. It is his gift of imaginative sympathy, his genuine seriousness, that set him apart among recent critics. One forgives his rather flashy epigrams and his flamboyant language as soon as one realizes that they are intended not only to surprise the reader, but to convert him; the founder of a new religion could not be more in earnest than Mr. Chesterton. He is, of course, not the first to assert the magic and mystery of the surface of life, that the commonplace is a miracle waiting to be realized by us who look on it with indifferent eyes. No one can have read Maeterlinck and failed to see that the aim of all his symbolism is to make men realize the strangeness of the familiar; far from importing the supernatural into life, he tries to show that nothing is natural, nothing is banal—only one must strive after an intensity of intelligence that will give one the power to look at things as though one had not seen them before; everything is symbolic to those that have eyes and see. Maeterlinck's is the appeal of the mystic. The appeal of the critic is to less excited nerves, and not through symbols, but the end is the same, to sharpen our recognition of common things, of the stupendous facts that men regard with such indolent tranquility:

"There runs a strange law through the length of human history—that men are continually tending to undervalue their environment, to undervalue their happiness, to undervalue themselves. . . . This is the great fall, the fall by which the fish forgets the sea, the ox forgets the meadow, the clerk forgets the city, every man forgets his environment, and, in the fullest and most literal sense, forgets himself."

Mr. Chesterton adores his own century, and abhors the decadent who would have felt more at home in any other. He has hardly more patience with such an ideal as that of William Morris, with his æsthetic reaction that some people mistook for a revolution:

"The men of the time of Chaucer had many evil qualities, but there was at least one exhibition of moral weakness they did not give. They would have laughed at the idea of dressing themselves in the manner of the bowmen at the battle of Senlac, or painting themselves an æsthetic blue after the custom of the ancient Britons. They would not have called that a movement at all. Whatever was beautiful in their dress or manners sprang honestly and naturally out of the life they led and preferred to lead. . . . This was the weak point in William Morris as a reformer—that he sought to reform modern life, and that he hated modern life instead of loving it. . . . The spirit of Morris has not seized hold of the century and made its humblest necessities beautiful. And this was because, with all his healthiness and energy, he had not the supreme courage to face the ugliness of things; Beauty shrank from the Beast, and the fairy tale had a different ending."

It is no reflection on the genuine originality of Mr. Chesterton to say that he occasionally recalls Stevenson:

"It is useless," he writes, "to deny that the miracles of science have not been such an incentive to art and imagination as were the miracles of religion. If men in the twelfth century had been told that the lightning had been driven for leagues underground, and had dragged at its destroying tail loads of laughing human beings, and if they had been told that the people alluded to this pulverizing portent chirpily as 'The Twopenny Tube,' they would have called down the fire of heaven on us as a race of half-witted atheists."

Stevenson, not so profoundly modern as Mr. Chesterton, pleads for the "old mild lustre" of gas-lamps in a passage that the younger critic may have echoed half-consciously; at any rate, the parallel is interesting if only because it reflects a real difference of style:

"Mankind, you would have thought," wrote Stevenson, "might have remained content with what Prometheus stole for them, and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of the storm. Yet here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth."

In the matter of style, Mr. Chesterton has something to acquire and much to get rid of. The man who makes epigrams should, like the liar, have a long memory. But while the liar must keep his lie set up and ready for a new impression, the author of an epigram should break up his type forthwith. Mr. Chesterton's new volume scintillates with stale epigrams. In the essay on Tolstoy, in which he demonstrates the appalling strength of the doctrine of mildness and non-resistance, he remarks that in Tolstoy's mythology "St. George did not conquer the dragon; he tied a pink ribbon round its neck and gave it a saucer of milk." No one need be offended by this rather trivial conceit unless he should happen to remember Mr. Chesterton's criticism of the Greek notion of the monstrous. "It is extraordinary," he says in 'A Defence of Ugly Things,' "to watch the gradual emasculation of the monsters of Greek myth under the pestilent influence of the Apollo Belvedere. The chimera was a creature of whom any healthy-minded people would have been proud; but when we see it in Greek pictures we feel inclined to tie a ribbon round its neck and give it a saucer of milk." It never seems quite fair that a good story or a good epigram should not bear repetition; but it is a fact that Mr. Chesterton's very acute remarks on parody in his essay on Bret Harte lose much of their force for the reader who has just met the same phrases applied to satire in the essay on Pope.

In every essay some paradox is maintained, and with much ingenuity and conviction. Mr. Chesterton, having said to himself that he must be a very shallow critic who cannot see that black is white, and that Clapham is built on a volcano, introduces Charlotte Brontë or St. Francis or Pope merely as lay figures on which to drape these eternal truths. The result is hardly to be called literary criticism; what these essays state is a philosophy of life, with illustrations from literature. The statement is always sincere and robust, but it nearly always lacks the quality of style which would give it permanent value. It is not for nothing that Browning is Mr. Chesterton's favorite poet; like Browning, what he cares about is rather the thought than the expression of it.

It is characteristic of Mr. Chesterton's haste that the volume is full of typographical errors. The most serious of these for the reader is the interchange of the top lines of pp. 233-4; in the Essay on Pope the page-headings are out of order; on page 202 we meet with "Une rêve."

The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck. With other letters from and to Prince Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. Two volumes. Pp. xxiv., 221; xxx., 237. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1903.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, for while the first volume contains nearly two hundred letters and notes from William I. to Bismarck, and about one hundred from Bismarck to William I., the collection is hardly a correspondence: many of the communications are printed without the letters answering them or the letters which they answered. Much less should the collection be described as *the* correspondence between these historical personages; that is presumably locked up in the Prussian archives. Many of the royal letters are congratulations on birthdays and on other personal or family events, announcements of honors, thanks for services, etc. There is a little real correspondence, and correspondence of political interest, in the letters exchanged in connection with several of Bismarck's threatened resignations; and we are brought fairly into the field of political history in reading a few brief royal epistles written between 1863 and 1866. These are samples, evidently, of the "little notes" of which Bismarck frequently complained. They show what we knew before—that the King in no wise comprehended his premier's diplomacy and was often terrified by it. It was for this reason, probably, that Bismarck preserved them.

The premier's own letters are communications of which he preserved the draft or which were returned to him with royal comment. If a collector of autographs could have one, and but one, of the original letters, he would perhaps select, as characteristic of the two men, that in which Bismarck announced to the King that the troops of Napoleon III. had occupied the City of Mexico. The King, whose victories were at that time (1863) all in the future, returned this letter with the comment, "He is fortunate"; and Bismarck filed it away with the added comment, "Pourvu que cela dure" (pp. 23, 24).

Among the most interesting of Bismarck's letters is one in which, with extreme deference of manner and unwonted circumlocution, he suggests that a royal epistle already dispatched by courier to Queen Augusta should be recalled; because, as he humbly submits, if the news it contains regarding certain Austro-Prussian arrangements should indirectly reach Vienna, the Austrian Government would feel that there had been a breach of confidence, and the result of such a feeling might be war. The King promptly intercepted the letter by telegram (pp. 50-52).

The sub-title of the book, "with other letters from and to Prince Bismarck," describes the contents of the second volume, which are very miscellaneous. The letters from Crown Prince Frederick show that he was as little able as was his father to understand Bismarck's diplomacy before 1866. He desired the adoption of "a definite policy" in the Schleswig-Holstein question, and warned Bismarck against dreams of "expansion," because he feared that Prussia would "fall between two stools" (vol. ii., pp. 114, 115). What he meant, of course, was that Prussia would forfeit the sympathy of the German Liberals (who at that time wished to see the Augustenburg prince on the throne of Schleswig-Holstein) without securing the duchies for Prussia. The latest letters printed are from the spring of 1888. There are no letters from or to the present Emperor.

The collection contains material for the historian, but, excellent as is the translation, the conscientious historian will consult the German edition. Others, who buy the volumes in the expectation of finding a connected and self-explanatory "correspondence," will be disappointed. The selection is very arbitrary: it represents merely the personal interest which the letters possessed for Bismarck himself. The scanty notes translated from the German edition explain only such allusions as may perplex even a reader who is very familiar with the history of the period, and the notes added by the translator merely interpret a few technical terms and unfamiliar abbreviations. There are very few misprints; but the omission of a "not" in the opening sentence of the letter printed on page 57 of the first volume is destructive of the meaning. There is no index, but the table of contents is very full, indicating the subject of each letter.

Money and Banking: An Introduction to the Study of Modern Currencies. By William A Scott, Ph.D., Director of the School of Commerce and Professor of Economic History and Theory in the University of Wisconsin. Henry Holt & Co. Pp. x., 381. 1903.

The belated appearance of an adequate manual on money and banking gives fresh evidence of the erratic working of the law of supply and demand with respect to economic literature. For a decade or more, a conspicuous need of teachers and students of political economy in its practical aspects, both in this country and in England, has been a satisfactory text-book on the mechanism and technique of economic exchange. The place which up to that time had been fairly well filled by books such as Jevons's 'Money and the Mechanism of Exchange' and Francis A. Walker's Johns Hopkins University lectures on 'Money,' and, a few years later, by the same author's Lowell Institute course on 'Money, Trade, and Industry,' has become increasingly bare. Specific purposes have been served by the use of Laughlin's 'History of Bimetallism in Europe,' Taussig's 'Silver Situation in the United States,' Dunbar's 'History and Theory of Banking,' and Horace White's 'Money and Banking.' But, in the main, Professor Scott is entirely right in saying that the need of a suitable text-book on money and banking has been felt by every teacher of political economy, and that no one of the books available for the English-speaking student covers the entire ground in a comprehensive manner, and that few, if any of them, have been written with the needs of the student distinctly in mind.

It will be generally agreed that the present work is a cheering approximation to the desideratum thus indicated. The self-respecting teacher of political economy will probably continue to lament the absence of "a good text-book" on monetary theory and practice, and contemplate writing one for himself; but until this ideal be obtained, he will experience less embarrassment than heretofore in the selection of the least unsuitable manual. The merits of Professor Scott's book are an intelligent appreciation of the place of monetary phenomena in modern economic life, and an intimate acquaintance, born of successful academic experience, with student needs and difficulties in the study of the subject. The arrangement of chapters is convenient; the bibliographical apparatus is helpful.

Such defects as the book reveals are in large measure traceable to the embarrassment which the scientist as text-book writer inevitably experiences in harmonizing positive contribution with elementary exposition. As an original writer and thinker in monetary science, Professor Scott stands, like the group of careful students whom Professor Laughlin has trained, for trenchant criticism of the so-called quantity theory of money. A careful paper, published as far back as March, 1897, gave evidence of the vigor and originality of Professor Scott's thought in this direction. In the six years since elapsed, an important doctrinal controversy has developed, and while it would perhaps be an unreasonable demand that a substantial volume of four hundred pages emanating from one of the controversionalists should contain no contribution thereto, the penalty of unrestraint has been a certain incongruity in scope. The chapters dealing with the standard of value and the quantity theory of prices are pitched in a distinctly higher key than the bulk of the volume—not because these are abstruse, theoretical parts of the subject incapable of expression in words of one syllable, but from the fact that the expositor is here necessarily merged in the advocate. The reader feels that the assurance of the preface that, in considering debated issues, the author, while not attempting to conceal his own views, would present both sides of the question, has been observed scantily in letter and not at all in spirit. He feels it the more because, in other places, as in the discussion of the theory of bimetallism, the author's attitude is conspicuously judicious and well balanced.

Professor Scott's exposition of monetary theories would have gained in usefulness by some reference to their historical development. Thus, in discussing Gresham's

law, attention might properly have been called to the respective contributions to it of David Ricardo and Francis A. Walker, however vigorously the author dissent from the resultant. Almost alone among modern writers on money, the lamented Prof. Sidney Sherwood seemed to realize the importance of associating the history of monetary theories with the critical discussion of their actual content.

Bimetallism receives full and intelligent treatment at Professor Scott's hands, with the striking exception that no reference is made to the international negotiations carried on by the United States, through the agency of the Wolcott Commission, in the spring and summer of 1899. As bare of positive results as any of the international monetary conferences that preceded it, this effort is still of considerable significance in the history of the movement. England then for the first time learned of India's unwillingness to reopen her mints to the free coinage of silver; active and not-to-be-despised bimetallic agitation in France suffered a crushing reverse; and, most important of all, a considerable body of thoughtful people in the United States then became convinced of the utter futility of further striving towards international bimetallism, and, consequently, of the impracticibility of any other course than the adoption of the gold standard by the United States.

Despite the author's evident painstaking care, certain omissions and infelicities have crept in, to be eliminated in the future editions which there is every reason to anticipate. We note only the phrase "to put it up" (p. 8) in the sense of "to use"; the statement (p. 131) that one of the advantages of bank currency is that the stub of a checkbook constitutes a convenient record of expenditures; and the apparent omission from the detailed list of references of Launhard's discussion of the quantity theory noted on page 68.

The History of the Talmud, from the Time of its Formation, about 200 B. C., up to the Present Time. By Michael L. Rodkinson. New York: New Talmud Publishing Company. 1903. 2 vols. Pp. x., 160, vi., 106. Portrait.

The translation of the Talmud by Dr. Rodkinson we have dealt with briefly in "Notes," volume by volume, as it appears. It may be in place, however, in connection with this introductory history, to discuss somewhat more exactly the general plan of the work. With the storm which greeted the first volumes, but which now, happily, is blowing over, we have nothing more to do. Its causes were evidently in great part personal and racial. Dr. Rodkinson's work, on the other hand, has now passed to a public beyond all such limitations and jealousies.

He is, evidently, a most learned Talmudist of the ancient type. Further, he has largely succeeded in adding to this early training much of the tone and attitude of modern scholarship. To completely make over a student from the Russian rabbinical schools into a graduate of one of our Western universities is manifestly impossible, and probably undesirable. But that one who dabbled in his early days in books of fate and the mysteries of Zohar should come, in his later years, to be the translator of the Talmud into English, and English most able and nervous at that, is only another proof of the possibilities inherent in the Jewish race and of the transforming and assimilating power of our civilization. But, in part, the form of his enterprise has been *malgré lui*. This translation is only an appendix to a much larger scheme, an edition of the Talmud in the original. The Talmud, as yet, has never been edited; many have shrunk from the task on religious grounds; others because of the hopeless labor—hopeless on account of the size of the book and the inadequacy of the materials. Others, more reasonably, have urged that it would be unscientific and impossible to reduce to a precise text a book that originated orally, was long transmitted orally, and never, perhaps, reached a fixed recension. The problem, thus, is much that of editing the Arabic text of 'The 1,001 Nights,' a similarly gigantic oral and floating compilation, and raises the question, What is the text to be edited? In the case of 'The Nights' the problem has been solved by leaving the original alone and producing eclectic translations. Such, too, is the solution to which the logic of the case has forced Dr. Rodkinson. His revised text is still unprinted, but his translation, pruning repetitions and absurdities, combining, arranging, and paragraphing, is now well advanced in publication.

That such a method, inevitable though it may be, would arouse criticism was to be expected. Worshippers of the printed text, to whom every repetition was sacred, and reverencers of the critical faith that is in MSS. were equally scandalized. Besides these ungrounded panics, a genuine cause for fear undoubtedly lay, and lies, in the liberty which Dr. Rodkinson claims to strike from his translation what for him is too manifestly absurd to have been uttered by any sage of the Talmud. There are, he holds, many such interpolations made by enemies to cast ridicule on the book and its methods. The reply to this can only be that it is for each reader to judge as to degrees of absurdity; much of the kind, and most mirthful, too, has been left in this translation. But, for all this chance of disagreement, the translation should be heartily welcomed, and the iron industry of the translator—brazen-bowelled as was ever Greek grammarian—must be admired and commended. He is doing a piece of work of which he may well be proud, and setting an example of broad treatment to Western scholars, who too often give to details the time which should yield results.

Practically the same must be said of the present historical introduction. Few modern students will admit Dr. Rodkinson's view of the beginnings of the Talmud; his learning none will doubt. The later history is well told, and especially that in which the writer himself had a part. Generally, if the unlearned reader will bear in mind that he is dealing with a product of the traditional rabbinical school, he may trust himself safely to this guidance. And nowadays one has to bear in mind that every book is the product of some school or other. We wish Dr. Rodkinson, then, health and vigor for his long task.

Anna Swanwick: A Memoir. Compiled by her Niece, Mary L. Bruce. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1903.

Beyond the small group of those who, caring for Goethe and Æschylus, care only enough to read them in translations, the name of Anna Swanwick must be wholly unfamiliar. Few writers have secured a reputation solely on the grounds of a successful translation. North's 'Plutarch,' Cary's or Carlyle's 'Dante,' suggest some of these exceptional persons whose names are forever linked to the classic masterpieces over which they unselfishly toiled. Such a one as they was Anna Swanwick; but when she chose the translation of "Faust" and the dramas of Æschylus for her life-work, she lighted on masterpieces of which a final translation can never be made, and certainly no translation which for any length of time will satisfy the demands of the scholar who is a literary critic. For a decade or so, however, to read Æschylus in English meant, in England at least, to read Anna Swanwick. Her fashion has passed; Morshead or even Professor Lewis Campbell has taken her place in a generation that is not to be put off with "graceful" and "elegant" versions of poets who are neither elegant nor graceful. Miss Swanwick's translation of "Faust" has also been superseded, notably by that of Mr. Webb; but hers will always rank among the best, and, since it includes the Second Part, has a special value. About the time when she was translating Goethe, Carlyle was making the study of German literature fashionable, and she profited by an enthusiasm that demanded translations of Freiligrath for the provincial papers.

Miss Swanwick, who died in 1899, lived through eighty-five years, in which a visit to Berlin and a tour in Switzerland were the only recorded events. A life spent in a drawing room on the edge of Regent's Park may, of course, be as dramatic in its way as Cleopatra's if one could but learn the secrets of it. But Miss Swanwick's biographer had no written material, no *journal intime*, to inspire her, and she was reduced to collecting from Miss Swanwick's friends testimonials of her life and character, which are dull as such things must be even when they are written by the master of Trinity and Mr. Bryce. Among the intimate friends of Miss Swanwick were Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lecky, and many other distinguished men, such as Dr. Martineau and Francis Newman, who were attracted to the quiet house in Cumberland Terrace by the personal charm and conversational powers of which we get no glimpse in this memoir.

The recent publication of Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone adds interest to a passage in a letter by Miss Swanwick. She was breakfasting with Gladstone soon after the appearance of Morley's Life of Richard Cobden.' Mr. Gladstone spoke with appreciation of the book,

"while at the same time giving expression to the opinion that, in delineating the character of his hero, the biographer had not done justice to the religious element, with which he had evident sympathy. . . . Mr. Morley's rejection of religion leaves unexplained the fact that the existence of a Power beyond humanity has been recognized in every age and every clime. That Mr. Cobden recognized that Power and experienced the religious emotions consequent upon that recognition, appears from passages in his 'Life' which tend to

refute Mr. Morley's judgment as to his negative attitude towards religion, and to confirm Mr. Gladstone's opinion as expressed above."

Miss Swanwick was an advocate of woman's rights, but she was not of the militant type. In fact, it seems that she, like many Englishwomen, were roused to self-assertion by the treatment of a

"noble band of women workers, headed by Lucretia Mott, who came from Massachusetts . . . to join a great anti-slavery convention in London in 1840. When the meeting opened, these ladies were refused admittance on account of their sex! . . . This flagrant act of injustice planted the seed of discontent in many a woman's mind, and Anna Swanwick, feeling within her the same spirit that animated Lucretia Mott, . . . determined to help her sex to take their proper place in the body politic" (p. 158).

This sectarian action on the part of the "World's Convention" may be studied in detail in the 'Life of Garrison.'

We might dwell on Miss Swanwick's charities and her work in the cause of the education of women, but that not to have had such interests would be surprising in an unmarried woman of some fortune and much intelligence. She was educated by Dr. Martineau and Francis Newman, the cardinal's gifted brother. After all, a women's college must have seemed a makeshift to one whose own training had been so liberal yet so informal.

In Search of a Siberian Klondike. Narrated by W. B. Vanderlip, and edited by H. B. Hulbert. The Century Co. 1903. 8vo., pp. xviii., 315.

The northeastern extreme of Siberia is one of the regions of the earth least known to the general public, and even to the geographer. A century ago it was the scene of explorations of which the records are among the rarities of a geographer's library. Later the penetration, by the American whaling fleet, of Polar waters beyond Bering Strait made the shores and native inhabitants better known to the navigator; and the visit of a few vessels connected with the search for Sir John Franklin gave occasion for one or two popular narratives, now almost forgotten. In 1866-8 the explorations for a telegraph line to connect the two continents by way of Bering Strait were instrumental in giving us the first modern descriptions of the interior, in volumes by Bush and Kennan. With the exception of some reports by military or naval officers concerned with the *Jeannette* rescue expedition, or the voyage of the *Vega*, and necessarily of a rather superficial character, nothing of any value has been written since, for the general reader.

After the discoveries of gold in the Klondike and at Nome, it was natural that the prospector should endeavor to discover whether the belt of gold-bearing rocks so productive in the Yukon territory and Alaska is or is not continued beyond the straits on the Asiatic side of Bering Sea. Knowing that, where the two continents approach most nearly, the character of the rocks on the two sides is strongly contrasted, those familiar with these shores were the least hopeful. But the unexpected frequently happens in mining matters, and not a few were willing to risk the cost and labor of exploration to determine the actual state of the case. Mr. Vanderlip, a professional prospector, who had been engaged in mining in Korea, had the idea of offering his services for this purpose, and, proceeding to Vladivostok, was immediately engaged by a Russian firm with the full approval of the local authorities.

His instructions contemplated prospecting in Kamtchatka near Petropavlovsk, along the eastern coast of the peninsula and on the Commander Islands; then on the northern and eastern shores of the Okhotsk Sea, and northeastward into the interior, as circumstances might seem to indicate. He was supplied with documents, authorizing him to call upon Russian officials for whatever help he needed, whether subsistence or transportation, and took with him a supply of such trading goods as are necessary to pay one's way among uncivilized people and in a country where money is practically unknown. The Russian Chartered Company holds the monopoly of the fur trade in these regions. An annual vessel visits the various ports where business is done, carrying supplies of all sorts and bringing back the annual stock of purchased furs. On the same vessel the Russian governor-general makes his yearly inspection of the convict settlements on Sakhalin Island and the trading posts on the Russian coasts of Bering Sea, as far north as the Anadyr River. This being the only means of reaching Kamtchatka short of chartering a private vessel, Mr. Vanderlip embarked with his cargo, two Korean miners, and a young Russian of some education.

Leaving Vladivostok on the 22d of July, on the steamer *Cosmopolite*, the first stop was made at the convict station of Korsakovsk on the island of Sakhalin. Here are sent only the most hardened criminals, mostly murderers (for there is no capital punishment except for treason in Russia, and political prisoners are not sent to Sakhalin). After a stay of a few hours the steamer proceeded, with the intention of rounding the southern end of the island, but about eight o'clock in the evening brought up in the fog on the rocks of the coast and became a total wreck, fortunately without loss of life. The party returned to Korsakovsk, and a relief steamer, secured by telegraph, arrived in about six days. In spite of the loss of his equipment, Mr. Vanderlip decided to continue on his way and live off the country. Petropavlovsk was reached, and the supposed copper deposits examined, but without discovering any economically valuable ore. Thence the party proceeded to the Okhotsk Sea, touching at the Tigil River on their way to the Ghijiga River and Settlement.

From Ghijiga as a centre, prospecting was done in various directions covering the headwaters of the river and both slopes of the adjacent portions of the Stanovoi range of mountains. Much of the time the party was among the uncivilized Korak tribes, of whom interesting details are given. Nowhere was gold found in paying quantity. Subsequently a trip was made to the northeast through the Chukchi country across the neck of the peninsula to Bering Sea and along the coast to Baron Korff Bay, and, finally, after much hardship, back again to the Okhotsk coast and Ghijiga. Of the Chukchi, Mr. Vanderlip speaks in the highest terms, and apparently with good reason. He says of the object of the expedition: "Though there may be gold within the radius that I covered, I satisfied myself that there were no extensive auriferous deposits on the streams flowing into the Okhotsk Sea near its head, nor in the beach sands along the shore of Bering Sea south of the Anadyr River."

During the succeeding spring, Mr. Vanderlip, with a chartered vessel and a large party of Russian miners, carefully examined the shores of the Chukchi peninsula from the Arctic circle round to Anadyr Bay, finding large deposits of lignitic coal west of Plover Bay, but no indications of the precious metals in quantities to pay for mining, thus confirming the unfavorable opinion which had been held by those previously most familiar with the coast in question.

While the narrative makes no pretensions to literary merit, it is a straightforward and interesting account of experience, enlivened with a vein of genial humor. Of its fidelity to truth there can be no question, and the narrator's observations on the manners and customs of the native people with whom he was so intimately thrown, make excellent reading. Among those living in the interior, during more than a hundred years since they were first visited the changes appear to have been very slight. The singular custom of intoxication by means of the dried toadstool (*Amanita*) is still continued by the Koraks as the earliest travellers described it. The coast Eskimo, or "sedentary Chukchi" of the earlier accounts, have suffered much from the introduction of liquor and disease by visiting traders. The true Chukchi, or "deer men," remain as formerly a bold and energetic race, untaxed and unconquerable, meeting the white man (other than the hated Russian) with the courtesy of an equal and with generous hospitality.

The book is well printed, with many excellent illustrations from photographs by the author, but would have been more complete had an index been provided.

The New Era in the Philippines. By the Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

This lucubration should have been put forth as a pamphlet on Protestant missionary work in the islands, or as a tract, in which sort of document the author might be presumed to have a right to quote poetry and prose philosophy (of most recent production) to his heart's content. It has no claim whatever to being "a vigorous statement of the conditions and needs of our new possessions, written from personal observation." The author is Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and spent two months, more or less, in 1901, visiting Manila and a few points in the Bisayas. All but the first nine of the twenty-nine chapters are devoted to matters related to the Protestant missions and their work. From the standpoint of one who believes that the regeneration of the Filipinos depends upon Protestantizing them, and that the masses of them are eagerly waiting to have this transformation worked in them, Mr. Brown's sermon —for it would best have been delivered as such—is a very fair sort of argument. To hold him strictly to facts, however, would disturb his logical sequence not in-

frequently. He thinks the former friar-priests very rarely preached to the Filipinos; is unaware that occasional Protestant proselyters from Spain and England were not slaughtered outright in cold blood by cruel Spain for preaching and introducing the Bible; apparently regards the recent translations of the Bible into Tagalog, Bisayan, and other dialects as most scholarly performances; seems to think it strange that the Spanish Governor-Generals "had no scruples about supporting the Church, not only personally, but also officially," when by their position they were the Vice-Royal Patrons of Religion, as representatives of the King of Spain; and gravely pronounces the Jesuit Observatory (established in 1865) the greatest thing the Roman Catholic occupation ever did for the Philippines. He cites as one of the Protestant missionaries to whom "no other Americans there can give points on tact," a man who recently, for the fortieth time, in a public sermon in Manila warned Americans to beware lest the Filipinos should repeat on them the history of the Sepoy rebellion and massacres. He appeals for Protestant schools in the islands on precisely the same grounds on which the Roman Catholic prelates there have based their opposition to the public schools, thereby incurring his censure. Bishop Salazar, too, felt, over three hundred years ago, that Providence was bringing the Chinese to the Philippines to be made Christians. In the same vein the reverend author urges free admission of Chinese, coolies and all, to the Philippines. He last year published a report in which he said they were "so absolutely indispensable to industrial and commercial development" that without them we shall "never get out of the Philippines more than half of what they will cost us."

As to the chapters devoted to Philippine conditions in general, which alone can justify putting this book out as one to enlighten the public about our new problems, the less said the better. They are full of such errors as calling the Indonesian hill tribes of Mindanao Mohammedans, and saying that "Spain never attempted a real occupation" of Samar, and of such snap-judgments as the assertions that Legaspi's successors as Governor-Generals were, "with few exceptions, cruel, avaricious, and corrupt." Taken as a whole, this book is only another illustration of the inconsequent way in which so many Americans are just now rushing into type.

The Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia: Being Babylonian and Assyrian incantations against the demons, ghouls, vampires, hobgoblins, ghosts, and kindred evil spirits, which attack mankind. Translated from the original Cuneiform texts, with transliterations, vocabulary, notes, etc. By R. Campbell Thompson, M. A. Vol. I. "Evil Spirits." London: Luzac & Co. 1903.

This work in two volumes, of which the second is yet in the press, contains the English transliterations and translations with brief notes of the collections of evil-spirit texts published by the trustees of the British Museum in the sixteenth and seventeenth parts of "Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets, etc." These texts are contained in about 240 tablets and fragments in the possession of the British Museum, for the most part from the library of Ashurbanipal, of which 160 are now published for the first time. They contain copies of all the tablets belonging to the series on "Evil Spirits," "Fever Sickness," and "Headache." Although one of these tablets is dated as late as "the one hundred and eighth year of Seleucus and the forty-fourth of Antiochus," and none of them is earlier than the time of Ashurbanipal, nevertheless, all are written in Sumerian, generally with a Semitic interlinear translation, and it may fairly be assumed that they represent the magical-religious ideas of the pre-Semitic population of Babylonia, 4000 B. C. or even earlier. When the Semites entered the country they seem to have been little more than nomads, with a very rudimentary civilization and unformulated religious ideas, so that they readily took over, practically in their entirety, the Sumerian devil and evil-spirit doctrines. From them these doctrines, with the magical practices connected with them, spread to the Hebrews and other western Semitic populations, and ultimately through them reached and affected Europe. The famous Lilith, the wife of Adam in Rabbinic lore, is a name borrowed from the old Sumerian, where, in both the masculine and feminine form, it represents some kind of ghost; and the conception of the marriage of a man with a *lilith* is borrowed from the same source. Similarly, the word *shedim*, a common word for demons in the Hebrew prophets, is borrowed from the ancient Sumerians.

The ghost or departed spirit played a prominent part in Sumerian demonology, and one important form of sorcery practised among the Babylonians and Assyrians, as also among the Hebrews, by ultimate derivation from the Sumerians, was the raising of the departed spirit. The spirit of the dead naturally descended into the underworld, the house of darkness, where it eked out a wretched existence, depending, in part certainly, on the attentions of the living, the libations offered by its descendants or kinsfolk. If these libations failed to be offered, then it was liable, forced by the need of subsistence, to come back to earth, where it wandered up and down seeking some luckless wight with whom it had a past connection, either of kinship or of hospitality, by grace of which it could plague and torment him until such time as it was exorcised by a priest. Similarly, the ghosts of unburied or uncared-for men and women, the spirits of those who died violent or unnatural deaths, and particularly of women who died in childbed, returned to earth to haunt and harass the living. There were also ghouls, hobgoblins, and fiends of various descriptions who inhabited desert places, ruins, old tombs, and the like. Most famous and often mentioned in these incantations are the seven evil spirits, who appear even in the New Testament and in post-Christian Syrian charms. Mr. Thompson, in his introduction, gives an admirable summary of what is now known of all these spirits and demons who were the authors of the ills that befall mankind—sickness, loss of offspring, storms, whirlwinds, and the like, and the methods by which they were exorcised.

The texts printed in this volume are connected especially with Eridu and its god Ea. Through Ea and his son Marduk is obtained the information by which the spirits are to be exorcised, and frequent mention is made of the incantation of Eridu. Water is a common element in these exorcisms, as the element of Ea in which his essence was supposed to be always present. Besides water, we find meteoric stones, branches (especially of a certain plant, *kishkanu*, also from Eridu), and spittle, used as the materials of exorcism. The incantation often takes the form of a story of the way in which the gods overcame the evil spirit to which some particular malady or misfortune was attributed, with mention of the name of the spirit, as evidence of that knowledge on the part of the exorcist which is power. A good example of this type of incantation is the exorcism of the worm, to be used in case of toothache, "believed to be due to the gnawing of small worms." This commences with the creation of the world—the heavens by Anu, the earth by the heavens, the rivers by the earth, the canals by the rivers, the marshes by the canals, and the worm by the marshes. The worm then weeps before Shamash and Ea, asking what shall be its food. It is given, among other things, dry bones for food. Then it says (p. lxiv.):

> "Let me drink among the teeth,
> And set me on the gums;
> That I may devour the blood of the teeth,
> And of their gums destroy their strength."

The exorcist, having thus shown his knowledge of the cause of the toothache, is instructed to utter his exorcism thus:

> "O Worm!
> May Ea smite thee with the might of his fist!"

It is an incantation of this sort of which a part was mistaken by Sayce and Pinches for the Babylonian story of Eden. This text, to which considerable additions have now been made, Mr. Thompson shows satisfactorily had nothing whatever to do with the myth of Eden, but is, in fact, an incantation of Eridu, in general character not unlike several others contained in this volume.

The book, both in its introduction and in the texts here presented, is a valuable contribution to the study of primitive religious ideas in general, a value which is vastly enhanced by the fact that it is this Sumerian demonology in particular which is the direct ancestor of the witchcraft and spirit lore of the entire Western world. In mechanical execution the book is admirable. It is sightly to look at, convenient in size and weight, with paper of good body, generously spaced and margined. It is volume xiv. in Luzac's "Semitic Text and Translation Series."

The Influence of Christianity upon National Character, Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints. Being the Bampton Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1903 by William Holden Hutton. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In Mr. Hutton's 'English Saints' the inspiration of genuine devotion has enabled the writer to put himself in perfect sympathy, one may say, with the gentle souls who took refuge in convent or wilderness from the brutalities of mediæval life, as well as with those other ardent and perhaps more praiseworthy spirits who stood their ground in the midst of the evil of the world and endeavored to subdue men to the likeness of their Master. Only here and there does the author's clerical bias lead him to extend unduly the same sympathy to men whose claim to saintship rests rather on their services to ecclesiastical organization than

on the exhibition of a spirit of self-abnegation and unworldliness. The modern reader inevitably views with suspicion the very title of the sixth lecture, "The Statesmen Saints," and, notwithstanding the glamour of mediæval tradition, there is little in the career of St. Thomas of Canterbury, for instance, to lull that suspicion. From a similar point of view, one cannot but regard as a mistake the inclusion in this volume of King Charles I., in whom, if there was indeed any saintliness, there went along with it so much wrongheadedness and folly that only a High Churchman can see the former.

With the exception of a hitherto unprinted life of St. Edward the King (from a manuscript in St. John's College, Oxford) the book cannot be said to contain anything of original value; but in fulness of knowledge and accuracy of statement it meets all the demands of scientific criticism, and will be read with pleasure even by professional students of the Middle Ages. Many readers will regret, however, that the author should have given expression to his belief in the hideous story once connected especially with the name of St. William of Norwich, which has again during the present year, in the massacres of Kishenev, done such fatal service in the cause of superstition and inhumanity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's El Niño de la Bola, edited by Rudolph Schwill. American Book Co.
Bridge, Sir Frederick. Samuel Pepys, Lover of Musique. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
Cazamian, Louis. Le Roman Social en Angleterre (1830-1850). Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 7 fr. 50.
Day, Lewis F. Pattern Design. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. $3 net.
Field, Edward Salisbury. The Quest and Other Poems. Boston: The Gorham Press.
Galdos's Doña Perfecta, edited by Edwin Seelye Lewis. American Book Co.
Johnston, Sir Harry. The Nile Quest. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Kitson, Arthur. The Money Problem. London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
La Fontaine's Fables, edited by Kenneth McKenzie. American Book Co.
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The Week.

Enough is known of the protest filed with the State Department by Colombia to make it clear that it is a document to be reckoned with. The discreet ability displayed by Gen. Reyes and his associates has been, in fact, highly notable. They have not blustered or threatened war—on the contrary, they have labored with wonderful success to still warlike passions in Colombia. War, they say, would have been a fatal blunder. It would have been playing the game of American Jingoes. Much wiser as well as more humane was the course actually pursued. The Colombian representatives have taken the position of a lawyer with a good case. He does not begin promiscuous shooting, but goes to the courts. It is really also a tribute to the American Government which Reyes and his advisers have paid in assuming that it would give a fair hearing to an argument going to show that it had proceeded improperly, and had laid itself open to a claim for substantial damages. The net result is certainly to cloud the title which we set up to the Isthmian canal. Our right is by no means so clear as was at first glibly asserted. Grave questions of treaty interpretation are involved, as well as of correct procedure under the general provisions of international law; and all these matters are presented with force by the Colombian envoys and the able counsel they have employed. Their protest we are bound to consider seriously. Arms we would have met with arms, but reason we must encounter with reason—better reason, if we can produce it; if not, with frank admission that we have been in the wrong. And if, failing agreement between ourselves and Colombia, the solemn appeal is made that we refer the points in dispute to the Hague Tribunal, this Administration could not think of refusing to do so. We who urged Germany to go there to adjust the Venezuelan controversy, could not decline to submit our own differences with Colombia to the same high arbitrament without exposing ourselves to the scorn of all mankind.

President Roosevelt was almost dithyrambic in his message when he came to speak of the way in which "the people of Panama rose as one man." But his stanch defender, the New York *Tribune*, printed on Monday a letter from a special correspondent at the Isthmus, who declares in so many words that the people had nothing whatever to do with the revolution. "Seven men, aided by the soldiers and others whose support had been purchased, were alone responsible for the sudden revolution in the political status of Panama." "Were the people of the other provinces consulted? They were not. Were the people of Colon and Panama let into the secret? They were not." We cannot congratulate our contemporary on its enterprise, since the *Evening Post's* correspondent gave exactly the same facts on December 8; but we do compliment it on its journalistic fairness in printing a truthful account of what actually occurred, even though the result is to destroy the official Republican version. Genuine republics are certainly not created by such hole-and-corner conspiracies as this letter details. A mercenary plot with a bribery attachment is seen to be the true origin of this "new birth among the nations." Everybody knows it for the fictitious product it is; and everybody will be correspondingly glad when some sensible arrangement is made to restore Panama to Colombia and get the canal without suspicion of fraud. A revolution in which the people had absolutely no part might easily be made to go backwards.

The "authorized announcement" that President Roosevelt has promised not to make Gen. Wood lieutenant-general of the army was no sooner in print than it was denied by the Senator to whom it was said to have been made. It was stated that this assurance had done much to conciliate Senators who are uneasy about Gen. Wood, because they wish to see him a major-general and nothing more. But even if Mr. Roosevelt were to promise not to make Wood lieutenant-general and titular head of the army, it would not follow that the doctor-general will never reach that rank. If confirmed as major-general now, he will be the senior officer in that grade on the retirement of Gen. MacArthur on March 6, 1909. Even if reëlected next fall, Mr. Roosevelt will not be in office at that time. But whoever becomes President on that date will find himself confronted with the same argument which Mr. Roosevelt is now using so vigorously—that Wood is the senior of his grade and that to jump any one over him into the lieutenant-generalcy would be to slight him. Moreover, it will be said then as now, that the blame, if any, is Mr. McKinley's for making Dr. Wood a brigadier-general in 1901, and that, once having been made a brigadier-general, he ought to go up by seniority. The humiliation of having a military surgeon made the highest officer in the United States army for many years is one which Congress ought to prevent in the interest of the nation and army, and now is the time to do it—not in 1909. Then it will be alleged that there is so little difference in the duties of major and lieutenant-general as to make the additional promotion of no consequence.

According to a well-known story, a rascal who stole a pig was commanded to give five stivers to the poor. He directly said he would give ten, because he wanted to steal another. This tale should be instructive to those executives who are so freely exercising the pardoning power. The Governor of Michigan has just pardoned a Detroit bank-wrecker who had served less than a year and a half of a fifteen-year sentence; and the President granted last week eleven pardons, one of them to a former bank president. The immediate effect of these pardons is to strengthen the impression that a rich man, of good family, who plunders a bank will be treated far more leniently than the poor man whose methods are cruder and less successful. Another effect, equally unfortunate, is the development of an idea that the pardoning power is a sort of royal prerogative, to be graciously exercised by wholesale at various high festivals. Rightfully, however, a pardon is granted only on those rare occasions when later-discovered evidence, or a fact which calls for a revision of judgment, shows that the sentence has been really unjust. The Detroit pardon is obviously a case where the tears of friends and an appeal to sentiment pure and simple have been determining causes. For the President, the duty of the moment is to get rascals into prison rather than out. The country is crying out for justice upon the land thieves and the postal thieves.

Perry S. Heath continues as buoyant and impudent as ever. In his latest outgiving he asserts that President McKinley had hoped to see Hanna next in succession. Heath knows this, because McKinley, recognizing in Heath those sterling qualities of heart and mind which make his name to-day a household word, chose Heath as confidant. Posing also as the repository of Senator Hanna's secrets, he tells us that the Senator's business is now so arranged that he "can serve in any capacity in the Government." Moreover, "Hanna does not want the office [of President]. That does not mean that he does not want the nomination. I say he does not want the office." If Mr. Heath correctly states the Senator's position, the Hanna boom need not be a cause of anxiety to any one. Mr. Hanna is not likely to get the nomination; but should he by chance secure it, the voters will never thrust him into an

office which he does not want. Indeed, if Perry Heath, as Secretary of the Republican National Committee, continues until next June "airing his vocabulary," the voters may conceivably defeat any Republican candidate. Dr. Johnson once said, "A cow is a very good animal in a field, but we turn her out of a garden." We may add that Mr. Heath might be a good man in a penitentiary, but he should be turned out of a political committee.

Probably the best indication of the real condition of the Hanna boom is furnished by the action of his lieutenants in Ohio. They have decided to hold their State convention at the very latest date possible. In other words, they are going to wait as long as may be to see what will turn up. They adopt this expectant attitude because they think that Mr. Hanna is certain to be the beneficiary of all the discontent with President Roosevelt. This may increase by the end of next May in such proportions as to compel the Ohio Senator to come to the rescue of his imperilled party. On the other hand, if the opposition to the President's renomination proves futile, the Ohio Republicans will be ready to come out heroically as fortune's champion, ever strong upon the stronger side, and bring up the rear of the conventions with wild enthusiasm for Roosevelt. In so far, we take it, the Hanna movement against the President is serious. It will be pushed if those behind it think it can be made successful without at the same time wrecking the party. The big subscriptions are ready; the politicians have been sounded; and now there is nothing to do but wait. If Mr. Roosevelt should make some blunder still further alienating supporters, he would be thrown over. We presume that he understands the situation. The ostentatious reconciliation between him and Senator Hanna deceives nobody. It recalls what Lady Russell said when her husband, Lord John, had made peace with his rival, Lord Palmerston: "They have shaken hands and embraced, and hate each other worse than ever."

The *Times*, in a State by State canvass of Democratic preferences, brings out these interesting facts: first, that there is great division of councils; second, that Judge Parker has a handsome plurality on the theory that he can carry New York. Naturally, a vote which is merely the opinion of State correspondents as to the political drift in their communities need not be regarded with great seriousness. One takes with a grain of salt, for example, the little roster of States which have made an adoptive favorite son of W. R. Hearst. But it is instructive to note that the Democracy at large seems to be taking Mr. Cleveland absolutely at his word and to be little inclined to force him to reconsider his letter to Mr. McKelway. It should be said also that the advocacy of Judge Parker lacks enthusiasm except among those—a small minority of the party—who are eager for "any safe candidate." In short, the *Times's* interesting *enquête* merely shows a general indecision in Democratic councils which calls for new and vigorous leadership. It is quite possible that the "man to beat Roosevelt" is as yet unnamed and unrecognized.

The Cuban Congress must be made to understand that circumstances alter cases. It is persistently rumored that it plans to increase the customs duties in order to overcome the revenue effect of the new reciprocity treaty. Such an evidence of bad faith would be shocking; well might this country invite the world to behold how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child. An increase in tariff taxes is all right under some circumstances, but strong meat must not be given to babes. Let the new republic follow our example. It took us a long time to reach our present tariff schedules. Our physique is now inured to violent changes of this sort, but we can only view with alarm a similar policy on the part of Cuba. The new republic, having food and raiment, should be therewith content. Ingratitude is certainly a marble-hearted fiend, yet Cuba is within her rights if she raises her duties. The reciprocity treaty insures us an advantage over other nations; and so long as our relative position is not disturbed we have only sentimental ground for complaint. If reciprocity is going to reduce Cuban revenues, it is natural for the republic to ask how it can make good the loss. The average duty in the present tariff is less than 25 per cent., which should make good Americans smile. Why, this ridiculously low figure is of itself sufficient ground for increasing the duties without an instant's delay.

The real difference between a Tammany and a civilized government is well illustrated by Mr. McClellan's appointment of George E. Best as Bridge Commissioner. Mr. Lindenthal, Mr. Low's appointee, had had thirty-one years of practical experience, both as a railroad and a bridge engineer. He had, moreover, studied at the Vienna Polytechnic, and was a member of the London Institute of Civil Engineers, the similar Canadian society, and of the American Society of Civil Engineers, as well as many others of a similar professional character. Mr. Best is a subservient tool of "Boss" Murphy, and a Tammany heeler who has hitherto obtained only such small jobs from Tammany that no one in the organization even dreamed of his getting so important an office. It is needless to say that he has had no technical training whatever, and is therefore manifestly unfit for the very important position for which he has been chosen. Finally, Mr. Best is universally regarded as a creature of the street-railway companies—he at present holds a small position with a private contracting company. Since there are questions of vital importance to the traffic development of the city pressing for settlement, the Manhattan companies wish to be in a strong position in their dealings with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company in regard to bridge railway service. And, then, for what did the companies contribute to the Tammany campaign fund? Apparently, Mr. McClellan has purchased the McAdoo appointment by a surrender of other nominations to Mr. Murphy.

In Mr. McAdoo the Mayor-elect has selected a police commissioner much above the ordinary Tammany type. If he was only an average assistant secretary of the navy, he has, since his removal to this city, had a large law practice and been the head of some important undertakings. He refused to follow Bryan in the latter's disastrous campaigns, and remained with the Gold Democrats at a time when to do so seemed to threaten political extinction. In so far as his record goes, this appointment is, for Tammany, a very good one. It is only necessary to recall some of the former Wigwam commissioners, such as Sexton, Martin, Murphy, and "Barney" York, to prove that Mr. McClellan has aimed higher. The rumors that Timothy Sullivan and his gang are very much displeased with the appointment are also creditable to both Mr. McClellan and Mr. McAdoo. But the real test of the latter will come after he has taken office. Today he uses very fair words, promising that his department shall be "honestly and cleanly administered" "for the best government of this great community."

The attempt of previous witnesses in the investigation now going on to throw a large part of the blame for the Shipbuilding outcome on Mr. Schwab, is vigorously contested by him. He has just filed a cross bill denying in general and in particular all the allegations of fraud and conspiracy made by the complainants in the suit for the Shipbuilding Company's receivership. He read the prospectus and believed in it with childlike faith. Who ever heard of a prospectus that was not absolutely truthful? But if everybody concerned in the Shipbuilding deal was actuated by the highest motives and pursued the most business-like methods, how does it happen that the completed whole strikes every one as neither reputable nor business-like? Obviously, somebody has blundered—if not morally, then mental-

ly. Possibly the Shipbuilding collapse represents nothing more than a mere mathematical inadvertence—a failure to perceive that six ciphers will not make one unit.

A strong sense of humor has always been considered an American trait. Mr. Daniel J. Sully, however, does not think so, or else he is entirely without it himself. This bull cotton manipulator has started a "campaign of education." He wants the spinners of the United States to subscribe $250,000 to make the American press and people see the reasonableness of permanently high-priced cotton. It is not hard to see why Mr. Sully should want this view to be widely accepted; and that he should go systematically to work to inculcate it is not surprising. But when a person undertakes to educate the public by "write-ups" and "coöperative advertising" and "authoritative personal interviews," he usually tries to conceal his hand. None of us supposes that Mr. Sully is bulling cotton for "his health." His position is that of the celebrated divine who, when he was asked what he went around the country lecturing for, replied, "f. a. m. e.—fifty and my expenses." In a word, Mr. Sully is a little too eager to educate the American people; this scheme to "salt down" his alleged $10,000,000 profits in cotton is just the thing to excite their humor. He should broaden his scope. For not only must he show the people of this country the advantages of buying cotton cloths for which they have no money to pay, but he must also perform the same service for the Chinese and other foreigners. Then, too, he must teach the mill owners that there is a profit in piling up goods for which there is no sale. But, above all, it is necessary to make foreign nations see that it would be very foolish to enlarge the culture of cotton. Certainly, no educator ever undertook a more delicate task.

The "unionized funeral" threatens to be the funeral of unionism. If the walking delegates have the courage of their logic, there is no reason why they should not proceed from a union driver to a union-made hearse and coffin, union-grown flowers, and a union-dug grave; and finally they will insist on substituting for the extreme unction of the Church the sacred union label. Having thus laid hold, so to speak, on eternity, the unions should find it easy to seize all temporalities and unionize every act of life, from the first cry that opens the lungs to the dying gasp. The only difficulty with the present programme is that it is almost too complete. In its prescription of a formula for all activity, it gives us a foretaste of the iron regimen of socialism; and for this last step we Americans seem unprepared. We still cling fondly to the old notion of doing a few things for ourselves in our own way. Union pies may be better for body and soul, but we perversely long for those "like mother used to make." The procession headed by the union banner is a magnificent spectacle, but many of us had rather go our own easy gait than join the inexorable lockstep. Some of the enthusiastic marchers, too, seem to weary of the pace, and feel that they are dragging the ball and chain. Frederick W. Job of Chicago, secretary of the Employers' Association, declares that membership in the labor unions in Chicago has fallen off 30 per cent.; and even those who may dispute the exactness of his figures and charge him with prejudice, must admit that the slackening of trade is decimating the unions. The walking delegates who have been setting up their little kingdoms, are learning the truth of Mirabeau's dictum, that a *fureur de gouverner* is the worst malady of states.

One glaring defect of our international copyright law is the provision compelling "simultaneous publication" even for books in foreign languages, or for translations of them into English. The hardship which this works in the case of Continental authors is obvious. They are forced to decide in advance whether their writings may count upon such a sale in this country as to warrant separate printing and publishing here; while if they do not authorize and copyright a translation immediately, they are exposed to pirating. To remedy these undoubted evils an amendment of the law has been urged upon Congress. It is in these terms:

"Whenever the author or proprietor of a book in a foreign language, which shall be published in a foreign country before the day of publication in this country, or his executors, administrators or assigns, shall, within twelve months after the first publication of such book in a foreign country, obtain a copyright for a translation of such book in the English language, which shall be the first copyright in this country for a translation of such book, he and they shall have, during the term of such copyright, the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, vending, translating and dramatizing the said book, and, in the case of a dramatic composition, of publicly performing the same, or of causing it to be performed or represented by others."

The urgent need of enacting such an amendment is argued with much force by Mr. George H. Putnam in the *Critic*. It is in the interest not only of fair play, but of the privileges of our own authors, since the annoyance caused German writers, for example, has been such that their Government has seriously thought of abrogating their literary convention with the United States. The simple change required in the law ought to be had without fail. The bill has been favorably reported by the Senate committee. It should have the active support of all to whom fair dealing in international literary matters is a real concern.

The dismissal of four more German army officers because of the revelations in Lieut. Bilse's book, 'In a Little Garrison,' shows again that the author is not being punished because his book gave an inaccurate picture of army life. But the Minister of War is evidently trying to live up to his promise that there shall be no more such garrisons in the service. In all probability there are but few, yet the code of morals under which they flourish extends throughout the army, and is responsible for a vast deal of misconduct. If it is impossible to keep Anglo-Saxons in barracks and have them saints, it is all the more difficult to keep young Teutons in order when they think themselves, because of their uniforms, of a higher order of society than any civilians, and not bound by the moral laws which apply to ordinary mortals. What the German army is suffering from is merely what must happen to any troops when their officers are made demigods and overlords, when they may kill at leisure any one who displeases, and go practically unpunished. What is needed is to make the army feel that it is the servant of the German people, and not that the nation exists for its benefit. The remedies are obvious. They could be put into operation at once by the Emperor, but that commander-in-chief's influence has thus far merely strengthened the caste feeling and the abominable military code which are a direct inheritance from the Middle Ages.

The Dreyfus affair is, fortunately, to be continued on a strictly judicial basis. For a time the admission of an appeal was the cause of bitter criticism. It was feared that the order for revision quashed all the proceedings of the Rennes tribunal, and left Dreyfus eligible for immediate restoration to his rank as captain. Such an act would have aroused the ugliest passions among the Nationalists. As the matter now stands, the case will be reviewed by the criminal branch of the Court of Appeals, probably a new court-martial will follow, and Dreyfus will stand or fall by the result of the new verdict. Sensational revelations of perjury and forgery at Rennes are to be expected, for the Commission would never have reopened the case because of merely technical irregularities in the previous finding. Meanwhile, the old verdict stands. All those who have followed the affair will agree with the very French comment of the critic Anatole France, who welcomes the new trial because he feels that so famous a case should end with something of tragic dignity and completeness. The Rennes court-martial and the subsequent pardon afforded a dénouement, he avers, of bourgeois ineptitude. It may be said, therefore, that it is a case in which æsthetics and substantial justice are in singular accord.

AN HONORABLE WAY OUT.

As the Panama case stands to-day, nobody is satisfied. The canal itself is indefinitely halted. If a new face is not soon put upon the project, the Administration will have to confront endless delays as well as a long and bitterly partisan struggle, with alienated supporters. Colombia, of course, is vastly discontented with the situation. Her latest proposals show that she is more than ready to accept any reasonable and honorable compromise. She wants the canal. So do the people of Panama. So do we. Yet the whole thing seems deadlocked. Is there no way out, at once agreeable to all concerned, and in harmony with law and good morals? We believe there is.

A promising point of departure may be found in the pending treaty with Panama. The second clause of Article xxiv. reads:

> "If the Republic of Panama shall hereafter enter as a constituent into any other Government, or into any union or confederation of States, so as to merge her sovereignty or independence in such Government, the rights of the United States uner this convention shall not be in any respect lessened or impaired."

On that pivot, we think, a fresh negotiation could be made to turn. The canal could be secured and even hastened. Colombia's honor could be salved. The good name of the United States could be left beyond reproach.

What would be necessary? Simply that the people of Panama, with their full consent, should be merged again in the sovereignty of Colombia; and that the latter, of her own motion, should validate all the acts of Panama during her brief existence as an independent republic, including the ratification of the canal treaty. Then the net result would be a treaty before the United States Senate to which there would be no legal or moral objection, and of which the speedy acceptance would start the dredges on the Isthmus more quickly than persistence along present lines possibly could. That is what all parties profess to want. Yet from it they are all debarred, as matters are. Why should there not be a reconsideration and readjustment? Sound and enlightened statesmanship could surely find a way.

There are some signs that a new move is possible or even contemplated. Gen. Reyes would not have stayed in Washington so long, we imagine, nor have striven so successfully to induce the Colombians to be patient and keep quiet, if he were merely preparing a formal protest or planning to put in a pitiful bill for damages. Larger aims must have been in his mind; and what they are the *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent has hinted in his report of the new Colombian proposals. These are, in effect, not only to let bygones be bygones, but to make new and highly advantageous offers which would result in our getting the canal more speedily and more honorably than by the side wind of a dubious Panama republic. All that Colombia asks is a restoration of her territorial integrity. That this could be accomplished with the consent of the people of Panama, provided that they saw their greatly desired canal furthered thereby, there can be little doubt. They are a mixture of races; they have already confessed that they are afraid of their own army; they betray no symptom of real nationality. By themselves, they would give endless trouble, and would soon clamor for annexation. Every sensible American would prefer to see Colombia take them again.

President Roosevelt has more than once shown that he is not above acting on a second thought. He cannot be satisfied with the present posture of the affair. We do not mean politically—the effect of the whole thing on his renomination and election we put one side; but no man of his breeding and temper can be happy in the knowledge that an ill-considered step of his has affronted the best sentiment of his party. A college man himself, it cannot be a matter of indifference to him that academic judgment is so strongly against his Panama policy. He turned his back on Addicks when he found what a shock his dallying with that corruptionist had given to his warmest admirers; and why should he not seek now to demonstrate that he knows how to respond to a moral appeal? Besides, his favorite doctrine of efficiency and promptitude could be best exemplified in such a rearrangement as has been suggested.

We heartily desire an Isthmian canal. We favored the Panama route at a time when nearly the whole press was caught in the snare of Nicaragua. It was, accordingly, a great disappointment to us that improper and illegal methods employed to expedite the canal compelled us to oppose the Administration's plan. If the President, however, will now adopt measures to do away with the legal and moral difficulties which we have felt so deeply, it is needless to say that we should hail so auspicious an event.

MR. SCHURZ ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

McClure's Magazine for January contains a paper of great historical value, and also of deep present-day significance, from the pen of Carl Schurz. It begins by recalling and explaining the report on conditions in the Southern States which Mr. Schurz submitted to President Johnson in 1865. This had particular reference to the outlook for the freedmen. Pursuing wide inquiries with the utmost impartiality and patience and open-mindedness, Mr. Schurz was compelled to come to the conclusion that there was grave danger of practical re-enslavement of the negroes. His able report on the subject had much to do at the time with shaping Northern sentiment and, later, leading to legislation by Congress. We have at hand, and are permitted to print, an unpublished letter written by the late John M. Forbes of Boston, which is strong contemporary testimony on this point:

> "Boston, Feb. 12, 1866.
> "E. L. Godkin, Esq.
> "My Dear Sir:
> "The *Nation* has again begun to reach me, as did a note from you some days since about the Jamaica warning.
> "Thanks to the President's policy, which has encouraged the enemy to show the cloven foot, we need no old precedent to train us. The South are already bettering the example set them by the planters; and they are doubtless ready any day to repeat the atrocities of the latest Jamaica fashions!
> "Owing to my pre-occupation, and to missing some numbers, I do not know how far you have used Carl Schurz's report. If not already done, would not a review of it with liberal extracts be useful, in keeping before the public mind the dangers of re-enslavement under the various forms which the slave drivers are so very ingenious in inventing? If they can contrive any way by which each poor white can own, or control for insufficient wages, the labor of one or two negroes, I really don't see but the original paradise of the Southerners may be realized without reopening the African slave trade; and if so, the condition of the negro will be ten times worse than if owned in a more patriarchal fashion by richer masters, who had less temptation to grind him than the poor whites would have.
> "Very truly yours,
> "J. M. Forbes."

When on his tour of inspection in 1865, Mr. Schurz encountered again and again that mixture of condescension and impatience with which we are so familiar at the hands of Southerners. He was a Northerner; therefore he could not possibly understand. They smiled at him in a pitying way when he maintained that free negroes would work. "The negro can never be got to work except under physical compulsion." That was the fundamental truth which Southerners laid down at the close of the war. They knew. They had lived with the negro for generations. Northerners might think they knew negro nature, but they were falling into a huge mistake. It was of no use to protest against the new statutes and cunning devices which aimed at making the negro a slave again, for the South had a vast amount of work to be done, and "physical compulsion" was the only way to make the negroes do it. How forty years of great crops with free labor have given the lie to that confident assumption! The result ought to diminish a little that patronizing certainty of knowing it all with which Southerners to-day forbid us of the North to discuss matters of which we must be, in the nature of the case, wholly ignorant.

One thing which Mr. Schurz's report, and his comments on it, make perfectly clear is that Congress felt itself absolutely compelled to grant the suffrage to the negro. This was no rash measure of vengeance; nothing in the nature of a penalty. It was a necessity—disagree-

able, but a necessity. In no other way could a weapon of self-defence be placed in the hands of the ex-slaves. Freed by the nation, they were in peril of being made serfs again by the several States. Hence the duty, plain and urgent, as it seemed at the time, of pressing on and giving the freedman the freeman's buckler against oppression—the right to vote. In bringing out as he does the facts and motives operative at the time, Mr. Schurz goes far towards disposing of current misconceptions and unfounded charges.

His analysis of existing conditions and tendencies in the South is one to which the South itself and the entire nation should give heed. Mr. Schurz clearly perceives a dangerous drift. Pro-slavery ideas are again asserting themselves. The movement to extinguish the negro's political rights is unconcealed. By craftily devised and inequitable laws the suffrage is taken from him. With all this go naturally the desire and purpose to keep him forever "alongside the mule." Negro education is looked upon with increasing hostility. Every door of hope opening into the professions is slammed in the face of black men merely because they are black. The South works itself up into hysterics over the President's spontaneous recognition of manhood under a black skin. While philanthropists and teachers are laboring to raise the negro to the full level of citizenship, an open and determined effort is making at the South to thrust him back into serfdom. As Mr. Schurz says, the issue is upon the country, for one tendency or the other must prevail.

It is his view of the great urgency of the juncture which leads him to address a moving appeal to the South's best. He implores its leading men to bestir themselves to prevent the lamentable injustice which is threatened and partly executed. By withstanding the mob, by upholding the law; by ridding themselves of the silly dread of "social equality"; by contending for negro education of the broadest sort; by hailing every step upward which the black men may take; by insisting upon the equality of all men before the law, they can, Mr. Schurz argues forcibly, do much to save the South and the country from the disgrace and calamity of a new slavery. To this plea every humane patriot will add his voice. We, for our part, have never failed to second such appeals to the better South, and shall note every response with delight. But, indirectly, Mr. Schurz's paper is also a challenge to the mind and conscience of the North. Unless they, too, respond, the cause of the negro—which to-day is the cause of simple justice—will languish and die.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

The present extreme tension in the Far East is directly traceable to the brilliant Japanese successes of 1894-5. When the fleet of China had been destroyed and her troops swept irresistibly out of the Mantchurian seaboard, the real impotence of the Celestial Empire was demonstrated. Formerly a superstition and a mystery had measurably protected China. Now it appeared as easy to win an empire in the north as it had been for France to take Tonkin by default in the south. But the Japanese, having made this useful demonstration, were not allowed to profit by it. Formosa was the only actual conquest left to them by the Concert of Europe, though the recognition of the independence of Korea left the Japanese free to establish there a sphere of influence if they could.

Japan was not only checked, but humiliated. She saw the period of leaseholds begin. Russia established herself in Port Arthur, to capture which Japan had spent blood and treasure; England claimed the "second-rate watering place," Wei-hai-wei; across the gulf in Shantung, German trading stations became virtually colonies. Japan had shown the way to the partition of China, but had not been allowed to benefit by her dear-bought discovery. She still suffers under that war debt and under the expense of administering Formosa. All this constitutes a real grievance, which is felt from the throne to the people, and makes the entire nation most sensitive to the suspicion of new aggression. And such aggression has not been lacking. At several points the Russians have set up trading posts beyond the Yalu; secret overtures have been made to win the court at Seul, while, latterly, Russia has asserted an equal influence with Japan in Korea. On that issue the Japanese seem bound to fight, and they would the more hopefully enter upon a war for their preponderance in Korea since the relief expedition of July, 1900, left the comparison between the Japanese and Russian contingents decidedly in favor of the Japanese. The hope of a peaceful solution, then, lies chiefly in some whittling down of the Russian demands. Japan might be willing to give Russia full recognition in Mantchuria. That territory is Russian beyond dispute; but she will oppose Russian pretensions in Korea to the last cartridge and the last ditch.

The certainty that Great Britain has made representations favorable to Japan at St. Petersburg, and the well-grounded belief that the Kaiser has promised the Czar neutrality of the most benevolent kind, show that a war in the Far East might have very serious European complications. But this is, of course, a reason for the war not coming off. It ought to be, and perhaps it will be, as possible for the Powers of Europe to keep Russia out of Korea as it was in 1895 to force Japan back from Mantchuria. Something, then, is to be hoped from the friendly offices of the European Powers and more, perhaps, from the fact that Russia would now fight at a relative disadvantage. Time is making her hold on Mantchuria secure. Colonization is reinforcing military occupation. Troops are being crowded into the Chinese leaseholds. In fine, Russia will for many years improve her military position in the Far East, whereas the fighting force of Japan is probably very near its maximum to-day. So if it were merely a matter of meeting Russia, Japan would be forced to fight now or to surrender abjectly all her continental ambitions whenever the sacrifice should be exacted.

If the Japanese choose to postpone the crisis it will be in view of remote eventualities, such as the internal disintegration of the Russian Empire, or some possible rehabilitation of China. These are rather vaticinations, perhaps, than serious motives for diplomacy; but it is obvious that if Japan could maintain a foothold in Korea, she might become the residuary legatee of all Mongolian possessions of a crumbling Russia, while the development of military strength in China might force Russia to be content with things as they are. Here is a very interesting subject of speculation. It may not be generally known that ever since the Chinese war a Japanese propaganda has been conducted in Northern China—in part military, in part commercial. There is to-day a nucleus of about three brigades of Chinese soldiers trained by Japanese officers, which would be by no means a negligible quantity in case of war, for it is a real army, not a mandarin's escort or a Boxer horde. The military potentiality of China is, indeed, far greater than that of Russia in the Far East, and Japan may have better means of hastening the actuality than are generally realized.

But we regard it as unlikely that these incommensurable considerations will weigh heavily in the present balance. The alternative is plain: Russia must choose between fighting now, or withdrawing, for the moment, at least, all claims to Korea. Japan seems anxious to avoid war, understanding perfectly that Russia is virtually invulnerable; but if she accepts terms of any kind to-day it must be understood as meaning that she has satisfactory assurance of future support from China and probably from Great Britain. The conflict itself seems inevitable. The Russian advance is an instinctive racial movement which no Emperor and no bureaucracy can arrest. It may be the great misfortune of Japan to oppose this advance single-handed. But it is also an opportunity for heroism. Nobody knows better than the enlightened statesmen at Tokio that to defend Korea against Russia is to provide, at best, a Marathon in the interest of all the rivals of the Slav.

Most people have not sufficiently considered what war between Russia and

Japan would mean. It would speedily become a matter of the gravest economic importance. The contingencies would be such that almost every civilized nation would realize that it had much at stake. Upon international finance, for example, the effect would be watched with anxiety by the industrial interests of two hemispheres. The smallest manufacturing town in the United States might be greatly affected by changing monetary conditions. The possible dislocation of markets for commodities would be another serious question. Would the rise in the price of wheat offset the decline in cotton? While the hostilities lasted, would the exports of our cotton mill products, like those of Lancashire, continue to decrease? And there might be cause for concern regarding our large oil exports to the East. Then there is the question of our new treaty with China, whose enforcement might be made much more difficult by war. But above and beyond all questions affecting the immediate future is that of the permanent destiny of China. Certainly, a partition of the Empire would be likely to have lasting economic consequences. The trade policy of the entire world might have to undergo radical transformation. On the other hand, if China should emerge from the war with a determination to modernize herself, the effect would be equally striking.

SOME COLLEGE SALARIES.

College salaries are discussed by a writer in the December issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. He reviews the treasurer's statement of 1856-57, when the president received $2,500. Some of the professors, among them Benjamin Peirce, C. C. Felton, Joseph Lovering, Francis James Child, H. W. Torrey, Francis Bowen, and G. M. Lane, had $2,200; James Russell Lowell, Smith professor of the French and Spanish languages and literatures, and professor of *belles-lettres*, $1,200; and Charles William Eliot, tutor in mathematics, $645. Passing from the past to the present, the writer roundly asserts that salaries to-day are relatively smaller; for "the best paid professors receive only $5,000 a year at the culmination of their career, while some of them have $3,500, and the majority range from $4,000 to $4,500. Now, the maximum, $5,000, is not equivalent in purchasing power to the $2,200 which the leading professors of 1856 found all too little."

The question is then raised whether, in a time of rapid increase of wealth, it is not ominous that the professor should "be singled out to receive no proportionate share in the general gain"; whether the fact that he is "presumably doing what he prefers" should entail on him such a pecuniary sacrifice; whether in an age which gives its chief prizes to professional experts, it is not paradoxical that college professors—"who are themselves experts, and who train the lawyers, doctors, engineers, electricians, and other leaders in practical affairs"—should be held as of less relative value to the community than a generation ago; and whether, in short, "compulsory plain living" may not in time "produce a race of professors incapable of high thinking." The writer in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* answers his questions in asking them. He does not hope for a realization of Professor Münsterberg's "Oriental dream of Harvard professors receiving a salary of $25,000," but he thinks a considerable increase in pay necessary unless the first-rate men in professors' chairs are to be replaced by "second-rate men of routine, who are sometimes cheap at any price."

The cry which goes up from Harvard will be echoed from every college in the United States. Our professors are as a class underpaid. In some of the institutions of the South and West the maximum of $1,200 to $1,500 is so ridiculously small that often second or third-rate men will not accept it. The only salvation of these colleges is to secure bright young men and trust to their local attachment and their inertia to hold them. In New England, however, the conditions are not yet actually painful. Yale pays as high as $3,750, Brown $3,000, and Dartmouth, Williams, and Amherst, situated in country towns, range somewhat lower. As Brown is in a city of 175,000, where rents are fairly high, the pay there is perhaps relatively less than in the three country colleges. But in all these places reasonably frugal families manage to lead a tolerable existence. It is true that successful doctors, lawyers, and engineers in Boston, Providence, and New Haven are earning more than twice as much as the professors; but it is not true, therefore, that professors' salaries should, as some maintain, be forthwith doubled. An addition of $1,000 to $1,500 in every college from Harvard down would provide a suitable livelihood, and would probably attract the ablest men. For the best college professor is he who is willing to renounce money prizes for the larger returns of his calling if only he have enough to live in decency and comfort.

He has compensations which the income of a railway president cannot buy. He is removed from the ordinary risks of business and the worry that attends them; he has the long vacation, during which he can follow his writing or his researches, unvexed by the daily routine of classes; or he can often quicken his mind by travel. These obvious and immediate advantages are the reward of no other profession, unless it be that of independent author or scientist, whose pay surely does not average much higher than that of the college teacher. Besides, if he be in love with his work, he gets out of it a pleasure that makes anything above living expenses a secondary consideration.

There are two other rewards that are moral rather than intellectual. In our leading colleges the teachers are not the slaves of sect or party. They can think what they please, and, within the bounds of sanity, say what they think. If they have outgrown their early creeds in politics or religion, they are not forced to juggle with language or conscience; to declare that the obvious meaning of their utterances is not the real meaning; or to persuade themselves that they believe what they know in their hearts is a lie. These privileges, even to men whose moral senses are not keen, are worth much money. And, as we all live for the next generation, professors can rear their children in the choicest society in America, where there is a wholesome atmosphere of simplicity of life, reverence for the lessons of the past, and intellectual honesty. This is no mean bequest to posterity. There may be some risk of isolation and dry scholasticism, but there is less danger of surrender in *la guerre immortelle contre le pédant et le provincial* than in the outside struggle against those who declare—like the Irish priest—that they are well enough without learning; that without it the fish are caught and the potatoes grow, and men can do all that man wants—eat, drink, and sleep. If men have the true mettle, they will fight the better on a moderate salary, free from heavy social duties, despising luxury.

PEACE TAUGHT BY HISTORY.

Here is a new method for teaching the principles of arbitration. A young French professor has just discovered it. Instead of writing articles or delivering speeches on the absurdities and the horrors of war, expatiating on commonplaces which meet with little or no contradiction among sane adults, he has written a text-book of general history for children, 'Histoire de la France et de l'Europe,' with the sub-title, 'The Teaching of Peace through History.' This professor is not unknown to those who have followed recent events in France. His name is Gustave Hervé. He hails from Brittany, intellectually the most backward province of France. Two years ago he was teaching history in the lycée at Sens, near Paris. He was a successful teacher, beloved by his pupils and favorably looked upon by his chiefs. Suddenly his name became associated in the public prints with the most unpopular political doctrine—internationalism. M. Hervé has a strong dislike for all the follies of a boisterous and braggart patriotism. He hates war and despises militarism. One day, apropos of the celebration by a local regiment of the anniversary of the battle of Wagram, he wrote in a little Socialist paper of Sens an article that aroused violent indignation throughout France. In order to strike the imagination of the peasants of

Champagne, he recited some of the horrors of that most barbarous and useless slaughter at Wagram, as related in the memoirs of Marbot, and concluded by saying that "a fitting commemoration for such a deed could be celebrated only by planting the flag of the regiment in a heap of manure in front of the barracks."

This expression, M. Hervé willingly admitted, was not in the best of taste. It was carefully picked out of the article, published in all the papers, and its author branded as a criminal. Two courts in succession tried M. Hervé: the Court of Assizes of Yonne acquitted him, but the Superior Council of Public Instruction, by a vote of 38 to 13, dismissed him temporarily from the service of the University of France. M. Hervé used his enforced leisure to continue his propaganda. The other day he was prosecuted again for attacking the army, and again acquitted. And now here is his text-book. It is not written in the style of the article on the battle of Wagram. There is throughout the book, in spite of the strong anti-Catholic, anti-militarist, and even Socialistic spirit, a serious attempt at impartiality. The main object of the author has been, through his presentation of facts, to teach children not merely to detest all wars of conquest, whoever may wage them, but to understand the real solidarity that binds together men of all races and all nationalities. Moreover, he has given preference to facts that are most interesting to a twentieth-century reader above the useless chronicle of obscure and tedious events. The contemporary period claims almost half the book, while only 80 pages out of nearly 500 are given to the Middle Ages.

All the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., are summed up in ten pages. M. Hervé's estimate of these kings is rather severe: "Except Henry IV., who was an intelligent and well-meaning sovereign, they were very ordinary men either intellectually or morally; morally, some of them were much below the average." Their wars, which have been studied in minute detail by generations of schoolboys, are ascribed merely to a desire for aggrandizement and for military glory, a legacy of barbarous ages when "brute force was universally admired." The author dwells on the most cruel and odious sides of these wars, pointing out their disastrous effects on the people, who had to pay the expense whether victorious or defeated, and who suffered meanwhile by the devastation of their fields. But they had still worse results. After enumerating all the evils that followed Louis XIV.'s passion for conquest, including several invasions of the country by foreign armies, he concludes: "Our account of these wars would be incomplete if we did not recall that they kept up in our country and in neighboring countries a hatred of foreigners, the worship of brute force and military glory, and thus caused many other wars even after the passing away of the old régime."

The Napoleonic wars were a good field for an historian desiring to teach the necessity of peace. M. Hervé has made the best of his opportunity. A short chapter of thirteen pages covers the whole ground. Never in any text-book did the Napoleonic legend receive a harder blow. A reproduction of Verestchagin's famous painting—a heap of skulls over which fly vultures, with the inscription "Vive l'Empereur!"—opens the chapter. When it comes to the recital of these wars, no time is wasted in admiring the tactics of the generals or the bravery of the soldiers. The author dwells mainly on the many scenes of savagery which dishonored those campaigns. At Genoa, in 1800, Austrian prisoners were left without food and had to eat the leather of their shoes and belts. During the war of 1805 in Austria some of the wounded soldiers sought refuge in a little town that caught fire. Marbot tells us that thousands of the poor fellows were left imprisoned in the burning buildings; they had to crawl out of the houses, and could be seen lying half-burnt in the streets, some of them still breathing. Such scenes detract somewhat from the romance of war, and M. Hervé does not fail to make use of them. At the same time the resistance to the rule of Napoleon on the part of the nations of Europe, the patriotic upheavals, receive from M. Hervé the same praise as the patriotism of the French volunteers of 1792.

Last year M. Urbain Gohier, another pamphleteer of the anti-militarist school, travelling through the United States, was surprised at the many signs of what appeared to be Napoleon's popularity in this country; and in his interesting book, 'Le Peuple du XXme Siècle,' he expresses his amazement that so many Americans should worship a man who, besides "being the greatest bandit in history," "had not even the merit of being an athlete." M. Hervé would doubtless attribute this to a bad choice of text-books in American schools. He has taken pains not to leave any doubt as to the opinion the reader ought to have of the "Corsican adventurer." While relating without hesitation the reasons why so many Frenchmen still admire Napoleon, both as the soldier of the Revolution and the great general who added glory to the French name, he sums up in a few lines the reasons of those who curse "his bloody and deadly work": "Four million men killed on the battlefield; national hatreds that were to perpetuate themselves and bring about fresh hostilities; the Declaration of the Rights of man hated, and justly hated, by all humanity."

Most eloquent of all is the chapter in which the author figures up the tremendous losses to the industry and commerce of European nations caused by the régime of armed peace; England paying 50 per cent. of her whole budget, France 59 per cent., Italy 64 per cent., and Spain 70 per cent. to those unproductive expenses. To this he adds four million young men taken away from peaceful pursuits and wasting the most precious years of their lives in the idleness of the barracks, where they contract habits of drunkenness and debauchery that spoil the good qualities they bring from their shops and farms. These evils, which fall mainly upon the poor people, will in time bring about a new era, when arbitration will settle the disputes of nations as it has come to settle the disputes of individuals. M. Hervé enumerates for his young readers all the signs that point to this new order of things. The motto is no longer "Si vis pacem, para bellum," but, "If you want peace, prepare for peace." M. Hervé has found a good way to prepare for peace.

WHISTLER EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

LONDON, December 20, 1903.

Since that wonderful show of Whistler's pictures at Goupil's in 1892—the show that first forced the English public to accept him, not as the mere charlatan they thought him, but as the great artist he was—there has been no representative exhibition of his work in London. The International Society, of which he was the president (only yesterday M. Rodin was elected his successor), naturally always reserved for him the centre of honor and as much space as he was willing to cover; on two occasions getting together extraordinarily fine groups of his recent and earlier paintings, and once filling a room with some of his etchings which had never been exhibited before. In the various galleries, a chance picture or print now and then found a place, and the Fine Arts Society, some few years ago, made a separate exhibition of his lithographs. It possibly was too soon to repeat the experiment of 1892, and, besides, during his last years Whistler seemed unwilling to allow his more important work, as he finished it, to leave the studio, sending instead, even to the new Salon, his smaller paintings and drawings. This was why an idea got abroad that he had no longer the energy or power to attempt a large canvas, though during this period, as the few admitted into his studio knew, he painted several large full-length portraits that eventually will rank with the "Mother" in the Luxembourg, the "Carlyle," the "Rosa Corder," the "Miss Alexander." After his death it was hoped the time had come for a complete exhibition of his life's work—one that would as completely surpass the Goupil show as that had outrivalled all previous attempts. But as yet, while the Copley Society is preparing for just such an exhibition in Boston, nothing of the kind seems to have been undertaken in London. And now it begins to look as if even the opportunity had been lost, partly because already many things that might help to make one great collection have been scattered in various smaller shows, partly because many others are being secured by enterprising collectors from abroad, chiefly from America, until, presently, there will be none left in Great Britain to exhibit.

Ever since the galleries have been opening this autumn, Whistlers in greater or less numbers have been given a prominent place on their walls. A portrait—unfinished, one he probably would never himself have permitted the public to see in its present condition—now hangs in the annual exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, of which he was a member; the "Miss Alexander," in the midst of a series of smaller works, is on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. As I write, an invitation comes from the Goupil Gallery, where the pastels and prints bought by its manager the other day at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris are to be the chief feature of the new show. It is announced that several of his pictures will be included in the winter exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, of which he was an honorary member. After the first of the year, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers—

his society—will open their exhibition in the New Gallery, London; and though as yet they have made no announcement—that is, so far as Whistler is concerned—they can scarcely let the occasion pass without doing something in his honor. But still, whatever they may do or may want to do, it will not be easy for them to prepare a more exhaustive representation of his etchings than has been made by the two unusually fine collections now hanging in two different galleries. At Messrs. Obach's in Bond Street, is the Cox collection from Scotland; at the Leicester Gallery, the collection of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who, wisely for his own sake, waited to display his treasures until it could be done without fear of Whistler's criticisms or comments.

Mr. Menpes's prints have, in a way, attracted the more attention. No one knows better than Mr. Menpes how not to hide his light under a bushel. His show has been well announced and widely advertised. It was preceded by an article in one of the art magazines, in which Mr. Menpes explained how he had helped to ground the plates and buy the paper, how he had stood by the printing-press, how, in a word, he might be said "to have seen the whole thing through." Besides, once his prints were on the walls at the Leicester Gallery, there could be no question that Mr. Menpes had managed to become the possessor of a rare collection. In point of numbers alone it is notable, though in this respect it does not quite equal the Avery collection in the Lenox Library, while it is very much smaller than the collection shown at Messrs. Wunderlich's not many months ago. Nor, in the quality of the prints, can it compare with either of these. But then, it contains many "unique" impressions, and is therefore of supreme interest to the collector who values a work of art according to the difficulty he has in getting it and the price he has to pay for it, and who here finds his chance. But the point of view of the artist is another matter. He looks for beauty or perfection, where the collector prizes only rarity or expensiveness. Whistler never catered to the caprices of the collector in the fashion of some young etchers of the new generation who are making themselves so precious today that in all likelihood they will be forgotten to-morrow. He had too much respect for his own work to destroy it wantonly for the sake of giving it a fictitious value. It is true, some of his plates were defaced after an edition or a certain number of prints were pulled. But then, the number was fairly large. He did not deliberately manufacture "unique" proofs and "unique" states. When these exist, it may be taken for granted that they are "unique" solely because Whistler was not sufficiently satisfied with what he got out of the plate to keep it either at all, or else without working on it. It is in just such examples that Mr. Menpes's collection is richest. The portrait of "Whistler's Mother" and "The Model Lying Down," both dry-points, are, the catalogue says, the only impressions known to be in existence, though I am told by those who pay more attention to such details than I, that in the case of the "Mother" the statement is not true. Of course, the print is of interest, if only for the sake of comparing it with the portrait in the Luxembourg. In the dry-point, the figure is standing and the full face is shown. There is tenderness and charm in both the pose and the expression. But it must be confessed that the plate does not approach the perfection of some of the etched portraits — the "Annie Haden," Whistler himself, "Maude," or a dozen others. You can understand Whistler's not going on with it. You feel that even this proof might not be on the walls now had he been able to prevent it; and so with all the few single impressions of a lost or destroyed plate that have somehow survived.

With the "unique" state, it is another matter. When several states and trial proofs of the same plate are shown—though the great etcher would probably never have shown them himself—the student can follow the master's gradual approach to perfection, and note the method by which he obtained it. People have had a way of saying of Whistler that he knew just what he wanted in a plate, and so could get it. He did know, yes. But though he knew, though he got it in the end, it was often not without enormous trouble and endless hard work; and the trouble, the infinite pains he did take will be a revelation to all those who, fancying that an etching or a painting was dashed off by him anyhow, have had a chance to study the collection at the Leicester Gallery. There are more states than I have ever seen before of such plates as "Speke Hall," "Maude," "Under Old Battersea Bridge," "Irving as Philip of Spain"—to mention perhaps the most notable. And it is these "states" and proofs—even if a few are curiously unsuggestive of Whistler—that give Mr. Menpes's collection its importance. Many of the prints from the better-known plates, those of the Venetian set particularly, are so poor that one wonders if they were not thrown aside by Whistler himself as worthless.

At Messrs. Obach's the interest is rather in a collection of unusually fine impressions arranged in such a manner that justice can best be done to them. Though the exhibition, now on the point of closing, was not to last altogether much more than six weeks, if that long, the walls have been specially hung in the white and yellow scheme that originated with Whistler. The yellow is a trifle shrill and sharp; it needs a month or two more of London smoke and London dirt to bring it into tone. But, even so, the endeavor to obtain the decorative unity as essential in an exhibition gallery as in a picture, gives the distinction the work deserves. And here, though the collector has also had his chance, the pleasure for the artist has been greater. The impressions have been chosen evidently for their beauty rather than for their rarity. There are wonderful examples of all the more important series—the early French set, the Thames set, the Venetian, the Dutch, the Naval Review. Many plates are represented in two or three different states, and there is little, if anything, that one feels Whistler would not have approved. There are also lesser known prints: for instance, from the very small Windsor and Chelsea plates—"Where she lives and where I live"—that decorated the now famous Memorial Whistler sent to Queen Victoria in honor of her Jubilee in 1887, when he was President of the Society of British Artists. But the great pleasure in this gallery is less in seeing what has not been seen before than in seeing again, perhaps better than ever, the great beauty of Whistler's etchings, their endless variety, their endless life, their endless charm. It is impossible now to go into minute descriptions of any individual prints, but what I want particularly to point out is the probably unrivalled opportunity that has been given by these two exhibitions to learn how much he did in etching and how incomparably well he did it. The only series not represented in either gallery is the later Paris series; but whether these plates were ever printed, or rather whether they were ever finished after the first trial proofs were pulled, I cannot as yet say.

The misfortune is that because the prints were for sale, the two shows have interfered disastrously with that one great representative exhibition which ought to be held in London as the most fitting memorial of the artist. When they close, the prints will be scattered far and wide, collectors and dealers having come from all over the world to compete for them. Not even at the British Museum is there anything like such a comprehensive series; and even if there were, it would be of no use to the organizers of the desired exhibition, who, should the occasion arise, would have difficulty enough to get together a complete collection, if indeed they did not find it impossible. Prices, too, have increased enormously, reaching what must surely, for a while, be their highest limit, and so the probability of prints being brought back to Great Britain is small for many years to come. Indeed, before long they will be no easier to get than the pictures, which are rapidly leaving the country. Already the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," bought from the Scotch collector, Mr. Burrell, for five thousand pounds, has followed the "Rosa Corder" to America, and now it is stated that, an offer of eight or ten thousand proving irresistible, "The Fur Jacket," owned by the same collector, is also to be sent across the Atlantic. No sooner was the one picture at the Hôtel Drouot sale purchased by the manager of the Goupil Gallery than it was telegraphed for and secured by an American. Perhaps this is all as it should be. While France and America, and even Scotland, were securing Whistlers for their public collections, England made no effort—is even now making no effort. In the end, Whistler, feeling the insult keenly, expressed his hope that nothing of his would ever hang in an English national collection. It looks as if his hope would be realized. But though this may be as he would have had it, the pity is that artists and students should not be given the chance of seeing a perfect collection of his work before it is too late. The curious part of it has been to note how, for the last months, England has been saying what a good friend, but proving what a comic-opera enemy, she always was and still remains to Whistler.

N. N.

THE HOUSE OF VICTOR HUGO.

PARIS, September 11, 1903.

Toward the end of the year 1901, while France was preparing to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of Victor Hugo's birth, M. Paul Meurice wrote a letter to the Conseil Municipal of Paris, opening with

the following words: "England has the House of Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon, Germany has the House of Goethe at Frankfort. In the name of Hugo's grandchildren and in my own, I offer to the city of Paris the House of Victor Hugo."

M. Paul Meurice is a most devoted admirer of the great poet. As a college friend of August Vacquerie, whose brother was to marry the daughter of Hugo, he was introduced to the latter's house, and never did his sincere admiration weaken for one moment. He remained true to him through good and hard times, never missing an opportunity to render service, even at his own peril. In 1870, when Hugo came back to Paris from his twenty years' exile, it was M. Meurice's hospitality that he accepted for several months during the siege of the city. But it was after 1885, the date of Hugo's death, that the devotion of his excellent friend manifested itself in the most remarkable way, for he gave up his own literary career in order to foster among his countrymen what has been sometimes called Hugolatry. An easy task it was not; for, during the years that immediately followed, a strong reaction set in against Hugo's popularity. So extreme and harsh were the criticisms uttered, and with such persistence, often by very able judges, that for a while it looked as if the Titanic writer were to be brought down to the level of such men as Paul de Kock, or at best of the elder Dumas. M. Meurice was for fifteen years the most untiring agent of a final triumph; the newly inaugurated House of Victor Hugo is a victory for himself as well as for the idol he incensed.

The official opening of the House was a little *fête intime*. Only about five hundred people could be invited on account of the lack of room. The French Academy was represented by five delegates; a great many artists of the Théâtre-Français were there, headed by their dean, M. Mounet-Sully; the Society of Dramatic Authors, the Society of Gens de Lettres, and many other associations sent their presidents. The few survivors of the family of Victor Hugo all attended: Jeanne Hugo (to-day Madame Jean Charcot) and Georges Hugo—the two grandchildren immortalized in the poems of 'L'Art d'être Grand-père'—and Monsieur and Madame Lockroy. (Madame Lockroy was first the wife of Charles Hugo, who died in 1871; she is the mother of Jeanne and Georges. She married a second time, in Brussels, but went to Paris with her family. The Lockroys lived next door to Victor Hugo on the Avenue d'Eylau—to-day Avenue Victor Hugo.) M. Meurice officially presented the House of Victor Hugo to the mayor of Paris, M. Deville, who made a short speech of thanks to the founder and his friends in the name of the city. A delightful address by Jules Claretie, a former friend of the poet, closed the ceremony.

Not many men of letters have had a life so full and so agitated as Victor Hugo. Not only did he spend in exile nearly twenty years of it, but even in Paris he lived a rather wandering life. He occupied in succession a good many houses, and it was a question to decide upon one of them for the purpose in view. The residence in the Place des Vosges is in every way a very happy selection. Hugo remained in it for fifteen years, from 1833 to 1848. He had just carried to victory, with "Hernani" and "Marion Delorme," his revolution in the dramatic art of his country. He was only thirty-one years of age, and in a position now to give his full measure. It was there that he wrote his dramas "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," "Ruy Blas," "Les Burgraves"; the lyric poems of 'Les Chants du Crépuscule,' 'Les Voix Intérieures,' 'Les Rayons et les Ombres,' and some of the best of 'Les Contemplations.' There he manifested for the first time his strong interest in social questions, starting, under the title 'Le Manuscrit de l'Évêque,' the book which later became 'Les Misérables.' There he wrote his famous protest against capital punishment, the history of 'Claude Gueux'; and from there he set forth one night to call on the King in order to obtain the pardon of Barbès, the revolutionary leader who had been sentenced to death. There he knew, undisturbed for years, the charms of family life—sorrow came later, it is true, in 1843, when his favorite daughter was drowned with her husband in the terrible catastrophe of Villequier. There fame visited him day after day; in 1841 he was elected a member of the French Academy, in 1845 a Peer of France, and in 1848 a member of the Assemblée Constituante. Add to all this the sweetness of solid friendship. His old cofighter in the cause of Romanticism, Charles Nodier, the charming story-teller, lived in the Arsenal very near by; the enthusiastic Théophile Gautier came to occupy the corner house of the Place so as to see Victor Hugo's window and contemplate every morning "the sun rise." The great actress Rachel also chose her dwelling near the great dramatist's. To enumerate all the illustrious visitors who called at this house would be tedious. Let us add only that Hugo had the rare privilege of seeing the youngest of the young generation of those days approach him as a master they did not think of turning down, but of following—among others Banville, Baudelaire, and Leconte de Lisle. Some of his friends, it is true, followed other paths later. He saw, for instance, one evening in his drawing-room the future Empress Eugénie, who was then a girl rehearsing the choruses of "La Esmeralda." He could not then imagine that, through her marriage with Napoleon III., this young beauty was to become his most bitter enemy.

The Place des Vosges itself, where the house is situated, is full of interesting reminiscences for the hunter of archæological curiosities. Its construction takes us back to the days of Henri IV. The plan was laid out in 1604. The houses enclose the square altogether, access to the interior being through passages in the middle of two sides, under houses a little higher than the others. A covered gallery, like that of the Palais Royal, runs all around the court. It was for a time the "quartier à la mode" of Paris, the Faubourg Saint-Germain of the seventeenth century. Some of the most illustrious families of France lived there, the Rohans, the Rotrous, the Guéménés. The immediate neighborhood was inhabited by such people as Turenne, Condé, Madame de Longueville, De Thou, and Richelieu himself, after he had offered the Palais Royal to the King. The house of Hugo was then, according to tradition, the residence of the famous courtesan, Marion de Lorme, the heroine of the first drama he wrote for the stage. Some famous duels were fought in the Place des Vosges, among others that between Bussy and Montmorency-Bouteville; the first was killed in the rencontre, the second was beheaded for having disregarded the decree of Richelieu forbidding duelling. The original name was "Place Royale," but the Revolution unchristened it, and called it in turn "Place des Fédérés," "Place de l'Indivisibilité," and "Place des Vosges."

Let us now enter the house. Although Victor Hugo occupied only the third story, the whole building was deemed necessary to store the treasures of the diligent collectors. The concierge lives in the rez-de-chaussée, and the visitor is at once directed to the second floor. The staircase, wide and well lighted, is adorned with theatre posters of the most sensational *premières*, with a few amusing pictures recording some episode of the poet's life, and with caricatures, most of which sport with his forehead of legendary size. Midway between the first and second floors, a beautiful bas-relief, by H. Cros, with very sober coloring, shows the poet riding Pegasus to the Heaven of Fame.

The first room of the second floor is a vestibule, rather dark, with a few pieces of furniture, some engravings, and sculptures. The chief curiosity is an original cupboard, said to be the work of Hugo himself. The truth is, that he merely adjusted different pieces of old furniture, putting them together in the form of a cupboard that opens in such a way as to become at need a tea-table. The second room is reserved especially for paintings—some very good, some, it must be acknowledged, mediocre—inspired by Hugo's novels, dramas, or poetry. The most remarkable are a "Fantine," by Carrière, illustrating the passage in 'Les Misérables,' "Elle a tout ressenti, tout supporté, tout éprouvé, tout perdu, tout pleuré . . ."; a very impressive illustration of a chapter in 'Notre Dame de Paris,' "Une larme pour une goutte d'eau," by Luc Olivier Merson—Esmeralda offering a drink to Quasimodo in the pillory; Henner's well-known "Sarah la baigneuse":

> "Sarah belle d'indolence
> Se balance";

Rochegrosse's "Scène des Burgraves"; and Fournier's final episode of "Hernani." On the whole, the collection of engravings—those of Chifflart, Grasset, or Frémiet, for instance—seems superior to the oil paintings. A few of the pictures represent scenes in Victor Hugo's career. The "Première d'Hernani," by Besnard, has been specially admired. If the "Défilé du 26 février 1881" (Hugo's eightieth birthday) by Raffaëlli can hardly be said to be beautiful, Roll's "Veillée à l'Arc de Triomphe," on the stormy night preceding the funeral, produces a magnificent effect. In the same room are the busts of Hugo by Rodin, Dalou, and David d'Angers. The last-mentioned occupies the place of honor; it was made in 1838 when the poet was still a youthful-looking man, and, as David himself says (I believe in his 'Correspondance'), when the lower part of his face had not yet taken on such a sensuous development. Against the pedestal one beholds a huge wreath of laurels bearing these words: "À la maison de Victor Hugo, la maison de Shakespeare." It was sent for the inauguration.

Back of the *salle des portraits* is the library; but although profusely described by some reporters, the books are not yet there. On the third floor are also three rooms. In

the first we become acquainted with Hugo as a draughtsman. Most people knew that he was fond of drawing; that his manuscripts were interspersed with rather original sketches; that he liked to show to his children what marvels could be made by extending and slightly modifying an image produced at hazard by a spot of ink thrown upon a sheet of paper. But how much he had drawn, and how really artistic and powerful some of his compositions are, could be revealed alone by the rich exhibition now made accessible to his admirers. Of course, he was in this part of his activity as well as in his literary career attracted by grand, dark or quaint subjects. Grimacing faces, formidable castles of the Middle Ages, strike one as the preferred topics of his pen—he hardly ever used a pencil in drawing.

Hugo enjoyed planning the interior of a house, inventing pieces of furniture, arranging those he had to his own taste, designing frames, etc. Probably the most elaborate composition he ever attempted in this line is seen in the next room, which is a reproduction, with the original objects, of a Japanese (Hugoish Japanese) hall, to be used as a drawing-room by Madame Drouet, his famous friend at Guernsey. The complete set was bought from M. Koch, the nephew of Madame Drouet, and now the curator of the Hugo House. The visitor will do well, while in this room, to forget for one moment all Japanese art, and listen to what the walls behind may whisper in his ear. This was the spot where the poet was for years the object of a veritable worship on the part of his disciples and friends. The Romanticists met there every evening. On spring and summer nights crowds gathered in the square below, just to catch an occasional glimpse of *the* man, when after dinner Hugo came out on the balcony (removed many years ago) to breathe the fresh air. And the people on the street could think of no higher bliss than that of the people inside, who, it was mysteriously hinted, were allowed, night after night, to kiss devotedly the hand of their god, gravely sitting during this ceremony in a large armchair, placed under a huge canopy.

From the salon one passes into a rather small cabinet reproducing the study and bedroom in which Hugo lived and died, in the Avenue d'Eylau. It had been furnished by himself. One notices especially a large bed of dark wood with four columns supporting a canopy, his armchair, a high bureau in which he kept his manuscripts, and, above all, the desk at which he wrote standing, early in the morning and until his daily task was completed. He never had time to think of anything else but his inspiration while he was writing. Whenever a page was filled, he would throw it on the floor over his shoulder, and at once start a new sheet. In the evening the floor was strewn with papers, and then he picked them up, classified them, and entered them in the different compartments of his bureau. This is the sanctuary of the House; here, more than anywhere else, in this workshop of his ideas and meditations, one feels the hovering presence of the dead.

The top floor contains a host of intimate souvenirs, such as the casts of Hugo's hand in 1832, in 1848, and in 1885. Elsewhere, in a vitrine, his "habit d'Académicien," his uniform as a Peer of France, and his "caban," which he wore during the siege of Paris as a member of the National Guard. At another place, again, a piece of the little dress of Jeanne, the child that was drowned at Villequier, and so forth. A quantity of bric-à-brac testifies to the popularity of Hugo with the masses—little busts and portraits for the houses of the poor, mostly extremely ugly; cheap pictures of sensational scenes from his novels; and, finally, the innumerable little things bearing an image or only the name of Hugo as an advertisement—pipes, cigars, matchboxes, chocolate, shirt collars, studs, calendars, embroideries, writing-paper, postal cards, ink bottles, wine bottles, soap, candies, medals, buttons, etc., etc.

The only concession made to the popular taste is this bric-à-brac room. Everything else has been so disposed as not to hurt the æsthetic feelings of any one. Edmond Rostand was the first to be shown through the House by M. Meurice, and had only very flattering words for all concerned; and Octave Mirbeau, the pitiless and sarcastic slasher of all that savors of commonplace or mediocrity, could not help saying, when leaving on the day of the inauguration: "Vraiment, c'est tout-à-fait bien!" Moreover, visitors of any description or from any country will find in the museum something that appeals to them in some special way. Let us take the example of an American tourist: he will see in one room a portrait of Lincoln, with these words written in the late President's own hand: "A. Lincoln to Victor Hugo." Elsewhere he will notice one of the most striking of Hugo's pen sketches—a man hanging from the gibbet in the dark night; below, the word *Ecce*. It represents John Brown, whom Victor Hugo admired very much (most people know the letter he wrote on hearing of his death). Again, an American citizen will undoubtedly feel proud when he approaches the desk in the mortuary room. Near the pen and inkstand of Hugo he will behold the following sample of the poet's energetic handwriting, which is at the same time a testimony of his admiration for the example set to the world by the United States:

"Je représente un parti qui n'existe pas encore, le parti Révolution-civilisation. Ce parti fera le 20° siècle. Il en sortira d'abord les États-Unis de l'Europe, puis les États-Unis du monde."

There is one great originality about the House of Victor Hugo which ought to be emphasized. In other museums of this kind all that can be offered to the curiosity of the public is only, or chiefly, objects concerning the social man—the man of our conventional world. Not so here. Hugo attempted during his whole life to apply his genius to other pursuits than literature; he tried to be a carpenter, a sculptor, a draughtsman, a painter, an architect; and the exhibition of his achievements in these various fields offers to us the very rare opportunity to see what a man of high attainments, who had trained himself to be a writer, could do when he applied himself to other artistic activities. Of course, the praises recently heaped upon him by the press were often exaggerated. If one were to believe them, Hugo would have been as great an architect or a painter as he was a poet. This is not true, as it would be easy to show. But the interesting fact to observe is the extremely close relationship manifested by the ideas and methods of Hugo the writer and Hugo the artist in other domains. No one who visits the new museum can fail to be struck by this remarkable feature.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Correspondence.

MISGOVERNMENT IN HAWAII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in the enclosed clipping from "the oldest newspaper west of the Rockies" (the *Friend*, published at Honolulu, for December, 1903), which gives in very graphic language the result of American government in Hawaii.—Yours truly,

HIRAM BINGHAM.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 21, 1903.

"Of the appalling state of our last Legislature—of the theft, robbery, graft and wholesale larceny of which they all, with but a few personal exceptions, were guilty; of the dishonesty of its members of all ranks; of the manner in which the slightest services were paid for at twice, thrice, and four times their value, and money abstracted from the public till on no pretext at all—our Federal Grand Jury has given us a splendid (though for the community a sorry) account. Space will not permit us here even to summarize their findings. Suffice it to say that the annals of no municipal government of the mainland can show a page more dark than that writ by the men we sent to make our laws and spend the money they held in trust for the community. It is a great pity that the Federal Court cannot mete out justice to these, for we had as well present them with their liberty as try them before such juries as the Territorial courts are producing at present.

"Look at the Jones murder trial! Every white man is, on one technicality or another, to be excused, and Jones to be tried by a jury as incompetent to try the simplest case as a class from kindergarten. On their verdict he will be set free, or the prediction of every thinking man in Honolulu will prove untrue. Such is trial by jury in Hawaii!"

OUTNUMBERING THE SAINTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the discussion going on in Congress and in the press with regard to the qualifications and eligibility of Reed Smoot, a Senator from Utah, the following letter, signed by the then Governor of the Territory, his secretary, and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, should have some interest for those who are giving the Mormon question careful thought and study. At the time mentioned, Judge Doolittle was a United States Senator from Wisconsin.

DUANE MOWRY.

December 21, 1903.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH T'Y,
4 Dec., 1865.

HON. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE:

DEAR SIR: Mr. Ashley, the Chairman of the House Committee on Territories, informed us recently that he introduced a bill at the last session of Congress, which would soon be passed, providing for annexing to Nevada a strip ½ degree in width on the west side of Utah.

Although the boundary has never been surveyed, we are satisfied from recent investigations that such partition would give to Nevada the rich mining district recently discovered in the S. Western portion of this T'y.

It is generally conceded that the proper and peaceful solution of the Mormon problem consists in introducing, by the development of our mineral resources, a population of "Gentiles" who will ultimately outnumber the "Saints." In view of this fact, it would probably delay for some time the salvation of the Territory, should the bill referred to become a law. There is little doubt that a large population of miners will, during the coming year, locate in that region; in fact, the influx is already considerable.

The delegate from this T'y will probably favor, or at least not object to, the passage of the bill. The Mormons wish as few outsiders among them as possible.

For the reasons suggested, we earnestly trust the bill may be withdrawn.

May we trouble you to give this matter your personal attention? We regard it as very important that no such partition be made.

Your ob't Serv'ts,

CHARLES DURKEE,
AMOS REED,
F. H. HEAD.

TRANSLATIONS OF ISOCRATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The 'New International Encyclopædia,' under the head of Isocrates, has the following statement concerning his orations and epistles: "They have never been translated into English, and would probably be intolerably dull in any but their Greek dress." As bearing upon the latter statement, it is certain that there are at least two translations into French, one into German, and one into Italian, not to speak of partial renderings. All of the orations were turned into Italian as early as 1555, and all the epistles into French by 1558, while Leopardi, in the last century, did not disdain to translate the first three orations (in his 'Operette Morali'). In English, beginning with Sir Thomas Elyot's 'Doctrinal of Princes,' 1534—a version of the oration to Nicocles—there are several of one or more orations, among the more conspicuous being Gillies's rendering of six (with Lysias), in 1778. Not to speak of the first volume of a Bohn translation, which appeared in 1894, the book which lies before me as I write constitutes a striking refutation of the former statement above; this is 'The Orations and Epistles of Isocrates. Translated from the Greek by Mr. Joshua Dinsdale, and Revised by the Rev. Mr. Young' (London, 1752).

The extent to which Isocrates was studied in the sixteenth century may be inferred from various sentences in Ascham's 'Scholemaster,' with Mayor's notes upon them; and that the choice was not wholly undeserved may be gathered from such a passage as this from the beginning of the 'Panegyricus,' which hardly deserves to be characterized as "intolerably dull," however few there be that accept the doctrine:

"I have often wondered that those who have made popular assemblies, and appointed public games, should have so greatly rewarded the excellency and good habit of the body, but paid no honors to such as, in a private capacity, consulted the happiness of the state, and so prepared their minds that they became an universal benefit to their commonwealths; of whom, certainly, a far greater account ought to have been made by republics and kingdoms. For were combatants twice as strong in body as they are, no advantage would redound by it to others; but if one man perfects his mind by philosophy, all that are willing may be benefited by his knowledge and prudence."

Perhaps, too, in the present posture of our national affairs, the following, from the oration to Nicocles, may be thought not wholly undeserving of consideration:

"Emulate not those who have the greatest kingdoms, but who govern best their own states. Believe me, you will not be the happier though you should be able to subject all mankind by fear and terror, but by being such as you ought. . . . Examine always carefully your words and actions, that you may fall into as few errors as possible. It is one of the greatest difficulties to seize the critical point of opportunity; but when the uncertainty is great, be cautious, rather than by boldness overshoot the mark."

This, after all, is only a counsel to avoid such excesses as Thucydides (III. 82) reprehends, when he says: "Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness. . . . Frantic energy was the true quality of a man."

In conclusion, is it not fair to ask whether the editors of an encyclopædia which aims to deserve public confidence should entrust so important a name as that of Isocrates to a hack-writer?—for surely no scholar could have made so palpable a blunder as that noted above. The article in the 'Britannica' was written by Jebb, and that in 'Johnson's Cyclopædia' by Gildersleeve.

ALBERT S. COOK.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., December 18, 1903.

THE PLACE OF HERBERT SPENCER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of the article on Herbert Spencer in your last issue praised the great thinker more, perhaps, than he intended, when he rested his claims on the more philosophical portion of his writings, as set forth in 'First Principles.' Students of the Synthetic Philosophy who find in it a basis of belief which unifies the material universe with "the mind of man," or binds each to each in close moral compact, are content with any pronouncement of Mr. Spencer's work and quality as a thinker which emphasizes the philosophical import of his writings; for the current opinion, among the learned and unlearned, runs the other way. "Evolution may describe the method of the world's physical growth, or of its social development, but it cannot be used as a key to unlock the higher mysteries of soul and being."

Mr. Spencer never forged a key to unlock mysteries, high or low. He was content to let mystery remain mystery, well knowing its healing and uplifting influence. His attitude here was as reverential as it was brave. Part I. of 'First Principles' has served all the purposes of a religious tract to many minds dispossessed of older, more mechanical conceptions of the universe, but eager to read the signs of a constructive order of things, still at work, capable of arousing new ideals of faith and moral devotion. The disciple of Spencer, if so damaging a phrase may be permitted, will cheerfully submit to see the 'Biology' and 'Psychology' shelved—books which have never had more than a secondary interest for him. He cares not so much for the mass of scientific data gathered here and in the 'Sociology,' to substantiate a few leading principles, as for the principles themselves. Here, also, the current opinion runs the other way, and more blindly; the assumption being an easy one, that the founder of a scientific philosophy must himself be a scientist. Mr. Spencer had a high claim here, but in his writings he appears only as a collaborator of widest range and classification. It would be no disrespect to say this even were it not with the wish to emphasize claims of a higher order.

But even "philosopher" is not the highest term of praise. Far sooner than as the author of any abstract system would Mr. Spencer choose to be remembered as the apostle of "that old English ideal of individual liberty" which you praise, which he saw jeopardized in the socialistic tendencies of these later times. That Mr. Spencer judged these tendencies rather narrowly, forgetting his own law of spiral progression, which includes the backward as well as forward movement, was quite manifest; but in an age of eager, rash experiment and impulsive acceptance of every new social nostrum, we needed and shall cherish that example of moral conviction and unswerving devotion to an ideal which Herbert Spencer has left us.

The "Philosophy of Individualism" has not an alluring sound. It recalls the harsh inductions and bleak logic of Bentham and the elder Mill, the correct but dreary results worked out in the dry light of intellect in their disciple, John Stuart Mill—a pitiful example of human precocity to the end of his days. When some of these old prepossessions have worn away, and old and new fears have been dismissed, we shall return to the reading of 'First Principles,' the 'Data of Ethics,' and some of the Essays, to surprise ourselves with the treasures of pure sentiment, lofty faith, even of human interest and affection, we find there.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

CHICAGO, December 21, 1903.

"THROUGH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer quotes with approval some stanzas from Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's "The Singing Leaves," beginning with the lines—

"I have so many things to do,
I don't know when I shall be through."

I am no philologist, and I should like to know where the word "through" got this meaning of "finished." The ordinary vocabulary of the ordinary person derives, I suppose, chiefly from the conversation of his family circle, with accretions from his general reading. From either source I confess that this use of the word is, to me, unknown. Can any of your readers refer me to an example taken from a recognized master of the English language?

Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

TORONTO, December 22, 1903.

[Miss Peabody's child verse would manifestly have been out of keeping if she had not employed colloquialisms like the familiar one animadverted upon by our correspondent. Compare "The door is *to*," "The lights are *out*," "Is the lady of the house *in?*"—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The Macmillan Company will publish Mr. W. B. Yeats's 'The Hour-Glass, and Other Poems,' in January. In the same month they will issue the first number of the *British Engraver*, a quarterly magazine of original work—etching, lithograph, woodcut, copperplate; and they are to be henceforth the American publishers of the *Burlington Magazine*. The November number of the *Burlington*, by the way, contains the usual variety of articles and illustrations. Mr. Berenson continues his study of that nearly unknown Sienese painter, Sassetta; Arthur Morrison writes of the Japanese artist, Kikuchi Yosai; and Mr. Pennell argues the unapproachable greatness of Whistler as etcher and lithographer; while there are articles by other writers on eighteenth-century drinking-glasses, tinder-boxes, ancient weapons of the chase, etc. An anonymous article on an exhibition of English portraits of the eighteenth century in the Birmingham Art Gallery furnishes the plates most likely to be generally relished, Hoppner's portrait of Mrs. Jordan as Hippolyta being especially delightful.

It really seems poky in the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1904 (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), to write as its editor does, on November 14, of "the independent State of Panama at this moment in process of formation." At that date it had already been recognized by our Government and hurried into treaty-making. In the appendix, newspaper reports are perforce relied upon for the personnel of the provisional Government of the *soi-disant* republic. Genuine enterprise is manifested, under the rubric *China*, in printing a greatly amplified and authoritative exhibition of the imperial house and central government, of subject lands, etc. In rehearsing the political changes of the year, what hideousness is covered up in the line: "In Servia, the house of Obrenovitch, now extinct, has been replaced by that of Karageorgevitch." Servia's new king furnishes one of the four regulation portraits of the *Almanach*, along with the King of Saxony, President Diaz, and Pius X. But for fear of offending Southern susceptibilities, we should say that the Pope bears a certain resemblance to Booker Washington, from whom he probably does not greatly differ in color.

Another "institution," *Whitaker's Almanack* (London: J. Whitaker & Sons), appears for the 36th time, for 1904, with sundry new features—large allotment of space to the burning fiscal question; a tabular history of the National Debt; a political history of the world in 1902-3. A younger companion volume is *Whitaker's Peerage*, now in its eighth issue and equally handy in its narrower line. Consider only its "index to seats and residences of persons cited in this work." This had to be curtailed in order to keep down the size of the annual, swelled by "the enormous flow of new creation"; and all but a few of the honorary knights have, for the same reason, been omitted. The *Almanach de Gotha* retrenches (but not wholly to save space) its list of princely families. When the title has been acquired abroad, it must hereafter be certified by the home government to insure the family's admission to the élite society of the *Almanach*.

In the third edition of their translation of Michel's 'Rembrandt,' the Scribners have managed, by cutting down margins and by using a slightly smaller type and eliminating leads, to get all the matter, both text and illustrations, of the first edition into one volume of smaller size and of about 500 pages. Indeed, this edition contains more than all the matter of the first. It is said, in a note, to contain "the author's latest corrections," a statement which we have not been able to verify. It also contains nine full-page illustrations which were present in the French edition and were eliminated from the English edition in obedience to what we can only call a whim of the editor, Mr. Wedmore. These nine seem to be but a part of the omitted illustrations, and there may be better reasons for the omission of some of the others; yet several of these are among the strangest and therefore most characteristic of Rembrandt's fancies, while one of them (the so-called Danaë) is perhaps his most successful attempt at the nude. This cheaper edition is therefore, to some extent, better worth having than the more expensive one.

Messrs. Scribner import the first two out of the six volumes which are to constitute a new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy.' We reserve for a future occasion a discussion of this monumental work, its effect upon art study since its appearance more than a generation ago, and the value it still retains. Here we express the hope that the editing of the remaining volumes will be less hasty than in the two before us. The editors' notes, thus far, besides being unduly disfigured by misprints, often tend to confuse rather than to illumine a text whose merits are seldom clearness and precision. Many of the annotations are veiled polemics. The photographic illustrations measure some of the distance travelled since the appearance of the first edition, with its outline engravings after the originals.

Mr. Adrian H. Joline, already pleasantly known to us as the author of a chatty volume on autograph-collecting, comes now before the public with 'The Diversions of a Book-Lover' (Harpers), full of lively talk about books and the whims and oddities of bookmen. Of the many anecdotes it contains, we can find room for but one: "Some years ago," says this author, "I brought over from Denmark an illuminated musical manuscript of the fourteenth century which was literally bound in boards, the wooden covers fully half an inch thick, and the book studded with iron nails. The intelligent Custom House person who greets us hospitably upon our return home, sagely classed it as 'old furniture,' imposing duties accordingly, the amount whereof I ultimately succeeded in recovering from our free and enlightened Government, much to my astonishment." Mr. Joline predicts that "the unfortunates who write notices" will pronounce his work "slight" or "heavy." One humble member of that class has not found it either.

'On the Road with a Circus,' by W. C. Thompson (New York: Isaac Goldmann Co.) gives, from a showman's point of view, a lively account of the manifold working details of that huge business enterprise, a modern circus. One sees with surprise how elaborately the coming of the show to each town is prepared for weeks ahead by a long series of advance agents, and how exactly and minutely the crowded routine of a day's performance is ordered. The difficulties of handling and transporting an army of employees and animals and a huge outfit of appliances have been so well met by the best circuses that army officers, both in the United States and in Europe, have studied the methods in use. Many of Mr. Thompson's details are picturesque, showing as they do the daily life of the circus, and he also gives a medley of entertaining anecdotes and reminiscences.

'Christian Faith in an Age of Science,' by William North Rice (Armstrong), is a sincere and calm statement by a learned orthodox professor of geology at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. The author accepts the results of scientific investigation as to the age of the earth and as to the evolution of organic forms, man included; he does not demand the literal acceptance of most of the Bible miracles, but he holds fast to the miracle of the resurrection as an essential proof of the divine nature of Christ's teaching, and insists that, but for belief in this miracle, the Christian religion would not have been established. Readers less orthodox than the author will be tempted to draw a sharper distinction than he does between the absolute verity of this essential miracle and the sincere belief in its verity by early Christians. Psychologists will perhaps consider the retention of belief in the essential miracle due as much to early association and the mental habit of the author as to his examination of the Biblical record as presented in the latter part of his book. The work is, however, of interest, as showing the position held to-day by a representative member of a conservative denomination. Comparison of it with earlier productions of the same class inevitably raises the question: Will this progress in liberalization halt at the stage now reached by Professor Rice?

American scholarship occupies no inconspicuous place in Professor Saintsbury's 'Loci Critici: Passages Illustrative of Critical Theory and Practice from Aristotle Downwards' (Boston: Ginn & Co.); and it is, in fact, partly to the suggestion of Professor Gayley of California that the book owes its existence. But though Professor Saintsbury and his American adviser have perhaps exaggerated the academic demand for such a text-book of critical passages, most of them fragmentary and dislocated from their context, no slight service has been rendered to a wider audience in thus furnishing in English dress a selection of the significant critical *loci* from Aristotle to Matthew Arnold. British insularity alone can account for the exclusion of all but English critics during the nineteenth century; and even earlier, the selection does not always represent the European trend of critical thought. Petrarch, Erasmus, and Voltaire, each in his age the intellectual arbiter of Europe, nowhere appear, and in the case of Voltaire at least the omission is inexcusable. Boileau and Lessing are each represented by a page of brief selections, receiving less space than either Shenstone or Hurd. The Italian critics of the sixteenth century, the French and Spanish of the seventeenth, and the German of the eighteenth appear in a few fragmentary and disjointed passages, which (regardless of the question whether their importance might merit longer treatment)

scarcely give any adequate conception of their point of view. In rendering classical and foreign selections, Professor Saintsbury has in almost all cases been his own translator, but it is an open question whether his rugged literalness justifies the attempt. A more catholic taste and a narrower range of selection, with the exclusion of all but long citations from the great masterworks of criticism, might have made this interesting compilation more serviceable and more suggestive as an academic manual.

In this connection, a brief paper by the well-known Italian critic, Benedetto Croce, "Per la Storia della Critica e Storiografia Letteraria" (Naples: Tessitore), read before the Accademia Pontaniana, may be recommended as illustrating that consistency in the point of view which may be looked for in vain in Professor Saintsbury's treatment of critical problems. Signor Croce conceives the history of criticism to be the "history of concrete critical production, considered according to the relation of assistance or obstruction which is given it from age to age, both by the state of philosophic theories and by that of erudition and taste." Such a history is naturally divided into three parts—the first treating of the vicissitudes and of the progress of the critical attitude or method in general, the second of the particular results thus attained, and the third of the organization of these results and their construction into literary history proper. This is illustrated by an outline of the history of criticism, with special reference to the nineteenth century, which is replete with suggestiveness. A similar but more extended outline had been given by the illustrious De Sanctis in a course before the University of Naples, 'Storia della Critica da Aristotile ad Hegel,' over half a century ago. The MS. from which the lectures were delivered has recently been discovered, and it is to be hoped will soon be given to the world.

The plates in parts 11 to 14 of 'Hundert Meister der Gegenwart in Farbiger Wiedergabe' (Leipzig: E. A. Seeman; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) are not so uniformly gaudy in color as those in some of the earlier numbers, and one or two or them have some interest and dignity of design; but these numbers do not, generally speaking, rise far above the average of the publication, which we have not been able to praise.

The leading position which Germany is rapidly taking in the commercial world is strikingly shown in the Consular Reports for December. While the articles relating to Great Britain and France number fourteen and fifteen respectively, there are forty-two reports and notes about German trade, industries, inventions, and scientific experiments. The most valuable of these is by Consul-General Mason of Berlin on potato cultivation. To what a height of perfection this has attained can be realized from the fact that the yield per acre in 1901 was 217.68 bushels, in the United States 65.5, the totals being in round numbers two billion bushels in Germany, two hundred million in this country. This success is due largely to the fact that the crop is not grown from seed raised in the same locality, but from places radically different in condition. The intelligent farmer "rarely plants seed potatoes from his own fields, but exchanges with his neighbor or obtains new varieties from the experiment station. . . . Potatoes grown on high hill slopes are brought down and planted in valleys; the product of heavy, wet land is planted in light, dry soils; the growth of sandy fields is the best seed for loam or moorland, and vice versa. Potatoes brought from Scotland have produced some of the largest and best crops ever grown in Germany." Attention is drawn to the destruction of the rubber forests in Brazil, which, on account of the high prices, it is expected "this year will be beyond all precedent—enormous and irreparable"; and to the establishment in 1902 of an industrial school in the French Sudan for the purpose of teaching the natives the best methods of rubber culture. There have been more than 150 pupils, and good results are already shown in the new plantations and in the preservation of the old vines and trees through intelligent ways of collecting the juice.

Two articles of unusual interest on mountaineering in Alaska have lately appeared, both by members of the United States Geological Survey. One, by A. H. Brooks, gives an account of explorations around Mt. McKinley, "America's highest mountain" (*Journal of Geography*, ii., 1903, 441-469); the other, by W. C. Mendenhall, describes the Wrangell Mountains (*National Geographic Magazine*, xiv., 1903, 395-407). Both articles are well illustrated, showing the scenery to be of the finest order. Travelling is difficult from the lack of trails through forested lowlands, from the number of large rivers, from the extensive snowfields and glaciers on the higher slopes, and from the plague of mosquitoes and flies. The ascent of Mt. Wrangell is "earnestly recommended" to our mountaineering clubs. The natives of the region are naturally astonished at the white invader, who is feared for his numbers and his ability, but who is past all understanding. His restless search for gold or other useless stuff, his abundance of all greatly desired things—clothing, food, guns, tobacco—his curious doctrines about right and wrong, and property and work, altogether make the white man quite beyond native comprehension.

The Sierra Club Bulletin (San Francisco) likewise contains articles of interest to mountain climbers. The outings of the Sierra Club are doing much to make the attractions of the southern Sierra Nevada known to Californians, although climbers from the Eastern States as yet know little of that rocky wilderness of peaks and cañons. A party of nearly fifty men and women made the ascent of Mt. Brewer, 13,886 feet, in the summer of 1902.

The Geological Survey of New Jersey has just issued four revised sheets of its State Atlas (scale of one inch to the mile). They are approximately of a dimension two by two and a half feet, and so embrace some 700 square miles. Dwellers in the metropolitan district will appreciate sheet No. 26, which takes in nearly all of New York city, with part of Brooklyn, all of Staten Island, and the adjacent country as far north as Yonkers and Paterson, and west as Short Hills. The other sheets are No. 27, the lake region, from Hopatcong to Port Jervis; No. 24, the Delaware River section from Frenchtown to Belvidere; and No. 27, the Trenton corner, with a bye-map for that city and its environs.

The American Women's Table at Anton Dohrn's Zoölogical Station at Naples is again open for appointments to scholarships. Application blanks and information as to living expenses, etc., may be obtained by candidates for 1904 from the Secretary, Cornelia M. Clapp, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., before March 1.

—'Hohenzollerns and Heroes' is the title which Mr. Poultney Bigelow gives to the third volume of his "History of the German Struggle for Liberty" (Harper & Bros.). It purports to cover the period from 1815 to 1848; but the reader will search in vain for anything resembling a coherent narrative of events. The revolutionary movement of 1830 is not described, but several phases of the movement of 1848, which is to be treated in a fourth volume, are anticipated. The book is a series of chatty essays on the religious, intellectual, economic, and political conditions of the time, illustrated by biographical sketches of such Germans as Jahn, Sand, Blum, Schön, Lassalle, Simon, Reuter, Strauss, and Wagner. A number of chapters, like those on Kossuth, Mazzini, and De Tocqueville, have only an indirect bearing on German developments. Although the book is not a history, it throws light on the history of the period, for Mr. Bigelow has known Germany and its people at first hand for many years. Readers need not be warned that the author's judgments are highly subjective, for he reveals his personal likes and dislikes with complete frankness. For the Hohenzollerns who figure in this volume, the third and fourth Frederick Williams, he manifests a hearty contempt. The book is marred by numerous misprints, especially in citations from the German, and there is no index. Since, however, the author denounces some of the German historians for publishing unindexed works, it may be assumed that an alphabetical guide to the whole history will appear in the last volume.

—'The Sailor King,' by Fitzgerald Molloy (Dodd, Mead & Co.), offers an illustration of bookmaking in its easiest form. The real subject is the reign of William IV. rather than the career of the sovereign himself, and, by virtue of a comprehensive definition, everything is deemed good plunder which can be borrowed without inconvenience from Greville, Trevelyan's 'Macaulay,' and other memoirs of the time. Now and then, it is true, Mr. Molloy seems rather at a loss for material, but in such cases he resorts to the simple device of reverting to previous reigns. The tenth chapter of his first volume is filled out with an account of Shelley's matrimonial affairs, which goes back to the days of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. Similarly, the seventh chapter of the second volume is devoted to a loose-jointed narrative of Edward Irving's early life, with Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle roaming in at intervals. By dint of pillaging several famous biographies, two volumes are thus made up, but for ourselves we prefer, if it comes to a choice, the one volume of Mr. John Ashton, entitled 'When William IV. was King.' Those who wish to judge for themselves, will find little difficulty in drawing certain inferences from the first two sentences of Mr. Molloy's preface: "The reign of William IV., whilst too remote for personal recollection and too recent for history, covers a space in our annals of which comparatively little is

known. Yet its seven years are wells of interest, arising from sources intellectual rather than political; for the Sailor King reigned over subjects whose works remain our proud heritage, whose names are dear to us as those of kin, whose intimate histories, touched with the glamour of romance or with direful tragedy, exercise a spell impossible to fiction and felt only in watching the actions of mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate."

—Mr. Martin Hume's 'Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is also styled by its author "A Political History." In other words, this is not a book of gossip or scandal, but, like 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth,' a study of matrimonial diplomacy. Mr. Hume divides the sixteenth century into the virile first half, which is dominated by Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I., and the feminine second half, which is dominated by Elizabeth Tudor, Mary Stuart, Catherine de Médicis, "and the cautious, timid, narrow, almost womanish Philip II." The main characteristic of the latter period is that the current policies were feminine, if not feline. Under such circumstances, marriage negotiations, always a prominent adjunct of autocracy, acquire special prominence. Elizabeth played the game for herself, and Catherine de Médicis for her children. As for Mary Stuart, she doubtless had her loves, but her courtships were more numerous than her genuine affairs of the heart. Mr. Hume finds one main cause of her failure in the attempt to imitate Elizabeth's diplomacy without possessing her exceptional advantages. Mary's greatest disadvantage in his eyes was that she did not possess self-control. "We shall see that the deplorable errors and follies that led her downward from freedom to life-long imprisonment, from happiness to misery, from a throne to a scaffold; that warped her goodness, made her a helpless plaything for her cunning enemies, and ruined the religious cause she loved better than her life, were the outcome, not of deliberate wickedness, or even of habitual political unwisdom, but of fits of undisciplined sexual passion, amounting in certain instances to temporary mania, combined with the unquenchable ambition inherited from her mother's house." This is the leading thesis, and it is developed with much skill by one who does not believe that the "Casket Letters" are altogether forgeries. We have defined Mr. Hume's position. We are unable to follow his arguments in detail, for they would lead us deep into the mazes of an interminable controversy. If predestination means anything, there must be some ante-natal power which determines whether we shall believe that Mary Stuart was a saint or a wanton.

—The immediate charm and sterling value of Prof. Ernest W. Clement's 'Handbook of Japan' lie in the fact that he speaks for the most part from immediate knowledge and experience, and from an inside view. Sixteen years ago he was called, as one of a band of young American teachers prepared to work in sympathy and brotherhood for the Japanese, to the province of Mito, one of the most famous of Japan's modern seats of learning as well as of political agitation. Fascinated with the new land and its old history, he at once entered upon systematic researches, and was soon able to prepare for the Asiatic Society some of its most valuable papers. Continuing in his work of education in Tokio, and making a careful study of political development and national history, he has gathered into his volume of nearly 400 pages (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) a well-digested mass of knowledge concerning the country and people which is likely to be wanted constantly on the table of most intelligent people interested in the Far East and its possibilities. The book is liberally illustrated, besides having a map, a rich appendix, with statistics and tables, and an index. It lacks little to be desired of clear discussion and statement in the twenty-one divisions of the text, and there is a choice and liberal bibliography at the end of each chapter. Besides physiography, industry, travel, transportation, manners and customs, and the history of both old and new Japan, Professor Clement treats with remarkable clearness the more modern phases of constitutional imperialism, local self-government, "Japan as a World Power," and the working of the new law codes and systems. One interesting chapter reveals the position of the new woman in Japan—almost a different being in the eye of the law from her grandmother. Professor Clement is very full on the language, literature, and religions, giving four chapters to the phases of spiritual thought and life, so that it is doubtful whether one can find these profound subjects treated more fairly and fully, with such conciseness, anywhere else than in this book. Like nearly all those who know the Japanese thoroughly and have worked long with them closely and in coöperation, the author is optimistic as to the future of the nation and the empire. With Virgil, he believes that the Japanese "bring success their zeal to fan," and that "they can because they think they can." The selection of portraits and other illustrated matter is very rich and appropriate. Handsomely recognizing his indebtedness to other writers, this modest scholar acknowledges special obligations to Prof. J. H. Wigmore, formerly of Tokio, and now Dean of the Law School of the Northwestern University in Chicago, whose masterly letters to the *Nation* on constitutional development in Japan, during a critical period, well deserve to be reprinted.

—Dr. Arthur J. Evans, in the second of three lectures before the University of Oxford, which has just honored itself by admitting him to the degree of D.Litt., endeavored to fix certain leading points in the chronology of Minoan Knossos. There, as elsewhere, the successive evolution of various styles of pottery affords the steadiest and least uncertain clue. Already during the first year's excavations a connection was clearly made out between the latest flourishing Minoan period at Knossos and the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. Furthermore, the evidences of Cretan seal-stones shadowed forth a point of contact with the twelfth Egyptian dynasty. Now, with the few sporadic Egyptian finds of the second, third, and fourth year's campaigns, and an especial study of the earlier phases of ceramic art and of the fashioning at Knossos of stone vases, points of contact with the Twelfth Dynasty of Egypt have become much clearer, and to these have been added the most indubitable evidence of relations with Egypt under the very earliest dynasties, particularly the sixth and the fourth. Dr. Evans's periods, taken backwards, are accordingly as follows. Latest of all, and identified by extensive finds of "geometrical" or "dipylon" pottery, near the surface, is the period when, presumably, the palace had been plundered and burned by northern invaders, and the site was in the hands of people more or less rude and primitive. The date for this would be nearly 1000 B. C. The next period is late Mycenæan, dates about 1500 B. C., and shows degenerate designs and slack workmanship. Next comes a period of marvellously perfect naturalistic designing, which may be centred at about 2000 B. C. or earlier. Behind this lie most beautiful specimens of egg-shell pottery with beautiful colored designs; and last of all, at the very beginning of things artistic at Knossos, we have stone imitations of the stone vases of the fourth and earlier Egyptian dynasties.

—During the third week in November, Dr. Evans presented before the Academy, and also in a public lecture at Oxford, the accumulating results of such study as his Knossian excavations have allowed him to make of the various inscriptions and sealings on clay, the engravings on seals, and the ink-written records on pots which have rewarded his four years' digging in the Minoan Labyrinth. With these he has combined a study of similar inscriptions recently unearthed by Professor Halbherr on other Cretan sites. Viewed in the light of his now more definite Knossian chronology, the several kinds of script connect themselves with successive phases of Minoan civilization. To begin with, there is the pictographic alphabet (we boldly misuse the term alphabet for clearness' sake), which has marked affinities through early Cretan "button-seals" with certain Egyptian picture-signs that go back to the Sixth Dynasty and earlier. This pictographic alphabet developed into an early linear alphabet which must be connected with the earlier palace upon the Labyrinth site. Dating this linear alphabet in the neighborhood of 3,000 B. C., since the chronology is cleared up by connections with the era of the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, we find that there was a sudden change at Knossos, accompanied by a second linear script (in some ways, though not in all, an improvement on the first). The numerals of both scripts are based on the decimal system, but the second linear script has a much more clearly and conveniently framed number of signs. This second linear script seems to associate itself with the later history of the site, although the pictographic system was never abandoned entirely; it apparently became more and more artistically pictographic and less and less a scheme of conventional signs. The ink-written records on pottery are examples of a cursive script formed upon the second linear, much as our handwriting is formed on the Roman alphabet. Mr. Evans has added to the identified group of signs meaning *total*, groups or signs evidently meaning *vase*, *man*, *woman*, *slave*, and the like. He has clearly made out terminations masculine and feminine, so that at the meeting of the Academy his general account was sufficiently specific to be met half way by Professor Conway's recent observations upon characters found elsewhere in Crete. The language was everywhere the same, and everywhere inflect-

ed. This indicates a different ethnography in early Crete from that recorded by Homer, which of course does not reach back to the latest date of the Minoan Labyrinth.

MACAULAY AS AN ESSAYIST.

Critical and Historical Essays by Lord Macaulay. Edited by F. C. Montague. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Putnams. 1903.

"If, in conclusion, we ask what is the distinctive merit of Macaulay's historical essays, the merit which redeems imperfect knowledge, superficial philosophy, and overheated eloquence, it might be answered that these essays are admirable specimens of popular writing in the noblest acceptation. Books which try to make history popular too often sink into silliness or vulgarity. But these essays, which have done more than any other book to kindle the desire for historical knowledge in myriads of young and untrained or busy and preoccupied minds, are not written down to the nursery or the market-place. They are the free outflow of an active and richly stored intelligence. . . . It is the scholar and the statesman who speaks; and if the partisan too often speaks also, he is an orator who addresses a senate, not a ranter who amuses a crowd. To these merits much gratitude is due, and many faults may be pardoned."

This passage from Mr. Montague's Introduction to Macaulay's 'Critical and Historical Essays'—writings which, from the moment of their appearance, became classics—arrests attention. It brings before us the feeling entertained by Englishmen who claim to be in a special sense men of culture towards the most widely read of English historians. These men acknowledge against their will the presence of an indescribable something in Macaulay's writings which belongs to genius alone, and which may well, in Mr. Montague's words, be described as the "possession of unique qualities which causes books as well as men to be held in loving remembrance." Yet our superior persons are almost ashamed of their involuntary admiration for a writer of extraordinary power, and, when they venture on eulogy, express it in terms which closely resemble depreciative apology. In truth, Macaulay belongs in spirit to a different and a more robust and manly age than ours; and censors who have not the vanity to claim half his gifts or a tenth of his knowledge, feel that somehow or other Macaulay does not command their sympathy, and that appreciation must take the form of patronage. The aim of this article is to weigh the force of the specific charges brought by the fairest of his censors against Macaulay. The censures may be brought under a few definite heads.

Macaulay's knowledge, we are told, is imperfect. If by this charge is meant that in hastily written essays which deal sometimes with periods to which Macaulay had not been able to give minute attention, he falls into errors which at this time of day it is easy to detect, the accusation may often be made good. If, on the other hand, it is meant that Macaulay wrote on subjects on which he had no knowledge, the charge is one which Mr. Montague's own notes confute. One, indeed, of Macaulay's peculiarities—namely, his tendency to introduce with extraordinary art into many of his essays interesting digressions which have little to do with the book that he is nominally reviewing—is due in a great degree both to the exuberance of his knowledge and to his intense desire to write only about topics which he understood. Mr. Montague corrects with unflagging assiduity any errors to be noted in the essays; and, as we read Macaulay's pages and notice the trifling character of the corrections suggested by a well-informed commentator, we are far more struck, as were Macaulay's contemporaries, by the profusion and extent of his information than by the occasional mistakes as to fact or his occasional rashness of judgment. He possessed, indeed, in his own memory stores of information which profound scholars can often find only by reference to their libraries or their well-stocked note-books. It is this mass of remembered and fully appreciated facts which often makes a few lines of his writing, whether in verse or in prose, absolutely teem with allusions.

Take one stanza from the lament of a vanquished Protestant over the battle of Moncontour:

"Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou and the guile of Lorraine."

Not one of these four lines fails to suggest the memory of some definite fact, not a single epithet fails of appropriateness, each would need many words to explain and justify its significance. The modern heroes of research, who in many cases have explored nothing, are in no position to criticise the author whose mind was, from his youth up, filled with a knowledge of the past which by most of us can hardly be acquired by laborious investigation.

Macaulay, it is alleged, is a mere partisan. Here a censor hits a real defect. Macaulay was occasionally wanting in judicial calmness; he lacked the quality of scientific disinterestedness. But this defect, in so far as it really existed, was of a peculiar character and was closely connected with a rare merit. His partisanship, if so it is to be called, was not indifference to truth; it had nothing to do with the morbid vanity of a paradox-monger which leads one eminent writer to paint Henry VIII. as a model king and to see manly virtues in the violence of Frederick the Great's father. Macaulay's partisanship was nothing but the weak side of splendid historical imagination. By the combined force of imagination, memory, and knowledge, Macaulay often lived in the times of which he wrote. He was not so much the historian of the Whig Revolution as a Revolution Whig. He looked at Charles II., at Penn, at Marlborough, or at William with the eyes of these men's contemporaries. He succeeded in imbibing the very spirit of 1688. From Macaulay you cannot expect the balanced judicial, scrupulous, and not unfrequently lifeless estimates of the great men of the past which are to be found in the pages of S. R. Gardiner; but though Macaulay may be insufficiently judicial, he is never in intention unfair, nor are his estimates of character deserving, as a rule, either of intellectual contempt or of moral reprobation. No doubt men in whom religious sentiment was blended, as it often is, with a certain amount of moral obliquity, were to Macaulay incomprehensible, But in dealing with ordinary men actuated by the motives which generally guide Englishmen in secular concerns, Macaulay's judgment is generally sound enough. Take, as an example, his estimate of Clive. It was denounced by Brougham as containing the most "profligate political morality." Of it the ex-Chancellor writes in 1840:

"His defence of Clive, and the audacious ground of it, merit execration. . . . No, no; all the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste and not in Tom's snip-snap taste of the Lower Empire—all won't avail against a rotten morality. . . . What? Are we gravely to be told, at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public and, therefore, atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Gracious God, where is this to end! What horrors will it not excuse!"

And so forth and so forth. Put all this moral Pecksniffianism, uttered by one of the most reckless and most untrustworthy political adventurers of his time, side by side with a few words from Macaulay's clear and temperate summary of Clive's position when he stood practically on trial before the House of Commons:

"It was clear that Clive had been guilty of some acts which it is impossible to vindicate without attacking the authority of all the most sacred laws which regulate the intercourse of individuals and of States. But it was equally clear that he had displayed great talents and even great virtues; that he had rendered eminent services both to his country and to the people of India; and that it was in truth not for his dealings with Meer Jaffier, nor for the fraud which he had practised on Omichund, but for his determined resistance to avarice and tyranny, that he was now called in question. . . . Clive committed great faults; and we have not attempted to disguise them. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honorable place in the estimation of posterity."

Who will deny that here, at least, the alleged partisanship of Macaulay pronounces the final judgment of history?

Macaulay—and this is the last charge we will consider—is a picturesque and not a scientific historian. This allegation contains a real meaning, and a meaning which deserves attention. Let us consider for a moment what its meaning is. An historian, we shall find, may take two different views of his office. The one is that history ought to be the impressive narration of ascertained facts. This view does not dispense the historian from the duty, a duty often excessively difficult to discharge, of ascertaining the truth; but it does impose upon the historian another function which not one man in ten thousand is capable of discharging, namely, the orderly and effective narration of complicated and often of obscure events. To Macaulay, history was primarily narration, but narration (and this is a point which modern historical inquiries overlook) is a work of stupendous difficulty. The man who can perform it must have an immense quantity of facts clearly before his mind; he must also have the genius to arrange them in perspicuous order. In this power of narration Macaulay stands a head and shoulders above all modern English writers. Froude, of whose inaccuracies we say nothing, may draw pictures as brilliant, though by no means as truthful, as scenes painted by Macaulay; but then Froude is, in spite of his high literary gifts, a confused narrator. Stubbs has in some directions a learning to which Macaulay could lay no claim, but we doubt whether Stubbs ever drew a picture of a man or a scene which any one could remember for five minutes.

The late S. R. Gardiner is unrivalled both in his special knowledge of his subject and in his laborious candor, but the later volumes of his great work degenerate from a history into a sort of Annual Register, and, but for his small but masterly sketch of the Thirty Years' War, we might have doubted his capacity to take a general view of an historic period. If, then, to be a great narrator of past events is the function of a powerful historian, Macaulay is entitled to a very high place indeed among English historical writers.

But there is another view of history which gives a very secondary place to narrative. Historical inquiry is on this view essentially research. The duty (and the glory) of an historian is to discover new facts. This idea is one naturally acceptable to a large body of English students at the beginning of the twentieth century. If history be research, then an investigator into the events of the past is placed in a position bearing a real resemblance to the position of a man occupied with physical science. Historical, in common with scientific, research makes discoveries. An historian, in common with the scientific student, may dispense with literary gifts; a discovery remains a discovery, however clumsily it be described. Nor can it really be doubted that this way of looking at history contains a large amount of important truth. Still, it has defects. Research increases the knowledge of the past, but it does not increase our capacity for understanding facts which are already known. Research, too, is apt to degenerate into antiquarianism. Discoveries differ greatly in importance; a petty discovery has as little significance as a petty invention. An inquirer who should establish for certain that Francis was the author of Junius's letters would render real service to the world by checking in one direction the futile expenditure of valuable labor; but the ingenious inquirer who ascertained exactly the length of Johnson's residence at Oxford rendered the pettiest of petty services to the cause of truth. The devotee of research should never be allowed to deceive himself with the idea that a discovery, because it cost much trouble, is therefore worth the trouble which it cost.

Research, lastly, and this is a grave matter, does little or nothing to stimulate the capacity for thought or to strengthen the judgment. The belief, then, that history is primarily research is the article of a narrow and one-sided creed; and to the devotees of research Macaulay's writings are a perpetual protest against the danger of confounding antiquarianism with historical study. A critic may say, and with possible truth, that Macaulay's theories are commonplace, and that his rhetoric is often marred by too much emphasis; but a candid critic cannot deny that Macaulay has one transcendent merit: he can make a past age visible and interesting to ordinary Englishmen. Hence his popularity. But this popular admiration cannot be obtained by mere research. The knowledge of this fact imports a bitterness into criticisms of Macaulay. The student who labors through piles of books and manuscripts to ascertain some undiscovered fact has his own and his appropriate reward, but he cannot always look without envy upon the transcendent narrator who, in virtue of a gigantic memory and of lifelong reading, could tell the tale of the past so as to arrest the attention of crowds who are in general very indifferent to the course of history.

ABBOTT'S BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher. By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Dr. Abbott is nothing if not facile, and the latest of his many books is written with his characteristic editorial freedom and expansion—increasing as he goes on. Whatever defect inheres in this biography, it does not smell of the lamp. It reads as if written from the surface of the writer's mind, and the verifying of dates and incidents has been confessedly the labor of a friend. A consequence of this manner of writing is a certain looseness of arrangement and lack of chronological order and detail that is not agreeable, and is sometimes baffling. But then it should be remembered that Dr. Abbott is remarkably well qualified for writing in this manner. This is not his first Life of Beecher. In 1883 he composed a much fuller one, in collaboration with the Rev. S. B. Halliday. He has handled the same subject in many different ways. As editor and assistant editor of the *Christian Union* he had long and intimate association with Mr. Beecher, and his ten years' pastorate of Plymouth Church afforded him continual access to the tradition of Beecher's pulpit and parochial work. For the manner of Mr. Beecher's domestic life we are referred to Dr. Abbott's earlier biography. Here the omission is so absolute that it makes a painful void. Mrs. Stowe's absence is equally conspicuous, and there is not a word concerning the bond of affection which knit the brother and sister so closely together in their maturer years. Incidentally, 'The Minister's Wooing' is referred to as Mrs. Stowe's "most effective and striking fiction"—a courageous opinion, if not a valid one. But Dr. Abbott's opinions are often strikingly individual, as where Charles G. Finney is reckoned with Beecher and Bushnell one of the three greatest leaders of religious reformation in America in the nineteenth century.

In an introductory chapter on "The Meaning of Mr. Beecher's Life," we have the assurance, strengthened as we go on, that his service did not lie so much in any definite contribution to theological opinion as in a change made in the atmosphere of religious thinking and living. Bushnell is exhibited as the prophet of faith, Finney as the prophet of hope, and Beecher as the prophet of love—distinctions required by the exigencies of the Pauline text rather than by the qualities, severally, of the three men. The chapter ends with Beecher's notorious answer to his own question, "Could Theodore Parker worship my God?" It would be a mistake to regard this answer as so much golden dust stirred up by Mr. Beecher in his rhetorical flight before the face of an unjust suspicion. It was highly significant of that fundamental agnosticism which attracted him so powerfully to Herbert Spencer a little further on.

A second chapter, "The Making of the Man," brings us to the end of Beecher's course at Amherst College. His father is dimly outlined. The mother would have been enthusiastic in her love of music and art if she had had opportunities to develop a taste for these things, and from her potentiality Henry derived his actual love of them; also his love of nature and "that femininity of character which endeared him to those who knew him best." Coming to his college life, again we have the nice old story that he once stood next to the head of his class—when it stood in a circle. Nothing of his college studies clung to him better than phrenology, a personal elective. Its terminology was always at his tongue's end, and in his 'Yale Lectures on Preaching' he cordially recommended it as a means of knowing men. Hence, perhaps, a measure of truth in Edward Eggleston's judgment, that no one knew *man* so well as Beecher, *men* so ill. Even while in college he did some lecturing, once earning ten dollars, with which he bought an edition of Burke—as if the oratorical instinct had by this time developed and he knew its proper food. When in 1834 he went to Cincinnati and entered Lane Seminary, Lyman Beecher's theological school, he came close upon the heels of that uprising and secession of anti-slavery students which was so important at the time, and which, had young Beecher arrived a little earlier, might have proved seriously embarrassing. Apparently he did not chafe under the yoke from which Theodore D. Weld and his impassioned young fraternity broke away. But of these things Dr. Abbott catches nothing in his net. The interest that attaches to all brave beginnings attaches to Beecher's first settlement in Lawrenceburg, Ind., on a salary of $300, with married life begun in two rooms over a stable at a rental of $40 a year. It was a far cry from these things to those of later times, when a salary of $20,000 did not begin to pay the bills. The eight years in Indianapolis were remarkable for their rude simplicity. The capital city was then an unkempt village, gambling and drinking its distinctive social traits. These, furnishing the young preacher with a measure for his courage, also in their amelioration furnished some proofs of the reality of his backwoods ministry.

A good chapter upon "Plymouth Church," the building, the organization, the development, brings us to a better, "The Pastor of Plymouth Church," a generalized description with some concrete particulars. It will be a surprise to many that Beecher was "in person slightly under six feet," unless by "slightly" we are to understand three or four inches. "He was not in any ordinary sense of the term a pastor." "He was not always to be had for either the funerals or the weddings of his great parish." At the back of his oratorical preeminence was a long course of rigorous training in the use of his lungs, his arms and hands, his throat and voice. Much that seemed nature was second nature—a system of acquired traits, their acquisition requiring more patience in the boy than the grown man possessed. Dr. Abbott protests that Beecher's preaching was not extemporaneous, but Mr. Beecher's own account of it compels us to a different opinion. From a dozen or more topics lying in his mind during the week he would choose one on Sunday morning after breakfast, begin to write with some fulness, abbreviating more and more as church-time drew near, and breaking off where he must. Later there was no writing out; only a few notes. Almost everything that Beecher did was done in this free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky way, his editorials equally with his

sermons; his lectures generally were written out. Nothing impresses us more clearly in Dr. Abbott's book, or more painfully, than the lack in Beecher's preaching and writing of any body of thought from which effective extracts can be drawn. The number of such in these pages is astonishingly few, and we view here the penalty of his method in the entire absence from his mind of any habit of meditation, without which it is almost impossible for an element of permanence to reside in utterances that for the moment may strangely move the listener with their emotional force.

Dr. Abbott's inevitable chapter is the sixth, "Parenthetical." It is the one chapter we were sure to have; its purpose, to declare and prove that Mr. Beecher was "not an abolitionist." The chapter "Under Accusation" does not repel the Tilton charge with so much vehemence as the chapter "Parenthetical" and that next succeeding repel the popular misconception that Beecher was a follower of Garrison. Several pages are devoted to an exposition and arraignment of Garrison's position, with slight regard to the development of his opinions. The uninformed are left to suppose that disunionism was central to his doctrine from the start. On the other hand, it should be remarked that Dr. Abbott does not, like some others, hold Garrison responsible for the South's increasing devotion to slavery and for the increase of pro-slavery sentiment in the North. Indeed, we have had much worse accounts of the development of the Slave Power and its ambitions than this of Dr. Abbott's. But in declaring that Beecher was not an abolitionist, he does him less than justice. He was not a Garrisonian abolitionist; but all the abolitionists were not Garrisonians. The end of Beecher's anti-slavery activity was not merely prevention of the extension of slavery—it was its ultimate destruction, to which he thought the compromises of the Constitution looked. Following up Webster's 7th of March speech, for which Dr. Abbott has a generous apology, Mr. Beecher, contrasting slavery and freedom, said: "One or the other must die"—anticipating by three weeks Seward's "irrepressible conflict," by nearly ten years Lincoln's "divided house," but much farther in the rear of many others. Chapter viii., "The Anti-Slavery Reformer," is a vivid presentation of Beecher's anti-slavery activity. The poorest part of it was his ingenious perversions of the Bible to his philanthropic ends. Dr. Abbott's retrospective anti-slavery sentiment dates apparently from the assault of Stephen A. Douglas on the Missouri Compromise in 1854. He does not seem to see that the line of direction from Garrison's abolitionism through the Liberty and Free Soil and Republican Parties was a line of ever doubtfuller concession, and that in 1856 and 1860 the Republican platforms were conspicuously silent in regard to both the Fugitive Slave Law and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He seems to smile approval on the impossible concessions (Lincoln *judicc*) proposed by Charles Francis Adams in the doleful winter of 1860-61. But Beecher is represented as standing inflexible when even Sumner quailed before the gathering storm. Mr. Pierce's careful biography of Sumner is convincing that Sumner was inflexible for the Union and against compromise, and Mr. Beecher's Boston lecture of November 27, 1860, conveys the impression that he had at least a momentary inclination to the peaceable permission of secession.

There is a good testimony to Mr. Beecher's course during the civil war, and to his "campaign in England." The incidents of this are well described, and the claim made for its influence probably does not exceed the fact. The solid core of intellectual heat was, perhaps, too much obscured by the dazzling photosphere of humor, eloquence, and repartee. In the "Reconstruction" chapter Beecher's agreement with President Lincoln and Gov. Andrew on a policy of conciliation is counted to him for political wisdom; so, too, his hesitation at negro enfranchisement, though in general his predilection for universal suffrage was extreme. But Dr. Abbott clearly apprehends the difficulties that beset the path of reconstruction, and recognizes that what now seems best to careful retrospection may not then have been possible, or have had the best reasons on its side. Beecher's immense laudation of Andrew Johnson is passed over trippingly, and, indeed, Dr. Abbott is an adept in his avoidance of concrete particulars that do not redound to the glory of his friend.

The chapter "Under Accusation" will be entirely satisfactory to those who need no persuasion to its view, and equally so to the new generation who remember nothing of the long-drawn misery of an intolerable social situation. Those of adverse opinion will not be much impressed with Dr. Abbott's presentation of the matter. What is certain is, that the profound inertia of Mr. Beecher's honorable fame acquired by many years of splendid service has in the long run done much to break the force of men's injurious suspicions, and even to abate the confidence of his most hostile critics in the soundness of their view. In one respect Dr. Abbott's statement, however wise and just, must prove misleading to the reader who is under middle age. Dry, hard, and cold, it gives no sign of the social demoralization that overwhelmed the local community for a succession of years, during which one sordid theme engrossed the general mind, and with its terrible insistence broke up the peace of families and alienated friend from friend.

It is a great relief to turn from this chapter to that on Mr. Beecher's "Later Ministry." The particulars of his lecturing are eloquent of the almost superhuman vigor of the man. He was already sixty-three years old when he began his courses under the direction of Major Pond. During the next twelve years he travelled on his lecture tours nearly three hundred thousand miles, and lectured one thousand two hundred and sixty-one times. On a single tour he delivered ninety-two lectures and sermons and travelled seventeen thousand miles. But Dr. Abbott's opinion is that in none of this herculean labor was Beecher at his best. He was at his best in the pulpit, next on the rostrum, last on the lecture platform. It is as an orator that he receives the highest praise, but as a sacred orator. He is compared with Webster, Gough, Phillips, and other great orators, in an interesting, but not quite convincing manner. The analysis of his preaching is much better. At first largely pictorial, imaginative, emotional, it became less impassioned, more controlled, and remained so during the mid-period of his life. In the next stage he was a teacher; his sermons on "Evolution and Religion" furnishing the best illustration of the type. Very strange, indeed, is Dr. Abbott's account of evolution in general and Mr. Beecher's in particular. His characteristic notes in either case are the denial of the fall of Adam and total depravity. There is not a word concerning the really significant denial of special creation.

A chapter on the 'Yale Lectures on Preaching' commends them as the best fruit of Beecher's intellectual activity, and as that which has the most enduring quality. A chapter on "Editor and Author" makes no excessive claim. Beecher is called a great editor, but only because of his power of instigating others. He did little to back up his name as editor of the *Christian Union*, except by permitting stenographic reports of his "Lecture-Room Talks." Dr. Abbott was his associate editor from 1876 to 1881, and during that time Beecher's editorials decreased from few to less, and he would never read a proof. His 'Life of Christ' is praised as an eloquent interpretation. In so far as he had a Christology it was heretical, generally Monophysite; but in the 'Life of Christ' it was more Patripassian, presenting "a divine life in a human body," a doctrine which Dr. Abbott cannot abide. A brief chapter on Beecher's last months and death brings us to a closing one, "Estimates and Impressions," the best part of which is an account of Beecher's speech at the Herbert Spencer dinner. Dr. Abbott "can see the critic smiling with amused contempt at this paragraph, if he deigns to read it." But it visualizes Beecher with peculiar force, and more pictures of this kind would have brought back the man more vividly to those who remember him, and have made him a more positive reality for those who never saw his face.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

American Railways. By Edwin A. Pratt. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

American Railway Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

These two books treat their subject from widely different points of view. Mr. Pratt's volume (which first appeared, in substance, in the columns of the London *Times*) is the result of a four months' tour in the United States, and is mainly designed to enlighten the representatives of English railway interests on the subject of the American railway system. It is in part descriptive of the American methods of travelling and transportation. The comparison of these with the corresponding features of the English system is valuable, and, as far as it goes, accurate. We say as far as it goes, for many points of difference, which can hardly have escaped the author's attention, are barely dwelt upon. For instance, while the sleeping-car (converted by day into a parlor-car) is discussed at length, we find no description or discussion of the ordinary day parlor-car, with chairs, which is of course the American vehicle corresponding to the ordinary English first-class railway carriage. Nor is there any account of the "smoker," an American railway vehicle for which no analogue exists in Eng-

land, but which is to be found on every railway train in the United States.

The general conclusion reached by the author is the rather discouraging one that neither country has anything to learn from the other. But his description is at war with his conclusions, for his account tends to prove very convincingly that (even allowing for the divergences between the conditions in the two countries which have produced such wide differences as everybody notices), the English system is complete and finished, while the American is an unfinished and inadequate one, which, to become complete, must copy at many points from the English. This it is actually doing. The separation of the railroad tracks from the highway levels, gradually introduced here now by means of compulsory legislation, was a feature of the English railway systems from the first; our very inadequate system of porterage and cab service at the large city stations is copied, and badly copied, from the English. "With a few exceptions, American railway stations are distinctly inferior to railway stations in Great Britain." In this country, while we have introduced a system of dining-cars and parlor buffet-cars, these are for Pullman passengers only, and this provision bears no relation to the question of station buffets at all. These are found everywhere in England, and, we may add, on the Continent, where they are, we believe, compulsory. Americans like checks for baggage and prefer Pullmans to English railway carriages, but nobody prefers a poor railway station, such as ours for the most part still are. The tendency of the American railway system is to make the journey comfortable for the luxurious classes, while the company is allowed to save money by "scrimping" the others. Rigid Parliamentary supervision in the interest of all classes is the rule in England. The author's remarks would seem to point to the conclusion that the organization of railway passenger service is distinctly inferior in America; the consequences of the difference fall mainly, as is always the case, on the great, long-suffering travelling public.

We have confined ourselves in these remarks to the passenger service, because as to this every traveller is an expert. But we suspect that much the same differences might be found in other directions. The subject of freight and motive power is gone into in Mr. Pratt's pages, with the general conclusion that the conditions of the two countries are wholly disparate; but it appears that while in this country the consignee is generally expected to take away his freight himself, or through an express company, in England it is delivered to him by the railway. As to the enormous advances made in this country in the size and power of locomotives and the capacity of freight cars, the author seems to think that the English difficulty is mainly lack of freight. But on all questions relating to freight the self-interest of the roads is sure to be the best guide in the long run. It is from this branch of the service that the revenue of the roads is mainly derived, in both countries. It is to the passenger service that public attention should mainly be directed, for it is an undisputed fact that until within very recent years considerations affecting the comfort, convenience, and even safety of the passengers have been neglected in this country. The statistics on the subject of safety are not altogether reliable (what is wanted is a table showing the number of accidents *per mile travelled*); but we know that, other things being equal, safety must depend upon such matters as the separation of grades, the supply of elevated and depressed crossways at stations, the doubling of track, etc. The author quotes American railway men as substantially admitting the incompleteness of our railways in these respects. They defend their policy as "a policy of essentials." In the beginning,

"it was not absolutely essential, as regards the working of the line, to prevent people from being killed. So the railway companies put down, in the roughest form, just what was wanted for the time being, and nothing more; and they *left humanitarian considerations on one side until they were successful and prosperous enough to do bigger things and to indulge in the luxury of surplus emotions.*"

Unfortunately, just as our Legislatures were beginning to see the necessity of compelling them to indulge in the luxury of surplus emotions—*e. g.*, by separating the tracks from the highways—the development of the new trolley system (again confined to "essentials") has introduced a new source of danger. The idea that, because we can explain many things of this sort by the circumstances under which our system has grown up, therefore we can trust to the companies, as they grow and prosper, to become more and more humane and considerate, is, of course, preposterous. Corporate bodies are taught respect for public rights and comfort by the Legislature and the courts, or not at all.

Mr. Johnson is professor of transportation and commerce in the University of Pennsylvania. His book can hardly be called original, but is a carefully drawn picture of the American railway system as it exists, accompanied by a discussion of some of the "problems" of the day. Among these is one the discussion of which has been going on for thirty years, and to a solution of which we seem to be no nearer than when we began. The "Granger" movement resulted in judicial decisions that the State had power to fix rates, but this is subject to the restriction that they must be reasonable. Neither the individual States nor the Federal Government can so fix the rates of transportation as to confiscate the value of the property invested in railways. Further than this, the courts protect railway property against unreasonable attacks by means of judicial inquiry into the facts of the case and by injunctions. Laws are passed against rebates and discriminations between shippers, and against contracts in restraint of trade and to make competition compulsory. The first two are effectual, because they are enforced by the courts, and are merely confirmatory of a general principle of justice and the common law; the last proves wholly nugatory, because the railroads which find that they have a common interest in combination, become consolidated, and divide the territory of the United States into "systems," of say 20,000 miles each, within the limits of which competition practically ceases. The final result of the struggle is that rates are today fixed not by the States or the Federal Government, but by the railroads themselves. Professor Johnson seems to think that the goal to which we are tending is the socialization of railways—*i. e.*, the use of the railway system and revenues for public objects. This is the German system, but it comes from State ownership, and there is no evidence at present that we are proceeding in any such direction. What Professor Johnson's discussion does show is, that there is a natural law which tends to keep railway rates down; and on this our reliance must in the long run be placed. A railroad must *foster* business. As the amount of money invested in it is always increasing, it cannot afford to put such a tax on any class of traffic as will drive it away. That this law does not work with mathematical precision may be admitted, but it works sufficiently well to have brought down rates as Government regulation has not brought them down. Besides this, those who object to private ownership should explain why Government ownership is not a still greater monopoly. Government railway ownership is not at all like the State ownership of highways, because the use of the latter is free to all comers, the fund for "maintenance of way" being supplied from general taxation. The author's chapters on monopoly and competition, the "Theory of Rates and Fares" and "Rate-making in Practice," throw a flood of light on the subject, but do not encourage us to believe that our present system will be successfully supplanted by any other, at least until our whole government and social and legal systems undergo such changes as to make a new heaven and a new earth. What is possible here, as in the passenger business, is intelligent State supervision, publicity of accounts and rates (already to a very great degree attained), stern repression of all unjust discrimination; not paternalistic attempts to fix rates through administrative boards.

The Art of Cross-Examination. By Francis L. Wellman. With the cross-examinations of important witnesses in some celebrated cases. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Mr. Wellman's book is a substantial contribution to the literature of a very fascinating subject, and will be found almost equally interesting by the laity and the profession of which he is a member. An expert cross-examiner himself, of many years' standing, he not only has analyzed the principles of the art in a very satisfactory and thorough manner, but has illustrated the application of his principles by giving some celebrated cross-examinations in just that detail which is needed for dramatic effectiveness, and which reproduces the scene in court so as to make the reader almost feel that he is present at the trial.

Cross-examination is at its best in criminal trials, and then especially as a means of exposing perjury dramatically. From the very fact that life or liberty depends upon the issue, the case, which frequently turns upon the testimony of a single person, is alive with interest, increasing towards a climax, which, when it comes at the end of a searching cross-examination, seems like the stroke of fate.

Mr. Wellman's account of the Carlyle W. Harris case, in which, if we remember right, he was engaged, is novel, and forms perhaps the most original contribution to the narrative portion of the book. It is interesting, also, as throwing light on one of the causes of the great expense of many modern *causes célèbres*—the vast amount of

medical research involved. The case was one either of morphine poisoning or of organic disease; the deceased (Harris's wife) showed symptoms which, it was contended, might be attributed to either. For the purpose of clearing up the doubt, the reports of six thousand cases of morphine poisoning had been examined by the prosecution before trial, and through the information gained in this way the district attorney was enabled to break down the testimony of the defence's chief witness, an expert, whose name the author suppresses. The distinguishing symptom of the case was symmetrical contraction of the pupils of the eyes, and there was no doubt that Mrs. Harris had taken capsules containing harmless doses of quinine and morphia procured for her by her husband, who was a medical student. The theory of the prosecution was that Harris, who had reasons for wishing his wife out of the way, had emptied one of the capsules and filled it with morphine, thus causing her death. On the trial Dr. —— testified that symmetrical contraction of the pupils was not a certain symptom of morphine poisoning, and that his belief was grounded on a case recorded by a Professor Taylor. When this point was reached, the cross-examining counsel asked a single question: "Well, sir, did you investigate that case far enough to discover that Professor Taylor's patient had one glass eye?" Harris was convicted and executed. Indirectly this cross-examination caused the conviction of another murderer. Within a year Dr. Buchanan was indicted and tried for the same offence—wife poisoning by means of morphine. In this case the pupils were not symmetrically contracted; but meantime it appeared that during the Harris trial Buchanan had observed to some one that Harris was a bungler, for if he had mixed a little atropine with his morphine, it would have dilated at least one of his victim's eyes. The presence of atropine was discovered in Mrs. Buchanan's body. Buchanan also was convicted and executed. The Harris case is as wonderful, though not as dramatic, as the great cross-examination of the forger Pigott, in the Parnell Inquiry, by Sir Charles Russell, by the aid of an incriminating letter. Mr. Wellman gives this in full.

Vivâ-voce cross-examination of witnesses in open court is one of the distinguishing features of our system of law, and, in trials in which perjury is likely to be resorted to, a very valuable feature. Whether it is of any great use in ordinary litigations may well be doubted. We get along well enough without it in thousands of cases tried on "papers" only. But when a man is engaged in a contest with the Government which involves the risk of death or imprisonment, it is an immense safeguard for him if innocent, and an immense aid to the prosecution if he is guilty. The author has a good deal to say about the abuse of cross-examination; but this should be within the control of the courts. The license often given to counsel to torture the witness is the only serious reproach brought against cross-examination which, as Mr. Wellman points out, is (when improperly applied) often more dangerous to him who resorts to it than to either antagonist or witness.

The Cavalry Horse and his Pack. By Lieut. John J. Boniface. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co. 1903.

This book, under a modest title, is an encyclopædia of much that pertains to the horse, as appears from the secondary title, "Embracing the practical details of Cavalry Service." It consist of more than 500 pages, and covers in considerable detail a very wide range of experiences, most of which have been heretofore made the subject of official reports or personal publication by Government officials. Many of the illustrations are very good, but if there is anything which might disturb the cordial understanding existing between Great Britain and America, as a result of the successful termination of the Alaska discussion, it is the illustration of the "British Cavalryman on Horse" (page 26).

The opening chapter is on the history of the horse, from the earliest period through the age of chivalry to the modern cavalryman and his horse. The various classes of cavalry in different armies and the historical organization of the American cavalry are briefly commented upon, with copious illustrations. Just what the illustrations of the Percheron, Clydesdale, and English Shire horses have to do with the main subject is not easily understood. The author, however, does not recommend any of these animals for cavalry service, but suggests the desirability of a cross between the Percheron and the thoroughbred. Brief descriptions of these horses, the Cleveland bays, hackneys, German coach, and others, serve to further inform the casual reader investigating the literature of the horse.

The author states that the experience of different cavalry services the world over has gradually developed a distinct and separate class of horses for cavalry work which might be said to embrace "the disposition, spirit, agility, and intelligence of the thoroughbred gaited saddle animal and the large bone and strong sinew, short back, stout forehead, strength, and hardihood of the Hackney, Clydesdale, and Percheron." It is something new to hear of the thoroughbred gaited saddle animal. Many of the best gaited saddle-horse families of the blue-grass regions of America are the results of crosses, some of which have a considerable infusion of thoroughbred blood; but no well-established gaited saddle-horse family is constituted of thoroughbred blood entirely. There is nothing in the Clydesdale or Percheron that makes them or their progeny suitable or desirable for saddle purposes, either civil or military. Doubtless the author has been misled in this matter. It is next to impossible to breed out the large heavy feet and telltale fetlocks of the Clydesdale or Shire. The heavy cavalry of France has used at various times horses with a considerable proportion of Percheron blood, but then the charges of some of Napoleon's heavy cavalry, mounted on these animals, were made at a gait little faster than a slow trot, notwithstanding the many paintings showing these animals at full speed.

Chapters on shoeing, bitting and bits, and saddles follow in order, with little or no modification of prevailing military ideas on those subjects. In the last-named chapter, however, the author asserts that our troopers usually saddle far forward whenever they have a roughly gaited animal assigned to them, because of the belief that this does away with the roughness of the gait. This is quite a novel explanation of the prevalent habit with American cavalry, which has often been commented upon, and has generally been supposed to result from the shape of the saddle and its smooth undersurface.

It is not until chapter ten is reached that the author takes up the subject of the pack. All nations have, since the establishment of regular armies, found themselves anchored to very heavy equipments for cavalry service; the amount to be carried in the way of arms, ammunition, food, clothing, and minor necessary articles, brings the weight of the pack up to about one-fourth that of the average horse. Ever-increasing efforts have been made to reduce this, but without satisfactory results. The American cavalry carries a very large load, but no greater than that which other nations are forced to adopt under like conditions. The remarks on the modern method of cavalry marching read strangely to one of the old school of American cavalrymen accustomed to cross the Plains at a walk; but some years ago it was discovered that horses could be safely taken at a faster gait than the walk, and brought into camp earlier, giving them time to rest and feed, and relieving them of the weight of the trooper and pack.

The passage of rivers and various foreign experiments in that line are commented upon. Transportation of horses by rail and sea constitutes a separate chapter, embracing the experience of recent years. The remainder of the volume is devoted to riding and training, showing the effect of various kinds of seats; stable service, forage, the service of pack trains, medicines, and the treatment of simple diseases.

After Prison—What? By Maud Ballington Booth. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Whatever may be thought of the general methods of the "Volunteers of America," there can be but one opinion of the work here described. Making every allowance for the exaggerations of enthusiasm and the blurring effects of sentiment, we must admit that Mrs. Booth's narrative silences all cavilling. The object of sending lawbreakers to prison, whether it be called punishment or reformation, is to induce them to keep out of it. The operation of the law frequently causes men who have been sent once to prison to return to it. When a convict has served his term, he is turned loose to shift for himself. In a few States he is given a suit of clothes, a little money, and, perhaps, transportation to the place where his offence was committed. But he bears the stamp of the prison in the pallor of his face, in the furtive look of his eye, and even in his gait. Those who have not known him regard him with suspicion and with fear. Those who know him want nothing to do with him, and regret that he is at large. The officers of the law are ready to arrest him on suspicion, and his only welcome is from his former associates in crime. If he tries to get work, no one wants his services. If he obtains a place by false representations, he will lose it when the truth is known. If he conceals nothing, masters dare not employ him, and men will not work with him. All this is known to him when he is yet in jail, and

whatever disposition he may have to reform is smothered by despair or overcome by necessity. Little wonder if he soon finds himself back in prison and his last state worse than his first.

Fortunately, the case is not so bad as we have represented. Sometimes his family will receive him, or charitable men will befriend him. The prison wardens can occasionally find him work, and some benevolent associations endeavor to aid him in leading an honest life. Mrs. Booth supplements these agencies with the power of love. Rightly or wrongly, but often rightly, she assumes that the prisoner has violated the law because his environment has been evil, and that he can and will reform himself if the opportunity is presented. Even those who have sinned in spite of the best of influences are brought by the misery of prison life to see their wickedness, and respond to genuine manifestations of sympathy and love. Of the sincerity of Mrs. Booth's ministrations we cannot doubt, although we sometimes regret that some other pen than hers might not have recorded them. Yet as she has to appeal to the public for aid, she must disclose the nature of her mission and the methods which she employs, even if her own agency is thus made prominent.

One of the most satisfactory features of her work is that the publicity given by sensational newspaper reporters is discouraged, and the privacy of her "boys" is respected. There can be no uncertainty concerning the esteem in which she is held by those among whom she labors. Were other evidence wanting, the testimony of the prison-wardens would be conclusive. Although placing no obstacle in Mrs. Booth's way, they assured her at the outset that her labors would be in vain. They were quickly converted; and they heartily testify to the excellent influence exerted by the "Little Mother," as the prisoners have learned to call her. There seems to be no doubt that the "Volunteer Prison League," formed by those who profess their intention of reforming, has accomplished remarkable results. Warden Thayer of Dannemora, who expected little good from the movement, put down the names of one hundred and seven of these "Volunteers," all of them men who had constantly been reported for discipline. After a year, he found that only three had required punishment.

Altogether, the most conclusive, as it is certainly the most touching, piece of evidence in favor of Mrs. Booth's work, is furnished by the support given her by convicts. The idea of a home for discharged prisoners seems to have originated in Sing Sing. The men felt that if they were to reform, they must have a temporary refuge from which to begin their new career. It is hardly necessary to say that the income of convicts is limited. By steady overwork and good conduct during a whole year a man may earn five dollars. But in order to maintain their "Hope Hall," as the new refuge was called, the prisoners in Sing Sing managed to collect four hundred and forty-seven dollars. This surely deserves to be entered in heaven's chancery beside the widow's mite. Mrs. Booth assures us that of the three thousand discharged prisoners who have passed through her two homes, three-fourths have done well. One-fifth have been lost sight of; perhaps 5 per cent. have returned to prison.

Mrs. Booth touches lightly on the subject of prison reform. The improved behavior of prisoners reacts on their keepers; but the accursed trail of the politician renders improvement in the system almost hopeless. She speaks with just indignation of the mean and cruel policy of the labor unions in trying to prevent the employment of convicts in productive work. But some employers also exerted their influence in support of this policy. Were it overthrown, prisoners could earn not only their own living, but also enough to prevent their families from becoming charges on the poor-rates. Viewed merely as saving expense to the State, Mrs. Booth's reformatory agencies deserve support. The State deliberately increases the cost of crime to the community; Mrs. Booth does much to neutralize this shameful policy. But her work is most properly regarded from the point of view of morality and religion.

Geographic Influences in American History. By Albert Perry Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A., Professor of Geology in Colgate University. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903. Pp. xiii., 366.

American History and its Geographic Conditions. By Ellen Churchill Semple. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. Pp. 466.

There are encouraging signs that the importance of a scientific study of geography is coming to be recognized in this country, as it has long been recognized in most European countries. The establishment of courses on commercial and historical geography in our leading colleges and universities is one sign; the publication of books like that of Professor Brigham and Miss Semple is another. Undoubtedly one cause of this increased attention to questions of geography in connection with history is the acquisition of new territories by the United States as a result of or contemporaneously with the Spanish war; our position as a "World Power" is felt to be conditioned in some way by "world geography." Whether Imperialist or anti-Imperialist, we can all agree that the result, from this point of view, is wholly good.

The two books which are here under consideration bear almost identical titles, and cover much the same ground. Yet there are important differences—important especially for the student of history. One way in which they differ is, indeed, indicated by the titles, similar as they are. Professor Brigham places "geographic influences" first; Miss Semple places American history first. The two books themselves reflect this different relative emphasis which the titles proclaim. Professor Brigham is primarily a student of geology; and while he has a certain familiarity with American history, it is almost necessarily based upon superficial rather than intimate knowledge. Much of his information has been gained, one may suspect, by "reading up" the subject rather than from long and careful study of it. One feels throughout that the point of view is that of a geologist interested in pointing out the relations between geological phenomena and historical facts—relations, it must be added, that are usually so obvious as to make the book of interest to the general reader, probably, rather than of service to the historian. Miss Semple, on the contrary, is primarily a student of history, or rather of historical geography, as her previous publications indicate. She is, consequently, rather more at home in dealing with the subject, at least from the side of history, than Professor Brigham is. In her book one gets more history and geography, less geology, and the information here presented has not been "bolted," so to speak, but thoroughly digested. Another difference follows quite naturally. While Professor Brigham has not neglected past history, it is not too much to say that he is chiefly interested in the present and future of the United States as influenced or as likely to be influenced by geographic conditions. Chapter vi., for instance, is quite as much a discussion of the industrial prospects of the South as it is a discussion of the history of the South from the point of view of its geographic conditions; and chapter viii., entitled "Where Little Rain Falls," is largely devoted to the possibilities of irrigation. Such chapters as these in particular contribute to make the work of Professor Brigham a cross between an industrial prospectus and a treatise on historical geography. Miss Semple, on the other hand, is little concerned with the future; her book, with the exception of three chapters, possibly, has to do with historical geography proper, and is in no sense an advertisement of the nation's resources.

She has made a very valuable addition to the literature of American history, the result, one would say, of long study and careful thought. Her knowledge in the field of geography and of American history is extensive. She has keen insight into the main tendencies of American development. The book opens with a chapter on "The Atlantic States of Europe," the most valuable part of which is the discussion of the Atlantic itself. A second chapter shows how the search for the northwest passage gradually gave place to the search for fur, leading ultimately to the French exploration of interior waterways. Two chapters follow on the "Appalachian Barrier," one showing the importance of isolation and concentration for the English colonies, the other bringing out more clearly than any work with which we are familiar the two-fold character of the spread of population in the Appalachian region—the movement along the rivers through the mountains, and the movement up and down the valleys parallel to them. Miss Semple next proceeds to discuss the effect of the new environment on the trans-Alleghany settler, the physiographic basis of the Louisiana purchase, and, in a later chapter, the spread of population in the Mississippi Valley. The relations between the Atlantic Coast and the development of sea power, and the war of 1812, furnish the material for two more chapters. Then follow three chapters, perhaps the best in the book, in which is presented a careful study of the northern and southern routes controlling expansion into the Far West. Three more chapters deal with the geographic distribution of immigration, of cities and industries, and of railroads. The work closes with two chapters pertaining to recent history—one on the "United States in its relation to the American Mediterranean," and one on "The United States as a Pacific Ocean Power."

There is a good index, and a fairly good bibliography. Miss Semple's style, without being brilliant, is clear and expressive. So

far as we have observed, the book is remarkably free from errors. It is perhaps misleading to say that it was understood in the United States that the Louisiana treaty established the boundary at the Perdido (p. 106). Richmond M. Smith should be Richmond Mayo-Smith (p. 335).

The Taill of Rauf Coilyear: A Scottish Metrical Romance of the Fifteenth Century. Edited, with introduction, notes, and glossarial index, by William Hand Browne. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1903.

The poem which Prof. Hand Browne here presents in an exceptionally handsome and complete edition is one of the most interesting documents in Middle Scots literature. Although no copy of the poem earlier than the printed edition of 1572 is extant, its date of composition must be at least as early as the latter half of the fifteenth century, and the comparative accuracy of the text makes it important linguistically. It has been already edited by Herrtage, in the Early English Text Society's collection of Charlemagne romances, by Amours for the Scottish Text Society, and, still more recently, by Tonndorf. The two former editions, however, are parts of somewhat expensive collections, and Tonndorf's edition has neither notes nor glossary; so that there was room for an edition for the use of the average student. Professor Browne, however, has supplied so admirable an equipment for the study of the work in all its aspects that his volume would have justified itself even if it had been in more direct rivalry with its predecessors.

The book begins with a short but well-packed account of poetry in Scotland before the Reformation. Then follows a summary of the external history of the poem, of its contents, of its relation to other treatments of the same class of material, and of its place and value in literary history. Dr. Browne regards it as holding an intermediate place between the chivalry-romance and the humorous folk-tale, but differs from Professor Brandl's view of the second episode, the combat of Rauf with the Saracen, as a burlesque on the chivalry-romance. He points out that the author's treatment of this adventure, and the subsequent knighting of the collier, are completely serious; and he treats very gently Brandl's absurd confusion of the present poem with 'The Awntyrs of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyne.' He agrees with previous authorities in dating the language of the poem in the latter half of the fifteenth century, though he properly rejects, after careful examination, Tonndorf's attempt to fix it more exactly by identifying "Dame Jane" with Jeanne de Laval, widow of René of Anjou. He inclines to think the author a layman, but sees no evidence for any more definite identification, or for assigning the work to any particular district in Scotland. The closest parallel to the first adventure he finds in 'John the Reeve'; and to the second in the fight of Roland and the Saracen Otuel in the romance of 'Otuel.' Both adventures, however, belong to a very common type, and there is no question of influence here.

The third section of the introduction deals with the language, the specific treatment being preceded by a sketch of the early history of Lowland Scottish. One misses here a reference to Mr. Gregory Smith's recent notable contribution to the history of the vocabulary of Middle Scots, viz., the correction of the usual over-statement of the French influence, and a compensating stress on the direct importation from Latin. The treatment of the phonology is one of the most useful attempts yet made in this field, and, so far as it goes, is commendably clear and intelligible. It is to be regretted that to the statement of the vowels in Northumbrian, West Saxon, and Middle Scots, Dr. Browne did not add the normal Middle English form, so that a conception of the nature and extent of the variation found in Scots could be gained without further search. Similarly, in the summary of Scots vowels on page 41, the Middle English equivalent would have been more useful than the Modern English.

The text is carefully and skilfully done; and the notes and glossary are full, and enriched with the results of a wide reading in early Scottish literature. One or two suggestions may be made. "Wist" (v. 21) is probably *wished* rather than *knew*. "Cunnand" (vv. 319, 387, 538) in the sense of *Covenant* has been omitted from the glossary. The phrase on page 24 referring to the present poem as "the solitary English metrical romance of the Charlemagne cycle" is misleading. To the Bibliography should be added on page 68 a reference to Schipper's edition of Walter Kennedy (Vienna, 1901).

The volume as a whole is very welcome as one of the most satisfactory editions of a Scottish text so far issued.

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Agacy, Henry A. Free Trade, Protection, Dumping, Bounties, and Preferential Tariffs. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

Almanach de Gotha (1904). Gotha: Justus Perthes; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

American Art Annual. Vol. IV. 1903-1904. 226 W. 58th St.

Barrington, Mrs. Russell, Leighton and John Kyrle ("The Man of Ross"). Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Burgess, W. Sterling. The Eternal Laughter, and Other Poems. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

Cazamian, Louis. Kingsley et Thomas Cooper (Etude sur une source d'Alton Locke). Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 3 fr.

Chamberlain, James F. Field and Laboratory Exercises in Physical Geography. American Book Co.

Deschamps, Gaston. La Vie et les Livres. Sixième Série. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.

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Fenn, G. Manville. Memoir of Benjamin Franklin Stevens. London: Printed at the Chiswick Press for private distribution.

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Gibbs, David. The Natural Number Primer. American Book Co.

Gleason, Clarence W. A. Greek Primer. American Book Co.

Gower, Lord Ronald Sutherland. Records and Reminiscences. Scribners.

Horace for English Readers. Prose translation by H. C. Wickham. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.

How to Make a Flower Garden. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.60 net.

Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy, 1580 and 1581. Translated and edited by W. G. Waters. 3 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Levering, Joseph Mortimer. History of Bethlehem, Pa. Bethlehem (Pa.): Times Pub. Co.

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Menger, Anton. L'Etat Socialiste. Translated into French by Edgard Milhaud. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Libraire et d'Edition. 3fr. 50c.

Meyer-Förster, Wilhelm. Old Heidelberg. Translated by Max Chapelle. Dodge & Metcalf.

Murray, Daniel A. A First Course in Infinitesimal Calculus. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

Murray, Dr. James A. H. The Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VII., Outjet-Ozyat. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

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Pfaefflin, Hermann. Haiano (A folk tale of the Iroquois time). Rochester: Evening Post.

Pickering, William H. The Moon (with photographic atlas). Doubleday, Page & Co. $10 special net.

Poems by John Keats. (The Oxford Miniature Edition.) London: Oxford University Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.

Shakespere's King Lear, edited by William J. Rolfe. Revised ed. American Book Co.

Shelley's Adonais. Edited by William Michael Rossetti. New ed. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. (Newnes's Art Library.) London: George Newnes, Limited; New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

Stevenson, Mrs. M. I. From Saranac to the Marquesas (Letters written to Miss J. W. Balfour). Edited by Marie Clothilde Balfour. Scribners.

Stoddard, Richard Henry. Recollections Personal and Literary. Limited edition. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Stoltze, Erna M. Bunte Geschichten. American Book Co.

Swenson, Miranda Powers. Spice and Rose Leaves. (Verse.) Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.25.

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The Four Sōcratic Dialogues of Plato. Translated by Benjamin Jowett. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.

The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal ad-Din Ismail of Isfahan. Translated from the Persian by Louis H. Gray, and put into English verse by Ethel Watts Mumford. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. VIII.—1591-1593. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.

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